

*The* BETRAYAL

WALTER NEALE

and

ELIZABETH H. HANCOCK



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# THE BETRAYAL

*A Novel*

BY  
WALTER NEALE  
AND  
ELIZABETH H. HANCOCK



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WALTER NEALE

**T**O THOSE YEOMEN AND PEASANTS OF VIRGINIA,  
LIVING AND DEAD, WHO HELPED VIRGINIAN  
ARISTOCRATS TO ESTABLISH IN THE VIRGINIAN  
NATION A GOVERNMENT MORE NEARLY PERFECT THAN  
ANY OTHER THAT MAN HAS DEvised, AND THE HIGHEST  
CIVILISATION THAT HAS EXISTED ON EARTH, THIS BOOK  
IS DEDICATED AS A SMALL TOKEN OF THE LOVE THAT  
IS BORNE THEM BY

THE GRATEFUL AUTHORS.

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## AN EXPLANATION

In the preparation of this book I helped Mr. Neale to collect data, to search records, and to develop several of the minor characters, but the story is his conception, and is wholly from his pen.

ELIZABETH H. HANCOCK.

*Charlottesville, Virginia,  
March 25, 1910.*



## INTRODUCTION

**V**IRGINIA, aided by her allies, had fought out the war between the American nations parties to the treaty of 1788 and its amendments, and had survived the ordeals of Reconstruction, when she faced a crisis that threatened her civilisation.

The war had decided one question; apparently it had decided only one: no country a party to the compact of 1788 would be permitted to violate any of the terms of that agreement, or to withdraw any authority delegated to the federal government under that compact.

A radical readjustment of the relations of the nations to one another in the event of the success of those that fought to enforce the treaty was not expected by statesmen of any of the countries, northern or southern; nor did the citizens of the defeated nations, during the first few months after the Surrender, suppose that those sovereignties would lose their autonomy merely because the arbitrament of arms had denied them the right to withdraw from the compact that defined their international relations—their relations to one another and to other nations. Indeed, those that demanded the enforcement of the treaty of 1788 fought for the perpetuation of all the terms of that compact, and did not expect the defeat that they met in success—the destruction by them of the treaty that they defended.

Unwilling to jeopardise her sovereignty, Massa-

chusetts had refused to become a party to the treaty of 1788 unless that agreement should be amended in this: "*First*, That it be explicitly declared that all Powers not expressly delegated by the aforesaid Constitution are reserved to the several States to be by them exercised."<sup>1</sup> The "amendments & alterations" that were demanded by Massachusetts were held to be necessary "to remove fears & quiet apprehensions of many of the good people of this Commonwealth & more effectually guard against an undue administration of the Federal Government."<sup>2</sup>

New York became a party to the compact after she had made known her interpretation of the agreement in the following language: "That the Powers of Government may be resumed by the People, whensoever it shall be necessary to their Happiness; that every Power, Jurisdiction and right, which is not by the said Constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States, or the departments of the Government thereof, remains to the People of the several States, or to their respective State Governments to whom they may have granted the same; And that those clauses in the said Constitution, which declare, that Congress shall not have or exercise certain Powers, do not imply that Congress is entitled to any Powers not given by the said Constitution; but such Clauses are to be construed either as exceptions to certain specified Powers, or as inserted merely for greater caution."<sup>3</sup>

Rhode Island, one of the nations that refused to enter into the compact, in time offered to enter into

<sup>1</sup> *Documentary History of the Constitution of the United States*, vol. ii, p. 94.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 93.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 190.



trade relations with her sister nations, and "at the request and in behalf of the General Assembly" her governor forwarded "To the President, the Senate, and the House of Representatives of the eleven United States of America" her "disposition to cultivate mutual harmony and friendly intercourse." The papers were officially labelled "Rhode Island desires to maintain friendly relations with the United States," and bearing that label were laid before the federal congress by Washington, September 26, 1789. Rhode Island continued to exercise her sovereign rights unmolested until May 29, 1790, when she became a party to the treaty between the American nations, at her request,—but not before she had imposed the following conditions: "That the powers of government may be resumed by the people whenever it shall become necessary to their happiness:—That the rights of the States respectively, to nominate and appoint all State Officers, and every other power, jurisdiction and right, which is not by the said constitution clearly delegated to the Congress of the United States or to the departments of government thereof, remain to the people of the several states, or their respective State Governments to whom they may have granted the same." <sup>4</sup>

When assured that the treaty would be altered to meet their requirements, the nations that had refused to enter the union became parties to the compact, which was later amended in language that was not open to misinterpretation, as follows: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the

<sup>4</sup> *Documentary History of the Constitution of the United States*, vol. ii, p. 311.

Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.”<sup>5</sup>

“That the several States forming the American Union were, subsequent to the Treaty of Paris in 1783, and previous to the adoption of the present Constitution in 1788, inherently sovereign and independent, there can be no doubt; that in forming the general government they all acted, each in its sovereign capacity, can not be questioned; and that the several States, under the Constitution, are still sovereign, except in those particular powers expressly delegated to the federal government, is plainly implied in the Constitution itself, and has been reasserted in turn by almost every State, or group of States, in the Union.”<sup>6</sup>

Of the five men, says John Fiske, who moulded the confederation of states, Washington, Jefferson, and Madison held that the Constitution was a compact between the states, and that each state was an independent sovereignty.

In a letter to Madison, dated August 3, 1788, Washington used the following words: “Till the States begin to act under the new compact.” Madison described the new confederation as “a government of a federal nature, consisting of many co-equal sovereignties.” That the sovereignty of no state was affected by the federal union Jefferson frequently contended.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Amendments to the Constitution, Art. x.

<sup>6</sup> Wayland's *Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson*, p. 35.

<sup>7</sup> See McKim's *The Confederate Soldier* and Ewing's *Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession*, two publications that the authors have used as valuable sources in the preparation of this introduction.

Another Virginian, Marshall, the father of the American nation, before he had dreamed his dreams of empire, held that the states were nations. During the debate on the adoption of the Constitution he used the following words: "Can they [Congress] go beyond the delegated powers? If they were to make a law not warranted by any of the powers enumerated, it would be considered by the judges [of the Supreme Court] as an infringement of the Constitution which they are to guard. . . . They would declare it void."<sup>8</sup>

As a union is a combination that consists of two or more entities, either an American union or an American nation was born when the Constitution was adopted.

The word "union" appears twenty times in Lincoln's first inaugural address, but not once was the word "nation" used. In his Gettysburg oration the word "union" is not mentioned, but the word "nation" appears five times. In less than three years either Lincoln's language or the Constitution had expanded.

In his first inaugural address Lincoln said: "I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. . . . Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever. . . ." In his Gettysburg address he said: "Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth, upon this continent, a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that 'all men are created equal.' Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing

<sup>8</sup> Magruder's *Life of Marshall*, p. 82.

whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. . . . It is rather for us, the living, to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us . . . that the nation shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people by the people for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Did Lincoln believe that a republican form of government existed only on the North American continent at that time? Did he believe that a republican form of government was tested for the first time by the American states? Did he believe that government of the people by the people for the people was first tried by the united American states? Evidently he did, for Lincoln was no demagogue, but an honourable man, and a profound student of statecraft—so say his biographers.

As early as 1619 Virginia had her House of Burgesses. Her government, consisting of three departments, legislative, executive, and judicial, had been in operation for more than one hundred and fifty years when she became a party to the treaty of 1788, and during all that time she had been a nation, and had exercised all the powers of sovereignty that she had cared to assume. Although she had acknowledged allegiance to a foreign king, that king had only the authority that she had delegated to him, and hers was the power to withdraw that authority, as she did when she denied his parliament the right to make her laws. Virginia exercised the powers of a nation when the treaty with Cromwell's commissioners was made, the articles being signed by the Commissioners on behalf of England, and by the

Council on behalf of Virginia, "as equal treating equal," and she exercised her sovereign powers when her civil war, known as Bacon's Rebellion, was fought in 1676.

No nation made known her interpretation of the treaty of 1788 in clearer terms than did Virginia, for she published to the world that the powers that she intended to delegate to the federal government might be taken back by her people "whenever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression and every power not granted remains with them at their will."<sup>9</sup> The Constitution, she said, would have to contain the following words, or words of similar purport: "That each state in the Union shall, respectively, retain every power, jurisdiction and right which is not by this Constitution delegated to the Congress of the United States, or to the Departments of the Federal Government."

The rise of sectionalism in Virginia, which began soon after the first settlement was made along the James river, was further evidence of sovereignty. Again, west of the Blue Ridge Virginia's territory was populated largely by foreigners, nearly all of whom were peasants and yeomen. In 1840 western Virginians were clamouring for more liberal representation in the Virginian House and Senate, and by 1860 civil war between eastern and western Virginia was threatened.

All functions of civil government that were suspended in Virginia during the four years of military rule were resumed immediately after Appomattox as though they had never been interrupted. Reconstruction was well advanced before Virginians fully

<sup>9</sup> Pulliam's *Constitutional Laws of Virginia*, pp. 39-45.

realised that their sovereignty was in jeopardy. Later William McKinley, drawing the last knife that was necessary to assassinate the American nations, completed the destruction of the treaty that he had fought to perpetuate. A vast American republic was created, soon to evolve into an empire, with a president for king. The new empire immediately entered upon a colonial policy, and in a few months her people were able to boast that the sun never set upon her dominions. Cleveland tore down the flag that had been planted in dishonour; McKinley replaced that flag, while mobs, drunk with imperial power, tasted for the first time, madly shouted that the flag should "stay put." The peoples of sovereign states had become the American people.

The early settlers in Virginia, having no desire to be rid of an aristocratic government, did not intend to plant the germ of a republic. On the contrary, they sought to fashion their nation after that of England. Like the House of Lords, the King's Council was composed of members of the aristocracy; and the House of Burgesses, as its name implies, was made after the House of Commons. The planters were householders and freeholders, and only freeholders were permitted to govern Virginia.

As in England, three classes made up the social system,—the aristocracy, the yeomanry, and the peasantry,—and since the common law of England that defines and regulates the classes is still the law of Virginia, gentleman, yeoman, and peasant each holds his rank by virtue of that law now, and has held his rank by virtue of that law since Virginia was first settled.

The books of public records of the counties of Virginia contain thousands of entries in which the rank of each party named was entered. A few copies of those records are as follows:

*William and Mary Quarterly*, ix., p. 12: "Patents issued during Regal government to Will M. Spencer, of James City, yeoman, etc., 1624."

*Lower Norfolk County, Virginia, Antiquary*, i., p. 49: "On the 5th of Feb., 1728, Thomas Lawson, Gent., sold to Nathaniel Hutchings, of the same county, yeoman, etc., of Princess Anne Co."

*Spottsylvania County Records*, year 1769, p. 268: "John Taliaferro of King Geo. Co., Gent., to William Alsup."

That class distinctions were recognised in Virginia as late as 1840 is shown by the publication in Richmond during that year of a periodical entitled *The Yeoman*.

The members of the aristocracy were descended from the gentry and nobility of Europe, principally from England; but many came from other nations. The yeomanry was similar to England's.

The peasantry, mixed as it was, did not have its counterpart in Europe. Many of the peasants were of the bone and sinew of England's peasantry, others were convicts that England had expelled; some were redemptioners, others came from Asia Minor and Italy, and a few were stragglers that were left in the wake of the Revolutionary army. Indian and negro slaves, never classified as peasants, were regarded as chattels.

Numerically the peasants were stronger than the yeomen, and the yeomen were stronger than the aristocrats. Although the convicts in many instances



were men of good birth, expelled from their native land for treason or other political offences, only a few succeeded in establishing themselves in the Virginian aristocracy.

These peoples, when one people, required a strong government.

The various classes assumed their proper relations to one another immediately upon their arrival in Virginia, the aristocracy maintaining its authority over the other two classes. There was no more democracy within the boundaries of the present state of Virginia from the time of the first settlement until the beginning of Reconstruction than there was in the mother country. Yeoman and peasant were satisfied with the positions in life to which their classes assigned them. Neither expected to be an aristocrat, but each expected to hand down to his sons and daughters their birthright. Nothing more was desired.

The aristocracy was well equipped for leadership. In the struggle for existence the gentleman became more and more gracious toward those below him in station. Contact with men of inferior birth and breeding gave him a broader humanity; he learned to command without arrogance, and to discharge the obligations of his rank as duties rather than as God-given privileges. The Virginian aristocrat was as courteous to his servant as he was to his equal. The peasant and yeoman loved him; the negro looked upon him as the great white master in whom there could be no wrong, and the Indian slave respected as well as hated him. Every man that was a part of the social system of Virginia upheld the dignity of his class.



Inevitable class distinctions were continued after the Revolution, and government was vested in the aristocracy, as it was before that war, notwithstanding the extension of suffrage to every white man of twenty-one years and more, and although occasionally a yeoman or a peasant of unusual ability would be placed in office. Every aristocrat had his following of voters, and the numerical strength of that following regulated his voice in the government, and to some extent his position in the aristocracy. No one sought an office for its emoluments. Official work was regarded by the gentry as a necessary hardship upon the aristocracy, a duty to be performed at much sacrifice of time and temper. As the aristocracy, individually as well as a whole, was directly responsible for the welfare of the people, every gentleman had a part in the affairs of the government, if merely in the home councils of office-holders. These conditions produced broad statesmen, who were patriots, distinguished for their ability and fidelity, to whom all, from the negro slave to the cultured aristocrat, entrusted their political welfare without question.

Virginians enjoyed a government more nearly perfect than any other ever devised until Reconstruction succeeded in pitting negro, peasant, and yeoman against one another and against the few male members of the aristocracy that had survived the war. Then the peasant was taught to hate negroes and yeomen as well as aristocrats, and the negro to hate every member of the Caucasian race. The yeoman learned to despise the peasant and negro and to hate the aristocrat. Peasants and yeomen alike envied the aristocrats, and determined to place

themselves in the class that they envied, and to degrade their superiors.

In the course of her national advancement Virginia borrowed large sums of money for internal improvements during several decades previous to the war of 1861. She met her obligations at maturity until her ports were blockaded by her invaders. The first legislature that met after the war, composed largely of the aristocracy, promptly decided that as soon as possible Virginia should pay her original debt, with accumulated interest, and thereby prove that her honour had not been affected by war. Then came Reconstruction, the soap and water that the victorious nations applied to their unclean sisters, and at the close of the scrubbing period Virginia, having been washed clean, was again permitted to associate with her sister sovereignties that were parties to the treaty of 1788 and its amendments.

The public debt was \$31,187,999.32 on January 1, 1861. On July 1, 1871, it had increased to \$46,914,208.25, bearing interest at six per cent. In 1861, before Virginia had been devastated by war, her taxable property was assessed at \$585,099,322.77, which did not include slaves under twelve years old and other valuable personal property. The total value was \$709,807,711.65, or more than \$22 worth of property for each dollar of debt. In 1873 the assessed value of Virginia's property was \$336,684,433.23, less than \$8 worth of property for each dollar of debt.

Governor Kemper appended to his last annual message extracts from official documents that showed that the burden upon the entire taxable prop-

erty of Virginia amounted to about five and one-half per cent. Yet the bulk of that taxable property, because of the chaos that had been brought about by war, was unproductive; while Reconstruction had so disorganised all the working classes that Virginia's lands, her source of wealth at that time, were untilled.

General Timothy Murphy, as we shall call him, saw his opportunity in these conditions. Organising a party consisting of carpetbaggers, scalawags, negroes, and those that formerly had considered themselves yeomen and peasants, he opposed the few aristocrats that had survived the war. He believed that he would be able to force Virginia to acknowledge him as her dictator.

The aristocrats formed themselves into a political organisation in the hope that they would be able to conserve Virginia's institutions and her honour. The organisation, known as Debt-payers, consisted of the members of the gentry that belonged to the great political parties that were in Virginia for more than fifty years immediately preceding the war of 1861-5.

Murphy, although a Confederate major-general, known the world over as the hero of the Crater, immediately after the Surrender had been compelled to return to the peasant class in which he was born and reared.

The Democratic party, alias the Readjuster party, alias the Repudiator party, alias the Eliminator party, became the Murphy party, and in time the Murphy party became the present Democratic party of Virginia. The few among Murphy's followers that were honest were so blind in their zeal to re-

lieve Virginia's sufferings as to fail to realise the significance of the Murphy movement. They admitted their mistake later—when too late to reëstablish their reputations as honest men.

No Readjuster, no matter by what alias he was known, was ever forgiven by the gentry.

Virginia, then, was in her death-throes as a nation, with the ultimate destruction of her sovereignty foreseen by some of her statesmen, when she was confronted by a danger from within that threatened to break down all responsible government and to alter the characteristics of her people.

# THE BETRAYAL

## CHAPTER ONE

Candles burned in every room in Morven, the ancestral home of the Braxtons, near the old town of Warrenton, in Virginia, although the sun had not quite disappeared behind the spurs of the distant Blue Ridge. Servants moved about the lawn, lighting Japanese lanterns, concealed in the flowering shrubbery, draped in graceful festoons from tree to tree, and swung from lofty boughs.

Judge Ingram Mayo Braxton and Mrs. Braxton had issued invitations to a ball, given in honour of Lelia, their only child, to celebrate her twentieth birthday.

Long ago, when Indians and wild beasts roamed the forests around Warrenton, and it was dangerous to travel by night, the Braxton guests had sought the protection of the strong walls of Morven before dark; now, no matter how formal the occasion, the massive doors of the old mansion were flung open at sundown.

The month was April, the year 1879.

The fragrance of the jessamine, the daffodil and jonquil, the narcissus and the hyacinth was in the air—and so were the end of an era, the fall of a dynasty, and the death of a people.

A nation is gayest in her hour of danger. We dance with our sweethearts, and then go out to be shot; our country is engaged in a desperate strug-

gle for life, and we are all merriment; our defenders need food and clothing, and we pay enough for a single evening of pleasure to equip a regiment. Never had Virginia been in danger so great, nor her rulers so prodigal in their hospitality.

Young men and young women who held life lightly were the guests of the Duchess of Richmond at the ball that she gave on the eve of Waterloo, eager for one mad revelry—then death. Those invited to the Morven ball were great-grandparents and their grandchildren, their children, and their children's children—the strength of Virginia.

The Morven ball was a call to arms.

At eight o'clock John Randolph Harrison, a young lawyer, the last of a distinguished family, pulled up his horse at the great iron gates of Morven, now wide open, and told his man Jake, the old family coachman, to come back in time for supper. He wished to see Lelia Braxton before other guests would claim her attention.

Although he was not the first to reach Morven, fortune favoured him, for he had taken but a few strides up the long brick walk which extends from the mansion to the gates when he saw Colonel Francis Southall Daingerfield and Mrs. Daingerfield on the lawn with the judge. They were measuring the spread of an oak, planted by the first Morven Braxton, Sir William, two hundred and fifty years before. Notwithstanding the moonlight and the brilliant illuminations, the young man succeeded in entering the house without attracting their attention.

William, the old butler, after greeting him with

respectful cordiality, directed him to Miss Braxton.

He found her in the hall just back of the great stair. She had made the nook into a bower of apple blossoms—"For lovers," she had laughingly told her father.

"Oh, John, how could you!"

He kissed the extended hand.

"What have you done! What have you done!"

"Lelia, love, listen. Virginia has no money. Her debts amount to more than forty-seven millions. The Debt-payers say, 'Pay the debt!' but offer words in payment, and nothing more. The Readjusters say, 'Pay the debt!' too, and they have a plan by which every cent of it can be paid in time."

"John, you can not,—you, a Virginian,—you can not mean to compromise with our creditors! Not that! Say that you do not mean that, John!"

"The debt shall be paid, Lelia, every dollar that we owe. Not now, for the revenues of the state are not sufficient to pay even the more important current expenses of the government, while our people are already taxed beyond endurance; but General Murphy proposes to effect an honourable settlement with our creditors, and ultimately every one of them shall be paid in full."

"The only way to settle a debt is to pay it when it is due."

How could he make her understand, this noble girl. Yet he must have her approval as well as her faith and her love.

"A Debt-payer interrupted my speech this morning, dear, with the same statement. I replied to

him as I can not reply to you, and said, 'Give me money, instead of mere words, and the debt shall be paid before that sun goes down.'"

"Oh, John, did you say that?"

"Yes; and his answer was not meant as a retort. 'Your father was a gentleman, sir,' was all that he said."

"A Virginian gentleman will never consent to postpone the payment of a debt. Never, never, never!"

"But when there is no money?"

"Still a gentleman will always demand the right to pay his debts."

"In words?"

"That is not worthy of you. Honest men do not readjust their debts."

For a while he said nothing more; then he spoke in a voice that was clear, but low, and full of sorrow:

"You, too, believe me to be dishonourable."

"No, John; no, no, no! I honour you as much as I love you. I must, oh, I must—make you see your mistake!"

She took his hand in both hers. For the first time in her life she kissed it.

"You are a part of Virginia, John—her noble part; and—and—I love you."

"No, you do not love me."

He paused. Never before had she been so beautiful. Then, as she did not speak, he continued, while she unconsciously looked at his hand, which she gently stroked:

"You think my course is dishonourable. A man can not be noble while his conduct is ignoble."



"Yes, he can, dear; yes, he can—without realising that he is wrong!"

Nothing else was said for a while; then Lelia Braxton rose and stood with averted face, toying nervously with a spray of blossoms; and then, drawing herself up with just a suggestion of pride, she looked steadily into the fine eyes of her lover.

"But, John, the man that I marry shall be honourable in all that he does as well as noble in character."

He had known that.

The orchestra, stationed in the conservatory, just off the ballroom, reminded Lelia Braxton of her duties as hostess. She took John Harrison's arm soon after the first strains of the grand march from Tannhäuser reached them, and they walked down the broad hall, her hand trembling as it barely touched his arm. He spoke to her in a low, firm voice.

"Lelia, I have decided—for the honour of Virginia—yes, for her honour. Please let me see you later—please? I have more to say."

She did not reply; nor had she even looked at him, he thought, when he bowed to her at the drawing-room door as she left him to take her place at the side of her mother.

Unobserved, John Harrison made his way into the night. He felt that for a while he must be alone. Later he would return to be formally announced, and to face the cold civility of those that he had known all his life.

That afternoon as he was returning to the home of his ancestors, which he had inherited from his

father, he had extended his hand with boyish gladness to the friend who had been the Harrison family physician for three generations. The old gentleman had looked him straight in the eyes, so straight that he had not seen the outstretched hand.

“John Harrison,—John Randolph Harrison,—you have shamed Virginia. I thank God that your father died before his son deserted his people to join Tim Murphy’s party of thieves. Stop, sir, stop! Not a word! Your speech of to-day was the most disgraceful utterance ever made in this land. Leave my sight, sir!”

Now those words rang in John Harrison’s ears as he leaned heavily against an old oak and drank in the night air and its fragrance. He did not regret the step that he had taken. He had known that his motives would be misunderstood, that the best people of Virginia, his friends and his father’s friends, would not tolerate his course. Within an hour from the time that his speech was made in which he had announced his allegiance to Murphy’s Readjusters he was forced to feel the burden of his new position. He felt no self-pity. The Harrison men had all been men. Now he must make Lelia understand—he must make thousands of Virginians see that their honour could be saved only through a readjustment of the debt under conditions that ultimately would provide for its full payment. In his boyish way—he was twenty-nine, but young for his years—he thought that his life and happiness were poor things to offer to the land of his fathers.

Lelia Braxton had barely reached the side of her

mother when Captain Charles Churchill Lancaster, of Charlottesville, was announced.

When a mere boy Captain Lancaster had married a peasant. A gentlewoman never entered a lower class than her own when she married, nor did the man below her in social rank that she married ever become a part of the aristocracy; but her children were her husband's children, and, as his children, were always a part of his class. A gentleman might marry a peasant, retain his social position, his wife be tolerated by the aristocracy, and his children, despite the vulgarity learned from their mother, be invited to formal social affairs; but his grandchildren's position in society was determined largely by their father's conduct. Such marriages were rare.

A hero of four wars,—Mexican, Crimean, Confederate, and Reconstruction,—Captain Lancaster had not closely observed distinctions of caste. His vulgar wife had sense enough to stay quietly at home, where she nursed in secret her ambition for her five daughters, and where she perfected her scheme by which each daughter should take a higher place in the world than could be reached by marriage to a Virginian gentleman. She had succeeded in marrying four of them into English families of questionable standing and New York families known for their ostentatious display of wealth, and daily had the pleasure of seeing their names appear in the Metropolitan press. Indeed, her daughters had been able to create the impression in London and New York that they were representative of Virginian aristocracy.

“Ah, Captain,” said Judge Braxton, “these are

troubled times; but they are not without their compensations, for they bring to Morven friends that have not been in my home since the war."

"But where is your daughter?" asked Mrs. Braxton, who had expected Miss Lancaster to accompany her father.

"Oh, I left Gladys at the Warren-Green, prinking. She says it's not fashionable to get to a ball before half-past ten. Jim Temple will bring her along some time before midnight."

"Virginian traditions, Captain, must not give way to Yankee customs. Miss Lancaster will deny us a great deal of pleasure if we are not to enjoy her company before midnight."

When Mrs. Braxton spoke with formality her language and manner were similar to those of her distinguished husband, for twenty years an associate justice of Virginia's highest court. The Richmond home of the Braxtons was closed, and would not be reopened until the court, now on vacation, would convene in the fall.

Colonel Daingerfield, who represented Warrenton in the Virginian Senate, was the centre of a group that had gathered in the library.

"To-night as I drove through these spacious grounds, so beautifully illuminated, so like Aladdin's fairy-land, I heard the songs of the night birds of spring. Their music was the melancholy dirge that is always sung by the birds of the air when they give warning of impending calamity. The sad notes of the whippoorwill plaintively called to Virginia's sons to come to her rescue, to save her untarnished escutcheon from dishonour."

“To-night, Colonel,” a merry young girl mocked him; “why, sir, it was evening when you reached Morven, was it not?”

“No, ma’am, no! These are sad days, as my good brother-in-law, Judge Braxton, says, sad indeed; but, thank God, night in Virginia still comes with the stars. An hour of twilight, and Evening goes forth to meet her lord the Night—so beautifully expressed by McDonald Clarke in those immortal words that no Virginian can forget—

“‘Now twilight lets her curtain down,  
And pins it with a star.’”

“You still read Clarke, Colonel?” asked young Tom Tazewell.

“Yes, sir; I do. The lines are not so beautiful as some of those by Landor, nor do they equal those of the wizard Lanier, whose sweet songs made Heaven stoop to kiss the face of Dawn; but, sir, I take quite as much pleasure in reading Clarke and Landor as I do the Yankee rhymster Whitman and that excellent young person in New York who refers to herself as a ‘poetess of passion.’”

Whereupon Colonel Daingerfield offered his arm to Mrs. Daingerfield, claiming her promise for the mazurka as the riotous music of the Polish dance came from the ballroom.

Miss Bolling turned to General Dabney:

“In our time all Virginian gentlemen wrote sonnets and roundelays to the ladies of their acquaintance.”

“But, Aunt Polly,” protested a young girl, “the young men of to-day write them too—beautiful, *beautiful* poems.”

The old general bowed low, his right hand pressed against his heart.

“To you, madam?”

The fair young girl blushed deeply, but archly looked up into General Dabney’s face.

“Oh, no, sir; but all my friends have many, many, many; their Bibles are full of *beautiful* poems.”

“Madam, if the young men have neglected a flower so fair, one so beautiful as yourself, I beg leave now to compose a sonnet that shall be some small token of the inspiration that surges within me as I gaze upon your loveliness.”

“Oh, oh!”

She buried her scarlet face in her hands, but roguishly looked at the old general through her fingers while he fervently declaimed his lines, his eyes ablaze with youth and love.

“Array’d in dewdrops, pearls of wanton Day,  
The blushing rose awaits her noble liege,  
While saucy streamlets pause along their way,  
Her tender heart in whispers to besiege,  
Then on; the ardent lord, with shafts that burn,  
In fury bursts from out the mystic blue:  
Enthrall’d, I mutely stand; and then—I turn  
To that rare beauty that I find in you.  
For never rose so fair as your soft cheek,  
Nor heaven so deep as your unfathom’d eyes;  
Your tears the dewdrops that your roses seek,  
The mirth of waters in your laughter lies.  
And you are what sweet Morning ne’er can be—  
A golden chain that binds my memory.”

“Do you think that was spontaneous combustion?” young Tazewell whispered to Miss Bolling. She laughed softly.

“He does not remember that he recited those same lines to me more than forty years ago.”

Miss Betty Dabney, her face flushed from dancing, came out of the ballroom with Mr. Byrd Dandridge, a youth of four and twenty, Warrenton's hereditary magistrate, whose hand and heart she had refused at least once a week for six months.

“No, Mr. Dandridge, I will not go to the conservatory with you—I just will not.”

“Then we will go to the grotto.”

“No.”

“Come, Betty,” said her brother, Cary Gordon Dabney, as he came up to them, “we will finish this dance.”

He led her to the ballroom, leaving Mr. Dandridge to wonder at Miss Dabney's rapid recovery. She had just told him that she was too tired to dance another step.

General George Mason Dabney had lost five sons in the war of 1861; another son had been killed while fighting under Maximilian; one of his married daughters lived in Norfolk, another near Lynchburg, and Betty, his only unmarried daughter, and Cary, his only son that had not been killed in battle, lived with him in the old Dabney home near Warrenton. Mrs. Dabney died while Betty was a little girl. The old general had retired from the practice of law, and already Cary, his worthy successor, although not quite thirty-two, was regarded as the ablest lawyer in northern Virginia. Twice he had refused a seat in Congress, saying that he could best serve Virginia as a private citizen. He had recently assumed the leadership of the Debt-payers of Fau-



quier county, and even now was thought to be the logical candidate of his party for governor.

Byrd Dandridge, his solemn face showing none of the elation that he felt in watching Betty Dabney dance with her brother instead of with one of his many rivals, joined an animated group that had gathered on the verandah.

Mr. Carter was the first to greet him.

"Young man, you come in time to hear us denounce John Harrison, who prefers the society of scalawags and negroes to that of gentlemen."

"Doctor Carter, pardon me, sir. I know that John Harrison is an honourable man. He is a gentleman, sir. He is my friend."

"Doctor, sir—doctor? How dare you, sir! God bless me, what is the matter with the children!"

The venerable physician was eighty-six years old. He had practised for sixty-five years, and during that time had not permitted any one to address him by the title that he had earned as first in his class in medicine. "Quacks, sir," he used to say, "are doctors; not gentlemen—not Virginian gentlemen."

Mr. Carter's sobriquet during three generations had been "Old Kill-'em-or-cure-'em," while Dr. Ewell, his only medical rival, five years his junior, had been called "Old Linger-'em-er-long." These nicknames arose from the noise made by the two physicians in compounding drugs in their stone mortars with pestles made from the roots of the dogwood. To the youthful fancies of the children that used to gather around them it seemed that old Mr. Carter pounded out in rapid jerks, "Kill-'em-or-cure-'em, kill-'em-or-cure-'em, kill-'em-or-cure-'em," while Dr. Ewell with ponderous move-



ments slowly ground out, "Linger-'em-er-long, linger-'em-er-long, linger-'em-er-long."

The rival physicians had different methods of practice. Mr. Carter always prescribed ten grains of calomel and twenty-four grains of quinine, while Dr. Ewell's practice was altogether in surgery. He never prescribed medicine for adults, but relied upon major operations, with his instrument the mustard plaster, applied to the feet of his adult patients. Neither physician had lost a patient from any cause other than old age.

There was a great deal of interest in Warrenton in the ultimate decision as to the merits of the two schools of medicine—would Mr. Carter or Dr. Ewell live the longer? The Reverend Doctor Nelson was attending the annual convocation of the Episcopal Church in Richmond when the time came for Dr. Ewell to die, so the burial service was read by Mr. Carter. Grief almost overwhelmed him until he reached that part of the service which says, "Man, that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live," when, Captain Temple said, the old gentleman's eyes shone brightly as he thought that his rival had been cut off in the bloom of his youth, at eighty-one years, through his ignorant practice of medicine.

"Sir," Mr. Carter continued, "Mr. Harrison has shamed Virginia. Our country has little left to her but honour. Tim Murphy and Parson Jones and John Harrison shall not take that from her while I live."

Lelia Braxton had joined the group unobserved by the good old doctor. Now he saw her pale face turn scarlet. He put his hand on her golden hair,

and bending back her head looked into her eyes as he said in tones too low to be heard by the others, "There, child, there; John Harrison is a good boy."

But the hurt was deep. Her godfather had merely put into words what all felt—John Harrison, her John, the man to whom she had given her heart, had deserted his country in her hour of trial, to join those that would take from Virginia all that she had left—her good name.

Lelia Braxton trembled with emotion that she vainly endeavoured to suppress. John Harrison had been announced. Would he be received with cold, formal courtesy? Would her guests be able to hide their indignation? Would he openly resent the hostility that everywhere was evident? No; as the manly figure of her lover advanced, she knew that the dignity and force of his personality would compel respect. Nevertheless, she observed a perceptible change in her father's manner.

Already the judge had decided that youth was the only plea in extenuation that could be offered in behalf of John Harrison. But he determined to hear the young man's arguments, then endeavour to point out his errors to him. Youth always had a long day in the judge's court.

Lelia Braxton tried to read her father's ultimate decision in his face; but never before had his features been so inscrutable. His decision, her decision, Virginia's decision, would be determined by John Harrison himself.

Judge Braxton and Mrs. Braxton received the young man with all the cordiality that is required by the laws of hospitality, yet with a restraint that they

could not altogether control. Mrs. Daingerfield, Mrs. Braxton's sister, greeted him affectionately. She believed in him.

Mr. Harrison turned from Mrs. Daingerfield to her husband.

"How do you do, Colonel?"

"How do you do, Mr. Harrison?"

Then the old gentleman became more florid than usual. He realised that he had hesitated in taking the outstretched hand, thus violating one of the laws of hospitality.

Apparently John Harrison had not observed the colonel's hesitation, but all others in the group plainly showed their embarrassment.

"Miss Braxton, this is my dance," said Mr. Harrison, offering his arm. As she took it she flashed a look upon her uncle, and the meaning of her words could not be mistaken:

"Colonel Daingerfield, I thank you for your kindness in assisting me to receive my guests."

"A sprightly girl," said the colonel, feigning indifference.

"A loyal, lovable girl," replied Mrs. Daingerfield, as she looked straight into the eyes of her liege lord.

Her sister then poured oil on the turbulent waters:

"How lovely you look to-night, Sue."

Judge Braxton placed his hand on the shoulder of young Tom Tazewell, who had recently read law under him for six months.

"Well, my boy, were you successful in your examination?"

"Yes, sir. I appeared before Judge Jeffries, of

King and Queen county, and he asked me four questions."

"What were they, sir?"

"Well, Judge, I think that I can recall the whole of the examination for you.

"Your father's name, sir?"

"Thomas Waller Tazewell."

"What, sir! you are a son of my old friend Tazewell?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who was your mother?"

"Margaret Hunter."

"Bless my soul! I knew her well before she was nearly as old as you. Your mother was a very beautiful woman, Tom. You have her eyes, sir. Who directed your law studies?"

"Judge Ingram Mayo Braxton."

"Bless my soul, bless my soul! A good lawyer, sir, although I did beat him badly, very badly, in the last case in which I was opposed to him."

"Was that all?"

"Then, sir, he handed me my certificate."

"Ha, ha, ha! I wish my examinations had been as easy as yours, Mr. Tazewell," laughed the merry Miss Betty.

"Nevertheless, young lady," said Judge Braxton, "Judge Jeffries never gave a certificate to any man that did not deserve one. All the information that he requires as to the qualifications of an applicant is the name of his parents and teacher. A lawyer that is a gentleman is always a good lawyer."

The guests gathered here and there in groups. Ladies as well as gentlemen anxiously discussed the

dangers that confronted Virginia. Murphy, Jones, Harrison—those names were on everybody's lips.

“Mr. Carter,” said Mrs. Daingerfield, who was in a playful mood, “I understand that Dr. Smythe, the young physician who recently settled in Warrenton, uses many new methods in his practice.”

“Madam, Dr. Smythe truly represents the unfortunate conditions that threaten to overwhelm us. Dr. Ewell affixed his medical title to his name, and even accepted fees for his services to his neighbours; I have never been able to understand his course; but he was a gentleman, notwithstanding his mistaken attitude toward his noble calling.”

The old gentleman's eyes flashed, and his tall, spare figure stood full six feet as he continued to expound the ethics of medical men.

“Madam, no man has the right to charge for his deeds of kindness. No man should enter upon the practice of medicine unless he is a gentleman, and has means ample for his support while he devotes his life to saving the lives of others. Clergymen and physicians that live by their deeds of humanity are not worthy to associate with their fellowmen. There was a time in Virginia when clergymen and physicians served God and their neighbours without pay—nay, no man dared to insult them by offering money for their good works. That time is no more.”

“But, Mr. Carter,” said a boy of twelve earnestly, “the labourer is worthy of his hire. I thought that a man could take money for serving God and his neighbour, sir, if he took only just enough for his support.”

“No, sir, no. A layman, even a native of Vermont, would not charge for saving the life of a drowning man; no Pennsylvanian, however humble his station, would charge for kneeling down at the bedside of a friend and offering a prayer to God. Men that live by relieving the sufferings of their neighbours are not worthy to take the hand of an honest man.”

Those that had gathered about Mr. Carter were his children, he felt—four generations of them. He had been in attendance when most of them were born, and was among their sponsors in baptism. They listened to him with respectful attention. Was he not the spirit of Virginia?

“My children, men like Dr. Smythe will come among you and try to lead you into evil ways. They will introduce many diseases to you, apply new remedies, invent instruments to dazzle you. The world has not changed in fundamentals. You will have no better health under their treatment when I am gone, and you will live no longer.”

“And we will be better off, Mr. Carter,” said a young man banteringly, “if we continue to take ten grains of calomel and twenty-four grains of quinine?”

The old physician’s eyes twinkled. He knew that his remedies had been a joke among his affectionate patients during three generations.

“A few days since I met Dr. Smythe, to whom I recited a few of the beautiful lines of Horace. ‘Lord, Mr. Carter,’ he said, ‘I don’t know no Latin; but did you ever see a fever thermometer? It beats all the Latin in the world when you get down to malaria.’ I took the toy and snapped it

with my two hands as I would a straw. The impertinent young fellow actually thought that after sixty-five years of practice I could not tell when a patient had a fever."

Colonel Daingerfield joined the group.

"Mr. Carter, sir, your objections to Dr. Smythe are well taken. Sir, I especially commend your attitude toward your noble science. The good physician is nearer kin to the great God above us than any other man; and, sir, he shames the great God when he turns the fair flower of his noble calling into the foul thistle of commercialism. As to this fellow Smith who calls himself Smythe—well, sir, there are Smiths in Virginia that are gentlemen. That their gentility may not be doubted a few of them sound the name of some illustrious family with the plebeian name of Smith. Mr. Francis H. Smith, a Virginian who had the misfortune to be born in Baltimore, and who was plain Frank Smith when a boy, at the time that he became a Yankee notified Yankeeland that he was not without good blood when he became F. Hopkinson Smith. Sir, he even named his boy Berkeley."

After pausing a moment for oratorical effect, for all Virginians know the value of the oratorical pause, the colonel continued:

"The Smiths go further, sir, much further. They spell their name S-m-y-t-h, and S-m-y-t-h-e, and when the daughter of one of my former overseers, named after her mistress, Sue Daingerfield Jones, married a Smith, she became Mrs. Daingerfield-Smythe. The young man that recently came among us is Doctor Buckner Custis Smythe, his father, Steve Smith, being an overseer for my old friend Major Custis,



while the woman he married was a servant on Governor Buckner's plantation, which adjoined the estate owned by Major Custis."

With great difficulty Colonel Daingerfield had controlled himself when he referred to Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith. A Virginian gentleman could not speak intemperately in the presence of ladies; a Virginian gentleman was unable temperately to refer to the able-bodied young Virginian men that did not care to draw their swords in Virginia's defence. Father Time rewarded the Virginian gentlemen of expediency. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith is now seventy-two years old. For the last past half a century his bones probably would have filled an unmarked grave on a Virginian battlefield had he fought for Virginia. But Mr. Smith lives—in Yankeeland, where he is accepted as a representative Virginian gentleman, and where his stories of Virginian life (a life in which he has had no part for more than fifty years) are believed to be accurate descriptions. This "Virginian gentleman" now despises the land of his adoption, where he continues to accumulate money, some of which he delights to pay out in tips. But he never "talks" for publication.

In Yankeeland there are Virginians other than those that left Virginia when the clouds of war were lowering that Virginians do not love. They are the men that surrendered Virginia to her ravishers when they surrendered their swords to her invaders, who preferred luxury in the land of those that recently had been their enemies to poverty in Virginia, who deserted the widows and orphans that Virginia's enemies left in their wake. In Yankeeland they posed as gentlemen, and long and loud



did they talk about Virginia; but not a dollar did they send to Virginian widows and orphans. Among them were those that defamed the land of their birth, who abroad fed upon Virginia's reputation at the time that the carpetbagger at home fed upon her vitals.

One Roger A. Pryor was born in Virginia eighty-two years ago. Although he fought for his native land as a brigadier-general, he left Virginia that he might become a resident of New York City. This he did in time to avoid the horrors of Reconstruction and the struggle in which all Virginians that were worthy of their country engaged that the members of their own families and their fallen brothers' families that had survived the war might live. General Pryor was admitted to the New York bar in 1866. So popular was he with his former enemies, so highly did they esteem him, that they made him a justice of their supreme court. He retired from the bench in 1899, and is now practising law in the land of his adoption. "Ah!" sigh his former enemies, "there are not many Virginians like Roger A. Pryor!"

Captain James Spotswood Temple, another lawyer of the town, about thirty-five years old, arrived with Miss Gladys Lancaster while Mr. Harrison and Miss Dabney and Mr. Dabney and Miss Braxton were dancing in a set of lancers. The desire to take part in the set was plainly written on the face of the fair young girl as she looked on and beat time to the light music with her fan. Her pink gown was cut well off the shoulders, and a black patch accentuated the bloom of her complexion.

"Lelia, look; there is Gladys Lancaster, of Char-

lottesville!" exclaimed Miss Dabney enthusiastically.

Indeed, the most widely heralded beauty in Virginia was even fairer than her reputation for beauty led one to expect. Her peasant mother's face had been her fortune. Miss Braxton went forward at once, Mr. Dabney following her.

Extending her hand with masculine cordiality, in response to Miss Braxton's introduction, Miss Lancaster spoke in a ringing voice. She knew how to blend boldness with femininity in a way that many men found attractive.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Dabney, *awfully* glad. I hear you made a bully speech to-day—*quel éloquence!* Congratulations. Shake."

Miss Lancaster's knowledge of French was confined to a small volume of quotations, which she knew perfectly, and which she seldom used out of their gender. Indeed, Miss Lancaster knew many things that she had never had to learn. "I just feel it," she would say when some one would express his amazement that she seemed to know all things. "Why do you study?" she once asked a girl during the six months that she was at Mrs. Stuart's school. "Nothing that one has to learn is worth knowing. I know everything, but I never read a book through, never—except yellow-backs."

Miss Dabney observed the rapt look of adoration expressed on her brother's face as he thanked Miss Lancaster.

"Finish this set with Mr. Dabney. Oh, please!" said Miss Braxton as she yielded her place in the set.

Miss Dabney turned to Miss Lancaster as Cap-

tain Temple and Miss Braxton left the ballroom together.

"Let me present Mr. Harrison."

"Then it was *you* who woke up Warrenton today! I'm always interested in people that are independent enough to do just as they please."

"I thank you."

Mr. Harrison smiled. He had just heard her congratulate Mr. Dabney on a speech that he had made to which Harrison had replied. Already Dabney was too much in love to feel surprise.

Captain Temple led Miss Braxton to a seat. He, too, seemed more serious than usual. He had his problems to work out, some of them within the next few days, and not the least of which concerned the offer of marriage that he proposed to make to the girl by his side. A man of the world, his sense of humour and the social eminence of his family caused him to be tolerated in Warrenton society despite his impertinence and coarseness.

"It is an opportune time for a ball, Miss Braxton. I hope it will relieve the tension—at least dancing makes one take a long breath."

"I hope so."

Miss Braxton answered aimlessly, and Captain Temple observed that she was deeply troubled.

"We are in the midst of the fiercest political campaign ever fought in this state," he continued. "There are at least two sides to every question, you know, and the Debt-payers had better realise without the loss of another day that there is more than one side to this particular question of Virginia's debt."

"I can see but one. There is the debt; it must be paid."

“Nevertheless,” said the captain, on whom none of the deep unrest in her tones was lost, “it would be well for all Debt-payers to listen to the enemy’s arguments. Murphy and the parson do not lack brains.”

He paused, then continued, looking steadily into her eyes:

“The speech Harrison made to-day was unanswerable.”

She returned his searching look.

“Then you, too, are a Readjuster?”

She affected surprise. Captain Temple detected contempt in her voice and manner. He could not surprise her, as Harrison did, by joining Murphy’s party.

“No, I am not a Readjuster; but I left the court-house to-day before I could be called upon to make a reply to that speech. I was not prepared to answer Harrison’s arguments, for I lay claim to the ability to think, and I did not believe, as other Debt-payers do, that a sufficient answer was made by shouting, ‘Pay the debt, pay the debt!’”

For a moment neither spoke; then, greatly to her relief, she saw a young man coming toward them.

“There is Mr. Taliaferro, he is going to join us,” she said, and later wondered if her tones and manner, intentionally glad, were a bit too joyous in a hostess, even when a Temple was the guest.

Richard Tayloe Taliaferro, of Richmond, formerly of Gloucester county,—“Dick” Taliaferro all of his friends called him,—was the wealthiest young man in Virginia. Miss Braxton met him for the first time in Richmond, having gone to his studio with her father, who greatly admired the young

sculptor's work, and predicted a brilliant future for him. This was Taliaferro's first visit to Warrenton. He had come to see Miss Braxton rather than to attend her ball.

"I have been looking for you for more than an hour. You should be more considerate of one so eager to see you."

Undoubtedly he had lost many years of his life in the last past few minutes.

"You are a fraud to say that to me. You were the last person to arrive. Why this sudden eagerness?"

There was a playful light in her eyes.

"My train was late, otherwise I would have been the first here."

"What an excuse—late to my birthday ball!"

Mr. Taliaferro's look and voice were not necessarily evidences of his devotion, for it is customary for the Virginian to profess to love every woman that he happens to be with, and it is not unusual for him to address her while in the presence of others in terms of rapture, only partly suppressed. But Captain Temple as well as Miss Braxton knew that Mr. Taliaferro had meant what he said. There was a moment of silence, broken by Temple, who had known Taliaferro slightly for several years.

"I suppose, Taliaferro, that political discussions in Richmond are a bit heated, as they are in Warrenton, with fur flying faster than the debt?"

"Yes, the capital is wide awake. Blood is at fever heat. Murphy, I understand, is trying to win over young men of the aristocracy in the hope that he may add some colour of respectability to his rascality—if white may be called colour."

"There is an opportunity for political distinction for you," said Temple, who thought that Taliaferro had intended to be personal; "fame finds one in politics sooner than in art."

"I have no political aspirations. If I had, more than Murphy's sophistries and the parson's siren voice would be required to lead me from honour and my people."

Lelia Braxton was sick at heart. Would her ball never end? And then she thought that the cloud had just begun to gather about John Harrison's life and hers.

"Who's that with Miss Braxton?" asked the Charlottesville beauty.

Mr. Harrison as well as Miss Lancaster waited for Captain Temple's reply. He had been thinking, with jealous misgivings, that it was unfortunate for him that one of Mr. Taliaferro's striking personality, tall, and of knightly bearing, should meet Lelia Braxton just at that time.

Captain Temple's answer was laconic; the exclamation made by Miss Lancaster characteristic.

"What, Dick Taliaferro, the Richmond sculptor?"

"The same."

"The richest man in Virginia?"

"So it is said."

"Then, *cher ami*, I must meet him."

This she said as coolly as one man might have expressed a wish to meet another.

"Please introduce him to me right away."

There was none of the naïveté of an unsophisticated girl in the way Gladys Lancaster had sought

this introduction. She did not seem bold—not offensively so. Her manner suggested rather that all men should pay homage to her.

Giving Miss Braxton and Mr. Taliaferro a parting glance, Mr. Harrison left the ballroom with Miss Dabney. His waning confidence in himself as a lover was not stimulated by pretty Miss Betty.

“I hear that you have gone over to Tim Murphy, Mr. Harrison.”

Some God-given quality in Betty Dabney’s voice made it possible for her to say a great deal more than others without giving offence.

“I am indeed a Readjuster, Miss Dabney, and I feel honoured that I am permitted to serve under so great and gallant a soldier as General Murphy. We propose to pay Virginia’s debts in gold, if it takes us one hundred years, and shall not use the methods that Debtpayers adopt in meeting their obligations—payment in words.”

“You must not say anything against Debtpayers to me, Mr. Harrison.”

“I did not mean to talk politics with you, Miss Betty. I beg your pardon.”

The frank look he gave her dismissed the subject and reinstated him in her favour.

The speech that he had made had caused her kind heart to grieve. She loved Lelia Braxton, while John Harrison had been her friend from childhood. Now for the first time she studied his features. His broad forehead was evidence of his intellectuality; his fine blue eyes were honest; his firm mouth indicated that he had the force to act in accordance with his convictions, while his noble lineage was unmistakable in all his features. Though



he was denounced as a renegade, she decided that his face was one that any sensible person would like—and trust.

Byrd Dandridge soon came to look for Betty Dabney. He put his hands on John Harrison's shoulders in the old friendly way.

"The fight is going to be long and bitter, John."

Towering above them, he spoke in his slow manner. Miss Dabney thought that every inch of his six-feet-three made for manliness. She gave him a grateful glance as he continued, the meaning of which ultimately—the next day—he worked out.

"I do not agree with you politically, John; I never can; but I am your friend; I will always be your friend."

All the evening John Harrison had kept Lelia Braxton in sight. He hastened toward her as he saw that Mr. Taliaferro was about to leave her. But Mr. Beverley, the eldest of nine brothers, who were all at the ball, was the first to reach her side.

"Here comes John Harrison. He ought to feel ashamed of himself to be here to-night."

That said, Mr. Beverley went to look for his partner.

Miss Braxton found it difficult to control her emotions—now grief, now anger. Her eyes, eloquent with love, looked into her lover's face with mute sympathy as she greeted him, and he was even more gentle than usual. They studiously avoided the subject that weighed so heavily on their hearts; but were constantly reminded that the difficulty had to be met, their question answered. After a while, as



they made their way toward the ballroom, they passed Colonel Daingerfield and Captain Lancaster, who looked searchingly at her lover. On the opposite side of the room she saw her father and General Dabney speaking rapidly, but in low tones. They could have but one opinion in regard to the debt, she knew, so she felt sure that her lover was the subject of their discussion. Others spoke to them with unconscious reserve. Miss Charlotte Clarke, the aunt of the Clarke girls, surveyed Harrison critically over her glasses, then whispered behind her fan to another maiden lady. Miss Clarke had plans for Miss Braxton. These she had unfolded to her nephew, Clarke Page.

Supper was announced at midnight. The guests assembled in the large dining-room, lighted by hundreds of candles, which were reflected in the polished panels of the mahogany walls. As Lelia Braxton looked about to see if all were present it occurred to her that Gladys Lancaster was the only person in the room that was unaffected by the political situation. That young lady devoted her attention tactfully between Captain Temple and Mr. Dabney. Her earrings, a trifle longer than those worn by anybody else, dangled coquettishly as she tossed her head first to one side and then to the other while speaking to her companions. Although Mr. Dabney had taken Miss Bolling in to supper, Miss Lancaster had appropriated him as well as her own partner. Now she looked at Captain Temple coyly, her pretty face, quite close to his, turned up slightly, as if she expected a kiss.

“One would think that Murphy was the only

man in Virginia—Murphy the *bête noire*. For my part, I still have a bit of interest in others.”

She laughed significantly, dimpling her rosy cheek roguishly the while.

“Taliaferro, for instance?”

“Yes, and Temple and Harrison—and a few others. *Toujours avec plusieurs cordes à votre arc*. Just now I’m particularly interested in you. I’d like to live in Warrenton.”

Temple’s suggestion had been made mischievously. There was a wager between them, not altogether as a joke, that she would be unable to make a conquest of Taliaferro that night. She always accepted a challenge. For a moment she paused to look intently at Harrison, for she had seen that every few minutes he had gazed fixedly at Miss Braxton. The captain claimed her attention.

“Then you could forgive his being a Readjuster? I rather doubt if Miss Braxton will forgive him.”

“Yes, he has my forgiveness. A girl takes no part in politics, so why should she choose a husband along party lines?”

Cary Dabney’s malady had progressed so far that he now thought Gladys Lancaster the most charming young woman that he had ever met.

Later, as the ladies were about to withdraw, Taliaferro was crossing the room toward Lelia Braxton when Gladys Lancaster called to him, pitching her voice a great deal too high.

“Come here a moment, Mr. Taliaferro, I’ve something to tell you.”

“I am all attention,” warned Temple in an undertone.

“Shut up, he’ll hear you.”

She held Taliaferro with her raillery for a few minutes, then he went to Miss Braxton, who left the room with him. Miss Lancaster drew a quick breath of amused surprise, then observed Captain Temple's cynical smile.

"Well?"

"You did not catch him after all."

"You go to the devil! That's what I said—*allez au diable!*"

She laughed merrily as she passed out with Dabney, nor was her merriment less when she saw the astonishment that was written on the faces of Judge Braxton and Mrs. Daingerfield, who had overheard her last exclamation.

"Mr. Braxton," said Mrs. Daingerfield as she perceptibly shuddered, "times have changed since we were young."

"The child is not half so bad as she would have you believe. However, I quite agree with you that sad changes have occurred in recent years. I do not see how Lancaster could have permitted Mrs. Lancaster to name his daughter Gladys."

"Why, Mr. Braxton, daughters of overseers marrying into the gentry have always named their children after characters in romances—Maybelle, Genevieve, Reginald, Mortimer, and the like. As to Gladys, no doubt she is a good girl; but of course her mother did not know how to guide her. I remember that when she was a child, the only time that I ever was in Captain Lancaster's home, her mother reproved her. Stamping her little foot, she retorted, 'How dare a Brown tell a Lancaster how to behave!' Then, drawing herself up proudly, she

walked from the room with grace that was almost stately."

The gentlemen lingered in the dining-room to enjoy their tobacco and liqueurs after the ladies had withdrawn.

Captain Lancaster precipitated the storm that for some time had been lowering.

"What do you think of the political situation, gentlemen?"

For a while no one spoke; then Judge Braxton slowly replied, selecting his words with care:

"I think that the outlook is gloomy. The election next fall will be the gravest crisis in Virginia's history. Then shall be decided whether the best element shall continue to control affairs of state or whether Virginia shall be delivered over to mobs of ignorant and vicious creatures."

"I repeat the opinion that I publicly expressed yesterday," said Colonel Daingerfield; "the spirit that prompted the French Revolution is at the base of this movement. The dangers that threatened France threaten Virginia."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," John Harrison interposed; "your views are not borne out by facts. The new party is the result of the incompetency of those that now control our government. While I have never met General Murphy, I am sure that he is worthy of confidence, and I, for one, proudly serve under him in this crisis." He paused; then, looking at Colonel Daingerfield, he continued: "I am as glad to serve under him now as you were when you gave your services to Virginia and entered his command when he was a brave Confederate general."

The words brought the old warrior to his feet.

“Sir, a thief may be brave. Murphy’s bravery as a soldier can not be pleaded by his friends in extenuation of Murphy the rogue.”

Then, drawing himself up, the colonel assumed the attitude of the statesman of his school when about to address the Senate, and spoke to all the gentlemen present.

“There was a time in Virginia when every man was an honest man, no matter what his class. Sirs, that time passed with our late war. I shall not enter upon a discussion of Murphy’s bravery at this time. Marat was a brave man, his conceptions gigantic; yet, sirs, always was that Frenchman consistent in his guilt. I proclaim to the world,—aye, in the forum I shall proclaim,—Timothy Murphy, the son of a washerwoman, was born a thief, and a thief he will die.”

John Harrison was on his feet before the colonel had finished speaking.

“You are wrong, Colonel Daingerfield; you are prejudiced against General Murphy—I believe that you are prejudiced against all Readjusters.”

“They are a set of unprincipled scoundrels, sir!”

The colonel’s eyes gleamed. He had not resumed his seat. Harrison determined to govern his temper, which had been constantly taxed since noon.

“Colonel Daingerfield, I believe that the Readjusters are sincere in their wish to effect a settlement of the debt under plans that will be fair, workable, and wholly honourable to Virginia.”

“There is but one way to pay a debt—pay it!” thundered the colonel, not attempting to conceal his disgust.

The young leader of the Debt-payers now took part in the discussion, but did not rise. His voice was well modulated as he spoke to Harrison in the affectionate tones of an elder brother.

“The Readjusters are to be congratulated if they succeed in drawing a Harrison into their camp—Judge John Randolph Harrison’s son, bearing his father’s full name. They have set a trap for you. Parson Jones did not hesitate to take half-truths for use in his pamphlet ‘Debts and Taxes,’ and he distorted those half-truths until he had built up a structure that can never be tolerated by those that love Virginia. Harrison, Parson Jones may be honest, as far as he knows honesty, but Murphy is a dangerous man. Already he is in control of the Readjusters, and the parson will have little voice in the management of your party. A great leader, quite as great a soldier in politics as in war, Murphy fooled you when he led you to think that he intends to pay one cent of Virginia’s debt. If our country’s honour is not safe when entrusted to men like Judge Braxton, Colonel Daingerfield, Captain Lancaster, Mr. Carter, my father, and the aristocracy that has conserved her honour for nearly three hundred years, would her honour be more secure if placed for safe keeping with Parson Jones and Tim Murphy and the notorious rascals that constitute the Readjuster party?”

“Dabney, I believe that the Readjusters occupy a position between those that recognise no moral obligation and the Debt-payers that are determined to pay the last dollar of the debt at once—in words, mere words. Virginia is bankrupt. If she has to reëstablish her credit it must be through capable

government—honest, but capable. Murphy, a Re-adjuster,—and, I believe, an honest man as well,—is the only person whose honesty has gone so far as to enable him to devise a feasible plan for the payment of our creditors. When—and how—do you propose to pay the debt?”

“Nonsense, I say; nonsense!” exclaimed Colonel Daingerfield, not giving young Dabney time to answer. “Murphy’s talk of readjustment is nothing more than a trickster’s name for repudiation!” The colonel brought his fist down on the table.

“If the aristocracy of Virginia does not stand firmly together, my boy,” said Judge Braxton, “we will be ruined, irretrievably ruined. A country’s credit once lost can never be reestablished.”

“Sir,” said the young man, his voice not faltering, as he looked at the father of the woman that he loved, “as I have said, General Murphy and Mr. Jones seem to have Virginia’s honour in their keeping. The government of the aristocracy permitted a debt of forty-seven million dollars to accumulate, and the peasant Murphy and the yeoman Jones come to the rescue, and offer to repay the money that has been spent by the gentry.”

“Why, you damned scoundrel, sir!”

Again Colonel Daingerfield brought his fist down on the table, glared at Harrison, and would so far have forgotten the laws of hospitality as to strike him had not the venerable physician, Mr. Carter, held up his hand authoritatively, commanding peace.

“Daingerfield, Dabney, Braxton, Lancaster, John, Cary—all: I had passed my youth when the oldest among you was a lad in school. John, never



until this day has a young Virginian addressed his elders as you have just spoken. Daingerfield, you forget that mistakes are the penalties of youth. I am indeed amazed. Virginians have been accustomed to discuss affairs of state as gentlemen, not after the manner of the rabble."

A few minutes of silence, then young Dabney resumed.

"Murphy has the advantage of us in this, he advocates a plan for a readjustment of the debt while the Debt-payers, as you said this morning and have repeated here, so far have offered nothing but words in settlement; but those words, Harrison, were honest words, worthy of Virginia: 'The only way to settle a debt is to pay it,' not to pay it under an arrangement dictated by Virginia to her creditors, but to pay it as fast as possible, giving all that we have for that purpose."

"Good boy, good boy!" exclaimed Captain Lancaster, and all except Temple joined in the applause that followed.

"What, gentlemen, will be the outcome?" General Dabney asked.

"By gad, sir," replied Captain Lancaster, "Murphy will win! Never mind, Cary, keep your seat; you know that he will be successful. He is sure of the negroes to a man, and can carry all the po' whites by promises of offices and by telling them that the Debt-payers will cheat them out of their free schools."

"His following numerically is much stronger than ours, Lancaster, we all must admit," said Judge Braxton; "but we will win, for Virginians, when tested, will maintain Virginia's integrity—or die.



We should conduct an educational campaign. Do you agree with me, our worthy young leader?"

"Judge," replied Dabney, "there is no other way. Government can not be conducted by any other class than the aristocracy, no matter what the country, no matter what the period. Now and then the misdirected voice of the people is heard, and government by the honest and the intelligent is exchanged for that of the ignorant and the vicious. Many hold that a movement like this can never be checked, that it has to run its course, that every popular uprising, no matter how mischievous, no matter how absurd, always is successful, at least for a little while. But I believe you are right, sir; Virginians are not yet ready to desert Virginia. After much thought, and after conferring with my elders,—you gentlemen among them, whose judgment I trust more than I do my own,—I feel satisfied that our engines of war must be those of peace. We must endeavour to restore tranquillity, that deep contentment of the classes that existed for so many generations, and then we shall go down to defeat in glory, if defeated, while in time Murphy's success will be turned into our victory."

No longer able to tolerate the situation in which he had placed himself, John Harrison rose.

"Gentlemen, if you will excuse me, I will return to the ladies. Your remarks may not be intended to apply to me personally, but I am one of those that you condemn. I shall continue to fight for Virginia's honour in accordance with my convictions."

He left the room. After a while the colonel broke the silence.

"If a man wants to be a damned fool, we will

have to let him be one. Oh, ignorance of youth! each rising star is its guide, each falling star the object of its scorn! 'O Absalom, my son, my son!'"

"He is far from being a fool—that's the pity of it," said young Dabney, coming to his friend's defence. "If he were a fool his value to Murphy would not be so great."

"Poor boy, poor boy!" sighed the judge.

"Yet, he held his own in the controversy."

Captain Temple had thought aloud.

The colonel glared at him through his glasses, then started as he searched his face.

"Young man, all should be fairly warned that co-operation with Murphy means social ostracism. A Virginian without honour shall never associate with gentlemen."

The questions: Am I a Readjuster? Am I a Debtpayer? were demanding an answer of Temple. The colonel had approached unpleasantly close to the captain's innermost thoughts. In foreseeing the fall of a dynasty, the wreck of an aristocracy, Temple also foresaw that he could be a leader in the new régime. He was not sure that the gentry would ever forgive him, so he had not yet decided the questions that were ringing in his ears. Again, he felt quite sure that he could never win Lelia Braxton by mere fame; besides, his fame would be infamy—for a while, at least.

The unknown force that disseminates news without the aid of a word spoken or written caused the political discussion that had been held over the cigars to be felt throughout the house. Through the op-

eration of the same law it was generally thought that John Harrison would go on the hustings as an advocate of the Readjuster party.

Never was a Virginian man or woman too old for romance.

From the open windows of the conservatory, as Mr. Carter and Miss Braxton strolled out to the grotto after supper, came the lively national song of Virginia :

“Den carry me back to old Virginny,  
To old Virginny’s shore,  
Oh, carry me back to old Virginny,  
To old Virginny’s shore.”

“Have you forgiven me, my child? My words about John Harrison were most intemperate.”

“Oh, Mr. Carter, I was not angry; but, oh, sir, oh, John does not mean to be wrong! He thinks that what he does is for the honour of Virginia, that he is fighting for the right.”

“He is young, my child.”

“Yes, sir; but every Virginian should know the path of honour. John does not see the right.”

The old man gently stroked her hair.

“Let us talk about the moon, godpapa?”

“You are right, quite right, my dear; quite right. And what a beautiful moon! As I look from your eyes to her smiling, kindly face, I recall the words of Horace as he described just such a night as this—

“*Solvitur acris hiemps grata vice veris et Favoni,  
Trahuntque siccas machinæ cerinas,  
Ac neque iam stabulis gaudet pecus aut arator igni,  
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.*

“*Iam Cytherea choro ducit Venus imminente luna,  
Iunctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes  
Alterno terram quatiant pede, dum graves Cyclopi  
Volcanus ardens urit officinas.*”

“I claim my dance, Miss Lelia.”

She took Tom Tazewell’s arm. Mr. Carter said that he would stay out a bit longer with his friend the moon.

As Mr. Harrison danced the last waltz with Miss Braxton he noticed how cold her hand was and how it trembled in his.

She was the first to speak.

“I wish to see you.”

“Now, or later?”

“Now.”

Excitement shone in her eyes. The pride of generations of Braxtons was in her face and bearing. She had thought that the path of honour was broad enough and plain enough to be seen by every man.

Harrison drew a wrap around her shoulders as they went out into the moonlight. The whippoorwills were still calling to their mates, their plaintive notes mingling with the sound of the running stream in the grotto.

“There should be no misunderstanding between us, Lelia. You are my dear, noble-hearted girl. I love you more than I can say—more than you can ever know.”

“I love you, John—at least I did love you.”

“Let me talk to you, Lelia, fully, freely, frankly, as a man should talk to the woman that he loves, who has promised to be his wife?”

“No; it would be useless.”

He was silent for a moment.

“If you love me—if you ever loved me—your faith in me would be second only to your faith in God. You would know that I am a man of honour.”

“I had that faith in you . . . once . . . now—I do not know. . . . I loved you once with all the heart that a woman has to give. You knew that it was yours—my heart. But . . . Your views are not those that should be held by a man of honour.”

“You have not listened to me; yet you dare to charge me with dishonour.”

“I do not mean to charge you with dishonour. I believe in your nobility. I can not doubt that you follow the light as you see it. But I can not, I will not—no, *I will not*—let the man that I love convince me that it is right to bring dishonour upon Virginia, that it is right for him to take a position unworthy of all the great good that is in him, that is unworthy of his people and mine.”

“But who is to decide this question of honour? Who? Am I not entitled to my opinions as well as the Debt-payers are to theirs?”

“I am to decide.”

“I have the right to expect you to weigh my opinions with those of others—the opinions of the man that you love—or used to love.”

“I will never marry you so long as you lead where I can not follow.”

“Then good-night.”

“And good-bye.”

## CHAPTER TWO

A FEW days after the Morven ball General Timothy Murphy sat alone in his office in the quaint old city of Petersburg, a cynical smile on his repulsive face. The office, a large room, was furnished with an immense desk, the flat top of which was covered with green cloth; a revolving desk-chair; a cheap split-bottom chair of the kind that is used in Virginia kitchens to this day; a spittoon, and nothing more. The brick walls, which recently had been whitewashed, were bare, with the exception of a highly-coloured chromo that represented Bonaparte in Egypt gazing at the Sphinx. This room, which took up the entire third floor of a crumbling old building, had only one door, which opened immediately at the head of the last flight of rickety stairs. The first floor of the ruin, which was paved with clay, was used as a saloon, a disorderly place, and the second floor was used by the proprietor as a storage room. The keeper of the saloon was no worse than his neighbours, his distinguished tenant excepted.

One saw at a glance that General Murphy was a cruel man, unscrupulous and cunning. On his face was written indomitable will, tireless energy, and all those forces that had enabled him to rise from errand boy in his immigrant father's cross-roads store and groggery to distinguished and successful major-general in the Confederate army. Not nearly so tall as the man of average height, wiry, nervous, his in-

significant features as small as those of a child, with round grey eyes that were never still, he was in his physical and mental prime, and, notwithstanding the prematurely grey beard that swept to his waist, not patriarchal in appearance, but the embodiment of youth. He seemed to be a thing rather than a human being, yet an intangible thing, said even those that knew him best. Although his personality was revoltingly offensive, he was magnetic to an extraordinary degree, and seldom failed to dominate those that were brought within the sphere of his influence.

This man, who counted every human creature his enemy, knowing that no detail of an undertaking is ever insignificant, not only never permitted his comprehensive mind to relinquish its hold on any detail of his own enterprises, but never allowed the details of the affairs of others that might affect him to get beyond his extraordinary mental grasp. That an enemy never becomes a friend, that there is no such thing as forgiveness, Murphy knew full well; hence he always treated the man that should be his enemy as an enemy, forced him to uncover, then dealt him the first blow. He knew the great value of initiative in civil as well as in military conflicts.

His few writings were unsigned letters for the greater part, and those were brief, usually written on scraps of paper, and so written that they were returned to him, when that could be accomplished. "Please write your reply on the back of this sheet," was the usual postscript to his seemingly unimportant notes. He would oblige one of his agents to travel hundreds of miles sooner than write what appeared to be unimportant instructions, for he knew that self-revelment is in all writing. Operating his



private and public affairs through others, and never long through any one person, Murphy the man could not be known even by his works. Yet his force was felt throughout Virginia. Intangible, elusive, he was like some dark spirit in the bowels of hell, nowhere present, yet always a vital part of mortals, mocking them while compelling them to do his bidding. He had no friends. His acquaintances never tried to penetrate the ever-changing surface that encased him, but left his presence as soon as they could.

The witticisms of others, particularly when directed against himself, he used as a sauce for his own wit, but shared his ultimate triumph over his adversaries with no one. Although he was not vain-glorious, and his assumed humility seemed to be modesty herself, his sole joy was the consciousness of his own great mentality, and——

Wait! There was one other pleasure. He took great delight in every growing plant. No other love did he have; no other mistress did he woo. Although he had married, and was considered an ideal husband and father by his neighbours, yet the growing plant, from the tender blade of grass to a full-blown rose, was his only love. No soft light ever relieved the cruel glitter of his small round eyes; yet his face would seem to be somewhat human as he would look upon his love. Now as he sat in his office every few minutes his eyes would leave the *Whig* to seek the flowers that filled his white china water pitcher—the flowers that he had gathered in his garden while they were still wet with dew.

One could scarcely believe that Murphy ever



really loved any human being or brute animal. He certainly had no love for Murphy, but regarded himself as a mere puppet on the stage of life, and always kept before himself the fact that the curtain would soon be let down. He liked the stage, but the puppet—was nothing more than a puppet.

Nevertheless this remarkable creature was made up of two elements, hatred and ambition—hatred directed principally against the aristocracy, although the yeomanry and the peasantry had a large share; and ambition, which was for himself alone. The stage would be a large one, no matter how short the performance, and the puppet should be the king of puppets.

His hatred of the aristocracy was tempered by his admiration of the individuals that composed that class as well as of the aristocracy as a whole; for, always honest with himself, he knew that he was jealous of the gentry, and also he knew that he would have loved the chief object of his hatred had he been admitted to the sacred hearth—had he the gift of love, which he doubted. He even admitted to himself that he was not fit to enter the society that he coveted, that a gentleman could not be made in one generation. Then he would consider his equipment as he would that of an army, actually going so far as to ask himself the question, Were I to enter the aristocracy would I not be merely an ass masquerading in a lion's skin?

Although he despised yeomen and peasants as much as he hated them, and was brave enough to admit to himself that he was a peasant, he refused to remain in the class in which he was born. Knowing the values of his resourceful mind, he did not

intend to hold a subordinate place in the affairs of men. Like the great Corsican, who said that he would be an ancestor, Murphy too would be the founder of a family, a great family; not that he cared for the posterity that would bear his name, but in climbing the social ladder to the topmost rung he would find the joy of living. Daily he would gaze upon the slain bodies of his victims piled high beneath his ladder. He would humble the pride of those that were justly proud with the pride of princes, the pride of real majesty, and in the place of Virginia there would be a single man: a peasant now, a gentleman then, a gentleman of his own making, a king of his own creation—one Timothy Murphy.

As to the cattle that would help him to work out his ambition, why, they were but cattle. None save a fool could hold that government should be administered by yeomen and peasants. There must be an aristocracy; but why not the Murphy aristocracy? Why not? Because he knew that Murphy the aristocrat would indeed be Murphy the ass. He had heard of the divinity that doth hedge a king. That same divinity, he thought, raised an inseparable barrier between men that were made of different clay.

And he knew of the tide that is in the affairs of men. Had he not already fully availed himself of one great opportunity? Had he not reached the flood tide of success? Had he not entered the military service of Virginia, and through sheer work and genius, overcoming the handicap laid down by society, in less than four years caused the names Murphy and Crater to be sounded together throughout

the civilised world? And then—he had passed out with the tide. Again he would succeed, and success would spell Murphy. Sacred precincts of the aristocracy? Once more that voice. Bah! bah! bah! Not only would he be an aristocracy, he would be a whole people.

Now was the accepted time. The yeomanry and the peasantry, fretful, trained by carpetbaggers for fourteen years, were ready to rise against the aristocracy. They needed money. They should find it in existing public offices and in the thousands of positions that he would make for them in the public service. They wished to be gentlemen. He would found for them an aristocracy of their own, and they would never be able to distinguish between their gentry and that of the old régime.

Two hundred and eighty thousand votes could be cast legally in the fall elections, including the negro vote, one hundred and ten thousand strong. Murphy saw that he could form a single party out of those yeomen and peasants that wished to repudiate the debt, and the negroes who would vote for any party that would promise social equality, public office, or money in payment of votes. He would amalgamate the Republican and Readjuster parties, composed of yeomen, peasants, and negroes, into a single political body, to be known in time as the Murphy party.

Among General Murphy's many plans was one by which he could purchase for himself a large part of the bonds that represented the debt of forty-seven millions at one-tenth their face value, later forcing those bonds to par, all under the mantle of perfect legality. He would reserve for himself an ample

fortune. Then he would provide limitless sinews of war for his party.

As Murphy sat at his desk that morning in April the Readjuster party was barely two months old. He was reading an editorial that he had ordered written, which had been published in the *Richmond Whig*, a newspaper that he owned, and the policy of which he directed in his own interest, private and political, when he heard the hesitating footsteps of somebody coming up the creaking old stairs. Then one of his henchmen slouched in, following a feeble knock, which had failed to attract the general's attention.

"Mornin', Gen'l."

Receiving no reply to the slovenly drawl, the visitor sat down in the split-bottom chair, which was at least ten feet from Murphy, in its usual position.

In the presence of so much greatness Professor Josiah Matthews Dodd was embarrassed. He nervously brushed off some of the dandruff that lay thick upon his shoulders, pulled down his waistcoat, crossed his legs, uncrossed them, then crossed them again. A type of the white pedagogue that taught negro free schools for several years after the passing of the carpetbagger, this excellent teacher of Fluvanna county believed that the time had come when his great mental and moral worth would receive substantial recognition. The general appeared to be absorbed in his newspaper; at least he gave no attention to his visitor.

"I'm lookin' arter your intrusts in my county, Gen'l."

Unable to attract the leader's attention, the school-

master's teeth began to chatter, for fear was added to his embarrassment. However, he was obliged to continue.

"I've got all them as sends to free schools workin' for you, white an' black. Every man's bein' talked to."

Wheeling in his chair, the general brought his fist down on his desk with a resounding whack that convulsed the pedagogue.

"Are you clinching their votes? That is your business! That is what I wish to know!"

"We're havin' night meetin's in all the nigger churches an' schoolhouses, 'deed we is. I ain't leavin' no stone onturnd. Every man's bein' brought out—even them as is old an' sick."

"Are you making them understand that the money that should be used to maintain free schools is being applied to the payment of the debt?"

General Murphy's round eyes searched Professor Dodd's dull face.

"I've tole 'em so over agin an' agin. They knows, they does, an' they ain't got no patience with them Debtpayers."

Professor Dodd paused. His chieftain returned to the *Whig*, having lost interest in the good people of Fluvanna, as the educator supposed. After a while the professor twirled his hat, now vigorously, now slowly; blew his nose noisily, then carefully replaced his bandana in his pocket so that its four corners peeped out. Next his small dull eyes sought his feet; then they glanced furtively at Murphy's face. After a while something akin to peace entered the professor's soul; he gazed out of the window dreamily, blinking in a kind of ecstatic way. His

poetic temperament, in a measure had taken the place of his fear, and all his great worth stood naked before him.

“Ain’t I goin’ to git nothin’?”

Few leaders of men can use irony effectively; yet that weapon is one of the most powerful of all mental ordnance when directed by a master in dealing with his inferiors. General Murphy reserved his irony for peasants, and for those yeomen that he knew to be dishonest.

“Why, Professor Dodd, you will receive the reward of virtue.”

“Me an’ my folks has enjoyed that reward long enough. Ain’t it time for us to be havin’ a little suppen more to the p’int as well as them that’s had office ever since I kin remember?”

Now the general’s manner changed. Laying aside his newspaper with a quick movement, he spoke in tones that were sharp and incisive.

“So; you are beginning to wake up, are you? Good! But you are not awake yet. Go back to your friends and tell them that when they are finally aroused they will find the offices still in the possession of the few elect that were sent by Almighty God to govern such men as you and I.”

“All right, Gen’l, I’ll tell ’em. But we ain’t asleep. You’ll find us wide awake next November, I kin tell you.”

“Keep up your night meetings.”

The leader, finality in his manner, intending to force Mr. Dodd to state the payment that he expected for his services, took up the *Whig*.

“You kin count on me, Gen’l; ’deed you kin.”

Professor Dodd wondered if he could count

on General Murphy. A pause followed the educator's last assurance. Again he fidgeted. Then the general fell into his old habit of talking to himself.

"There is the office of superintendent of public schools of Fluvanna county . . . Yes, the office of superintendent of schools of old Flu. . . . A man of Professor Dodd's erudition is peculiarly fitted for that office—peculiarly fitted indeed."

A rap on the door brought the interview to a timely end. Professor Dodd was exhilarated. He had not expected so great a reward.

Thousands of yeomen and peasants knew Murphy personally, for he had travelled in every county in the state, and many of them had served in his command on fields of glory. As he swept his little round eyes over the three persons that appeared before him he already knew the measure of each. They were from the same town, and for reasons of their own had banded together in the cause of readjusterism; hence it was safe to talk to them in a body. Murphy's sense of generalship told him the man to deal with first.

A negro, Mr. Buck Johnson, seated himself in the one visitor's chair. His companions stood several feet removed from their swarthy colleague.

"How are times in Salem, gentlemen?"

"Hard, mighty hard, Gen'l."

There was pathos in the dolorous tones of Mr. Thomas T. Fletcher, a farmer, as he replied to Murphy's question. All Virginians are orators. Even the babbling infant has the oratorical instinct. His tears flow in rounded periods.



The farmer continued after a pause that he thought was long enough for oratorical effect.

"Times is hard, mighty hard. Them taxes is so heavy that by the time I've paid mine nothin' will be left for my wife and children."

"Your fields are covered with wheat."

"Yes, sir, they is; but taxes will take every cent I'll get for that wheat, and I'll have to put another mortgage on the place before I ken pay all them taxes. It's a mighty hard business, General, mighty hard, I says, when a Confederate soldier like me, that's lost a limb, has to see his owns a-growin' up to man'ood and woman'ood without no eddication."

Again Mr. Fletcher paused, that in an oratorical sort of way he might cast a tearful glance at his empty sleeve.

"It's a mighty hard business, I says, to see them taxes as comes outen my wheat and mortgages used to pay debts, when my owns is a-growin' up without no eddication."

"True, Mr. Fletcher; only too true; only too true! The conditions in this state are unbearable."

"When's we goin' git relief?"

General Murphy left the answer to his visitors.

"Immediately after the election, if you persuade property holders to vote for readjustment."

"We'll do our best. The sooner we git rid of them debts the better."

"Now, now, Mr. Fletcher," said the general, half-jocular, half-serious, "who said anything about repudiation?"

The devastating black scourge now broke out.

"We ain' sayin' nuttin' 'bout no 'pudiatin', but I



specs us cullud gemmen knows dyah's gwine be no debt arter 'lection."

General Murphy had offended Mr. Jerry W. Brown when he selected Mr. Fletcher as spokesman for the party. Brown had enjoyed a local reputation as an orator for many years, and now his chief complaint was his inability to provide a place in the aristocracy for himself and his family through his oratory. The Readjuster movement seemed to him to be the opportunity of a lifetime. As the holder of an important office he would gain for himself and his family the social prominence in his community that he so greatly coveted. He now entered the discussion in his characteristic manner.

"I'm for the people, the plain people, the people that were good enough for George Washington and Thomas Jefferson! I'm the poor man's friend! I believe that government should be the means of giving every man a chance, that every man may float upon ethereal clouds of glory!"

"I've put it mighty plain to Mr. Brown," said the farmer, "that it's high time for him and other city folks to see that the farmer gits some rights, I has, General."

"I'm a great believer in equal rights," interposed Mr. Brown, whose chest swelled visibly despite his oratorical instinct, which warned him that modesty becometh the man of true greatness.

Again the black terror broke bounds.

"'Quality—e-equal-it-ty—dat's what us cullud folks wants, boss.'"

Then the dusky gentleman cowed before the frigid scrutiny of his great commander.

Once more the elements of eloquence arose in Mr. Brown's powerful chest.

"The plain people, sir, weary of this nonsense about honour. Judge Black was right when he rose, amid the plaudits of a mighty multitude, and declared that 'honour will not buy a beefsteak.' The people cry for bread; you give them honour—honour, sirs, honour; honour to men that are starving! Mr. Fletcher, sir, I appeal to you: What right—I demand to know—what right did the governor have to veto Parson Jones' school bill! That bill, sir, was a wise measure, one that might have been drawn by Solomon himself. Tax money should be set aside to provide for free schools according to our constitution. But what do the Debt-payers say? Hark ye! 'I would see a bonfire made out of every schoolhouse in Virginia before I would vote for the parson's school bill!' In the language of great Patrick Henry, the friend of the plain people, I say, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' Aye, let me repeat, in the language of the motto of our noble state, '*Sic Semper Tyrannis!*'"

Whereupon Mr. Brown stamped his foot vigorously and assumed the attitude of a gladiator standing over the prostrate form of his victim. He felt that his eloquence had fairly won the nomination that he sought—secretary of the commonwealth.

"I have heard of your speeches, Mr. Brown," said the general. "Your fruitful work in spreading the precepts of true democracy deserves substantial reward."

"I do not pretend to say that I am without political ambition—an ambition that is honourable among all men, and therefore is not by any to be

entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God." Then Mr. Brown looked significantly at General Murphy. "I, sir, am not without political ambition."

"You would be of great service to our party, Mr. Brown, if you would address the political gatherings of your section during the campaign."

Then the orator, fully equal to the occasion, with humility that was truly affecting, made use of his choicest language.

"Sir, it is my pleasure, in which I am greatly honoured, to serve my state upon the hustings, that great forum of the plain people, as well as in office. Sir, I here dedicate my life to their service, without hope of reward other than gratitude—the gratitude, sir, of the plain people, the plain people that are God's anointed."

Again General Murphy thought aloud as he gazed abstractedly out of the window.

"Secretary of the commonwealth. . . . An appropriate office for an able man from the Salem section. . . . Yes, yes, secretary of the commonwealth for Mr. Brown."

Once more that black cloud of evil.

"I wants er office, an' I jes' tells you, Mr. Gen'l, ef I gits er office, you gits de vote ob de cullud cit'zens ob mah county."

The leader said nothing, but expressed his annoyance at Buck's aggressiveness by a heavy frown, and by a cold stare from his cruel round eyes. But after all, these interviews were not without their amusing features, revolting as they were to him.

"What office would you like, Mr. Johnson?"

Nor was the African gentleman without oratorical instinct. He got up; Mr. Fletcher sat down.

"I wants ter run fo' county clerk. I'd like ter set in de shade an' fan mahse'f wid er pa'mleaf fan in de summer time. Mr. Smythe he done set on his hawse wid er umbreller ober him, whilst I gits de full benefit ob de sun, cradlin' ob his wheat."

"Can you read and write?"

"Naw, suh; but den I done thought as how I'd git some cullud gemmen to hole down dat aspec' ob de job, whilst I draws de pay to recommence me fo' all de time an' money I'll hatter spen ter git de party 'lected."

"You are a shrewd politician, Mr. Johnson. Of course you may have the office of county clerk—if my party be elected. I know of no man that is better qualified than you to satisfy the requirements of that high place."

"An' say, boss, dem niggers ain' gwine vote fo' no man widout er li'l' 'baccy money. Ain' yo got none ter give 'em?"

"Your expenses will be paid out of the campaign fund, Mr. Johnson. A substantial sum will be placed at your disposal."

As an element in politics the negro was regarded as a necessity by all Repudiators, to be swallowed like treacle by the body politic.

The farmer arose, intending to depart. He cared neither for office nor society, but asked for relief from taxation, nothing more. But no promise had been made to Mr. Fletcher. Why? The bonds would have to be debased and later be restored to their face value. So Mr. Fletcher left without knowing whether he would get any kind of relief, for

General Murphy was unwilling, even under dire necessity, to say to any man that he would repudiate or would not repudiate all or a part of the public debt. The Readjusters would constitute a party "in being" until after the campaign had been fought and won. There were regiments in the armies of the enemy that would possibly desert. Now he would satisfy every man—from the aristocrat of scrupulous honour to the vile black chicken-thief. Mr. Fletcher was satisfied, for General Murphy was the friend of the plain people.

Even Murphy's few honest callers were satisfied when they left him. Had not Mr. John Randolph Harrison said at the Morven ball that he did not question Murphy's integrity? Had not the general offered his life in battle to protect Virginia?

The delegation from Salem barely had left the Presence when another visitor entered the general's office, Mr. Samuel A. Tanner, commonly called old Sam Tanner, a native and a resident of the Eastern Shore, and representative of the brand of Readjusters that infested the section of Virginia that might have been used by God's angels as their garden.

A single case that was tried before a justice of the peace had constituted Mr. Tanner's practice of the law during the last past six months. In consequence his trousers were trimmed with lace; or, as the children sang out whenever they saw him—

"Tanner wears fringe on his trousers  
And fastens 'em up with a nail."

He wore no cuffs; his frayed collar, which was unadorned by a necktie, was another evidence of his

rigid economy, while his peaked, starved appearance further witnessed his distress.

“Ah-h-h-h, Mr. Tanner; I am indeed glad to see you!”

The two gentlemen shook hands cordially.

“Well, Gen'l, everything is comin' our way. We'll sweep the state this fall same as a meteor sweeps the heavens; which is a lit'rary way of sayin' as how I suspicion an overwhelmin' victory for us Readjusters when the frost is on the sweet potato vine——”

“Then we are gaining strength in Northampton and Accomack counties?”

“Gainin' strength? Why, my dear Gen'l, with sufficient financial display I kin carry them two counties in my pants' pockets; yes, sir, an' carry 'em *ad in-fin-e-tum* to boot; I kin, I sw'ar!”

“Good!”

“But them funds must be handled by the right man, Gen'l; yes, siree, by an honest man; an' that's *bonafidely* so for a fact. You know the old sayin', a motto I wear next my heart, Honesty's the best politics.”

“You are the man to display the money. But no party should expect a citizen of your ability to sacrifice his large law practice and devote his time to the public weal unless he be properly compensated.”

“No man in them two counties knows better than me where money displayed will act as a set-off to the vicissitudes of voters; but as you l'arnedly remarked, no party oughter expect me to sacrifice my lucrative practice unless I gits paid by my new clients, the people. The labourer, my dear Gen'l, is worthy of his hire in every field—political as well as corn.”

Whereupon the worthy labourer emitted a stream of liquid tobacco, which coursed down his once white shirt front on its way to the spittoon, which it missed.

“Thar, I didn’t skeet that thar amber straight!”

He kicked the spittoon toward his chair—the chair with its stiff, upright back of integrity—then paused, thus allowing the ghost financial an opportunity to stalk.

“Several of your strong friends have suggested your peculiar fitness for the circuit judgeship of the district that includes your two counties. The office seeks the man. Your sense of duty to the party will make you invaluable to the plain people of the entire commonwealth. The state is indeed fortunate.”

The offer was made with the dignity of the military commander who knows that every soldier is entitled to a reward, and to a reward more substantial than mere knowledge of duty faithfully performed. The general’s grand strategy included ample provision for suitable payments to his civil followers, as he had provided suitable rewards for the soldiers of his military command. He never denied his troops glory, the only wage that he could pay. Indeed, he held honour to be the soldier’s reward.

“Circuit judge? As the great jurist John Marshall used to say, To be, or not to be; that is the question. I must consider. I’m a busy man, Gen’l; the burdens of the whole peninsula rest on my shoulders a’ready. Let me see? Like Atlas, I carry a load.”

And he did—at times a very heavy load.

“If I work *pro bono pub-lee-co*, I’ll have to give up a fine practice. But my friends meant kindly



what they done, when, *sir-rat-em*, they brought the matter to your gifted attention."

"The position is an honourable one, Mr. Tanner. When the old Romans heard the call to duty sounded they waived all personal consideration."

"And so will I, Gen'l; 'pon my life I will. The judicial ermine ain't goin' to rest on no shoulders more willin' than mine. I'll sacrifice my law practice like Abraham sacrificed his son to Moses. The peaceful repose of my home will I lay upon the altar of self-sacrifice. I'll show the world—the world of plain people—that *vox popularis vox Do'-em-best*, for I'll uphold all the laws our new legislature will make."

As the general seemed to be preoccupied, the self-sacrificing patriot continued:

"Just as soon as I get back to Eastville I'll take down my Blackiston and refresh my law memory, for I don't want my decisions to have no *im-press-io false-eye*."

No doubt Mr. Tanner meant that he would read closely the laws that defined the limitations of judges and provided punishments to fit their crimes.

"Really—er—ah—Judge Tanner!" said the general, looking at his watch.

"I am obliged to leave you now, Gen'l, for, as we lawyers say, the *tempest figits*. Good-mornin', Gen'l Murphy."

"Good-morning, Judge Tanner. The campaign funds will be forwarded to you in a few days. Please spend the money in your discretion."

The Eastern Shore of Virginia, Tanner's wage!  
Ah, what a maiden to be ravished!



Are you a musician? There birds sing by night as they sing by day, filling the air with melody that no human master may successfully imitate.

Are you a maiden? There flowers are nearly as fair as the maidens of that fairyland, flowers which bloom every day in every year, flowers that are in the air as they are in the garden, the garden that is the Eastern Shore.

Are you a huntsman? There ducks, geese, quail, and snipe make their home, and there the huntsman neither is hungry nor surfeited, for he has only to reach out his hand for diamond-back terrapin and the best of oysters, food that no king other than an Eastern Shoresman may eat, yet in eating never become satiated.

Are you a man? There breezes from the sea to the east and from the bay to the west bring strength to the strongest man; and as they caress his cheeks he becomes as an army of men, as the kiss of a woman makes an army of the man who leaves her to go to war.

Are you a poet? There marshes challenged the imagery of Lanier, whose hymns are sung by angels—

“But no: it is made: list! somewhere,—mystery, where?

In the leaves? in the air?

In my heart? is a motion made;

'T is a motion of dawn, like a flicker of shade on shade.

In the leaves, 't is palpable: low multitudinous stirring

Upwinds through the woods; the little ones, softly conferring,

Have settled my lord's to be looked for; so; they are still;

But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill,—

And look where the wild duck sails round the bend of the  
river,—

And look where a passionate shiver

Expectant is bending the blades

Of the marsh-grass in serial shimmers and shades,—  
 And invisible wings, fast fleeting, fast fleeting,  
 Are beating  
 The dark overhead as my heart beats,—and steady and free  
 Is the ebb-tide flowing from marsh to sea—  
 (Run home, little streams,  
 With your lapfuls of stars and dreams),—  
 And a sailor unseen is hoisting a-peak,  
 For list, down the inshore curve of the creek  
 How merrily flutters the sail,—  
 And lo, in the East! Will the East unveil?  
 The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed  
 A flush; 't is dead; 't is alive; 't is dead, ere the West  
 Was aware of it; nay, 't is abiding, 't is unwithdrawn:  
 Have a care, sweet Heaven! 'T is Dawn."

Left alone, General Murphy walked up and down his room.

"Bah! . . . 'The plain people' . . . Bah!  
 . . . 'The voice of the people is the voice of  
 God' . . . Bah! . . . Colonel Daingerfield  
 says that the voice of the people is the voice of the  
 devil. . . He is wrong! . . . The voice of the  
 people is the voice of power—the power of one  
 man. . . . 'Say, boss,' bah; the filthy creature!  
 Bah! Bah!"

The general buried his face in the flowers.

The morning had been a busy one. But Murphy was always on duty—planning iniquities by night and working them out by day, said his enemies. Now he walked rapidly toward his home, for he was late, and he had invited an important man to dine with him, a personage no less than Captain James Spotswood Temple. That gentleman wished to consult the general before finally answering the questions, Am I a Readjuster? Am I a Debtpayer? He

had almost reached the decision to disregard Colonel Daingerfield's warning, for he thought that the gentry and the plain people had reached the parting of the ways, and was morally certain that the doom of the aristocracy had been sounded already, that the annihilation of the gentry would be simply a matter of a few years, even if the yeomanry and the peasantry should be defeated in the fall elections.

Although a mere lad, Captain Temple had fought bravely in the war, first as a cadet of the Virginia Military Institute, receiving a serious wound at New Market, and later as a private. After the war he became captain of a company in the Virginian militia. His father, the late Alexander Spotswood Temple, of Accomack county, formerly governor of Virginia, later brigadier-general in the Confederate army, was one of the most eminent Virginians of the nineteenth century.

Now when General Murphy invited Captain Temple to dinner he had intended that the aristocrat should see that the Murphys and their friends could entertain formally quite as well as the Temples; but he had not intended to relinquish his mastery of the political situation. Having come to sound him, Temple would be treated in a way that would indicate that his services would be accepted with reluctance, if at all. Murphy knew the power that he had over Temple in the appeal that he could make to his ambition; Temple knew that for many reasons the Readjusters had to have members of the aristocracy in their party.

Temple had another powerful weapon with which to fight Murphy and his kind. He was prepared

to wield it unmercifully, and even to take delight in thrusting its keen double edge through and through his victims. He could treat Murphy and his associates, women as well as men, as underlings; snub them, humiliate them again and again. Then he would smile, and with that smile their poor souls would be carried in wild flights upon the wings of ecstasy. He believed in kicking the peasant dog. He knew that the poor creature would fear him because of his cruelty, then lick his hand; he knew that the peasant respects the gentleman that treats him as an inferior, that he despises the gentleman that treats him as an equal. But was Murphy that kind of man? If so, would he return to lick the hand of his social master? Temple could not say. Murphy would have known; but Temple did not know. Yet Temple was shrewd, with many of the elements of a great man. He knew many things, but he did not know all things. If no law of hospitality restrained Murphy, also it was true that no such law had the least weight with Temple; besides, he knew that social amenities would not in the least influence his host.

As the members of Murphy's family were all visiting in Norfolk, the general had asked Miss Amanda Burgess, a white-haired yeoman maiden lady, to preside at the formal midday dinner. She brought with her two young yeoman girls. "Such a chance, gyurls!" she had said.

Promptly at half-past one Captain Temple arrived. He was cordially received by General Murphy, who introduced him to Miss Amanda. Already she had two mint-juleps prepared.

"Now, gentlemen, walk right up to the sideboard.

I know how men-folks love mint-juleps a-fore dinner."

"Miss Amanda," said Captain Temple as he summoned a look of joy to his eyes and held his glass on high, "Miss Amanda, ma'am, pray tell me, who made this mint-julep? But need I ask? The fame, ma'am, of your juleps has extended throughout Virginia's broad land. General, just look at the frost on my glass! On my life, it is half an inch deep! Your health, ma'am, and your beauty; for, ma'am, your beauty is no less now that frost adds lustre to the roses of your cheeks than when those lovely flowers bloomed beneath a golden canopy."

Whereupon the captain buried his face in the mint, and drank long and deep, while roses did bloom in Miss Amanda's faded cheeks for quite a while.

Dinner was announced by a pickaninny vigorously ringing a bell. As soon as they had entered the dining-room Miss Amanda proceeded to present the two girls to the guest.

"Captain Temple, allow me to make you acquainted with Miss La Salle Saunders an' Miss Maiabelle Berry. You folks shake hands now and be real friendly like."

"Pleased to know you, Captain Temple," said Miss La Salle, her face scarlet.

Miss Maiabelle shook hands with this visitor from an unknown world with composure, although her face had flushed a deep and lasting red. At least Miss Amanda might have presented the gentleman to the ladies. Both girls were splendid types of the Virginian *bourgeoisie*, healthy, and even beautiful. Mr. Berry had named his daughter Mary, but after his ambitious wife had read all the novels that Miss

Rosa Carey had kindly written for kitchen ladies, she changed the name of the little girl to Maia, and that name later gave place to Maiabelle, believed by Mrs. Berry to be the more aristocratic name. Miss La Salle was named Sally at the time of her birth; but as soon as her mother heard that the daughter of an ignorant old peasant that lived near Norfolk had changed her name from Sally to La Salle when she married a major-general of the Confederate army, himself a peasant, whose fame rested on a charge made by his men that he did not lead, she thought that she could improve upon that course by changing her daughter's name before she would be of marriageable age.

"I did not have the pleasure of meeting you young ladies at the ball last night. Fortunately I reached Petersburg in time to dance several waltzes."

"Father doesn't approve of round dancing, so I've never been to a ball," said Miss La Salle, the flush on her pretty cheeks deepening.

"My brother, Dr. Burgess, never let none of his gyurls round dance, and they all married splendidly," said the maiden lady, a note of triumph in her voice.

"I can plead no such excuse," Miss Maiabelle said. "I stayed at home last night because I received no invitation."

"You should have been invited," said General Murphy, betraying some of the bitterness that he was unable to suppress entirely. Again the old story. Worthy women as well as worthy men were neglected socially and politically because their forefathers were not aristocrats. Verily the camel

might stalk through the eye of a needle, but neither gold nor public service could buy position in the Virginian aristocracy.

"They might as well have saved their supper and their manners too, for I wouldn't have gone if I'd been asked," said Miss La Salle; but everybody felt that she was mistaken.

"It was a beautiful ball," the captain persisted.

Miss Maiabelle began to feel a sense of rising anger, Miss La Salle bit her lip in vexation, while Miss Amanda expressed her emotion in words.

"I never seen what pleasure folks got in leavin' out them as might have been asked without hurtin' themselves. Ain't we all made outen dust, and ain't that what we're all a-comin' to?"

"The first families of Virginia make peculiar distinctions, Amanda—Miss Burgess." Again that bitterness. "The time has come, Captain Temple, when merit alone should be the standard of social fitness. The new party will make many wholesome changes."

"Yes,—if—it—be—placed—in—power."

"We will elect our candidates next fall to the man. Our success is certain. The people feel that the life of the state is in jeopardy. The government that was founded by the fathers has passed the experimental stage, and Virginia must fall into line with her sister states and establish a government of the people, the whole people. The strength of Virginia is in her masses. There is no real force in an aristocracy; nor can a gentry of mere blood long endure. The so-called aristocracy of this state has reached advanced old age. It is on its death-bed. A



new and greater aristocracy is about to take its place, an aristocracy of mind and merit. The reign of the oligarchy is over."

A long speech for Murphy; yet neither the julep nor Temple had intoxicated him. The captain understood.

"Now do have some termatters, Captain Temple," Miss Amanda insisted.

"Thank you, to-ma-toes make one of my favourite dishes. I assume that the change in their name will not affect their taste in the least."

The discomfiture of the girls was increased. O you old peasants, how you put to shame your young men and young women!

Still Temple could not tell from Murphy's manner just how far he could go along that path. No danger signal had been hung out. To the credit of the Misses Amanda, Maiabelle, and La Salle, be it said, they kept their peace. But oh the shame in Miss Amanda's good face, and how Miss Maiabelle flashed a look of scorn! Tears stood in Miss La Salle's pretty eyes. But the general—went on cutting bread and butter. Captain Temple enjoyed the situation immensely.

"I shall be glad to take you young ladies to Miss Bland's lawn party to-morrow evening. I hear that the best people of the town will be there."

"There's more different sets in this here town than anywheres else in all this world," said Miss La Salle, a lone tear rolling down to a corner of her cupid's bow. "Everybody thinks themselves better than anybody else, and a few think themselves better than Martha Washington herself."

"Will you take yourn with condiments, or with-



out, Captain Temple?" Miss Amanda asked as she poured out a cup of coffee for the guest.

"Just sugar, if you please; I take neither pepper nor salt in my coffee."

Captain Temple had seen Miss Maiabelle look at him scornfully, as if she had expected his reply, so he had looked deliberately at her while he answered Miss Amanda. Later Miss La Salle told Miss Maiabelle that she just thought that she would die.

The temperature went still further up—by many degrees. Danger signals were flying. Temple had taken Murphy's measure. Now the captain would bring on rapture for dessert; so he took a second helping of ice cream, although it had been coloured by an aniline dye; asked Miss Maiabelle if she had read Swinburne's new poem, then agreed with her that only ladies of literary accomplishments should read a poet so indelicate; asked Miss La Salle for her home address, and told General Murphy that General Lee had said to General Temple that Murphy's charge at the Crater had never been paralleled in justifiable daring in all the annals of war. Before the dinner was at an end, Temple counted it as one of his great political triumphs. Moreover, two hearts were added to his heavy-laden string, to say nothing of the lifelong friend that he had made in good Miss Amanda.

When the two gentlemen withdrew to the library for cigars, Benedictine, brandy, and to exchange political values, they still had on their masks.

"I understand, Captain Temple, that you are with us in various features of my party's plan to establish the people as sovereign in this state, to

give them an opportunity to recover from the ruin that was one of the penalties of our war, to settle the debt, and finally to govern Virginia as she should be governed."

"I have given a great deal of thought to the subject."

"I have watched your career with deep interest. You are a young man, yet already your ability has attracted attention throughout the state, and the people are looking to you for assistance."

"I thank you, General; but I fear that you overrate my ability, although you could not exaggerate my desire to be of real benefit to the old commonwealth in this crisis. During the past few years I have spent a great deal of time in studying financial conditions, and although I fear that father would not countenance the conclusions that I have reached, I feel strongly impelled to cast the little influence that I have with the Readjusters, under your wise leadership."

"Your decision pleases me greatly. Your father was one of my best friends; and were he alive I believe that he would support us in this movement, for he aided in the settlement of the great questions of his day with signal ability. It is for you and the young men of your generation to work out Virginia's destiny when my generation has joined your father's."

General Murphy had never met Governor Temple.

"I agree with you that it is my duty to follow my conscience."

He had not been told to be guided by his conscience, as he very well knew.

The captain had reached Petersburg fully determined to accept the nomination for the Lower House of the General Assembly; but his ambition having taken wings since dinner began, he determined to hold out for the nomination to the Upper House, and even touch upon the congressional situation. All this was known to Murphy quite as well as to his guest, as Temple thought; but Murphy was a great leader, and never displayed generalship of higher order than in awarding to his followers prizes far beyond their expectations. He had measured Temple. Never had Murphy been known to make a mistake in his measurements.

“Our party needs a strong man for the governorship. You would be popular with all classes. Thousands would vote for you because of your honoured father. You would carry more votes in the aristocracy than any possible candidate, while the plain people would not object to any man that I would suggest.”

Temple was lost in admiration of Murphy's generalship. But why, he thought, should I be selected for the governorship while Parson Jones is available?

The sound of a carriage drawing up at the door caused the leader, alert always, to pause. Next he heard the measured tread of a deliberate person advancing along the hall, and then the soft though not low voice of a man:

“Is General Murphy at home?”

An intellectual person seldom if ever is surprised. General Murphy was not surprised, although he felt sure that the voice and footsteps that he heard belonged to the Reverend John Henry Jones, a man

that he had never seen, and known as "Parson Jones" throughout Virginia.

Although in his intellectual and physical prime, Mr. Jones was well past the meridian of life. Temple was introduced to him after he had shaken hands with Murphy. The parson declined wines, liqueurs, and cigars, explaining that he neither drank nor smoked. After waiting long enough to understand that conversation would be commonplace so long as he should remain, Captain Temple reluctantly withdrew. Greek had met Greek, and he greatly desired to hear the discussion that would take place between "the Father of Readjustment" and the wiry little man who had usurped the parson's authority as leader of the new party. Besides, his political fortunes were involved. Would Murphy be able to add Jones to his following? Would the new party split? Would a Murphy party and a Jones party be formed out of the Readjuster party, then only two months old?

The parson had gone into politics with a sincere desire to release yeomen and peasants from what he believed to be their chains of bondage. In the beginning he believed himself to be an honest man, but he was soon seduced by political excitements and glories. In political affairs he soon differed from Murphy in method only. A strange man was Jones—part saint, part sinner, but always Parson Jones. Now he fought with God as his ally, now with the devil. Sometimes God and the parson and the devil all fought together, so Temple came to believe.

The cruel grey eyes of the general looked into the soft blue eyes that gazed at him through great gold-rimmed spectacles. There was a man with whom

Murphy had to reckon, a man whose thoughtful eyes showed that no matter what his standard of honour, whether limited to the welfare of his own ministerial charge or as broad as the whole wide world, he was a patient man of great intellectual power, capable of deep suffering and tender sympathy, yet willing to go to any length to exact reprisals. Those were the eyes of a friend; they were the eyes of a man who could turn from skilful fencing in debate to mingle his tears with those of some heartbroken mother at the bedside of her dying child; but they were not weak eyes, nor was the parson weak when he shed tears as he recited the trials of his Saviour in Gethsemane. Yet he had no sense of the difference that is between right and wrong.

Parson Jones had been schoolmaster, lawyer, preacher, and member of the House of Delegates. Later the Fates willed that he should hold office in Virginia as senator, then as auditor of public accounts, then as lieutenant-governor, and finally as superintendent of public instruction. In the far-off years he was to be elected a member of the state constitutional convention, to die before it would convene, well past four-score years, fighting to the last.

An advocate of local option and temperance, he thought too much of the parson's political weal to go so far as to advocate state-wide prohibition. A great talker was Jones, and quite unscrupulous in his public speeches. The only law of debate that he upheld was the one which commanded the debater to defeat his adversary. Major John W. Daniel used to say that the parson knew the Bible by heart. At least he preached his political sermons out of it. He never took politics into the pulpit, he said, but

he often preached that he took the pulpit into politics. "That which is not too good for you on Sunday, O my beloved, should not be too good for you on Monday."

Thought Murphy, "Parson Jones is an army of men in a single fort."

Thought Jones, "General Murphy is a great genius, and as elusive as genius itself."

"Dr. Jones," said Murphy, "your pamphlet, 'Debt and Taxes; or, the Resources and Obligations of Virginia,' first caused me to change my views in regard to the debt. When I saw your plain statements of facts I entered your party, and ever since I have done all in my power to popularise readjusterism."

"Pardon me, General, I have never earned the degree of doctor. My brochure was prepared carefully. I showed plainly that during Governor Kemper's term the taxable values of this commonwealth approximately were three hundred million dollars, and taxes eighteen millions—a burden of six per cent. That great burden has increased annually. The loose, careless manner in which public affairs are administered, together with the iniquities of the Funding Bill, and its successor, the McCulloch Brokers' Bill, will soon bankrupt this state."

"Already the state is bankrupt. Virginia's resources have been exhausted by her pretended aristocracy, whose leaders, not satisfied with incurring a huge debt for their sole benefit, have managed to control affairs constantly since the first settlements were made along the James. The bone and sinew of the state, the plain people, have been

robbed of opportunity as well as stimulation to effort. Now they have to bear taxes greater than their incomes that money insufficient even to pay the interest upon the aristocratic debt may be raised. It was to prevent these conditions that Thomas Jefferson fought for a democracy. He lost his fight."

"May God be merciful in meting out justice to them."

The parson had heard that General Murphy never made long speeches. "You have not fooled me," he thought; "there was no revelation there. Yet possibly you really did lay bare your opinions, carried away by hatred of the aristocracy. Maybe that which I heard meant that you had much to say, yet said nothing. Intangible, elusive!"

"The mass of the people idolise you, Dr.—Mr. Jones, and would welcome a movement aided by you to relieve the present precarious situation. The plain farmers pay the taxes; those self-moulded shapes of superior clay fill the offices—the offices that they will leave to their worthless sons."

"I was induced to enter the political arena and temporarily to lay aside my ministerial duties by the crying need of the toilers. My sympathy is with the men that work. They must have relief. They shall not be compelled to suffer because of financial conditions brought about by a government in which they have had no part. Vice is the offspring of poverty. My duty to my God—my life, General, is dedicated to Him—must begin in relieving bodily distress, for that is the base of this spiritual and physical unrest. I have been told, General Murphy, that you seek to serve God by improving the social condition of the working people, that you intend to



improve their political condition by giving a real voice in government to them, and by electing and appointing them to public office. I am in sympathy with your plans. But I shall serve God in a different way—by providing for the spiritual welfare of His people after their physical wants have been relieved. I shall insist upon the establishment of a great public school system, that every boy and every girl shall have the opportunity to receive a thorough education.”

“I am in sympathy with your plans—wholly so—and I shall do all in my power to aid you in carrying them into effect. One of the great crimes of the aristocracy is denial of public education. The so-called gentry will oppose you bitterly. But you will win. Their threadbare argument that there is no more obligation on the part of the government to give an education to the people than to give them food and clothes will not be respected in coming elections. Paternalism? That is the cloak that covers many political crimes. Our government is monarchical. The king must not be paternal, yet his subjects are his children only when their father is to be supported. Affection is not known to this kingly breast.”

The parson was perplexed. Was this Tim Murphy? No, this was Murphy the master of men, who was ever the reflection of the person that he would dominate. And the parson knew that he felt quite sure that Murphy's appeal to him had not been in vain. Here was a man that he believed to be unscrupulous, who would use truth to fight truth as he would use that weapon to fight iniquity. Was this man safe? Should he be placed in power?



Now was the accepted time when Jones, a poor preacher, could make or break Murphy, a military hero. Could Jones break Murphy later? The parson thought not. And there sat that wily old dog reading every thought that passed through the poor preacher's mind. Well, let him!

"I thank you, Mr. Jones, for your confidence in me. That I shall never abuse that confidence it is unnecessary for me to add."

The parson let it go at that.

"Now that the Readjuster party is formally organised, Mr. Jones, we should increase its strength in every way possible. If we can induce some young aristocrats to espouse our cause the opposition will have been struck a fatal blow."

"So I have thought, General. We shall need their oratory as well as their influence in the campaign."

"Captain Temple says that he intends openly to advocate our ticket."

"That is good news. I have in mind another young man of splendid qualities, with whom I have been corresponding. I sent him a copy of my 'Debts and Taxes,' which convinced him that a readjustment of the debt is necessary. In every way he is Temple's superior."

"May I ask to whom you refer?"

"John Randolph Harrison."

Murphy, of course, had heard of Harrison's Warrenton speech, and had laid his plans accordingly.

"Good! A son of the late Judge John Randolph Harrison?"

"Yes; and judging from the young man's letters, he is a worthy successor to his honoured father."

"I shall ask him to call on me."

"It would be better for the suggestion to come from me, as already correspondence between us has been established. I shall write to him immediately."

The parson wished Murphy to understand that he had added Harrison to the campaign stock.

The general made up his mind to use Jones and Harrison for the time. Later he would arrange to pit them against each other in the Readjuster convention, which would be called to nominate a candidate for governor, with the result that a puppet of his would receive the nomination. Thus Jones and Harrison would be obliged to support the Murphy candidate.

The parson looked at his watch when he had finished the letter.

"I shall be glad to have you stay and take supper and pass the night with me."

"I thank you, General; but I have promised to take supper with Brother Roberts and to pass the night with Brother Burgess."

The parson took his leave.

That a great general shall not despise his antagonist was a military law that the enemy had taught to Murphy when he was a soldier. He did not despise the parson, but he had no love for him. Now his emotions were varied.

"Bah, the old hypocrite! So that is one of God's angels—a Baptist angel! . . . All the social elect are Episcopalians. Sometimes a Presbyterian does shove his head through the window of the aristocratic temple; but the Episcopalian is a Simon pure

gentleman. Pish! . . . But why should that old rogue be a Baptist when he might be an Episcopalian? I know! A candidate for the Episcopalian ministry must be a gentleman, and the son of a gentleman. An examining board first studies the applicant's family tree—then looks into his heart. Bah! . . . Bah!"

A few days after the interview between Parson Jones and General Murphy John Harrison climbed the rickety stairs that led to the general's office.

"This is a great pleasure, Mr. Harrison. Your father has crossed the Great River, where I shall soon meet him. My dear old friend! My dear old friend! But now I see him in you. We parents find our greatest grief in having to close our lives before we can see our sons and daughters fully developed. I wish that he could have lived a few more years."

Already prepared to like this brave former Confederate soldier, John Harrison was strongly drawn to him now that he knew that his beloved father had been a friend of the hero of the Crater.

General Murphy had never met Judge Harrison.

"I was glad to hear Parson Jones say that you are considering the advisability of entering politics. Your gift of oratory in itself is sufficient to make your political career one of great usefulness. The offices are in the hands of incompetents. Ability as well as honesty, Mr. Harrison, is required in government. Only a few men are dishonest. Certainly no one class can claim a monopoly of the virtues, nor can any one political party be accused of

all that is evil. Readjusters do not seek office for reward; but they are willing to serve their country as a patriotic duty."

"Mr. Jones thinks that the only way to save the commonwealth is to inform the people of actual facts, and to publish figures broadcast."

"Undoubtedly he is right, and his plan to canvass the state is excellent. Moreover, he declares that he has no wish to go back to the Senate with a hopeless minority. This campaign must be educational. Mr. Jones agrees with me in that as in all other matters that we discussed."

The general paused. Now was the time to award the prize, although he knew that the young man sought compensation in no form. Nevertheless, the aristocrat would accept a suitable reward.

"I realise fully, Mr. Harrison, that you will be severely criticised and perhaps even ostracised by your friends when you advocate the readjustment of the debt, but the time will soon come when your critics will be forced to follow your true leadership. I predict that in time you will win the hearts of all, that you will be accepted as Virginia's foremost citizen and her most constructive statesman. A stern duty awaits you: a glorious achievement will be your reward. The man who can do most to save Virginia's honour is you yourself."

As Harrison was thoughtful the leader continued, feeling his way carefully:

"This may seem an exaggeration to you, Mr. Harrison, as you are still a young man; but I see in you those qualities of statesmanship that made your honoured father so widely renowned. There is a further reward always for a young man in work of

this kind: political honours are within your reach—the United States senatorship, for instance.”

John Harrison drew back rather haughtily.

“No such motive could influence me.”

“Of course I know that. I merely meant to indicate that the higher the office that a man administers the greater his power for good.”

“I do not mean that I am unwilling to serve Virginia in any office that I am qualified to hold; but I wish every man to know that I shall never accept one cent of pay or reward in any form for any service that I shall have the honour to render to Virginia in private or in public life.”

A dangerous man, thought Murphy; but he did not pause.

“The first great need is to settle the debt under some arrangement satisfactory to our creditors. I have several plans, but I wish thoroughly to discuss these with my advisers—Mr. Jones, you, and others. My Mozart Hall speech was made at a time when my plans were embryonic.”

“My confidence in you is complete, General Murphy. I believe that you will settle the debt to the lasting honour of this country. I have a plan of my own which I wish to submit to you—this: we should have our legislators meet representatives of the bondholders, explain to them the actual conditions that now exist in Virginia, then offer a settlement acceptable to them. I believe that the bondholders will meet us half way, if not farther, if we convince them that we propose to pay every dollar of the debt in money, in instalments, with full interest. I suggest that we make the following offer: Virginia to suspend payment on the debt—principal and interest—

for ten years; the principal, and the interest that will have accrued in the ten years, to be funded now; bonds to be issued now for the entire debt as newly funded; the bonds to bear interest at six per cent., payable yearly; the bonds to be paid within fifty years, at the rate of one-fiftieth part each year. Virginia is dying of starvation. She is unable to pay a cent of her debt now. She will pay it all under my plan—or some other proper settlement that will afford her both immediate and permanent relief.”

For a while the leader seemed to be in deep thought.

“Excellent; indeed excellent! Your plan is the most workable one that has been suggested to me. It is not necessary for you or for any one in our party to formulate a definite course to be submitted to the bondholders until after election. The final settlement is a matter that will have to be discussed with the utmost frankness, and such a discussion at this time would jeopardise our chances of success and possibly postpone an honourable adjustment of the debt in a way that would relieve the people of excessive taxation and still be honourable—say a plan to build up our resources. I believe success awaits our movement.”

“I am convinced that the plan is feasible, General, and I shall say to the people of this country what I have already said to you. From now until the polls close I shall devote all my time to the Readjuster party.”

As John Harrison made his way to the train he knew that his great fight would be with himself, and not with his friends who were now his enemies. Not

only had Virginia asked him to surrender Lelia Braxton, but she had also asked him to bear the intolerable thought that the girl that he loved, this girl who held honour in higher esteem than any other human element, possibly might believe her lover, a Harrison, to be so base as to sell his birth-right and her love for a mess of political pottage.

### CHAPTER THREE

**J**OE MILLER, peasant, stage-driver and mail-carrier, delivered a package to Colonel Daingerfield, then stood before him, hat in hand.

“What is it, Joe?”

“Cunnel, suh, I’ve been a-thinkin’ as how Mary’s a mighty likely gyurl.”

“What! take Mrs. Daingerfield’s sempstress away from her? Never will Mrs. Daingerfield give Mary Scott away! No, Joe; we want Mary for ourselves.”

Mary Scott’s parents, peasants, died when she was twelve years old. She had been taken into the Daingerfield household, for the Scotts had been Daingerfield tenants for more than two hundred years. Now an expert sempstress, she loved her benefactors, and in turn she was loved by them.

The young man waited respectfully, knowing that the colonel was not done.

“The girl is not old enough to marry—a mere child, barely fifteen, I should say.”

“Beggin’ your pardin, suh, I ’lowed as how she be runnin’ over eighteen last month gone by.”

“Bless my soul, I believe that you are right, Joe! But you are a mere lad. You are not old enough for Mary.”

“Beggin’ your pardin, suh, I wus a man yist’d day, free-white-an’-twenty-one, an’ I ’low as I’m a man, beggin’ your pardin, suh, a six-foot man.”



“Joe, I am older than I thought. God bless me, how time has flown!”

“I done some mo’ ’lowin’, beggin’ your pardin, suh.”

“Well, Joe?”

“I done ’lowed as how you knowed I was a-lookin’ at Mary when you done got me the mail-carrin’ job. I hates to take Mary away; but, beggin’ your pardin’, suh, I’ve worked for her mor’n four year, an’ now I ’lows as I ken take care of her—an’ anything as comes our way.”

“Yes, yes, Joe; the Millers always were thrifty. The Daingerfields never had better tenants than the Millers. Virginia would not be brought to this pass if there were more peasants like the Millers and the Scotts and more yeomen like the Whites and the Christians. But I hate to tell Mrs. Daingerfield that you are going to take Mary away from her, Joe.”

“Thankee, suh; thankee kindly.”

The day after Joe Miller told Colonel Daingerfield his thoughts of Mary Scott, Hugh White, yeoman, after his day’s work was done, called on Lucy Christian, daughter of a yeoman freeholder.

The Whites had been Braxton tenants in England as well as in Virginia. When Hugh White’s father was killed at Malvern Hill his young wife and little Hugh were left penniless. Federal soldiers added to the young widow’s distress by burning her home and borrowing her cows and fowls, which they failed to return. The judge went to her rescue as soon as he heard of her husband’s death, rebuilt her home immediately after the war,

and supported her child and herself meanwhile. After the Surrender Mrs. White would accept no assistance other than rent, which the judge would not permit her to pay. One day the manly little Hugh went to him and said that he could support his mother, for he was twelve years old. The mother and son had supported themselves since that time.

Lucy Christian's father was prosperous and her mother thrifty. The eldest of twelve children, yet only seventeen, she went frequently to help dear Mrs. White with her household duties, although the young girl was her mother's right-hand in the care of her large family. Yes, Mrs. White and Lucy became fast friends, while Mr. Christian frequently said that Hugh would make some girl a fine husband some day. Lucy agreed with her father.

The time came when Hugh looked intently, then timidly, into Lucy's face,—Lucy his pretty playmate, and then he did not go near her for two weeks. The stars were out the next time that he saw her. He had called on her formally for the first time in his life. The parlour had not been used for ten years, for the parlour in the Virginian yeoman's home is a holy place, a shrine held sacred to some unknown deity. Gentle reader, your narrators are unable to tell you the origin of the Virginian yeoman parlour. Hugh and Lucy sat in the parlour that night, speechless almost, and unconscious of their musty surroundings. In time Hugh was treated with less ceremony. The kitchen was surrendered to him at nine o'clock, when the entire Christian family, except Lucy, went to bed.

Hugh, now twenty years old, had been sitting in the Christian kitchen six nights during each week

for three years when he called to see Lucy, the day after Joe Miller saw Colonel Daingerfield. The young farmer would have called seven nights in each week had he been permitted; but Virginian yeomen had an unwritten law, which your narrators will whisper to you, gentle reader: Saturday night with them was wash-night, when no visitor was admitted to the yeoman home.

“I saw Joe Miller this morning. Mary Scott is going to marry him.”

“I wouldn’t marry any man. Mary isn’t in my class; Joe isn’t in your class. I wouldn’t marry any man.”

Many times had pretty Lucy said that she would never marry any man, and each time that she had so declared her purpose to the sturdy yeoman she had effectually silenced him, for he did not have enough courage to continue his love-making under conditions so adverse. But Joe’s news had fortified him. Possibly Lucy was mistaken.

“Mother says that Judge Braxton says that you and I ought to get married.”

Strange to say, no word did Lucy speak, but she sat with her soft cheek in her hand, looking at the floor, trying to hide the light that was in her eyes. However, Lucy had not received a proposal of marriage. The terms of proposal among yeomen were clearly defined and exactly interpreted, as Hugh did not know, and as Lucy knew full well. “I ask you to marry me? Be my wife?” Those questions had to be asked, or others quite as definite. It was not enough to say “I love you,” although the man was committed when he spoke those words. A kiss was not enough; yet the man was committed by a kiss.

"I'll be going now."

As the bold lover walked toward his home he felt that he had made substantial progress in his suit. Lucy thought so too.

Not until the knell-like gong of the old mahogany cabinet clock that Sir William Braxton had erected in the great hall of Morven had sounded the hour of four did the guests at Lelia Braxton's ball take their leave. As Virginians in the early days arrived at a ball with the stars, also they went home by daylight.

Lelia Braxton had gone to her room immediately upon the departure of the last guest; but not to sleep, for she knew that sleep for her was impossible. "What have I done? What have I done?" The words burned through her brain as only fire can burn that is fed by fuel regret.

The light-hearted girl of yesterday was now a woman. The unknowing love of an innocent maiden, untried by sorrow, in a few hours had grown old. Her blood surged wildly. She felt that her head as well as her heart would break. What had she done, in her unthinking, selfish way? Was her love so poor a thing that she could desert her lover in his hour of need? Was her love so selfish and so weak as to be unable to bear the few burdens that had been put upon it? Oh, what must John think of her! He had been defamed. He had been treated in a way that must have cut him deeply. Had she defended him, with eyes blazing like those of some Fury? No, no, no! Not only had she failed to slay his enemies with devastating eyes, but her anger, her selfish anger, had been poured out upon him. Had she

not been far more cruel than the harshest of his critics?

She flung herself upon her bed; she got up and walked the room; then she sat by her window, which she had raised, to let in the early morning air. After a while she lit a candle. Its light fell on John Harrison's photograph. She snatched it up. She kissed it passionately. She had never kissed it before, she had never kissed her lover—except his hand that one time. Now she kissed his eyes, his beautiful eyes, that so tenderly gazed out of the picture into her own. She kissed his lips; she rubbed his cheek, now tenderly, now passionately, over her soft face. Cry? She could not cry! She could never cry again. Her fountain of tears had been for her youth, the youth that stretched away back into the distance—her youth that had gone for ever. Oh, oh! what must John have thought of her? He must despise her. But could he despise her more than she despised herself? How she hated that self. She had been a living lie. He could never have loved her had he seen her as she really was. But now he saw her in all her awful selfishness. A great dry sob made its way from her throat.

But no, he had not seen her as she was. He had tried to explain to her, and—she would not listen. Yes, he had seen through her miserable self. Had he not said to her that her faith in him should be second only to her faith in God? Had he not tried to shield her that she might not be hurt by her own cruel words and by the words and conduct of others?

Her passionate outburst spent itself through its own violence. When the grey dawn began to glow with the faint red of the rising sun she became

calmer and began to see the situation in its true proportions. She smiled wanly as she thought of the lines that she had read that morning—no, yesterday morning—in the copy of Tennyson that John had given to her for a birthday present—

“Is it so true that second thoughts are best?  
Not first, and third, which are a riper first?”

She had been right,—not that her conduct had been right, for how could she have been so cruel to John? But in a large way she had been right. Her first duty was to Virginia, not to her lover. Strong as well as honourable, John Harrison had given up his life-work in the practice of the law; even more, he had abandoned his social position to become the associate of thieves—yes, even the associate of negroes. He had given his proud name to be the scorn of decent people, to be bandied about by thieves, who would laugh at him derisively—all this he had given to Virginia. He had been willing even to give back to the woman he loved her troth and to bear the full force of her condemnation.

A king loved her! Would she prove unworthy of his love? At least she would try not to be unworthy. She too would give to Virginia all that she possessed. Virginia had nothing but honour left to her. That honour Lelia Braxton would cherish. In time the truth would come to him. Then this guileless man, who saw the beautiful and none of the evil in all things, would see that good can not come out of evil, that his country no more than himself could be a bankrupt. Yes, she would pray to God to give her the strength to take back the troth that she had given to John Harrison, that she keep it for

him until no wall of dishonour should separate them. Thus she would be true to him as well as to Virginia. But never again would she wound him.

Ah, how he loved her! Once he had said to her,—she had not understood him then,—“Lelia, there is one joy that I can never know. It is true that love is made of two elements, pain and rapture. There is suffering in love’s rapture; there is ecstasy in love’s sorrow. Sometimes I think that in only one way did Jesus have greater rapture in His love than I have in mine—He descended into hell, and there suffered three days for those that He loved. Lelia, I wish that I could suffer all the tortures of hell for your sake.” “Don’t be sacrilegious,” she had said, and he had replied, “I did not mean to be sacrilegious.”

Going to the window overlooking the garden she saw Judge Braxton strolling among the flowers in the early morning hour, as though he too had been unable to sleep. He carried in his hand a copy of his translation of Homer’s poems, which had been published many years before. For some time he had been writing a commentary on that author, to be prefaced by a critical study of the values of the great singer, in which he would show the elements of unity in the Homeric poems. He was deep in thought. “Is he thinking of me or of his work?” thought Lelia. “Is he trying to find some way to save John?” Yes, he was thinking of her, for he fastened a spray of her favourite flower, the lily-of-the-valley, in the lapel of his coat.

In a few minutes she had placed her hand in his.

As he turned to her there was the great light of fatherhood in his eyes. Many years later, when Lelia Braxton gazed at Hofmann’s painting of



Christ at Gethsemane, she thought of her father as he had stood in the Morven garden that early morning, the love and suffering of Hofmann's Shepherd on his face.

The father's love is greater than the mother's as his strength is greater than hers. Christ, not Mary, is the embodiment of parental love.

Father and daughter were silent for a while. When Judge Braxton spoke his firm voice was unusually tender. Now Lelia Braxton saw. She never had seen before. Formerly she had accepted merely the outward and visible signs of love; but now she saw and felt the deep significance of its inward and spiritual grace. There had been one great flash, and her whole being had become illuminated. It was as if God had said in the darkness of chaos, "Let there be light." Whence came this change, this great white light? Was it from God, was it from John, or had it always burned within her, hidden by the measure ego? She could not say. She only knew that it flooded her whole being. Oh, that he had not seen her real self! Not for the treasure of limitless worlds would she bare her soul to her lover. He might read all the mysteries that he could fathom, but never should he know the one great mystery, herself—the creature I AM.

Lelia Braxton did not know that there is no such thing as honest self-revelment. She did not know that no man is willing to know himself, that no woman is willing to know herself, that still less are men and women willing for others to know them. The one great mystery that we pass our lives in trying to fathom is the unknowable human being.

"Daughter, I like John Harrison more than any



young man that I know. Until yesterday I had thought that I should like to see your life and his joined in the holiest of human relations. There may not be many years left to me. My child, I am unwilling to say that a single error should separate you from the man that you love. I am unwilling to say that you should marry a man that is making so grievous a mistake as John Harrison. I shall accept your decision, whatever it shall be, and should you change your views, I shall still trust your instinct. I shall uphold you always. Come to me for sympathy when your burdens seem too hard for you to bear. . . . But whatever your course, I shall not condone his offences. There is a wall that can not be scaled. It separates the acts of honour from those of dishonour. A man can not be separated from his conduct. That law is inviolable.

“And, my little girl, a woman follows her husband. She becomes a part of him. True, they lose their identity in each other; but the new being is dominated by the force of the man, a force that changes form, but which is never lost in amalgamation. Remember that always.

“Harrison is what he is, which is the sum of what he has been, and of what his ancestors were. This leads me to hope that the time will come when the wound that is caused by this error will be healed. The scar will never disappear. If the wound be not fatal,—and I warn you that it may never heal,—I shall be first to welcome John Harrison back to his people. Even in convalescence I shall nurse him tenderly until he is restored to health. But while he is dishonourable I shall do no more than treat him with civility.”

Lelia Braxton had stood with averted face, tightly grasping the judge's hand.

"Father, my heart tells me that I ought to marry John—now; that I should be his comfort when he needs me most. I would not have to agree with his political views in order to be the partner of his burdens. My selfish self says that I just must go to him, for how can I see my friends arrayed against him, father,—oh, how can I? And in a way I shall be one of those that will bring sorrow and shame upon him. Oh, father dear, help me! Strengthen my resolution—never to be John's wife until together we can say that this unholy thing has been put out of our lives. . . . Yet I know that no one could be more honourable than John. . . . I seem to be a pupil criticising the great master that is patiently leading him toward his own great heights."

Mrs. Braxton now joined them, basket in hand. She had come into the garden to gather jonquils for the breakfast table. The judge assisted her. Together they had culled flowers in the early morning throughout their married life. The judge had first seen Mrs. Braxton as she cut the *Maréchal Neil* in the garden of her father's ancestral home. He had said to her, as all Virginian gentlemen of his period said to all ladies that they met under similar circumstances, "Ah-h-h—

"Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower."

As soon as he got home from the ball John Harrison wrote to Lelia Braxton, then waited patiently for his man Jake, who would open up the house at

sunrise, in accordance with Virginian custom. Harrison too had turned the searching light of self-analysis upon his soul, as he had often done before, and had stood aghast when he realised that in the supreme moment of his life he had acted like a spoiled child.

He thought that Lelia Braxton must have been shocked by his coarse temper. That he should have been rude to this gentle girl! Had she ever been so gentle as she had been that night? She had treated him as a mother might have treated her little child, tenderly, shieldingly, as if her soft arms would protect him from some great unseen danger, and he—had been brutal! How had that been possible? Never had he been discourteous to a woman before.

He wondered if she had cried after all the guests had left. As he thought of her in tears, wounded through and through by his unkindness, he tore up the last of the long letters that he had written, and wrote another. That, too, he tore into shreds. Then he decided that he would write merely a brief note, asking her to let him call that he might explain that he had not meant all that he had said.

“Here, Jake, deliver this letter to Miss Braxton just as soon as the family have left the breakfast-table, then wait for an answer.”

Mrs. Braxton was not so unwise as to attempt to force her daughter's confidence. She knew that a young girl does not seek her mother when in deep distress.

In “Peter Pan” Mr. Barrie tells us that a child in trouble goes to his mother.

A young girl takes her grief to God.

Always there is formality between mother and daughter, no matter how great their affection for each other. A girl gives her surface confidences to her companions of her own age; she gives somewhat more of her confidence to her father, or to some uncle, or to some elderly or old man that she has known long and well; she reveals more of herself to her betrothed or to her husband; but a daughter never makes a confidante of her mother, although the mother may know better than any one else, even better than the daughter herself, all those emotions that ebb and flow in a young girl's soul like the tides of the sea. Lelia Braxton loved her mother devotedly. Mrs. Braxton asked of her daughter no more than that love.

The family left the dining-room, Mrs. Braxton hovering near her daughter, for a mother is ever within call of her children that are in trouble. In a few minutes Lelia Braxton said that she would go to her room. Then the kiss, the long kiss upon the cheek, the mother's arm around the daughter's waist—the kiss that the mother always gives the daughter that is in distress; the kiss of sympathy, of love, of confidence; the kiss that is meant to take the place of those thoughts that need not be expressed in words; the kiss that at first is hesitating, then half-ashamed. A mother's affection for her daughter is subtly expressed, not in endearing words, not in frequent physical demonstrations,—for she is more formal than her daughter's girlhood friends,—but in the silent way that a daughter understands. No girl past fourteen ever puts her arms around her mother's neck.

A woman never puts her arms around the neck of any woman.

Miss Braxton found William, the old footman, waiting at her room door, Harrison's letter in his hand.

WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.

*Dearest—*

Forgive me! How could I have been so unkind to you! O my love, my gentle Lelia, what would I not give to bear the pain that I gave you! Please let me see you at once, if only for a few moments. I wish to tell you that I was angry with others, not with you, that I was childish, and so base as to heap upon you, my love, the anger that I felt for others—my stupid, blind anger.

JOHN.

Thursday morning.

After reading the letter Lelia Braxton sat perfectly still for several minutes. Then she took up Harrison's photograph. Again she looked into his eyes. Again and again she kissed his lips. Again she laid the photograph caressingly against her cheek. She read the letter through several times. Her tears fell upon its pages—tears that she had felt that she could never shed again. She rose with a start and went over to her desk. She knew that her lover was waiting eagerly for her reply.

MORVEN.

*Dear John:*

Do you remember that you once said to me that love is made of pain and rapture? Do you remember that day, dear? You had just been reading aloud *The Sonnets from the Portuguese* to me. Every word that you ut-

tered burned into my heart. I shall remember those words always: "Sometimes I think that in only one way did Jesus have greater rapture in His love than I have in mine—He descended into hell, and there suffered three days for those that He loved. Lelia,"—how softly you said Lelia, dear,—“I wish that I could suffer all the tortures of hell for your sake.” Your letter fills me with rapture—and pain. In shielding me, John, you did not notice my cruel words. I am unworthy of your love. I know that I am.

Now I must hurt you again. I must ask you to give me back my troth. For you are wrong, dear John—you who would die and suffer humiliation and shame for Virginia—you do not see that one may not stoop to dishonour to attain some great and good end. But I know why you do not see the way—I know! Your great, noble heart pleads for tens of thousands of widows that have struggled for fourteen years to keep themselves and their children from starvation. You see ruin everywhere. I know, John dear, I see through your eyes—I seem never to have seen your eyes, John, until to-day.

You must give me back my troth. I shall wear your ring always—you will let me keep that, I know,—but with this letter our engagement is at an end.

And now I must pass out of your life. I can not see you again.

Sincerely yours,

LELIA BRAXTON.

Thursday morning.

. . . . .

In less than a month from the time that Captain Lancaster, at the age of nineteen, married a peasant, he entered the Virginian army. Despite his youth he won the rank of captain in the Mexican War. He was with the British forces throughout the Crimean campaign, and when he heard Lord Cardigan's order at Balaklava, "Forward, Light

Brigade!" he was one of the undismayed—though some one had blundered. In that campaign he won the Victoria Cross. Among the first to enlist in the Virginian army in 1861, he fought from the beginning to the end of the war between the states as a captain. He could have been a corps commander, but refused all promotions that were offered to him, saying that he preferred to be in the thick of the fight. Throughout Reconstruction he had spent his time harassing carpetbaggers, playing cards, and betting on his favourite horses. Now the captain, tall, strong, of military bearing, a wit and a raconteur, was regarded by every man that knew him as a prince of good fellows. His face was a bit too red and his manners a bit too rough to make him altogether fit for the drawing-room; but, as one excellent lady had charitably said to another excellent lady, "His home influences, you know, my dear!"

As Captain Lancaster was explaining to a few gentlemen in front of the Warren-Green how he had made five dollars just before the battle of Buena Vista by betting that one of his men could jump over the back of a mule in a long running jump, Colonel Daingerfield drove up rapidly, and with marked agitation beckoned to him.

"Captain Lancaster, sir, have you heard the news—the revolting news? That damned scoundrel Tim Murphy has designated that low-bred rascal Jim Rice to run for the Senate against me."

"Do you mean Mr. James P. Rice, our principal merchant?"

"I do, sir."

"Well, Colonel, as he measures out sugar and



lard honestly, maybe he will be no less honest in weighing legislative bills."

"You never know when to be jocular, Lancaster. Take this seat, if you please; I wish you to go with me to see Cary Dabney, our young leader. Think of that fellow Rice's impertinence! His father used to be my father's overseer. Who would have thought that a worse curse than those foreign carpet-baggers could be visited upon Virginia! Tim Murphy and Jim Rice! And I am without an overseer to chastise them."

They found Mr. Dabney in his office.

"You have heard the news, Colonel, I see."

"Cary Dabney, this is not a time for passion. I never was cooler in my life. But I feel indignation, sir,—righteous wrath. For forty years—the four years of the war excepted—I have represented this legislative district without opposition, and now this clown, this ignoramus, this man that should be my servant, would turn his master out of doors, then sit in his arm-chair. The governors are to be governed, hey? That is Murphy's purpose! A shopkeeper in the legislature! What will he be doing there, sir? What? Trading in Virginia's good name."

The colonel had a contempt for bomb-proof soldiers, as the war-time statesmen were called. He had refused to shake hands with John Goode, who was a member of the Confederate Congress, when that gentleman had introduced himself to him as "Colonel" Goode.

"The old man, or the soldier with a single leg, those are the gentlemen that served their country in legislative halls during the war that have my re-



spect, sirs; not the white-livered hulking creatures that hung around Richmond, who gave themselves military titles after the war.”

Captain Lancaster came to the colonel's assistance.

“Now, Dabney, we all know that the colonel doesn't take this matter to himself. Surely it's personal to us as it is to him. Jim Rice and his likes mustn't be allowed to take charge of our government.”

“Gentlemen,” said Dabney, “the danger is very great; yet we may be unduly alarmed. Virginians, conservative always, have turned a deaf ear to the appeals of demagogues. Peasants and yeomen are just as much in favour of our traditions as are gentlemen. I am not one to despise my enemies; but I believe that our danger is largely due to the apathy of gentlemen—in their unwillingness to go out among yeomen and peasants and explain to them that the election of Murphy and his followers will mean that the little property that they have will be taken from them. Good government has won in the past. It should win now.

“In our educational campaign our candidates should appeal to the people by comparisons too plain to be misunderstood. Suppose, Colonel, in an address, you would single out a man and say to him, ‘You, John Smith, do you think that your property would be safer or your income from it larger if Mr. Rice be elected in my stead? Many of the Readjuster candidates for the legislature are negroes; do you think that a negro is more virtuous or more capable of governing you than a white man—a white man of moral and financial respon-

sibility? Would you go to Judge Braxton to draw a deed of conveyance, or would you get Sam Kelly to draw it for you? Are you going to send legislators to Richmond that will elect Judge Braxton to the Supreme Court of Appeals, or do you prefer legislators that will elect Sam Kelly? Everybody is promised office; are there enough offices for you all? Is there any benefit that you could have under Readjuster rule that you would not have under Democratic government?"

Dabney paused; then, as both Colonel Daingerfield and Captain Lancaster were silent, he continued:

"Colonel, if you would go among the people in this district and talk with them that way the opposition would soon be without votes. If I receive the nomination for governor I shall organise a campaign, with my agents in every county, instructed to leave oratory alone, and to make no formal speeches. They will be told to mingle with yeomen and peasants and to show them that their friends of three hundred years are no less their friends to-day."

"What, boy! you would have me, at my age, after my public service of forty years, stoop to parley with Murphyites, that gang of white criminals and chicken-thieving negroes? No, sir; one does not remonstrate with a thief; one sends him to prison. I shall not undertake to make myself a schoolmaster for niggers and overseers. It is for their masters to govern them. Look here, Cary, you have not been bitten by that modern snake, the People, have you? The consent of the governed! Pish! When the devil did the governed ever give their consent to be governed? Did you ever hear of a boy giving

his consent to be licked? Did you ever hear of a thief giving his consent to be sent to prison?"

"But you are wrong, Colonel," said Captain Lancaster. "You're in a frame of mind that every soldier knows to be dangerous. I used to wear a sword. So did you. But we both took up a musket and shot straight and fast when the enemy pressed us. You fight Murphy to win, I say."

"Zounds, man! I was a gentleman before I was a soldier! Every soldier knows, and none better than you, that death is one of the lesser evils. Virginia may die,—she is certain to die in time,—but I will be damned if I will see her die in dishonour. If her integrity is to be preserved by an alliance between gentlemen and thieves, I, for one, shall not be a party to any such treaty; but I will draw my sword again, and it will drip with blood ere I shall witness any such act of infamy."

"You misunderstand me, Colonel," said the young leader. "I see nothing inconsistent with Virginian traditions in the plan that I proposed. Were I an orator I would say that I love yeomen and peasants, that I love all God's humanity—not as Murphy loves his plain people, but without shame. We are all bound together by one great common tie—necessity, a chain that can not be broken. There is another tie, Colonel,—Almighty God. At least all in Virginia recognise that bond. There are the commands of the living God: 'Whatsoever ye do unto the least of these, my—my—my—people,—ye do unto me.' I would say all this and more—if I were an orator. But you are an eloquent man, sir, and can sway multitudes. Why not frequently address yeomen and peasants in that way, explaining

all Murphy's tricks to them and telling them that they are a part of Virginia, that we love them."

Dabney had touched the weak spot in the colonel's armour. The old warrior's duty to God was not so plain to him as was his duty to his neighbour, although he felt that his first duty was to his Maker. He feared that he knew very little of his higher duty, but secretly took comfort in the poem which says that Abou Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

A long pause followed Cary Dabney's advice. Then Captain Lancaster suggested that the three gentlemen drive over to Morven and consult Judge Braxton. Only a few words were spoken during the short drive, and those by Captain Lancaster and Mr. Dabney.

"Good-morning, gentlemen! This is indeed a pleasure! Daingerfield, I hear that you are to retire to private life. You will be greatly relieved, I know, to take off the harness of public service."

"So it seems, Judge, so it seems; and, sir, I bring you pleasant news: Sam Kelly expects to interpret the law in your place."

"I had not heard of Sam's aspirations."

"I know nothing of the qualifications that make one eligible for the Supreme Court of Appeals, unless a horse——"

"You mean a mule, Lancaster; an ass, sir," said Mr. Carter, his eyes twinkling. The venerable physician had made his way into the library without attracting the attention of those that were assembled there. "But why this unseemly levity, gentlemen? Daingerfield, did I hear you intimate that the hab-

itat of the equine quadruped *Equus asinus* is the bench of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia?"

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" said the young leader, "must I remind you of the wisdom of sages?—

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal.*"

"*The voice of the people is the voice of God.*"

"*Government of the people by the people for the people, shall not perish from the earth.*"

"Ha, ha, ha!" loudly laughed the irrepressible captain. "How is that for oratory, Colonel? If words be ammunition, already Murphy has us licked."

Ignoring Captain Lancaster's banter, Colonel Daingerfield chose to take Dabney's remarks seriously. He drew himself up in his Mr.-President-and-Gentlemen-of-the-Senate way, and his voice was not so soft and low as when he spoke in the presence of ladies.

"Cary Dabney, you are right, sir; the time has come when Murphy's plain people must be taught elemental morality. We must tell them, sir, about the temple that was reared upon a foundation of sand—the hideous architectural perversion that humiliates every gentleman of the human race. You are right, sir; we must hold up to public scorn the ignorance of the architects of that vile obstruction of the landscape."

"Hear, hear!"

"Yes, sirs, hear; hear about that experiment in government, the failure that put to shame the peoples of the earth. Hear, sirs, about the men that fashioned a government out of a rhetorical phrase. May God grant peace to the poor author of those

words, who never intended that they should be taken seriously. '*The voice of the people is the voice of God.*' Pish!"

The colonel's eyes flashed. His auditors listened attentively. They believed him to be a profound student of the science of politics. Underlying his intemperance of speech they recognised the philosophy of statecraft that had given to Virginia a government that was very nearly perfect. They bantered him; but this the colonel took good-naturedly, laughing with them while he pretended to be angry. He knew their purpose.

"Sirs, let us look closely at those men who proposed to overthrow a government founded on natural laws, who were willing to disregard the students of statecraft throughout the life of the human race, who were willing to throw aside government that grew out of the experience of seven thousand years. Let us look closely at those men, I say, and hold on high a picture of the temple that they erected, that every man among Murphy's plain people may see its hideous front."

"Not a temple, Colonel; it looks like a gaming-house."

"See here, Lancaster, are you to hold up this picture, or am I to do it, sir?"

The colonel resumed after an agitated oratorical pause:

"George Washington: a yeoman who pretended to be a gentleman. That man's life was spent in the woods, away from his fellow-men. Uncouth, the little education that he had was obtained by reading books of his own selection, containing crude ideas crudely expressed. An engineer, graduated

under that great master, George Washington himself, his most important engineering work—a canal which was to connect the Ohio and the Potomac rivers—could be built no further than Cumberland because there was no water with which to feed it. Millions of dollars were squandered on the part that was made. The great engineer had failed properly to survey the route of the canal, although he had walked over that route many times. Its construction was undertaken after the war with England had given him the reputation of being a master in all branches of human endeavour.

“That man, sirs, George Washington, the subject of song and story, was a soldier, the commanding general in a war that lasted seven years; yet he never won a battle: his only victory was a skirmish. Sirs, at one time the public confidence in him was so great that he commanded an army of nearly three thousand men. True, one-fifth of the population of a country can be in the field all the time without serious disturbance of economic conditions. True, sirs, some other man could have maintained permanently an army of more than half a million men. The loss of his soldiers through wounds and death was not so great as perceptibly to affect the death-rate of the American peoples. During the war of the Revolution twenty boys grew into manhood for every man that was killed or wounded. From an army that gathered about Boston in the few days following Lexington, roughly estimated to be thirty thousand men, the great soldier was soon leading a band of three thousand ruffians through New Jersey. He knew no more how to provision than how to organise and fight an army. He let his men starve



in the richest section of the world—starve among their friends—while food in abundance surrounded them. He let them freeze, although the furs of wild animals that were everywhere about might have kept those few soldiers warm.

“That man, sirs, that George Washington, that stupendous failure, who could not write a grammatical sentence, was called from his failures to organise and to administer a government. At least he must have been morally if not intellectually great. He must have been a good man, kind to his neighbours, a loving husband and father, an upright, useful citizen, a man whose integrity was beyond suspicion. Not so. He was a libertine, and all his children were illegitimate. He was a gambler—playing cards, throwing dice, and betting on gamecocks. He drove hard bargains with his neighbours, he lied under oath, and some of those that knew him did not hesitate to offer bribes to the fellow while he was the chief officer of the Federal government—bribes that amounted to fortunes. At the time of his death he was the wealthiest man in North America.”

“I never advised you to hold any such mirror up to the people,” protested Mr. Dabney, intending to check the colonel’s violence. “This is not a time for passion, sir. Class must not be arrayed against class.”

“Passion, sir! I never was more temperate in my life! Class against class! The classes must understand one another, or suspicion will take the place of confidence. Is your position so weak that you fear to go to these misguided yeomen and peasants and tell them the truth? Are you afraid to promulgate



your theory of government? Are you afraid honestly to state your convictions?"

The colonel brought his cane down upon the library table, and then paused to glare at his victim.

"Thomas Jefferson: part yeoman, part peasant, altogether a thief. Here is a passage from 'Debts and Taxes' that I copied, which promulgates part of the moral views of the Rogue and Reverend John Henry Jones, one of Jefferson's imitators. The quotation is from a letter written by Jefferson to Madison, which Jones took—this time, sirs, he did not steal—from *The Writings of Thomas Jefferson*, Volume III, pages 27 to 32, thus:

The question whether one generation of man has a right to bind another seems never to have been started either on this side or our side of the water, yet it is a question of such consequence as not only to merit decision, but place also, among the fundamental principles of every government. . . . That no such obligation can be transmitted I think very capable of proof. . . . I suppose that the received opinion that the public debts of one generation devolve on the next, has been suggested by our seeing habitually in private life, that he who succeeds to lands is required to pay the debts of his predecessor; without considering that this requirement is municipal only, not moral, flowing from the will of the society which has found it convenient to appropriate the lands of a descendant on condition of a payment of his debt; but that between society and society, or generation and generation, there is no municipal obligation, no umpire but the law of nature. . . . The earth belongs always to the living generation. The question, then, is, that neither the representatives of a nation, nor the whole nation itself assembled, can validly engage debts beyond what they may pay in their own time.

“That letter proves that Jefferson was the original repudiator. Parson Jones, I believe, claims to be the father of readjustment. In the face of this quotation Tim Murphy can not claim to be the father of repudiation.

“Jefferson, an ignoramus as well as a thief, ground out several theories of statecraft a day. Some of them belonged to him—others he stole. But he used them all so far as he could in the Great American Experiment. No greater curse was ever visited upon a people than Thomas Jefferson upon all Americans, and particularly upon the people of this commonwealth. That ass, taking a deep breath one day, brayed long and loud, ‘*We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal.*’ The lofty Jefferson intellect, with its myriads of stupendous creations, threw aside the government of philosophers, hallowed by the blood of humanity that for seven thousand years had run in rivers, then undertook to change the laws of nature.”

“Hold on, Daingerfield,” said Judge Braxton; “Cary was right. Moreover, Virginians have always constituted one great family, affectionate, with responsibilities properly divided among them, each man owing a definite duty to the entire family. We must not remind men of their failings in harsh terms. Government must be conducted like a household: the father must be firm, but gentle; he must know how to punish, and how to forget.”

“Sir, I say fiddlesticks! Fiddlesticks, I say! Please hear me to the end.”

Again the colonel paused. He glared at each gentleman separately before he continued.

“Benjamin Franklin: the peasant whose gross immorality ran the gamut of human vice was self-educated also, and sowed his half-baked ideas broadcast like the seed of tares blown by some evil wind over a field of wheat. Sirs, I felt ashamed of the human race when I read the autobiography of that rogue. The saying, ‘He even stole lightning and bottled it,’ referred to that man, and originated among his kind, who knew the fellow’s reputation. Having stolen everything on earth that he could lay his hands on, he undertook to steal from heaven.”

The colonel did not live to read the autobiography of one Jack London. However, Benjamin Franklin gloated over his crimes and vices almost as much as did the chief parvenu of letters of our time over his.

Captain Lancaster felt that some of these remarks had been directed to him. Did the colonel mean to say that a gentleman should not race his horses and play cards? Only last Saturday night they had played poker until quarter of twelve, when the game had been discontinued out of respect to the Lord. The damned old hypocrite!

“They acted after their day and generation.”

The colonel turned his withering eyes upon the captain.

“They did not, sir! The Ten Commandments have guided human conduct since the days of Moses. There has never been a period in civilised society when the moral code permitted a man to lie and to steal and to commit adultery. There never was a period when men were expected to live indecent lives. Socrates, St. Paul, Marcus Aurelius—the

great men in every period of the world's history observed the elemental laws of morality.

"Some there are that defend Washington and those like him when they are ridiculed because of their ignorance of the tongue that their mothers spoke. Before Washington's period many of the great masters of English literature had lived, and many important works on grammar and rhetoric had been issued. The Virginian gentleman of that period correctly used several languages besides his own. Ignorance is the only excuse that will lie that can be pleaded for Washington and his contemporaries by their misguided advocates. Yes, they used English of their time—and the nigger preacher, Shad Berkeley, uses the English of his time—and kind.

"In another way, sirs, those heroes of the plain people acted after their kind. The restraining hands of their masters had no sooner been withdrawn than they gave themselves over to all the gross sensuality of their brutal instincts. They became intoxicated with power, and the first use that they made of their new force was to let loose their vile passions. Tweed and his gang of Tammanyites recently held sway, and their methods are now copied wherever a people rule."

Ah, Colonel, how your noble heart would have been wrenched had you lived in this year of grace 1910, while the thefts of the people reach heights of artistry heretofore unknown to man; in this year of grace 1910, while the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of the city of New York announces that the Board will spend not less than one thousand million dollars during the next four years; in

this year of grace 1910, while the expenditures of the city of New York will be one-fourth as large as the total expenditure of the United States government; in this year of grace 1910, while the plain people of the city of New York steal alike from gentleman and peasant and their own posterity all that they can steal! Draw near, O ye shades of Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln, and harken to your words: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." "We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal." "Government of the people by the people for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

"I warn you, sirs," Colonel Daingerfield continued, "if Tim Murphy Tweed fastens his clutches upon this state chaos will take the place of order; decency will make place for all that is vile, and this proud commonwealth will stand out among the nations of the world as an example of shame. O Virginians that love your country, buckle on your armour! God has seen fit to let the devil loose from hell. Buckle on your armour, I say; draw your mighty sword, and let every son of this old commonwealth be gathered to his fathers ere her shield that he bears is stained by the blood of his own dishonour."

"Cease, Francis, cease! Cease, I say!" the old physician commanded. "My children, there is danger in such violence. Murphy is telling these misguided creatures, his plain people and his negroes, that they are not the equals of aristocrats before the law. In all my eighty-six years I have never known an instance of oppression under cloak of law in this commonwealth. The gentry were first to declare that

all men are equal while they stand before the bar of justice. Francis, boy, if you go before the people with such violent expressions they will say that Murphy is right. They will not understand. Are they able to distinguish between natural equality and equality before the law? And there is another issue that you must meet, my son: Are all men made of the same clay? Aye, you have even a larger question to answer: Is the ignorant labourer with the sweat upon his brow *per se* more moral than the educated gentleman—the gentleman with scores of generations of culture, the heritage of his ancestors?"

"Mr. Carter, sir, far be it from me to argue with you. Why should I, sir, when our views are harmonious? Why should I debate these matters with any of you gentlemen, for you all agree with me? You believe that it would be inexpedient to express my views to the people as I have expressed them to you.

"Sirs, you are wrong. Pardon me when I say that my forty years of experience are worth quite as much as your theories. Did you ever hear of a sane man that was willing to be governed by his inferiors? Did you ever hear of an inferior that was willing to be governed by one of his own kind? Do you think that Rice would vote for Stover the smith, or that Stover would vote for Rice the shop-keeper? For forty years I have trusted the people—but in all that time they saw the whip that I held in my good right hand. They will not tolerate that low-born repudiator, Timothy Murphy, and his kind. The people expect the whip of authority to be applied vigorously to their bare backs; but, sirs,

the time is not yet when the people wish to be whipped by the people."

"I thought you said that you loved the people, Colonel?" suggested Captain Lancaster. "Was that merely a rhetorical period? You orators call it a figure of speech, I believe. Anyhow, it has all of the vigour of the business end of a mule."

"Lancaster, your jocularities are most unseemly. I do love the people. Sir, metaphor finds no place among my plain words. Like Marc Antony—

"I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man."

But here I am to speak what I do know. My love for all Virginians, for all humanity, I may express in my poor feeble words. I have passed the age, sir, when I may be accused of demagoguery, false pride, or vain ambition."

"Hear, hear!"

Throughout his public service in war and in peace Colonel Daingerfield had drawn no salary.

"And mark you, sirs, I governed the people. I was their master, not their servant. A strange theory that, promulgated to the world by the heroes to whom I have referred: the servant is better fitted than his master to make the laws that are necessary to regulate society. Parson Jones tells us that the uneducated are more moral than the educated and better fitted for the responsibilities of government. In the next breath he asks us to educate his plain people."

"*Government of the people by the people for the people, shall not perish from the earth,*" the captain quoted. "Do I understand, Colonel, that



you agree with the views expressed by old Abe. I haven't heard you comment on them, sir."

"Zounds, Lancaster! Is it necessary for me to discourse on a proposition so preposterous?"

"Abraham Lincoln: rail-splitter, shopkeeper, farmer, jackleg lawyer, ne'er-do-well. He first attracted the attention of a very plain western people by his coarse witticisms—or rather by the wit of others, which he clothed in language more foul than its creators had seen fit to use. This uncouth creature did attract the attention of his kind after he was well past middle life. He had failed in everything except coarseness. But, sirs, his coarseness was a success among coarse peoples.

"This self-educated creature came into this breathing world scarce half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionable that dogs barked at him as he halted by them. There are some that say that he came into this world before his time, but I am disposed to treat that as a myth. He was declared insane—be it said greatly to the credit of those very plain people. But he was good-hearted, sirs; but not more so than my dog Bull Run. He was as weak as he was good-hearted. Yes, I think we may say that he was good-hearted and physically brave.

"This Failure, having been selected out of twenty-five million Yankees to conduct a great war, became a murderer on a large scale. Every man that was killed during the war after the first battle of Bull Run was murdered by Lincoln and those who placed him in power. He killed many Virginians—he slaughtered half a million Federals; for this incompetent, this associate of clowns, was unable to select proper



officers to command his armies. Even the first battle of Bull Run would not have been fought if a peasant of ordinary intelligence had been president of the confederation of our enemies. He permitted a powerful government to be organised and powerful armies to be formed and equipped while he tried to learn the A B C of civil government and military efficiency. While Mr. Davis selected the most competent among all Confederates to resist our invaders, this man of the people appointed the commanders of his armies by the eenie-meenie-miny-mo process.

“Sirs, Lincoln was a better rhetorician than Jefferson, but a greater fool. Even Jefferson knew that there could be no such thing as government of the people by the people for the people—that men do not govern themselves. I shall say little more about ‘honest old Abe.’ Not long ago he went to join the angels. . . . Yes, yes; he was a kind-hearted man. . . . Lancaster, some day you ought to read the biographies of the men that were called by the people to be their governors—rail-splitters, mule drivers, and cobblers.

“O ye misguided peoples, why will ye obey the voice of demagogues! But why reason with these dumb driven cattle? The rod, sirs, was the sceptre of God. It is for us to follow His example. He is the Fountain of Wisdom. We learn from Him that the master must rule—and rule by force.”

“Colonel,” Dabney said, “I have listened to you with close attention. I think that you are partly right. However, you should not go before the people now, for they are already inflamed by truth, and you would repeat that truth bluntly, which would be a great mistake. Yeomen and peasants

who have loved you would tear you limb from limb should you be so unwise as to address them as you have just spoken to us. I went among them recently. As wild as fiends, all their unholy passions let loose, they feel no restraint, and will tolerate none. We must reason with them; for, as Judge Braxton says, there are times when a father may not whip his child. Sir, you must not punish these poor children. You must treat them gently, soothing them after the manner of a woman; then, after victory is ours, we shall have four years in which to reëstablish the government of our fathers, and the honour of Virginia will have been saved."

"I agree with Cary in these matters of policy," Judge Braxton said. "Nevertheless, yeomen and peasants must be forced to understand that Virginia may not demand of her creditors that they shall accept any terms that she may see fit to offer, otherwise that she will go into bankruptcy, then say like all dishonest debtors, 'Give me time and I will pay.' Gentlemen, Virginia's debt must not be settled that way.

"Nor must the payment of the debt fall unequally upon the people. I advocate the principles of true democracy, which place the burdens of government upon those that are responsible to those that are governed. Yeomen and peasants must be relieved of taxation; and gentlemen, who hold the lands, must ask no more of them than their faithful service in restoring the commonwealth to her former productiveness. Gentlemen, we must pay the debt."

After a while the conference ended. Colonel Daingerfield, who would not recede an inch from

his position, did not resist the temptation of delivering himself of a paraphrase as a parting shot:

“The people, may they ever be right; but when they are wrong, chastise the people!”

John Harrison had made a mistake. This he saw as he again read Lelia Braxton's letter while returning to Warrenton early in the morning of the day after he had seen General Murphy. How stupid he had been! He should have gone to her and told her his plans in detail as soon as he had received her letter. He would go to her late that afternoon, immediately upon his arrival.

“Judge Braxton, I have called to see Miss Lelia.”

“Well, John, you will find her in the garden—in the magnolia grove.”

As John Harrison approached Lelia Braxton arose and stood facing him, for she had heard his footsteps. Her hand trembled, and her face was pale as she clutched the wood of the old grapevine swing.

“Good-morning, Mr. Harrison! I was reading the book—the book that you gave me. There is a great deal in it that I do not understand, although father says—father says—that—that—Tennyson's thoughts are clothed in language so simple that a child may understand them. I—I——”

Her last words died away, for Harrison had taken her hand. Never once had he withdrawn his gaze from her eyes, the eyes that he thought so beautiful. He did not seem to be aware that she was speaking; she was never able to recall what she said.

“Lelia, twelve years ago—it was in the spring-

time, an April day—I saw you through the magnolias as you sat in this old grapevine swing. You were eight years old then—and I was seventeen. I had just returned from the Episcopal High School, in Alexandria, for the holidays. You were the prettiest child that I had ever seen. You wore a white dress and blue satin slippers; a blue sash was tied about your waist; a bow of blue ribbon was in your hair. ‘Mother likes me to wear blue,’ you said, ‘’cause blue matches my beautiful eyes.’ . . . Last spring, Lelia, just after your nineteenth birthday, I saw you through the magnolias—again you were sitting in the old grapevine swing. The sun was about to set, as now he is about to set in all his glory, and some of his rays got tangled in your hair—they are there yet. Your hair always reminds me of sunshine, Lelia,—I never see the setting sun that I do not think of your hair and see it as his last ray fell on it that April day a year ago. . . . You were dressed in white. Again you wore blue satin slippers and a blue belt, and a bow of blue ribbon was fastened in some way—a very pretty way—in your hair. I loved you. For a long time I had loved you. I asked you to marry me—as you sat there in that old grapevine swing, marking the grass with those blue satin slippers. Then you rose, Lelia, and stood as you are standing now. Your face was pale—as it is now. Then the colour rushed to it in a great crimson wave—as it is rushing to it now. You never answered me—you never spoke a single word—but I knelt down at your feet as though you were one of God’s angels, and I kissed your trembling hand—I must have kissed it a hundred times—and—and—and then you were my affianced bride. . . .

Springtime is here again, O my love; and as I came I saw you through the magnolias, sitting in the old grapevine swing, just as I have seen you every hour since that evening a year ago when you entered my life—like the holy spirit of God. I am here again, Lelia,—here to claim the vows that you made to me—here to take you to be my wife.”

John Harrison knelt down. There was that dignity in his posture which one sees in an old man as he reverently kneels before his Maker. A single tear fell on his strong hand as it tightly clasped the soft hand of the woman that he loved. The young man was thrilled. Were all the waters of Jordan more sacred than that single tear?

“John—I—I—I love you!”

“What is this thing, O my love, that comes between your heart and mine? You say that I am wrong; but you know that I think that I am right. Dangers threaten Virginia’s existence as a nation; our civilisation is involved; our generation must begin a desperate struggle for the very life of our country. But the debt is a mere passing incident. I believe that my plan provides a way for its settlement by which the creditors may receive all that Virginia owes to them. By suspending payment for ten years the people will be able to develop the natural resources of our country, and the resulting increase in taxable properties will be great enough to enable us to pay the creditors without seriously disturbing our financial condition. But my plan has a broader purpose, broader than its humane features: the people need rest. With rest will come restoration of government by the gentry. I believe that the weapon that Virginia should use in her struggle to

maintain her identity as a nation is a people such as we have had for nearly three hundred years—contented, each in his own sphere. These are affairs of state, intricate, requiring the closest attention of students of economics and the united wisdom of all that love Virginia, dear, not questions for a young girl to answer. You would be the last to have me debase myself—to act contrary to my conscience. My duty is to Virginia.”

She listened intently while the young man explained his plans in detail. Then, as she did not speak when he paused, he continued:

“That evening a year ago when we plighted our troth we became man and wife in our own hearts. The marriage ceremony could not have made our love more sacred nor our troth more binding than did the vows that we made to each other. Suppose that we had stood before God’s altar and that you had said to me, ‘I, Lelia, take thee, John, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey,’—had you made those vows, Lelia, would you now put asunder those whom God had joined together? Would you permit any person or anything to come between your love and mine? You might have followed me to the door of some prison cell and there have waited until I should be released, but you would not have deserted me—you would not have deserted your husband. I ask you again, dear: Had you made those vows, would you have been more sacredly bound than you are by the promises that you made to me during the year of our engagement? Are not the bonds that bind us as sacred in

our eyes and God's as any vows that have been made before His altar? Is the love-chain that binds us so weak as to break under this strain? O my love, my love, my love, that can not be—I know, for I know you, Lelia! I know that you could not have made those vows irreverently.”

“Don't, John! Oh, don't, don't, don't!”

“Where lies your duty, O my heart? Is it here with your husband—your husband before God if not before man; or is your duty to a rule of human conduct—a rule made by men, which must change to meet the requirements of men? Laws were made for man, not man for laws. That nothing is wrong in itself is elemental philosophy. A code of rules that governs men in their relations to one another has been evolved out of the experience of ages; but those rules are not the laws of Medes and Persians. They are not laws at all, but rules, which must vary with changing conditions, and which must be adapted to the needs of men.”

“That may be elemental philosophy, John,—I don't know—oh, I don't know! I am not a philosopher. But I do know that it is wrong to steal. And I know that God's commands are laws, not mere rules of human conduct—is that what you lawyers say, John dear, rules of human conduct? I love you. . . . I can never tell you how much I love you. . . . I thought that I would always know the difference between right and wrong. . . . But now I do not know what to do. I wish to bear all your trials, dear—all, all, all! and those that I am unable to bear alone I want to share with you. . . . That is my selfish wish. . . . But there is something here, John, deep, deep, down in my heart, which says No;



which says that I must be true to something that is even higher than you, John, to something that is even higher than Virginia,—which says that I must be true to myself.”

“But are you true to yourself, Lelia? Before you answer, ask yourself if you would have kept your marriage vows had you spoken them at the altar.”

“I have asked myself, John,—oh, I have asked myself that question every day, every hour, every minute—since you made that speech—ten days ago—ten years ago! Sometimes I think that I would have returned to father and mother. Sometimes I think that you never would have done this thing if I had been your wife. Sometimes I think that I am wrong—oh, so wrong! . . . One night I went down to father’s room to ask him to send you a message. Then I crept back—through the darkness, back to my room.”

“O my Lelia, my gentle Lelia! And I may not take this cup of sorrow from you!”

And John Harrison knelt down and clasped the hand of the woman that he loved, in a cruel grasp; and this time Lelia Braxton knelt down too—before the God of her people.

“Almighty God,—O Jesus—O Christ,—show me the way!”

## CHAPTER FOUR

**A**LTHOUGH Captain James Spotswood Temple had agreed to unite his fortunes with those of the Readjusters, he had not fully decided to do so at the end of his interview with General Timothy Murphy. True, the lower classes already had broken from the moorings that for nearly three hundred years had bound them to an inflexible social system, while the gentry as a class had reached the last stage of senility, soon to be followed by political and physical dissolution. Before he went to Petersburg Temple had made up his mind to leave the death-bed of the aristocracy.

But why a subordinate position in the new party? Undoubtedly he could rapidly advance to its leadership, along the path of his native ability, winding through a garden of unusual opportunity. But why let others enjoy the benefits that should be reserved for himself alone? His self-confidence, which had never known bounds, was greatly strengthened by the tonic good old Dr. Murphy had administered to him. Yes, in the name of James Spotswood Temple, he would seize the land of glory that was stretched out before him. Many roads lead to Rome. He would carefully select a road to the realm of his fancy that he would not find too difficult for him to travel.

His train reaching Richmond while he was in the midst of these dreams, he decided to stay in that city until he had definitely determined the course that he

would take, then proceed to Warrenton and enter enthusiastically into the thick of the fight.

Long were his thoughts and high his flights of fancy.

“I could announce myself as an independent candidate for the governship, build up a political organisation of my own,—the Progressive party,—oust Murphy the cur and Jones the hound, then gather their sheep into my fold. At the same time I could demand and would receive the support of Cary Dabney and his Debtpayers, and the aid of that misguided youth, John Harrison, for the gentry would trust the honour of Virginia to the safe-keeping of General Temple’s son. I could promise yeomen and peasants relief from excessive taxation, education for their children at the expense of the commonwealth, an opportunity to gain wealth, social position, and all things else their hearts desire; my orators could go secretly among the negroes and tell them that they would be rewarded with public office, social equality, and free education for their children by teachers of their own race. I would be elected without much opposition.”

A porter rapped, but Temple did not hear him.

“A high destiny controls the affairs of men. We neither can bring about events nor prevent them from happening. All things come about in logical sequence; for while they appear to come haphazard, they really reach us in emotional waves—sometimes after delay, the result of gradually accumulated pent-up emotions. Lincoln did not free the slaves. The ultimate fate of Bonaparte was written by the gods in the sky. As circumstance is the greatest force that affects the destinies of men, no man

can foresee the future. Even the Corsican could not foresee his downfall. No man can predict with accuracy conditions that will exist a score of years hence. One can not even tell the direction in which a city will grow, unfortunately."

He could see no flaw in his plan; still, the situation ought to be surveyed critically from every possible angle.

"Yeomen and peasants prefer to be led by a gentleman rather than by one of their kind, while the contempt of negroes for po' white trash is so great that I would find it easy to kill any candidate other than a gentleman that would be so unwise as to bid for their votes. As Parson Jones claims that he is the father of readjustment, naturally he hates Tim Murphy for having stolen his baby; so I could make those two old dogs fight each other. A split in the Readjuster party would mean its annihilation. Neither Murphy nor Jones would receive many votes should each establish a party of his own, but nearly all the Readjuster sheep would flock into my barnyard. As between Murphy and Temple, Jones would look to Temple for his reward; and as he knows that he must render service before he receives pay, he will deliver the Baptist cattle, who vote as a unit, into the Temple pound. True, the general's old soldiers must be considered; but no soldier ever had any affection for Murphy, while they all loved my sire. And I must not be so modest as to fail to bear in mind my own military record, which was good enough for a boy, for I fought like the devil, and did not sheathe my sword until General Lee had surrendered."

But his thoughts took higher flights. There were

other countries that he could conquer. Besides, he ought to be firmly established on his throne, for he feared to enter his kingdom loaded down with the sins of the heterogeneous mass that would constitute his party. The empire was within his grasp.

"I shall keep the peace between the general and the parson, then gain the friendship of the yeomen, the peasants, and the negroes; bear the insults of the gentry for a while; take my seat as governor; permit a bill to be introduced into the legislature to repudiate the debt; secretly purchase the bonds through my brokers in New York at ten cents on the dollar while the bill is being debated; permit the bill to pass; veto it; return it with a ringing message, in which I shall say that the honour of Virginia must be maintained; send a message to the legislature advocating one of several of my plans, each of which provides a settlement of the debt honourable to Virginia and satisfactory to her creditors; and then—amid the applause of the whole people, including leading Readjusters, who will have purchased bonds at ten cents on the dollar—I shall mount into the national political heaven, wearing a halo of glory, carefully fitted to my head.

"I shall be the most notable personage in American political life. Then I shall have ample time in which legally to disfranchise the negroes, and politically kill Tim Murphy and Johnny Jones. I shall use their dead selves as stepping-stones to higher things while I am amalgamating all classes of white voters into a single unit. Then I shall go to the next national Democratic convention with the solid south united upon a single man—Governor Temple. The Democratic party will succeed in 1884. Wow-wow-

wow, hurrah for President Temple! A clever plan—that by which I shall force Murphy, Jones, and all other Repudiators to bear the odium of the sins committed in the name of Readjusters. Another clever idea—that I shall use their dead selves as stepping-stones to the presidency. Through those old rogues I shall pass down into history as the most beloved of all Virginia's governors and the most notable of the presidents of the United States. I shall come into the possession of great wealth, and last, but not least, I shall wear a sparkling jewel—Lelia Braxton, my wife—next to my heart."

He boarded a train for Warrenton.

"Lawd, Marse Jeemes! I sho' am glad ter see you back; but you done come in so sudden-like you done skeered me."

"Any news, Bob?"

"I done hyah, Marse Jeemes, as how Mustah Berkeley's gwine ter speechify 'bout 'lection 'roun' de Meth'dis' chu'ch ter-morrow night. But Lawd, Marse Jeemes, I's done tole you suppen I oughter done kep' ter mahse'f. Fo' de Lawd sake, don't tell; cayse if you does, Mustah Berkeley done up an' turn me outen de chu'ch."

"I shall not tell, Bob; but saddle my horse, for I shall ride around to see Berkeley. I may be able to render some assistance. You will attend the meeting, I suppose?"

"Fo' de Lawd sake, Marse Jeemes, you ain' gwine speechify ter dem niggers, is you? I's jes' caikerlatin' 'bout what ole marsers'd say."

Every atom a negro, Bob grinned with pleasure as he administered this rebuke. In his master's

familiarity with him and in his condescension to address a political meeting of negroes he saw the dawn of the day of social equality. His words stung Temple as though they were daggers thrust into him. He realised that the fight already had begun, with himself as his antagonist.

When he reached the parsonage, a mile distant from the town, the voices that came from within convinced him that a political conference was in progress. A loud rap on the door brought forth the Reverend Doctor Shadrach Meshech Abednego Berkeley.

“Hit’s Mistah Temple, am hit not?”

The reverend gentleman was somewhat alarmed. He had expected to see a member of his fold.

“Come outside, Dr. Berkeley; I wish to confer with you.”

They withdrew to a tree near by, the man of God bearing himself with great dignity the while.

“I have been told that you are to preside over an important political meeting to-morrow night. You probably have heard from General Murphy that I am to take a leading part in this campaign, that I have consented to be elected governor of Virginia, and with his kind assistance and yours that I probably shall be elected president of the United States. You should introduce me to your audience to-morrow night, whereupon I shall take great pleasure in explaining to your people some plans for their welfare that were unfolded by General Murphy in my recent interview with him. These I shall have the honour to supplement with some views of my own that relate to the social advancement of your gifted race.”



Equal to the occasion, Berkeley acknowledged the graceful compliment in choice words.

“ ‘Deed, Mistah Temple, I’s corroborated to know dat I ken ‘pen’ upon er gemman ob yo’ quality ter exuberate me in mah work. I wus discomfuddled jes’ now ter see you at mah do’; but he sequence ob de ‘cays’on mo’ dan jestifies de profusion I ‘sper’enced dat mebbly you done obserbed de conbersation dat wus under debilitation when you knocked on mah do’. Ef you’ll do me de honour ter come in, I shell tek pledger in mekin’ you ‘quainted wid some ob de mos’ perverted ob mah flock.”

“ I thank you, Doctor, I have not time now; but with great pleasure I accept your kind invitation to address the godly members of your church to-morrow night.”

“ Dey’ll be mos’ pow’ful obliterated ter tek’ de consequences ob bein’ out-lifted by de mighty power ob sech er obtuse shep’ud as yo’se’f. I ken capitulate on yo’ bein’ in de pulpit, whar I’s ‘vited two udder white politikers ter ‘lection ter mah bred-eren? ”

“ I shall be there, Doctor, I assure you. What are the names of the two gentlemen to whom you referred? ”

“ Mistah Roger Williams Stokes an’ Mistah Gawge Washin’ton Laf’ette Simpson. But, Mistah Temple, I mus’ ‘splain ter you dat some ob de ol’est brederen in mah ‘suasion, dem dat used ter belong ter de quality, don’ tek ter Mistah Stokes, but calls him dat nasty tow-headed Yankee; an’ dey won’ lis’en ter Mistah Simpson neither, cayse dey ‘low as how he ain’ neber had no ‘sperience wid quality. Hit’s hard ter mek statements outen dem higher-

lutin' cullud pussons, who ain' got no use fo' 'spedien-  
ency. Mah flock's quality, dey is. Dey jes' sets dyah  
an' shakes dyah heads. But ef Guv'ner Temple's  
son'd distraction 'em, dey'd 'spicion nuttin', an' set  
up an' say, A-man, O Lawd, A-man!"

"I suggest that you extend an invitation to the  
Reverend Doctor Williams, the Baptist clergyman,  
and his flock, to attend our meeting."

"Dat's de way ter talk, Mistah Temple. De per-  
gressive lines in de mixed 'semblage will be glad ter  
culmonate yo' 'quaintance an' mitigate ter you outen  
dyah feller-cit'zenship—in dyah homes an' in de  
chu'ch; an' don' you fo'git us when you's er-settin'  
up er-guv'in'."

After shaking hands the two compatriots parted,  
Temple riding rapidly home.

"The end justifies the means—and none of my  
old associates will know of these things," he said,  
musingly.

Then he whipped his horse furiously, as though  
he would fly from himself.

The next morning while on his way to his office,  
Captain Temple stopped at the store of Mr. James  
P. Rice, yeoman, ostensibly to purchase a pocket-  
knife from the proprietor, that he might have the  
benefit of that gentleman's knowledge of knives, but  
really that he might discuss affairs political with the  
merchant. Mr. Rice had stepped out; so Captain  
Temple was about to continue his walk to his office  
when he saw Miss Dorothea Annabel Rice, the  
fourth and most beautiful of the Rice progeny, leav-  
ing her father's store. He hastened to help her to  
mount her horse.

“When did you return, Miss Dorothea Annabel?”

That young lady recently had been graduated from Mrs. Stuart’s school, in Staunton, where she had been a student for six years. She had not known that Captain Temple was aware of her existence, although doubtless he had seen her playing in the streets of Warrenton when she was a child.

“I returned yesterday.”

“Now that you are a young lady, please permit me to call to see you. Your father, you know, was my first client; and ever since the day that he first entered my office my interest in the Rice family has extended to every member of it. Now, may I add, that interest is centred in your very beautiful self.”

“Certainly, Captain Temple; I shall be very glad to see you.”

“This evening?”

“Yes.”

How she trembled! Why? She never knew. She did not resent Temple’s words. He had been sincere, she felt sure; besides, his society manners were perfect, she could not doubt.

In thinking that Temple was sincere she was right as well as wrong.

“A devilish beautiful creature, that young person,” thought Temple, as he walked toward his office. “Not like Lelia Braxton, yet as beautiful in a way.”

That he, a gentleman, would have any difficulty in adding this young girl to his conquests he did not for a moment doubt. He had merely to treat her as an equal, compliment her unstintingly, and soon she would be his slave.

“Well, all is fair in love and war; so, my pretty little Dorothea Annabel, love me as much as you please. With that sweet love I shall take into my camp all the Rice relations that vote and all Jimmy’s other associates of the masculine gender. After all, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. And so I shall explain, Dolly dear, in the course of human events.”

The Virginian merchant has always been ambitious to be a land owner. Mr. Rice was no exception—indeed, there has been no exception to “prove the rule.” He had been a clerk in Mr. Stott’s store, in Warrenton, from the time that he was thirteen until he was twenty-four. Then he had purchased the business of his employer for a small sum, married the daughter of Judge Braxton’s overseer, and had saved money and increased his business despite the encumbrances that Mrs. Rice had yearly put upon the establishment. She had presented him with fourteen children in rapid succession. When Eugenie Victoria Rice, his oldest daughter, had reached the age of eighteen, a young lady, he gratified the ambition that he and Mrs. Rice had cherished from the day of their wedding and purchased a farm of three hundred acres along the road between Warrenton and the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, three miles beyond the Warrenton city limits.

That evening—some of our gentle readers would have said afternoon—Captain Temple rode out to the Rice plantation. The old mansion, which for more than two hundred years had been the home of a good old Virginian family, was painted white by Mr. Rice after he had caused the moss to be scraped from the brick walls, and now Captain Temple saw

it gleaming through a vista of gigantic elms. He observed that a roan horse was tied fast to the Diana statue that Mr. Rice had placed as a hitching-post at the right of the mansion, and that a white horse was made fast to a statue of Mercury that Mrs. Rice had placed at the left of the mansion as a companion for his fair Diana. "Evidently the Rice girls have other visitors," thought the captain.

He tied his horse to the limb of a tree; then made his way to the front verandah. Flowers were everywhere. Citronalis, in large pots, decorated the ground, geraniums lined each side of the walk, the wild rose climbed the trellis that partly enclosed the verandah—and everywhere Temple saw white brick. He could not conceive that this was the place where he had played and fought as a boy.

"Captain Temple—Perfessor Simpson."

Thus Miss Phyllis Daphne Rice introduced the two gentlemen after she had bowed awkwardly to the latest visitor. As she had never met Captain Temple, nor had he ever been to see any of the ladies of the Rice family, she assumed that he had called to see her father.

The captain's manner was cordial. Things were coming his way indeed, he thought, for here was an opportunity to observe one of the men that would assist him in folding Shadrach's flock.

Professor Simpson arose to his great height, nervously pulled at his heavy moustache, which drooped under the burden of its own weight, and stiffly bowed his head in response to the introduction, his hands behind his back.

The uncomfortable Miss Phyllis Daphne was conscious that Professor Simpson's clothes hung upon

him ungracefully, and his general largeness seemed unusually awkward to her. Heretofore she had regarded him as a gentleman of exceptional grace and culture—a man among men, indeed, who towered above the men of her acquaintance.

“Is Miss Dorothea Annabel at home?”

Captain Temple asked this question of Miss Phyllis Daphne as though he had been accustomed to call on her sister.

The fair Dorothea Annabel purposely had not come down to welcome her guest. To do so she thought would be unmaidenly; so she had watched Captain Temple as he approached, then waited, trembling the while, until she should hear the formal announcement of his arrival.

Miss Phyllis Daphne went through the open door that led from the verandah into the hall, proceeded to the foot of the old mahogany stair, now painted white, and raised her voice to a high pitch.

“Dorothea Annabel! *Dorothea Annabel!*  
Dolly! *O Dorothea Annabel!*”

“Well?”

“Company’s come!”

Miss Phyllis Daphne had not had the school advantages of her younger sister. Unfortunately, her rasping voice had carried farther than she had intended; and now the whole Rice tribe of males and females under the age of fifteen came upon the verandah from every direction, their bare feet and legs as well as their clothes stained with Fauquier county soil. The children hurriedly arranged chairs in a semi-circle facing the stranger, got into them, swung their feet in pendulum movements, staring at him the while, and merely winking their eyes as they would

shut their mouths now and then with great gulps, that they might relieve their tense muscles. They did not speak to him.

While waiting for Miss Dorothea Annabel, who did not appear for at least ten minutes after her sister had called to her, Temple made use of his opportunity and drew the professor out of the cold of his reserve.

“I am glad to meet you, my dear Professor; indeed, more so than I can say, for I have heard a great deal about your excellent work as an educator. The nigger parson, Shad, tells me that you and I are running in the same political chase. I shall try to help you tree a few coons to-night, when I shall deliver an oration, which will be followed by your voice thundering out the principles of democratic government. Do you know, Professor, no sweeter music falls upon the ears of a Virginian gentleman than the voice of a dog that has just chased a coon up a tree?”

Instantly the ice melted. The professor became natural, even confidential. A great prize, he knew, must have been offered Temple, or he would not have entered the Readjuster party.

“What office will you run for, Captain?”

“I am not ambitious, Professor. Still, I have promised Governor Murphy—at a great sacrifice of my personal interest—to accept the nomination for governor; and circumstances may oblige me—for the best interest of the party—to represent Virginia in the Senate, in Washington, while some of my friends are urging me to go before the next national Democratic convention as the choice of the solid south for the presidency.”



Captain Temple spoke in the tones of one confident of his position, yet with the dignity of the gentleman that addresses his social equals, who has a deep sense of the responsibility that they had obliged him to assume.

Miss Dorothea Annabel appeared in time to hear Captain Temple's modest words.

The captain bowed low over the hand of the lovely Dorothea Annabel, who was dressed in her prettiest gown—a creation of her own. She was a beautiful picture as she stood there in sweet confusion mingled with pride. Professor Simpson and Miss Phyllis Daphne were not the only persons present that felt exultation.

“Shall we go for a walk about the grounds?”

Miss Dorothea accepted the captain's invitation.

“How lovely you are, Miss Dorothea Annabel! Is there any flower in this garden nearly so beautiful? Are any of God's angels in heaven so fair, so graceful? Was ever a voice so musical as yours?—now soft as some organ whispering low tones of love, now like the joyous laughter of the rippling brook, now suggesting the music of the nymphs of the forest. Your cheeks shame the wild rose that nestles in your hair, and your white dress symbolises your beautiful soul—for it seems to be a part of your own loveliness.”

Never had Miss Dorothea Annabel heard such words. Pausing by a rose-bush, in full bloom, she had stood with her crimson face averted. Is this a declaration of love, she asked herself, or do all gentlemen speak in that way to ladies? That he meant all that he had said she was sure. She would

treat him playfully—yes, that is what she should do. So she broke off a rose and tossed it to him as she led the way to one of the seats where they could be concealed by heliotrope and citronalis. Temple stuck the rose in the lapel of his coat, saying that he would place it next to his heart. As he did so loud laughter was heard coming through the parlour window.

“Who besides Professor Simpson is here?”

There was a note of contempt in Miss Dorothea Annabel’s voice as she answered; but Temple involuntarily looked pleased—at least his pleasure seemed to be involuntary.

“I just can not stand him! Eugenie Victoria seems to like him, though.”

She wished to be certain that Captain Temple would not think that she took pleasure in the society of men like Professor Simpson and Mr. Stokes.

As Captain Temple wished to take the full measure of the two white men who in addition to himself would address the negro voters that night, he reluctantly suspended his flirtation.

“I should like to meet Mr. Stokes.”

Miss Dorothea Annabel was surprised.

“Why?”

“He has been a resident of Fauquier for many years, and there are few men in this county that are not known to me personally.”

“Well,—he is tall—thin—ugly—uninteresting; rolls his *r*’s this way, *r-r-r-r-r*; says ‘seen’ for ‘saw’—and is like all other Yankees.”

“Colonel Daingerfield would have described him as a naturalised carpet-bagger.”

"He *is* naturalised—at least he has bought the little farm that used to belong to Mr. Sims. You wouldn't care for him in the least, I'm quite sure."

"But I do care for you," said Captain Temple, resuming his flirtation. "I have lived but a few hours,—since ten this morning, to be exact,—yet it seems to me, Dorothea, that I have crowded the joy of a long life into that short time. May I come to see you, Dorothea,—often?"

"As often as you please."

Miss Dorothea spoke banteringly, yet she was in earnest. Yes, this gentleman knew the social way; so she could follow his lead in polite usages. Besides, she was in love with him already.

"There is not a girl in all Virginia half so fair as you, Dorothea,—my beautiful little Dolly."

"Do you think that you ought to call me Dorothea, Captain Temple?"

"I *think* of you as Dorothea. That is a very beautiful name. Yes, I must call you *Dorothea*, when we are alone, with Dolly for short, now and then, even if that be just a *wee* bit naughty."

"You society gentlemen always say such flattering things. One never can tell just when to believe you."

"I am in earnest—deadly in earnest. But you are something of a fraud, for you are not the unsophisticated country girl that you would have me believe. Did you meet society men at Mrs. Stuart's?"

"No, indeed I didn't! The teachers were very strict—everybody in Staunton knows how very, very strict. But I've visited my schoolmates in several cities—I have been out of Fauquier a time or two."

"Never shall Virginia permit her beautiful daughters to leave her bosom to settle permanently elsewhere."

The blushes on Miss Dorothea's soft cheeks deepened.

"But she has so many beautiful daughters, Virginia has; I think she can spare a few."

"Then you *are* engaged?"

"I didn't say so."

"But that is what you meant."

"No, I didn't—honestly, Captain Temple. I shall never be engaged."

Miss Eugenie Victoria Rice's voice now came through the parlour window.

"Dorothea Annabel! *Dorothea Annabel!* Ain't you and your gent'man friend comin' in to get no refreshments?"

"Come, Dolly; I am hungry."

When Miss Dorothea Annabel saw that the captain had not been shocked by her sister's unconventional speech the reaction from shame made her heart bound.

This was not the kind of girl whose feelings Captain Temple would hurt, even for a moment. He treated social blunders and errors in speech, when he cared to do so, as though he had not noticed them, or as permissible violations of a code foolishly strict.

No sooner had Mrs. Rice heard that Captain Temple had called to see her daughter than she began preparations for afternoon tea. Her table was soon loaded with fried chicken, cold ham, cold mutton, chicken salad, sardines, beaten biscuits, butter in fancy individual prints, three kinds of cake,

lemonade, and cherry bounce. No mean hostess was Mrs. Rice.

Although the Rice dwelling was larger and more expensively furnished than the home of any other yeoman family in Fauquier county, it was no more comfortable than the cabin of the humblest peasant in Virginia—nor nearly so comfortable; for the only room in which any member of the family felt at home was the kitchen. Mrs. Rice always shuddered when she entered the parlour; but there she sat a part of each day, a sacrifice laid on the altar of society—the good martyr-mother that she was. Mrs. Rice never knew why she shuddered; nor did she know that she shuddered; nor do your narrators know why she shuddered, for the parlour was full of the Rice taste—a new table was in the centre of the room, a new huge family Bible was on the table, and so was a new illustrated book written by a missionary; a new square piano that no Rice could play was in a corner of the room, and on one end of the piano was a new vase filled with beautiful new paper flowers, and on the other end was a new huge leather-bound album full of family photographs; gold tassels hung from the new green velvet lambrquin that shrouded the mantel; new perfect wax fruit under a new glass globe decorated one corner of the mantel, and a new vase filled with golden grass decorated the other end; a new crayon portrait of Mr. James P. Rice, on a new oak easel, draped with soft yellow silk, greeted every person that entered the room, and never got done with the hospitable greeting; a new couch and a great many new chairs were upholstered in green plush (a few new gold chairs were upholstered in red to

add colour to the surroundings, chairs which were not used for any other purpose) ; some of the many new tidies were crocheted by Mrs. Rice herself, and others were embroidered in colours by Miss Dorothea Annabel—a parlour that would have pleased any Virginian yeoman. Yet Mrs. Rice unknowingly shuddered whenever she entered the room, and, gentle reader, your narrators know not why.

Miss Dorothea Annabel and Captain Temple entered the parlour. There the captain was introduced to Miss Eugenie Victoria Rice and Mr. Roger Williams Stokes.

Assuming an air of superiority, Mr. Stokes acknowledged the introduction by nodding his head, for gentlemen of his type think that familiarity indicates gentle breeding. His face was the map of New England. Like all Vermonters, his mouth was the shape of a dollar mark. No Virginian has ever observed the teeth of a New Englander—man or woman—without wondering how long since those teeth had tested the metal of some coin. Had he lived in our time his voice, which had all the melody of a nail in contact with a revolving saw, would have been a symphony in the ears of Dr.—er—what-you-may-call-him—Dr. Freeman's wife, to whom the Virginian's "drawl" is offensive. Mr. Stokes was——

Your pardon, gentle reader, for this interruption; but the name of the leading "authoress" of New England of our period, whenever mentioned, must bring to your mind as it does to ours some of the elements of the widely-advertised literature of her geographical division of these states that are more or less united.

Is chastity unknown in New England? No, say Virginians, despite the writings of New England's novelists and playwrights all New England's women are not impure. Her books and plays are untrue—not her women.

Awake, ye sons and daughters of New England, your literature is in danger!

Time was when your women were seduced by men like the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, and the women that were seduced were of the Mistress Hester Prynne kind. Now your women, seduced by louts, behave like kitchen wenches.

Always chroniclers of illicit sexual dalliance, now the New England novelist imitates Mrs. Freeman instead of Hawthorne; and we are told that life in New England is further reflected by "The Old Homestead," "Way Down East," "Shore Acres," and plays of that kind.

Your narrators, again thanking you for your indulgence, will return to Mr. Stokes. That shadow of New England was short, thin, and red-headed; his hair was cropped close, as though he wished to suppress it; his face seemed to be tied into a knot, the impression thus given doubtless arising from the peculiar topography of New England; his collar had immense dog-ears, and his cravat, store-made into a bow, was a vivid green, blending beautifully with the colour of his hair and face. Captain Temple felt sure that Mr. Stokes was capable of all the flexibility that the Readjuster party required of its leaders, and marked him as a man to be cultivated.

Dr. Reginald Launcelot Rice, who recently had returned from Princeton, where he had taken his Ph. D., was now presented to the distinguished vis-



itor. After shaking hands with the utmost heartiness and familiarity, the doctor placed his hand affectionately on Temple's shoulder. The captain observed that the young man's hair was carefully parted in the middle, plastered down on each side, and slightly pushed back from the forehead, the style in which the gentlemen of Baltimore still wear their hair. This indicated that Dr. Reginald Launcelot to some extent had studied the Virginian gentlemen, and Temple smiled as he thought of a few remarks Colonel Daingerfield once made, and wondered if by chance they had been repeated to the young yeoman. The colonel had referred to Dr. Smythe, Mr. Carter's rival.

"Zounds, man!" he had said, "that imitator does not know enough to part his hair in the middle. The balance of his body is parted that way; his face is between his two ears; his nose is between his two eyes; his body is located between his two arms; his heart, if he has one, is on his left side, his gall, which he has in abundance, is on his right side; but he must part his hair just above his left ear, like all other plebeians. Sirs, when our misguided country left her dear old mother, our peasantry, to show their superiority to Englishmen and to all other peoples of the earth, parted their hair on the side, and did many other foolish things. No gentleman of any land, except Yankeeland, parts his hair on the side."

Dr. Reginald Launcelot had ploughed the cornfields of his father's new farm until five years before, when he entered William and Mary, where three years later he took his bachelor's degree. Then he matriculated at the University of Virginia, and at the end of one session was awarded the mas-

ter's degree. He attended lectures at Princeton the next scholastic year, then returned to Warrenton to make his father's home his own, the degree of doctor of philosophy in his pocket. Dr. Reginald Launcelot had taken five years to travel from the corn-fields of Fauquier county all the way to Princeton, through the halls of that great institution, back to his father's home. But he had taken refreshments along the road, had rested three months every summer, had a month of holidays during each scholastic year, and had not laboured on Sundays.

Was Dr. Reginald Launcelot a youth of unusual gifts that he should take three degrees, including the highest degree that is awarded by Princeton, in five years? No, gentle reader; other youths have surpassed his record many times and oft in later years; the voice of the people has been heard in the public institutions of Virginia, and those of other nations also, and the youths attending William and Mary, the University of Virginia, and Princeton yearly are becoming more and more scholarly. Your narrators confidently expect the young man of the future to take the degree of Ph. D. from Princeton, by way of the nursery, by way of William and Mary, by way of the University of Virginia, in a single scholastic year—by proxy. Our expectations are based on reason, as you may agree, when you examine the record of one James S. Wilson, born November 12, 1880, in Surry county, Virginia. We will quote his record as printed in the *Bulletin of the College of William and Mary*, Vol. I, No. 1, p. 13, as follows:

He [James S. Wilson] entered William and Mary College in 1901 and was graduated in 1904 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1904 he attended the University of

Virginia, and in one session was granted the Master's degree in the department [*sic*] of History, English Language, Literature and Philosophy. An equally remarkable record was made the following session, 1905-06, at Princeton University where he was granted his Ph.D., in the Department [*sic*] of English, Philosophy and History. The Board of Visitors of William and Mary College, in June, 1906, elected Dr. Wilson Assistant Professor in the department of English and History.

Dr. Wilson, who is a young man of high character, your narrators have been told, was educated by "a young lady-teacher" until ten years of age, when he went to the free school at Smithfield, in the backwoods of Isle of Wight county. After deducting from each of the five years the summer vacation of three months, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter, and other holidays, amounting to a month, and the Sundays of eight months, say thirty-two Sundays, we find that Dr. Wilson travelled his royal road in less than three years—through William and Mary, through the University of Virginia, through Princeton. He is now a learned doctor of philosophy.

Dr. Reginald Launcelot Rice was drunk. He had been drunk since the day that he was called from the plough to take a high position in the new aristocracy. A member of the Society of the Cincinnati,—membership in which is the peasant's patent to gentility,—he had not yet decided upon a career, but thought of the church, politics, or a college professorship. He also thought of doing nothing.

Having rung the dinner bell, Mrs. Rice, a peasant by birth, entered the parlour.

"I certainly feels highly honoured, Cap'n Temple, to make your distinguished acquaintance."

"The honour, my dear Mrs. Rice, which is very great, you have conferred upon me."

"Law, Cap'n, but you *du-u-u* say sech beautiful things! Now you all come right into the dining-room. There ain't much to eat, but maybe there'll be enough to quench your hunger till supper-time."

Professor George Washington Lafayette Simpson awkwardly offered his arm to Mrs. Rice. They led the way to the dining-room, followed by Mr. Roger Williams Stokes and Miss Eugenie Victoria, Dr. Reginald Launcelot and Miss Phyllis Daphne, Captain James Spotswood Temple and Miss Dorothea Annabel, and the ten younger Rices, who, having been drilled to the stair-step movement, entered the dining-room in Indian file. Taking her place at the head of the table, which was formally set, Mrs. Rice looked inquiringly at Miss Dorothea Annabel, then hesitatingly toward the guest of honour.

"Cap'n Temple, won't you be so kind an' obligin' as to ask a blessin'?"

"O Lord—er—er—O Lord—er—er—we beseech Thee—make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive—in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen!"

Poor Miss Dorothea Annabel! But the captain had been equal to the occasion. His reverential manner made her believe that it was customary in fashionable society to thank the Lord for afternoon teas. (Your narrators feel sure that they never have been thankful for them.) She felt unworthy

of this noble man, who evidently took God with him in his daily life.

Captain Temple, who had dined quite heartily at two, was prepared to make a politician's sacrifice. He ate a piece of chicken; a slice of ham; a slice of mutton; a large helping of chicken salad; passed back for another piece of ham; ate three biscuits; praised the butter; said that he had never tasted pickles nearly so good, and refused the sardines merely because they had not been prepared by Mrs. Rice's own hands.

"Really, Mrs. Rice, are you in earnest when you say that this is not Smithfield ham, but one of your own curing?"

"Law, Cap'n, Smithfield hams ain't nothin' to my hams. I never thought nothin' of Smithfield hams nohow."

"Indeed you are right, Mrs. Rice; at least I have never tasted a Smithfield ham nearly so good as yours. Now you will not mind if I take still another little piece, will you?"

No sacrifice had been too great for Mrs. Rice to make for her children. She had become a member of every patriotic society that Warrenton women had organised since the war, in the hope of improving the social standing of her sons and daughters—and herself. Indeed, did a Virginian woman ever enter a patriotic society who did not do so to reap thereby social advantages for herself or her family? This excellent lady—like those that followed her, who formed the association known as the Daughters of the American Revolution—did not know that she announced her plebeian origin when she submitted proof to show her qualifications to belong to a so-

ciety composed of the descendants of those that fought for the independence of the American colonies. She did not know that the gentry of Virginia, with a few exceptions, had been faithful to the crown. She decorated her stationery with the emblem of one of the societies of the daughters of Virginian overseers, then wrote many letters to her acquaintances and friends, thus parading her social importance.

The patriotic societies that followed the period in which Mrs. Rice lived were formed and maintained solely for the purpose of publishing the social aspirations of parvenus. But cattle are registered, so why not register the men and women that are descended from Revolutionary peasants? Many of them now form what is known by a few Virginians as the Revolutionary aristocracy—those persons who were not aristocrats before the first war with Great Britain. Let them be registered.

“Maw,—er—mother,—why in the devil do you keep on havin’ cherry bounce an’ lemonade ’stead of wine?”

“Now, son, you know I don’t believe in no drinkables—except the kind ladies drink. You know, Cap’n, I goes around to social functions of patriotic s’cieties of afternoons, an’ I don’t see nobody takin’ nothin’ stronger than tea an’ lemonade an’ the likes. Now, son, you stop your teasin’. The doctor never took a drink in all his life, Cap’n, my son never did; now did you, son?”

“Well, I should say so, maw,—er—mother! You don’t think so—of course not, certainly not! But let me tell you, old lady, the first thing I learnt at William an’ Mary was to carry a pint of corn a

day, an' I learnt how to double that dose at the University. But when I got to Princeton I had to forget the corn part of my eddication an' learn how to take up an' put down five Manhattan cocktails, one bottle of Krug, six Martinis, an' three glasses of Chartreuse every day, then put on a nightcap made of brandy. No, indeed, I don't take nothin'!"

"Why, you Reg'nal La'nc'lot Rice! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, standin' up there an' havin' Cap'n Temple hear sech carryin'-ons! An' he's a doctor, too, if he ain't mended no bones an' pulled no teeth! You knows you never took no glass in all your life!"

"Now, now, Mrs. Rice, boys will be boys! As a young man I never took anything, nor do I touch a drop now; but I can understand how all young men like to taste a little innocent wickedness now and then. The doctor is a boy after my own heart, a fine young fellow, who will steady down. Some fine day he will take his father's place in the Senate."

"Aw, cut out that pink punk, won't you now!"

But the captain's kind words had relieved the tension. Evidently this Virginian of the aristocracy thought that Dr. Reginald Launcelot should be excused for appearing drunk at his mother's impromptu social function.

The afternoon din—tea—proceeded merrily, but was soon interrupted by Mr. James P. Rice, who had canvassed Fauquier in the interest of his candidacy all the morning. Several persons had addressed him as Senator Rice, pleasantly anticipating his election, hence the self-nominated candidate was unusually buoyant.



He greeted his guests with great warmth. Like all Virginians of his period, from the humblest to the most exalted in station, he shook hands heartily with each. One insulted the Virginian when he did not take his or her hand when introduced.

The pleasure that Mr. Rice took in entertaining was real. In this he was like all Virginians of his time, for there was no affectation in the Virginian's hospitality. Nor was that hospitality within bounds.

"Pleased to see you all." Then, turning to Temple, he asked: "Have you been here long? Have I kept you waitin'?"

"I have been very pleasantly entertained, I assure you, Senator. If I am ever so fortunate as to find some girl willing to marry me, I hope that she will take into my home all the grace and charm of the lady who presides at your table, and will know how to prepare such excellent dishes as these."

"How's farmin', Mr. Stokes?" inquired Mr. Rice, not neglecting his other guests in his elation.

"Fine as silk. But I don't see why you people daown her-r-re don't have better-r-r roads. I never-r-r seen sich roads nowher-r-res!"

"If you don't like our roads, Mr. Stokes, you'd better go back to where you come from," Miss Eugenie Victoria said good-naturedly, although she managed to convey to Mr. Stokes the idea that she was tired of hearing his complaints.

"I 'low as I shell git to go back hum some time or-r-r ruther."

This pleasantry was overlooked by Mr. Rice, who now turned to Simpson.

"An' how are you, Perfessor?"

"Pretty well, pretty well, thank you."

Whereupon the professor nervously gulped down a glass of lemonade. He desired the friendship of every member of the Rice family; for although his addresses to Miss Phyllis Daphne had been long and unsuccessful, still he hoped that the day would come when he would call socially on Mr. Rice—alone.

After tea everybody went on the verandah, except Dr. Reginald Launcelot, who went to his room, first having told his mother derisively that her cherry bounce had made him sleepy.

Professor Simpson soon pulled from his pocket a small album, then turned its pages slowly. He was preoccupied, solving some intricate problem in mathematics, no doubt.

"What's you got, Perfessor?"

"Why, Mrs. Rice; you startled me! This is an album that contains a few portraits of scientific men. Do you care to examine its contents?"

"Newton—Darwin—Herschel—Huxley—Simpson—why, Perfessor! what in the world is your likeness doin' in here?"

"Why, mummer," said Miss Phyllis Daphne, as she covered her admirer's confusion, "Perfessor Simpson's writin' a book about the fourth *de-mension*, an' says as how them big bugs that's got their names in there never knowed nothin' about no fourth *de-mension*."

While the album was passed about Miss Dorothea Annabel spoke to Captain Temple in an undertone.

"The Professor says that he's a literary immortal as well as a genius in mathematics. I never could see what Phyllis Daphne found in him to admire. Oh,

I'm so tired of all this, Captain Temple,—these dull people, with their trying manners, their crude ideas, and their awful vulgarity! It seems so easy for a man to be a gentleman and for a woman to be a lady."

"I would not mind if I were you, Dorothea—Dorothea Annabel—Dolly—Dorothea. How beautiful is your beautiful name! My harsh voice is almost musical when I say Dorothea Annabel—Dorothea Annabel."

"H-u-s-h!"

"Why don't you folks daown her-r-re pull that ther-r-re vine offen the side o' the house?" asked Mr. Roger Williams Stokes, who was not interested in affairs literary and scientific.

"If company don't like the way things is fixed, they can mighty easy find the big road—it's plain enough for anybody to see, the Lawd knows!"

"Didn't mean no har-r-rm."

Miss Eugenie Victoria's voice was sharp and clear enough to subdue her ardent admirer.

"Senator, what do you think of the political situation?"

"Dunno, Cap'n; dunno. I follow Parson Jones without askin' no questions, because he's a Baptist preacher. Young Debtayers like you don't know what it is to have to dig taxes outen the ground."

Mr. Rice had not referred to his career as a merchant since he had become a land owner.

"Why, dad," Miss Dorothea Annabel said, "Captain Temple is not a Debtayer—he has promised General Murphy to run for governor, and he is likely to be the first Readjuster president of the United States."

“Yes, indeed, James P., Dorothea Annabel’s speakin’ the truth.”

“You don’t mean it, maw! Well, I do declare! I certainly am glad, though, Cap’n, I certainly am. I voted for your father many a time, an’ I certainly is goin’ to have a great deal of pleasure in votin’ for you.”

“I thank you. If I can serve the people with as much ability as my father served them, I shall feel justified in neglecting my law practice and entering the public service of my fellow-countrymen. His popularity has always been a source of deep gratification to me.”

“Politics is a better-r-r payin’ business than law—leastwise it pays better-r-r in Vermont, wher-r-re I comes from. But law comes in mighty handy with politerkers, an’ that ain’t no lie.”

“I am mighty glad Mr. Harrison’s with us too; mighty glad, I can tell you,” said Mr. Rice. “His speech the other day made a heap of farmers see what I’ve been tellin’ them all along—what’s the use of scufflin’ and scufflin’ jest to see the fruit of your labour sent to pay off an old debt as is owed to a lot of English as wouldn’t help us in the war an’ a lot of Yankees as fit an’ then robbed us. The United States gov’ment destroyed our property—now, I says, let the United States gov’ment pay our debts. Mr. Harrison’s wrong when he says as how the debt oughter to be paid when we’re able to pay it. I believe in this here thing called forc’ble readjustment. I am mindin’, though, as what he’s sayin’ about a satisfactory settlement with the creditors is gettin’ a lot of them as stickles that folks oughter pay their honest debts. I pays my own debts—in

time—an' that's all any man oughter be asked to do."

"If he does that, he does better'n most folks do—leastwise up to hum no man's layin' 'wake o' nights worryin' 'bout debts—leastwise unless it's the man that ain't able to git debts paid to him."

"I shall probably see you again, Mr. Stokes—at nine to-night," said the captain, as he looked significantly at the New Englander.

"Al-r-r-right."

The conversation was not particularly interesting to the young ladies; the ten little Rices were impatient; little Stonewall Jackson had just tickled little Violet Rosemary's foot, and Turner Ashby frequently had requested his mother to make Timothy Murphy *be*-have.

Seeing that the time for his departure had come, Captain Temple took his leave with elaborate grace. He was so courteous and graceful, so long in taking his leave, that all felt thrilled.

Mrs. Rice urged Temple to call again.

"Now *du-u-u*, Cap'n, now as you have found your way out to our estate, come around real offen; now *du-u-u*."

Mr. Rice added a few words to the invitation that his spouse had extended.

"I certainly was mighty pleased, Cap'n, when I found you'd come around to pay us a s'ciety visit. I hope you'll come just as offen as you can. Be shore to—now don't forget."

Miss Dorothea was the last to whom he said good-bye, although the entire Rice tribe and the visitors accompanied him as far as the steps of the

verandah. In parting he neither pressed her hand nor showed by his eyes that he loved her.

At two o'clock the next morning, as Dorothea Annabel went over the events of the day for the fiftieth time, she decided that she admired the captain's self-restraint, as shown by his leave-taking, more than any of his other qualities. She had never known any other person that she had considered so fine—he was even more than fine, for was he not a gentleman of extraordinary nobility? She had never known any other person that she had considered a gentleman, or even a man—except her father, who was a man if not a gentleman. She wondered if the creatures with whom she had associated, who had dressed in a way somewhat to resemble Captain Temple, belonged to any sex.

“I've allers told you, maw, as our gyurls would do well if they'd jest be perticular about their company. Now, there's no nicer gent'man nowheres than Cap'n Temple.”

“An' he did seem downright pleased with our Dorothea Annabel too. I do wish them other gyurls had Dorothea Annabel's style about them.”

“I don't think much of their beaux. They ain't much account when you sets 'em up alongside a man like Cap'n Temple.”

Mr. Rice felt that he was on familiar terms with the gentleman that he so greatly admired. The acquaintance had soon ripened into a close friendship.

“I think Stokes is real pleasant now, James P. His manners ain't so finished as Cap'n Temple's, of course. . . . You oughter be perticular, James

P., about how you talk befo' him. You warn't over an' above perlite."

"I don't think much of no Vermont Yankee, I don't, even if he has bought a nice little place outen his carpetbagger money. As to Simpson, I downright draw the line there. Not an acre of land to his name—an' he warn't nothin' but an ord'nary clark in a storè till he come fifteen year. Not an acre of land to his name—an' him three months outen each year without no work. Means he'd want to hang around here all summer. I've told them gyurls straight up an' down as how they must marry out when they marry. I can't have no marryin' in."

"You *du-u-u* make sech coarse speches, James P. There ain't no man as wants to set on you as I knows of. You're enough to keep your gyurls from marryin' at all."

Mrs. Rice got into bed.

As Captain Temple went on his way his thoughts were with him.

"A pretty girl, Dorothea,—*Dorothea Annabel*, as she seems to be called,—and a very nice girl. You will not marry, Dolly. Too good for the Simpsons and the Stokeses, and not good enough for me. You will never be able to swim the gulf that separates the Rices and the Simpsons from the Temples and the Braxtons. You should go abroad—to the north of us. Many of your class do, then prate of F. F. V.'s—and then persuade northern gemmen as how they are Virginny ladies.

"Love, love, love! A fool is the man that permits himself to love a woman before he is married



to her, and then he should not love her so much as to be unwilling to marry again when she dies. I love you, Lelia Braxton,—I think,—I love you because you are beautiful, proud, gentle, faithful to your ideals—and for a thousand other reasons. You shall be Mrs. James Spotswood Temple. And Dorothea Annabel? . . . Well, little Dolly, at least I shall teach you love. Your life shall not be utterly barren, dear. . . . And I shall love you, Dolly,—a great deal—yes, a very great deal. But I shall love Lelia at the same time—and maybe I shall love Lelia a great deal more.”

Several miles beyond the Rice farm, along the road between Warrenton and Fauquier White Sulphur Springs, was located the shop of one Andy Stover, a blacksmith, who was influential politically in his neighbourhood. The shop was a favourite rendezvous of all sorts and conditions of the Fauquier country folk, and those good people used to gather there to discuss their cabbages and kings. Occasionally a gentleman would draw his horse up near the door and while away half an hour with the sturdy smith, but would never enter the shop.

After taking his leave of the Rice family Captain Temple rode out to the smith's shop. Stover, in his shirt sleeves and apron, having finished his day's work, sat with his chair propped against the outer wall of the small brick building, smoking his pipe.

“Good evening, Andy.”

“Evenin', Cap'n. 'Fraid you're too late to git yer work done ter-day, suh.”

“I have no work for you this evening, Andy. I

merely stopped to exchange a few words with my old friend."

"Git right down an' tek er cheer."

"No, I thank you; I can stay only a few minutes. You country folk always keep better posted on politics than those that live in cities. How are the Readjusters out here—thickening?"

"Dunno, Cap'n; it's hard ter tell."

Mr. Stover, not having heard of the change in Captain Temple's political faith, decided to be non-committal.

"I hope there is no danger that the payment of the funds appropriated for free schools will be discontinued."

"Thar ain't no tellin' what you Funders'll do wid them funds. My nevvie, Gawge Simpson,—Perrfessor Gawge Washin'ton Laf'ette Simpson, out ter Laurel Hill, yer knows,—say ef you Debtayers ain't stopped thar'll be no schoolin' fer po' folks. He says as how all the money goes ter keep up the gov'ment an' ter them thar bon'hol'ers; an' he say as how them thar *cue-pons* that ain't wuth er cent is all the schools git."

"Andy, our children must not be brought up in ignorance. They have little enough, God knows. The state owes a high duty to every one of her people—a duty higher than that which she owes to Yankees and English bondholders."

Captain Temple paused, then continued in an outburst of confidence.

"*I am a Readjuster!*"

"Praise God, Cap'n! Praise God! I ain't never hearn no sech good news befo'—I cert'n'y never hev. Do yer mean it, suh?"

“Yes, I mean to say that I am a Readjuster—with all my heart and soul a Readjuster. We must act together, Andy, you and I, and see that a large Readjuster vote is polled next fall. If the Debt-payers succeed in this election, the free schools will be abolished, taxes will be increased until even your business will be taken from you, and I shall not be surprised if the churches are closed, the salaries of the preachers sent to the state treasury, and our children look straight through the gates of hell. Every man that travels this road that stops to talk with you must be urged to vote for our party—every man that wishes to live to praise God and to enjoy the benefits of His hands.”

“I shore am doin’ all I ken. An’ lemme tell this yer so nobody’s goin’ ter hear: Gawge Simpson—Perfessor Gawge Washin’ton Laf’ette Simpson, am what I means—air workin’ hard makin’ speeches night an’ day ter black an’ white. Gawge—what am ter say Perfessor Gawge Washin’ton Laf’ette Simpson, that’s ter Laurel Hill—he’s got me beat like er anvil ’bout eddication, but I ken holler, an’ I is er-hollerin’, I jes’ ken tell yer. Every man ’round yere, black an’ white, air up agin them Debt-payers. Gawge—what am the perfessor—says as how free schools hev already been shet down over ter Laurel Hill, cayse school taxes wus paid in *cuepons* ’stedder money, an’ he ’lows, he do, as how the farmers air bein’ taxed so as they ain’t got nothin’ ’cept thar debts left.”

“The people should be informed—thoroughly informed—as to the true state of affairs without delay.”

“They’s bein’ tole right ’nough. We’s gittin’ up

er bar-be-cue now. Thar's no way ter git out votes like er bar-be-cue. When evvybody's het up wid liquor their feelin's ken be worked on by them as has gifts o' language. It'd be heap o' he'p ef you'd jine us ter that thar bar-be-cue."

"How could I help, Andy?"

"By makin' er speech—one of them thar workin'-up speeches that'll make every man wonder why he's sech er fool 'bout neglec'in his intrus'. Evvy cent counts, Cap'n, in gittin' up er bar-be-cue. Them things cost, too, cayse thar's bread an' meat an' liquor—an' allers them comes high. Parson Jones, he done sent us er 'scription, but said as how none o' his'n wus ter go fer rum. Thar warn't 'nough fer rum in that thar subscription nohow."

"Well, this is for whiskey, remember, and should be enough to supply a quart to every man."

"Thankee, Cap'n; thankee kindly, suh. I'll see as how evvy cent goes fer liquor. Parson Jones'll be yere nex' cote-day, an' he'll bring out evvy Baptist in the county. Howsomever, bein' a Meth'dis', I don't 'xactly like ter hear er preacher talkin' politics."

"He is a good talker, Andy. You should bring the Methodists out to hear him. He will not argue baptism this time. Andy, there is a duty that you owe to your God and to your neighbour. That duty is this: do all in your power to hasten the coming of God's kingdom on earth by electing our party next fall."

Mr. Stover's sense of his importance in the community, greatly increased because of his intimate relations with the leaders of his party, now made

him turn toward Captain Temple with an outburst of confidence.

“Gen’l Murphy am er hard man, Cap’n; er hard man, suh. I fit under him, I did. He am er hard man, suh. His hard-headedness kilt us most as much as it kilt the Yankees. Yer ought ter be the man fer us to git out fer gov’nor. Thar ain’t no man as warn’t proud of ole Gen’l Temple. He war er great man, Cap’n; er great man, suh. You’re the man, suh.”

“I teks ’specious pledjer in pernouncerin’ ter you, Miss Berkeley, dat Mistah James Spotswood Temple will fill de cheer ob honour ter-night. I’s ’vited de mos’ sumptuous ob my ’quaintances ter de festibal ter celebrate de duplicity ob de party—de party dat’s er-gwine ter gib ebry man rights dat’s his’n,—de party ob *e*-qual-et-te.”

“Nigger, why don’ you quit dem highferlutin’ airs ’roun’ me. I knows you, Mister Berkeley,—I knows you. Jes’ shet dat black mouf ob yourn an’ kep it shet, an’ talk words dat you an’ me knows when you hangs ’roun’ dis hyar house. I’s tired ob yo’ foolishness; an’ ef you don’ quit, I’s gwine try de shevel as er weep.”

“Malindy, hit’s jes’ sech niggers as you as keeps de race down. Come from yo’ po’-white-trash raisin’. An’ I could er-married Mistah Daingerfield’s Sary, dat was ole Miss Daingerfield’s own maid, an’ as fine er-lookin’ yaller gal as I eber seen, ’stedder takin’ a pot-black nigger lek you. Don’ know what mek me sech er fool.”

Mrs. Berkeley took the shovel.

“Wish you had—wish ter Gawd you had, you nasty low-down, low-flung, turkey-buzzard, you!”

The reverend doctor rapidly withdrew, his irate spouse following him to the door, which received the full force of the shovel that she aimed at the vanishing form of her lord and master.

In the early morning the day after the Berkeley festival, where words and social equality were food and wine, all Fauquier county knew that the late Governor Alexander Spotswood Temple's son had addressed a meeting of negroes, that he had been introduced to a negro audience by a negro, that he had treated negroes as if they were socially his equals, that he had called them brothers, and that he had accepted an invitation to dine with Shad and his wife. The ominous—or joyous—news seemed to have been scattered broadcast by the soft breezes that usher in May days in Virginia, so rapidly had it travelled.

Not all the negroes were elated. Many of them were shocked beyond measure—among them William, Judge Braxton's butler, and Jake, Mr. Harrison's man, who met in front of the great gates of Morven soon after sunrise.

“Don' you 'pen' on nuttin' 'tall he say, Br'er Inglewood. I don' set no sto' by dese yere turn-coaches nohow. Mistah Temple done tu'n ergin his own? What fo'? Fo' suppen', shorely; an' 'tain' fo' nuttin' done fo' you an' me. Ef he gwine et wid Shad, he ain' gwine et wid Marse Ingram—not ef I's gwine wait de table.”

“Dat's so, Br'er Morven; now you is jes' talkin'. I ain' fo'git nohow as how Mistah Jeemes done

cheat Jinny outen de money he done git fo' her li'l' piece ob lan'. Ef white folks steal, dey mos' gen'al calls it 'kleppin'; ef nigger steal, dey done call it roguin'; but Mistah Temple he done mek er new name—Mistah Temple he done call it his law'er's fee."

The indignation of the gentry when they heard of Temple's conduct could hardly be termed anger, for the news was far too serious for mere wrath. Now, as never before, they had a realising sense of the great danger in which all Virginia's institutions were placed.

Colonel Daingerfield heard the news at five o'clock. Immediately he called for his horse.

"Judge Braxton, I offer no excuse for this early call."

"Yes, Daingerfield, William brought us the news an hour ago. I dressed at once and came down to the library."

"Judge, for three hundred years Virginians have been a people apart from all other peoples of the earth. Men have said, I am an Athenian, I am a Roman, I am an Englishman; but when a Virginian said, I am a Virginian, those that heard him understood that his was the glory of Greece, his the grandeur of Rome, his the splendour of England—and more, sir; that his was the honour of Virginia. In honour our country during all her life has been supreme among the nations of the world. 'Virginia'—'honour.' The terms are interchangeable. I do not speak in disparagement of any nation when I say that no people of recorded time were so honourable as the people of Virginia. Why,



sir, to this day the words 'I am a Virginian' is the bond of every man that gives them utterance. This country, in spite of her unfortunate entanglements with foreign nations, has always had a higher credit than any other nation of the earth during the entire period of her existence. No other country could borrow among foreign peoples sums so large as could Virginia. No man asked for more than her promise to pay. Her honour was her security."

The old statesman trembled—not with anger, but as a strong man that has been told that his son has been accused of some foul deed and he fears that there may be truth in the charge. A philosopher has said that man's ruling passion is his love for his mate. That philosopher was not a Virginian, unless Virginia was his mate; for the ruling passion of the Virginian worthy of his country has always been Virginia; nor did he love his mistress less because he loved Virginia more. The colonel loved no human being as he loved Virginia.

"Daingerfield," said Judge Braxton, his voice shaking with emotion, "I hope that God in His goodness will take my life sooner than He will permit me to live to see Virginia's honour taken from her." He paused for a while that he might re-establish self-control. "People must be governed by those that are educated in the science of statecraft. Under our government Virginians for more than two hundred and fifty years were a highly cultured and moral people, as happy as they were virtuous. Those engaged to be married never broke their vows. The Virginian home was inviolable. Divorce was unknown. No white woman was accused of being unchaste. Crime was confined to petty larceny among negroes. The jails of some of our

counties were without a single prisoner for sixty consecutive years. Poverty was unknown. The man that accumulated great wealth was dishonourable. I believe that Virginia's system of government, an absolute monarchy with all the strength of a republic, a monarchy in which the aristocracy as a unit was king, was superior to any government of our time or of any other period. If virtue and fitness to govern do not reside in the aristocracy, in the educated, in those that for centuries have been accustomed to self-restraint, in those that know that every moral transgression is bound to be visited by adequate punishment, that all the virtues carry with them their own reward: I say, Daingerfield, you are right—if government can not be conducted successfully by such persons, we may not expect that successfully it can be conducted by the ignorant or the vicious. The ignorant are the vicious when the hand of authority no longer protects them against themselves."

The venerable General Dabney and the aged Mr. Carter had entered the library while Judge Braxton was speaking, but had motioned him to continue.

"Indeed is Virginia's sovereignty in jeopardy. To overthrow our system of government at this time, while the whole people are in a pitiable plight—the result of our long war, in which this country was made the battlefield of thirty-six nations; now that Reconstruction has left our lands devastated and our personal property dissipated—I say that to change our whole social system at this time not only would bankrupt Virginia morally and financially, but would absolutely destroy her. She would cease to exist as a nation."

Judge Braxton paused. Captain Lancaster had entered the library.

“Our victors, intoxicated with success, are now tearing up the treaty that they fought to preserve. Out of the nations that entered the federal compact they intend to create a republic, out of that republic an empire, and even you and I may live to see that empire rise and fall. Virginia will never be absorbed by any foreign government so long as she is faithful to herself and resists encroachments upon her sovereign rights; but she can not long survive a government of the people by the people for the people. Such a government would soon deliver Virginia, through ignorance or intent, into the hands of our enemies. The flag of Virginia would cease to float over the greatest people that the world has ever known.”

Colonel Daingerfield now spoke, not with his usual fire, but sadly. Levity would have been unseemly in that gathering of sad old men.

“Liberty? The people have liberty under the rule of the aristocracy; but when ruled by men of their own selection licence takes their liberty from them—licence to break down all the elements in civilisation that distinguish a cultured from a barbarous people. O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name! Liberty? Has not Liberty always been synonymous with Licence in the vernacular of the people?”

Depression and Captain Lancaster did not dwell long together.

“Liberty? I’ll tell you the meaning of Liberty. Here is Liberty as she is known to the people: Licence, Lust, and Lice.”

"Sir, leave my presence!" Mr. Carter commanded.

The gentlemen had risen as one man, but resumed their seats as soon as Mr. Carter had issued his command. No one spoke for at least a minute, but all sternly looked at the captain, who pretended to be greatly abashed. He kept his seat, but averted his face.

"Upon one occasion a lowly beast opened his mouth and spake the truth!" said Colonel Daingerfield, still glaring at the captain.

"This is the most unkindest cut of all," General Dabney said, "that sons of such men as John Randolph Harrison and Alexander Spotswood Temple should try to steal from Virginia her dearest treasure. Now in her mantle muffling up her face—her proud face of honour—she cries aloud, '*Et tu, Harrison! et tu, Temple!* then fall, Virginia!'—unless the Lord God of Hosts shall intervene to save His people from destruction."

These were the words of a man who would soon be called before his Maker. Like all Virginian gentlemen of his period, his language was largely coloured by the Bible, the works of Shakespeare, and the writings of Macaulay and Carlyle—whose words they used as their own. But woe befall the man who would misquote or otherwise misuse those authors.

"Sir," Colonel Daingerfield said, "you have drawn on the great Bard of Avon to characterise those misguided young men. I venture to say, sir, that the language of our fathers will be heard in Virginia no longer when her gentlemen make place for Murphy and his thieves."

The colonel paused again to look fixedly at the captain, then continued:

"Where is the Virginian yeoman and the Virginian peasant of yesterday? In all Fauquier county there are only two families of yeomen and two families of peasants that are true to themselves and to Virginian traditions—the yeomen Whites and the yeomen Christians; and the peasant Joe Miller is the only Miller left, and the peasant Mary Scott is the only Scott left. There was a time when all Virginian yeomen were like the Whites and the Christians, and when all Virginian peasants were like the Millers and the Scotts. The Virginian peasant race must not die. So I thought when Joe asked me to permit him to marry Mary. The Virginian yeoman race must not die. You must see to that, Judge. We must have more Whites and more Millers."

"The time will come when Virginia will be known for her niggers, mules, and yaller dogs instead of her great men and beautiful women," said Captain Lancaster, who had recovered his usual independence of thought and speech. "I am in favour of fighting Murphy with a gun," he continued. "Harrison says our campaign is one of words. Words will not harm Timothy Murphy. I say let me pick a quarrel with him. He is a brave man, and will fight if I slap his face. I shall kill him with the first shot."

"No, that would not do, Lancaster; not for a minute," Judge Braxton said, for he feared that the impetuous captain possibly might fight Murphy without advising further with his friends. "Dueling of that kind should never have existed in any

civilised country, and such duels have never been fought in Virginia. Besides, able men would take Murphy's place if he should die. There are Harrison, Temple, and Jones."

"So you mention Temple's name with the names Murphy and Jones!" exclaimed General Dabney. "I recall how Governor Temple said to me a few months before he died, 'Dabney, there are black sheep in my flock, but I hope that I shall never see the day that two of my sons will disgrace their country's name. My old friend, I fear that they are rascals.' I thank God that Governor Temple died before one of those sons had the opportunity to slay him with last night's infamy."

General Dabney did not live to hear how Governor Temple's other black sheep later gave a dinner at his home in Williamsburg, to a mixed company of white, black, and tan politicians, later being elected by the negroes of his district as a member of the Congress of the United States; nor did he live to see the time when James Spotswood Temple was ejected from the hall of the House of Representatives of the United States for abusing the privileges of the floor, which he had claimed as a former member of Congress—expelled by his own party for vicious lobbying.

The party of gentlemen was interrupted by Andy Stover, somewhat sobered, who rushed in unannounced, greatly excited, and addressed Mr. Carter:

"Missus say come—come quick! Andy's dyin'!"

"Leave my presence, sir! For sixty years I have attended the Stovers, but the last time there was a distemper in your family you summoned Dr.

Smythe, and you summoned him because he would charge you, and therefore you thought that his administrations would be more effective than mine. Leave my presence, sir! Go to Dr. Smythe!"

"Bin thar! He say: 'Go git that ole foggy Carter. Let him kill yo' chile. I ain't got no use for no man as don't pay his doctor's bills. I ain't goin' ter 'ten' yo' folks no mo'.'"

For several minutes the venerable physician was speechless.

"I will go with you, Stover,—immediately. To what a pass has Virginia come! A physician, God's elect, refuses to save a life because he does not receive his wage!"

Whereupon Mr. Carter accompanied Mr. Stover to his home, carrying with him calomel, quinine, and a silver spoon,—he always carried calomel, quinine, and a silver spoon in his pockets,—and little Andy soon passed out of the shadow of death, a shadow cast by croup.

"Tel-e-grum, suh!"

The message was delivered to John Harrison early in the morning, before he left his room in the Exchange Hotel, in Fredericksburg, for breakfast.

Petersburg Va Wed A M  
John Harrison Exchange Hotel, Fredericksburg Va

In your speech this afternoon do not refer to political meeting held in Warrenton last night

MURPHY

The young man hurried to the foyer, where he found groups of men anxiously discussing the events of the night before, accounts of which had been



telegraphed throughout the state. As he read the message he thought that there was truth in the common report: Murphy never slept.

Harrison was to speak in Fredericksburg in the afternoon, then go to Ashland to attend a conference of Readjuster leaders. The day after the conference he was to make the last of a series of addresses in Richmond, then return to Warrenton, where he would stay for a few days before starting on a campaign in the east.

Many persons called to see him before the hour set for his address, but all the while he thought of Lelia Braxton, how she would be distressed beyond measure; for she knew, he was sure, that he would be obliged to share Temple's disgrace, that Temple's shame would be his shame, and the shame of every Murphyite in the state.

He thought of her as he had seen her last, kneeling in the magnolia grove in the Morven garden that evening just after sunset. He had remained on his knees for several minutes after her prayer was said, although he had not prayed; then he had stood up, and after he had walked a few steps toward the house he had stopped, turned, and looked at her tenderly for several minutes, as she knelt there, and then he had gone silently away. He had not heard from her since; nor had he called to see her, but the next day he had gone on a campaigning tour of the cities between Fredericksburg and Danville, and since then he had delivered three speeches daily. He would go to her that afternoon, after making a brief speech,—not to ask her if God had answered her prayer, but to show her that Temple and his kind did not represent General Murphy and other

honourable leaders of the Readjuster party. But had her prayer been answered? If so, his way had not been God's way.

While jealousy is often a manifestation of egotism, it also frequently has its root in self-abasement, but seldom results from a lack of confidence in its object. Not for a moment did John Harrison doubt Lelia Braxton's constancy—to her love, or to her friends; but he feared that she would cease to love him, and in time would love some man more nearly in sympathy with her political views.

And why should he hold the love of this wonderful being? Had she ever loved the real John Harrison?—or had the seed of tares which she had sown in her heart blossomed into flowers? There was Dick Taliaferro, a man that he greatly admired, a great sculptor; personally attractive, tall, vigorous physically and mentally; a man liked by men, strong, yet tender as a woman. Surely Lelia Braxton would cease to love John Harrison when she really knew Dick Taliaferro.

Then, he had heard how the best of women often marry the worst of men. His heart was sick as he thought of Temple, who was known as a popular man among women, especially among young girls. Through some trickery the fellow might win Lelia Braxton's love; she might plant in her heart other seed that would bloom into flowers.

Like all men, John Harrison felt that he was the only man, although unworthy,—how unworthy he alone knew,—that he was the only man that really understood the character of the woman that he loved, the only man that should marry her. His life would be dedicated to her. His chief pleasure

would be to work for her happiness. Although Taliaferro would make an ideal husband for some noble girl, he could never understand Lelia Braxton. But Temple—he would not continue his thoughts, he would not permit himself to think—the fate that—the fate that would be hers should she marry that man.

He was unable to get Temple out of his thoughts. His hideous image was ever before him—until he rang the Morven door-bell.

“Lelia, dear love, I am here.”

“I thought that you would come.”

“I was afraid that you would not see me.”

“I shall never refuse to see you, John, so long as I shall live—I hope.”

“That meeting last night—that meeting—I had nothing to do with it. Lelia, General Murphy never knew there was to be such a meeting. . . . I am unjust. Captain Temple could never have spoken the words that have been attributed to him by negroes who wish social equality, who have misunderstood, who have deliberately misrepresented his attitude and words. I have known Captain Temple ever since I was a boy. He neither could have treated negroes as his social equals nor led them to believe that the Readjuster party intends to repudiate one cent of Virginia’s debt. . . . Temple and I are not friends; but no act of his that I can recall ever justified any feeling of hostility that I may have for him.”

“I do not like him—I do not trust him—I—believe—I—even—despise—him. But I have never heard him accused of any wrong until now. He has

not been misrepresented, though; I feel sure of that."

They were silent for several minutes.

"John, that meeting last night was planned by General Murphy and Captain Temple. Oh, John dear, can you not see?—can you not see? I would share disgrace with you; I would gladly bear all your disgrace—in my heart—and oh the joy I would have in the burden!—but, John dear, I can not, I, a Virginian, I can not!—my life and dishonour must not be linked together. And Virginia expects every Virginian woman to keep Virginia's honour bright—*Virginia's* honour."

"Do you realise what you are saying? You accuse me of dishonour. You, the woman that I love, charge me with an offence that is beyond pardon. The charge would have been intolerable had a man made it—and I would have killed him, or he would have killed me. And the woman that I love brings that charge against me!"

"Oh, John! Oh, John, John, John! Oh, my love!"

Neither spoke for a while. Then John stood up, bowed gravely, and left the house.

After a while Lelia Braxton went to her room. That night she lived several years—for there are days that are years in the lives of men. Life is not spanned by three score years and ten. The span of life is sorrow—and joy.

A lurid light in the north, a dull glow in the east, flames that were visible in the south, was what John Harrison saw when he left Lelia Braxton and went into the night.

## CHAPTER FIVE

**A**S the dominating characteristic of the negro throughout recorded time, if symptomatic, has been vanity, never has there been a period when the mental or the moral level of the race varied, nor when any member whose blood was unalloyed greatly excelled the race as a whole. One negro being as good as another, and none able to rise above his fellows; his handmaid laziness,—his sole ambition to excel in personal adornment,—he lives from hour to hour in a condition of absolute contentment and rest.

No other race is without a literature of its own, if written only on trees and stones. For many years the negro melody phantom danced before Lafcadio Hearn's eyes, then surprise and chagrin—negro music and folk-lore were old French and Spanish songs and stories. As a negro tribe follows the chase, hunting in droves, and never—not a lone man—attacking dangerous beasts unless numerically superior to its prey by a hundredfold; as no mighty hunter has been a negro; as the negro is without a great warrior; as there never has been a negro hero of peace; as no negro man has ever given his life for another; as there is no negro racial pride: the aged of the tribes have had no achievements of which to sing. But they have sung the songs of their masters—not their conquerors, for the negro has never been conquered. They still sing the songs that tell of their masters' mighty deeds. No word

of African origin does the American negro know. He is without a literature; he is without a language; he is without a memory.

No race properly may plead lack of opportunity in extenuation of ignorance and vice. The negro and the monkey probably have lived as long as man; but neither the monkey nor the negro has changed in any characteristic.

When the negro was carried into countries inhabited by other races he immediately became a slave, continuing his life of vanity, imitation, and contentment. He was neither mentally nor morally improved by his new surroundings; he took his habitat with him; his masters controlled him, and they forced him to obey a few moral and physical laws. But no sooner was the hand of authority withdrawn than the negro returned to his estate primeval, never better, but worse for a while mentally, physically, and morally than he was during his tribal life.

In slavery days the American negro imitated his master in manners and in dress—and in nothing else. Now the American negro imitates the follies of his former masters, but never their achievements in mental and moral philosophies and arts and sciences. What reward did he expect when he imitated the follies of his former masters? The gratification of his vanity. Nothing more.

The war between the states fatally affected the American negro. The wage of sin is death. The negro in America and in Africa is dying.

When told by the invaders of Virginia that all men were born free and equal, that the black man was as good as the white man, that the Proclamation of Emancipation had liberated their minds as

well as their bodies, the freedman declared that he was mentally and morally equal to his former master, and proceeded to gratify his ruling passion,—inordinate vanity,—and proceeded to practise all the loathsome vices of barbarism. Although his imagination had not pictured the time when liberty of licence would permit him to govern his former masters, he became a governor, the black man governing the white man. But no legislative nor executive act of his was influenced by a desire to improve the condition of man and to raise the standard of civilisation. His career as governor was free from burden, free from restraint, and even free from primal obligations to society.

The people of Virginia, among them Temple and Murphy and their followers, did not believe that negro character had been changed by freedom. They were right. Political and social equality in its minor aspects would take the place of the barn dance, where young bucks were dressed in their masters' worn-out evening clothes and young wenches in the discarded finery of their mistresses. The negro clamouring for equality meant merely that he demanded equality in social intercourse, the licence to gratify his vanity, not that he had conceived a condition of natural equality. His dominant passion was intensified, nothing more.

As the negro was known to every white man in Virginia, none save negroes believed that the Proclamation of Emancipation would work a miracle—that the negro would be freed from slavery. All believed that an unwholesome upheaval in the relations of the negro and his master would result, by which both would be damaged, but held that slavery



necessarily would exist in some form, for the negro race could occupy no other relation to any of the peoples of the earth. Again the people of Virginia were right. If slavery be involuntary servitude, the negro always has been and always will be a slave when brought within the sphere of influence of any other race. Still a slave in Virginia, the negro will be nothing else so long as he is there—or elsewhere.

No better form of slavery ever existed than the Virginian negro slavery. It was a sad day for the negro when Lincoln by a stroke of his pen made a white man of him.

While the Readjusters had intimated to negroes that they would enjoy social equality, they never expected them to act like untamed savages, set fire to residences, barns, hay-stacks, pillage corn-cribs, steal fowls and domestic animals, and assault white women; but the negro had resumed the enjoyment of his primal instincts. Conditions soon existed under which he was not tolerated by any other class than the gentry, which never took part in the lynching of negroes, and which in time broke up the Ku Klux Klan. Aristocrats never countenanced lawlessness nor brutality in the government of the negro, yet they had ruled him for nearly three hundred years with as little trouble as they had controlled their domestic animals.

Now Joe Miller had told Hugh White that he and Mary Scott were “goin’ to get married”; and so thought the confident Joe; but he took Hugh into his confidence before he spoke to the gentle Mary about the matter, who heard the news before the proper courier was announced. Consequently she

“shore had been a-layin’ an’ a-layin’” for the young stage-driver and mail-carrier all day, and to-night she had kept him waiting in the kitchen fully ten minutes before she appeared with eyes flashing and cheeks ablaze.

“Oh!—you here?”

“Be’n here more’n an hour.”

“Well, you needn’t set here no longer. I’m sure I never asked no man to hang ’round me, takin’ me offen Miss Daingerfield’s sewin’.”

“What ails you? I ain’t never seen you so riled.”

“You ain’t, ain’t you! Well, you go ask Hugh White an’ Lucy Christian an’ every Tom-Dick-an’-Harry you meets on the highway—that’s what you do.”

“Ain’t Miss Daingerfield spoke to you?”

“No, she ain’t; an’ what’s mo’, there ain’t nobody spoke to me; an’ what’s mo’, ef anybody had spoke to me, anybody ain’t got no business thinkin’ as how I’d jump at him, an’ goin’ ’roun’ sayin’ as how me an’ anybody would be a-marryin’ themselves.”

“I ’lowed as you an’ me wus a settin’-up as soon as I spoke to the cunnel—’lowin’ as how Miss Daingerfield tole you right away.”

“All Miss Daingerfield say was how you wus a thrifty man, an’ as how she didn’t know what she’d do for sewin’. I allus knowed you wus thrifty, an’ I tole Miss Daingerfield as how I didn’t know as how I had a call to sew for nobody ’cep’in’ her.”

“Miss Daingerfield ’lowed as we’d be marryin’ ourselves.”

“She didn’t! She didn’t! She didn’t mean no

sech! Leastwise I didn't know as how she meant that. I hate you! I just hate you, hate you, hate you!"

"I loves you. I wants you to be my wife. You is the most likely lookin' gyurl I knows. I loves you. Won't you marry me—Mary?"

Then Mary cried, for all young peasant girls cried when they were asked to marry; and then she answered her suitor after the manner of peasant girls.

"I ain't goin' to marry no man! Oh, you *is* just *awful*! No! No! No! I won't marry *no* man!"

And a little later Mrs. Daingerfield went into the kitchen on a housewife errand. In some way the mistress always knew when the "psychological moment" (as New England "authoresses" say) was at hand. She spoke to the young people after the manner of the Virginian mistress.

"Well, Joe, we will miss Mary; but we are glad that she is to marry a man like you—the Scotts and the Millers are a part of the Daingerfield household. Be good to her, Joe,—as I know you will be,—and you and Mary establish a family that will be God-fearing and faithful to those that God has placed above you in station."

"I'll allus sew for you, Miss Daingerfield, 'deed I will!"

"An' I'll do anything in the world fer you an' the cunnel, ma'am! I ain't itchin' fer s'cy-et-ty, I ain't, like all the little-house folks, 'lowin' as how they is great-house 'quality."

As Temple rode home in the early morning, after he had addressed the negroes at the meeting held

in Shadrach's church, he saw evidences of the passion that he had aroused. Several negroes stopped him as he rode home, addressed him with gross familiarity, and throughout the day he received information that negroes were committing depredations, beginning in a small way and gradually increasing in gravity. A report reached him at five in the afternoon that several negroes had killed and carried away one of Mr. Carter's blooded cows.

As Temple was about to join the throng that had gone to the fire in Mr. Carter's barn he was greeted by the Reverend Shad.

"Sholy, Brudder Temple, mah people am full ob mo'n de grace ob Gawd ter depredation dese heriditaments in dis outlan'ish an' inconsequential sequence."

"This night's work, Dr. Berkeley, following the crimes that began before day, not only has rendered the meeting in your church valueless, but actually has done a great deal of harm to the cause that is so dear to your heart and to mine."

"Dyah cert'ny ain' no 'scuse fo' de way mah flock's behavin' dyahsel's, dyah sholy ain'. I 'spects Brudder Williams' people am mos'ly cuttin' up dese outlan'ish imperfections."

"Please notify your people at once, Dr. Berkeley, that this business has got to stop. I shall call a meeting of the leaders of our party for to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I shall expect you to be present. Moreover, I shall expect you to assure those that will be present that no further outbreak of your people shall occur."

Later, while standing in the shadow of an old

maple, Temple saw Harrison. Whereupon he indulged in a few choice thoughts.

“Ha, ha, my fine fellow! So the news of the day brought you to the side of the lovely Lelia! No doubt you told her of Harrison’s superiority to Temple; nor is deep discernment necessary to enable one to see that the picture was not flattering to this your friend. Some day—when Lelia Braxton is the first lady of the land—I shall think of the look of horror, mingled with contempt that is now on your noble brow. Each emotion that sweeps your face betrays a thought of Temple. How greatly superior you are to him! . . . A weakling! Thank God, I am a man! Like a man I shall fight and win.”

With these reflections and others, Temple took his way toward the deep red glow that lit the horizon in the direction of Fairfax.

While John Harrison sat in his office reading the letters that had accumulated during his absence, Bob delivered a letter from Temple.

WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.

*My dear Mr. Harrison:*

I heard of your return late yesterday afternoon, and immediately despatched messengers in the hope of finding you. In this I did not succeed, as you know.

I find that distorted reports of the meeting that was held in Berkeley’s church have been generally circulated—for the purpose of prejudicing the interests of our party, no doubt. Here is the truth of the matter:

While riding toward Berkeley’s church late Wednesday night I saw that it was brilliantly lighted; so I determined to investigate, as it is unusual for that church—or any other

—to be lighted at a late hour of a secular day. I found a political meeting in progress; and hearing important questions discussed unintelligibly, I spoke a few words of advice and instruction, outlining the principles of our party—in very much the way that gentlemen have always addressed audiences in which there were negroes. I am sure no gentleman of our acquaintance would have objected in the least to anything that I said, unless this: I advised the negroes to support our party; which advice, no doubt, the Debt-payers would have found offensive.

The reports spread by the opposition misled the coloured people, inflamed their passions, and resulted in the scenes of violence that occurred yesterday and last night. All Readjusters agree, I believe, that our success or failure depends in a large measure upon the negro vote. I think that the situation should be handled tactfully. We should deliver the coloured vote; at the same time the negro should be held in check, for there must be no repetition of the lawlessness of the last twenty-four hours. To this end I have invited several Readjusters of Fauquier to meet in my office this morning at ten o'clock to confer; and I ask you, for the good of the party, to attend the meeting.

I have been greatly wronged by the few persons that have attributed unworthy motives and conduct to me. I wish to establish the identity of the person that is responsible for spreading those defamatory statements, that I may punish him as severely as he deserves.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES SPOTSWOOD TEMPLE,  
Formerly Captain C. S. A.

Friday morning.

While the door to Temple's office was open, Harrison was unable to see the occupants of the room until he stood in the doorway, a few minutes after ten. Then he saw in the office several negroes, among them the preachers Berkeley and Williams,

and Professor Simpson, Captain Temple, the naturalised carpetbagger Stokes, the senatorial candidate Rice, and the blacksmith Stover. Harrison got no farther than the doorway.

"Captain Temple," he said, "your letter did not intimate that I was expected to confer with negroes. I decline to take part in this conference."

Leaving abruptly, Harrison made his way to the office of the clerk of court, where he had to examine files for a client, while Temple turned to his conferees.

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Harrison is too good for human nature's daily food. I am ashamed of his conduct. We all are made of the same clay; no man is much better than his neighbours. Well, well, he is young and inexperienced! He has a great deal to learn, and we should be charitable, should we not? I am sure we all are superior to this kind of thing, and can afford to tolerate him for the good of the party."

"Wher-r-re I comes from one man's 'bout as good as another. This her-r-re settin' a man above his neighbour I don't take no stock in. I ain't never-r seen no man as I thought wus better-r'n Roger Williams Stokes. My folks comes from righteous people, an' oughter be a good sight better-r'n them as comes from gamblers."

"An' er white man ain' nuttin' 'cept' a cullud gemman dat's whitewashed, say de Good Word," said the Reverend Doctor Berkeley.

When Harrison reached the clerk's office apparently no one was there. This did not surprise him, for the clerk frequently left the door of his office



open and went to a near-by store to play backgammon, as no one thought of molesting the public records. The young man had been at work about fifteen minutes when a slight sound came from a corner of the room. He walked over to a tall desk, and there behind it, as though he had tried to conceal himself, was General Timothy Murphy.

"Ah-h-h—Mr. Harrison, this is indeed a great pleasure! I thought you were at the Ashland conference."

"I intended to be there, but a personal matter here required my attention. I thought that I could be spared, so here I am. But I shall leave early in the morning, in time to meet my engagement to speak in Staunton at noon to-morrow. I thought that you were in Petersburg."

"I left Petersburg almost immediately after telegraphing to you, that I might keep an engagement in Washington. I came on to Warrenton to search the records in this office for a document that I was unable to find in Washington, which, I was told, could be found here."

"Please make Inglewood your home while you are in the city, General. I shall take great pleasure in entertaining you."

"Thank you, Mr. Harrison. I will take supper with you this evening, and spend the night, leaving early in the morning for home. I am very glad indeed that you came to Warrenton, for recent events here made a conference between us desirable. I trust that I am not abusing my privilege as your guest in asking you to invite Captain Temple to tea. I think we three should discuss the political situation among ourselves, and work out a plan to pre-

vent outrages by the negroes—yet treating them kindly that we may not alienate them.”

“Certainly, General, I shall ask Captain Temple to take supper at Inglewood with us this evening; and I shall be glad of the opportunity to show my friends and the people generally that I do not believe the reports affecting him that have been circulated. But I think that I should say to you that my relations with Captain Temple, while not unfriendly, are not altogether pleasant.”

“Well, Mr. Harrison, upon occasion I am obliged to associate with men that are very distasteful to me; but I am obliged to subordinate my private taste to the public good—to the good of the party, as I see that you have done. In great moral movements a man must associate with uncongenial persons, even with thieves—and, I may say, even with negroes. Necessarily one must do that. If you will keep constantly in mind the great work upon which you have entered the ordeal will be bearable. Of course you will find, as I have found, that your great difficulty will be to control yourself when you come in contact with the persons that you will meet in this campaign.

“I remember that my dear friend your father and I once spoke about a similar matter, which came up during the first year of the war. ‘Judge,’ I said, ‘I am unable to control myself when I see some hulking soldier throw down his musket and run, or when I see some arrogant young officer sacrifice the lives of his men to his ignorance, or when an officer uses questionable methods to gain promotion!’ ‘Timothy,’ he replied, ‘I am many years older than you. My long service in public life has taught me

that all men are noble; yet all men do that which is not right, for wrongdoing is the result of ignorance, not deliberate viciousness. Those in authority must bear with the frailties of those that they have in charge, until gradually, by patient instruction, darkness makes place for light. Remember, too, that conditions change rapidly, and that evils pass away with the conditions out of which they grow.' My young friend, your dear father was right.

"The man that is morally and mentally superior to his brothers should show that superiority through self-restraint and charity. He should not be afraid to mix with men of every type. Why should he? What is there to fear? Is his own character or his own culture in jeopardy? For example, these negroes are mere children of the woods; brought here against their will by our fathers; misguided by the enemies of our state, and now are left largely to their own resources by those that should direct them, the white people of all classes—for only our white people know how the negro should be governed. The Readjuster party does not intend to establish social equality for blacks, nor is any white man in this state willing to treat the negro as his social equal; but common humanity demands that you and Temple and every leader among white men go among our poor ignorant black men, then gradually lead rather than drive them back to the relations that existed between them and their masters before the war. The first step in this direction is to get them to vote for our party. I am unable to see that any white man lowers himself by going among these children of the wilderness,—in the name of common humanity,—thus obeying the com-

mand of the Master that we spread His truth among His lowly creatures.”

“Our people have always guided the negroes, General; and they have been governed as perfectly as is possible in any human institution. In all time no other barbarous people has had so many advantages; but, sir, our experience with negroes has shown that they must be governed, not led. If the course that you suggest—that the leaders of our party go among the blacks and induce them to vote for us, by addressing their political gatherings, by arguing with them, or by attempting to persuade them to vote for our party in any other manner,—if that is done social equality in a way is effected. In merely requesting them to vote our ticket we establish social equality to some degree. As the negro has no natural right to suffrage, I think that he should be denied a voice in our government.”

“I agree that we should eliminate the negro from the political equation; but not until our party is placed in power. Then we shall pass laws that will provide an educational test before the right of suffrage is conferred, a test that the blacks will be unable to pass successfully; but until then, and in order to reach a large success, a success that is so important to our country, we must treat with the negro, and do all that we honourably may to gain his support.”

“If our cause is just, why should we need the negro vote? If negroes form a party of their own they will be unable to elect their ticket.”

“There, Mr. Harrison, you are wrong. The negroes can poll one hundred and ten thousand

votes, while the one hundred and seventy thousand votes of the white people are distributed nearly equally between the two parties. The negroes with their majority of twenty-five thousand would elect negroes to every office in this state, with consequences too awful to contemplate. That danger is a menace too appalling for words to describe. That the danger is real I shall show you."

Thus talking, General Murphy and Mr. Harrison walked through the streets of Warrenton, attracting the attention of many persons, including negroes.

The contrast between the two men was marked: General Murphy, almost a dwarf, his grey beard sweeping to his waist, his cruel round eyes furtively glancing in every direction, his high-heel shoes adding but little to his stature; John Harrison, tall, of knightly bearing, his dark blue eyes showing concentration of thought, athletic in build, his noble ancestry discernible in all his features, unaware of the gossip of the curious persons they met, absorbed in the matters of public interest that he was discussing with the leader of his party.

General Murphy had taken the first north-bound train out of Petersburg after he had received the telegram that notified him of the negro meeting that was held in Shadrach's church, and had arrived in Warrenton shortly after nightfall.

Mingling with the negroes that were engaged in groggery debauches, he had gathered full information with respect to the events of the day and the night before. He had gone to the first fire, where he had seen both Harrison and Temple; then he had gone to see the burning of the barns and hay-stacks

that had been fired, and at four o'clock in the morning he had fallen asleep under a tree.

He had rightly guessed that Temple would call upon prominent Readjusters to meet in his office the following morning to take measures to suppress the outrages of the negroes, and later verified his guess by passing Temple's office, where he had seen a card tacked on the door, on which was written a notice of the meeting that was to be held at ten o'clock. He had decided not to attend the conference. Later he would be discovered in the clerk's office. For various reasons, political and otherwise, but mainly that the good people of Warrenton might see them walking together, he had suggested to Harrison that they should walk through the town rather than go to the young man's home or office. Saying that he had to visit, out in the country, an old soldier, formerly in his command, the general had declined Mr. Harrison's invitation to dine with him at Inglewood at two in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, Murphy had determined to spend the afternoon in meeting separately and secretly Rice, Stover, Berkeley, Williams, Stokes, and other Readjusters, that he might advise them in accordance with the various requirements of his party.

The general had expected the negro outbreak. He did not altogether object to negro rowdyism and crime, which he thought would extend throughout the state, provided they were not carried to extremes—or so far as to alienate the votes of his plain white people. Such disturbances would give him colourable excuse to disfranchise the negro immediately after the election, should he see fit to do so. But he was inclined to reward the negroes,

mould them into a unit, which he could hold in his hand, and thus build up an impregnable party organisation that would be his, and his alone.

As Mr. Harrison parted from General Murphy, after they had shaken hands, and after each gentleman had removed his hat, the Morven family carriage, which contained Judge and Mrs. Braxton and Mr. Taliaferro and Miss Braxton, drove by. All the occupants of the carriage bowed gravely, as did Mr. Harrison, although he did not smile. The general's face was wreathed in smirks as he nodded familiarly. The Morven party had looked directly at Mr. Harrison, but had not seen General Murphy.

Captain Temple saw the hand of his leader in the invitation that was delivered to him by Mr. Harrison's servant.

WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.

*My dear Mr. Harrison:*

I thank you for your kind invitation to meet General Murphy at Inglewood at supper to-night, which I accept with much pleasure.

Permit me to take this opportunity to explain the peculiar situation in which you found me this morning.

Berkeley and a few of his friends had made their way into my office just before you came, to say that the rioting of yesterday and last night was the work of a few irresponsible persons, and that they would hold such culprits in check in the future, even though it be necessary to turn them out of the church.

They had not been invited to attend the conference, as doubtless you thought.

Very sincerely yours,

JAMES SPOTSWOOD TEMPLE.

Friday afternoon.



Mr. Harrison and General Murphy had been in the drawing-room of Inglewood only a few moments when Captain Temple was announced. The old servant, Jake, tried to conceal his humiliation; and, aside from an unnatural solemnity, succeeded in concealing his disgust at being obliged to tolerate the man who held negroes to be his master's equals. Supper lasted from seven till eleven.

While Harrison was in the library, where he had gone to search for an atlas, Murphy took advantage of his absence to speak to Temple confidentially.

"Keep up the good work that you began last night, Captain. I wholly approve your course, and I trust your judgment as to the licence that should be allowed to blacks. The rioting has done us no harm. To the contrary, it will tend to arouse the negroes and bring their entire vote into our party, while their conduct will not lose us the vote of a single white man. Publicly we shall disclaim, as already you have disclaimed, all responsibility for outbreaks of violence. As a matter of fact, the negroes must be held within proper bounds. Your sacrifice shall be rewarded: in the ultimate approval of the whole people, who will show their appreciation of your service by calling upon you to fill the highest office in their gift, and when—I need not mention his name—by his many blunders has proved his unfitness for a political career. Inferiority first manifests itself in the airs and graces of superiority. The man that feels that he is better than his neighbour should be in the pulpit. His place is not the political arena, where he must give and receive blows. Life for you will be rich in achievement and in reward."

Then Mr. Harrison returned with the atlas. The conferees went over the routes of the various campaign orators, and made arrangements for Harrison and Temple to speak in every part of the commonwealth. As Harrison would complete his present itinerary the latter part of the following week, Murphy told Temple to arrange with Cary Dabney for a joint debate between Parson Jones and Colonel Daingerfield, to be held in Warrenton, Harrison to introduce Jones, and Dabney to introduce Daingerfield. In the meanwhile Captain Temple and Messrs. Rice, Simpson, Stover, Stokes, and other prominent white Readjusters, and the preachers Berkeley and Williams, aided by their followers, would round up the voting population of Fauquier and adjacent counties.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the general dismissed all political matters with a characteristic gesture and began to relate reminiscences of the war. He told many anecdotes in which he referred to the military prowess of Captain Temple's father and the generosity of Judge Harrison. The judge had been too old to draw his sword, but had purchased Confederate bonds liberally, and had aided Virginia's armies while he was at home more than he could have done had he gone into battle. After a while, half-jokingly, yet seriously, the General addressed them.

"Gentlemen, fight if you will, after this war is over, for young men will fight; cut each other's throats, if you will, but wait until the honour of Virginia shall have been saved. Boys, I would have had you both shot had you been with me at the Crater and there permitted personal differences to

affect the fortunes of war. The fight ahead of us will be bloodless; but that fight means more to Virginia than did the Crater. It means even more than did her recent war."

After Temple left Murphy spoke to Harrison confidentially.

"A man like that should no more hold a responsible position in a government than in an army. However, he should be permitted to fight in the ranks so long as his work is satisfactory. Places of trust and honour are for competent men."

When the general left the next morning he felt entirely satisfied with the work that he had accomplished in Warrenton. He had felt the temper of his followers; he had seen the rioting; a breach between Harrison and Temple had been prevented; socially he had been recognised by two gentlemen; he had made his party more respectable in Fauquier. Soon the battle would be over and victory his. Then he would politically assassinate Temple and Harrison. He would tolerate no rival, however weak.

After the general had gone to his room Jake handed to his master a note that William had brought over from Morven.

MORVEN.

*My dear Mr. Harrison:*

I was cruel to you last night—and I thought that I never could be cruel to you again. Forgive me. I shall never forgive myself—but you forgive me—please, please! I am so sorry, so sorry!

Sincerely yours,

LELIA CAPERTON BRAXTON.

Friday night.

INGLEWOOD.

*Dearest:*

Forgive you? Has there been a minute since I left you last night when the harsh words that I said to you have not rung in my ears? This campaign seems to have altered my whole character.

Yes, you have been cruel to me—your letter was cruel. That you should ask me to forgive you!

Oh, my dear, my dear, my dear, I love you!

My love made me speak as I did last night—strange as that may seem to you. Now all that I can say is—I love you. Yesterday I thought that I never could love you more than I did then; now I think that my love of yesterday was a little thing—too poor to be called love.

I leave to-morrow morning, to resume my itinerary. I shall not return to Warrenton until the latter part of next week, when I shall call to see you—for I shall never forget what you said to me: “I shall never refuse to see *you*, John.” You did not call me “Mr. Harrison” last night.

I shall think of you by day and dream of you by night until I return—and may God be with you.

JOHN.

Friday night.

At the Warren-Green Miss Gladys Lancaster was having her usual good time. As she liked to visit, she never stayed in Charlottesville longer than necessary, and that was only when the captain peremptorily commanded her to stay at home with her mother. Ambitious for her children, Mrs. Lancaster was quite willing to sacrifice herself; so her daughters had spent nearly all their later days away from home. Miss Lancaster was no exception. She spent the greater part of her time in visiting her married sisters, so that Mrs. Lancaster knew Miss Lancaster only slightly.

"Gladys, don't you think that it's about time for you to go home?"

"Why, *father!* How can you think of such a thing, when the political situation makes it absolutely necessary for us to be in Warrenton? Besides, Mr. Taliaferro——"

"Now, Gladys, that's not true. Mr. Taliaferro has no eyes for anybody but Lelia Braxton, as you very well know."

"Why, *father!* He calls to see me often!"

And he did; for the energetic Miss Lancaster wrote to him at least twice a week. She never wrote less than two letters a week to all the marriageable gentlemen of her acquaintance. She had frequently brought about situations that had required Mr. Taliaferro, in common courtesy, to call to see her.

There was one gentleman in Warrenton to whom she did not write: Mr. Cary Gordon Dabney, whose attentions she discouraged. She did not care to have that gentleman monopolise her entire time; moreover, she had to consider that Mr. Taliaferro as well as a few other gentlemen of wealth scattered through the states were matrimonial possibilities. Again, she saw that she merely had to stretch out her hand to gather Dabney in, and she was not ready to do that. She liked him well enough, better than any man she knew; but financially he was unsatisfactory.

"Now run along, that's a dear old dad; for here comes the next governor—over the left! *C'est à moi de faire le jeu!*"

"As usual!"

And with that exclamation, delivered in the air

of suit-yourself-my-child-your-face-is-your-fortune-remember, the captain took his departure.

“Hello, Cary! I hear that you are going to be our next governor. I just bet my bottom dollar you’ll win.”

“I thank you, Miss Lancaster; I am inclined to think that I shall receive the nomination; but I came to see you, not to talk politics. I have had enough of this campaign since last week—with negroes grown to be our social equals, nourished by the food that has been fed to them by those excellent gentlemen, Captain Temple and Dr. Berkeley. Surely you do not expect me to talk about such gross matters with you. The things that I wish to say to you are much nearer to my heart. There is a great deal that I wish to say to you, Miss Gladys, if I may.”

“And why shouldn’t you talk politics with me, pray! Do you mean to say I haven’t sense enough to understand?”

“But why should I talk politics when there are many things more important that I wish to say to you?”

“That’s a Yankee’s answer. A pity, isn’t it, that you were too young to be a soldier? I want to talk politics—and I just will! You must tell me everything that happened to-day.”

“I certainly will not! Why should a beautiful, gentle, lovable girl like you, fairer than the lily, more beautiful than the rose, more—more—more—why should you know anything of the horrors of this campaign? No; I shall keep you as far away as I can from Tim Murphys and Jim Temples.”

“Why, Cary! Aren’t you ashamed of yourself!

I just despise to hear a man abuse another man behind his back. I think Captain James Spotswood Temple is just splendid; and I don't believe any of the mean things that *some* people are saying about him. *Il est très comme il faut.* There are negroes in all political meetings. You talk to them when you make speeches; and so does old Colonel Daingerfield; and I just bet five dollars that you are sorry when you don't have a thousand instead of a dozen coons in your congregations when you orate."

"You have given the reason why I am not willing to talk politics with you or with any woman. A girl should be pretty and good and everything nice. All that she ever learns about politics is how to love the black sheep, no matter how much she hears."

"Oh, the devil! I do so hate the pretty little peaches-and-cream girls that have nothing to do except to sit up and look innocent and go to church and be goody-goody."

Observing the astonishment of her lover, she continued, with mock apology.

"I should have said—*je ne sais quoi*—plague take it; but I just forgot, and didn't behave like a perfect little lady. Oh, I do so wish to be like the pretty little innocents that say, 'Goodness me!' and, 'My gracious!' and, 'Did you e-v-e-r!' I do! oh, I do! I do!"

"Nevertheless, Gladys——"

"*Miss Lancaster, if—you—please!*"

"Nevertheless, *Miss*—nevertheless, Gladys, all that a girl should know about politics is this: she should belong to her father's party, if he belongs to the Democratic party; she should choose a husband



of her father's political faith, and I say this although I once heard you say that a girl should not choose her husband along party lines. Please trust your father's estimate of Jim Temple. I will not permit you to associate with the scalawag."

"And how long have *you* had the right to boss me? Jim Temple indeed! I like him. *C'est un bon diable*. He is always well groomed; he wears pretty neckties; and then he does say such *beautiful* things to me. I hope he'll call to-night. I think he will. *He* was brave enough to join the Readjuster party long before John Harrison pitched his tent on Murphy's camping ground!"

"You are mistaken. Temple did not enter the party until some time after John Harrison joined it, as is well known."

"He did, I tell you! He told me so himself! He had an interview with Murphy at least three days before Lelia Braxton's beau went over to Petersburg."

"Then you really have been talking with Captain Temple."

"You just bet I have—*certes*—early and late, and in between times! Why shouldn't I? Isn't he our social equal?"

"Gladys, if you are ever seen with that scoundrel again, I will—I will—I will——"

"Will what?"

"Never mind. Good-night!"

"Come back, Cary; oh, please do!"

"Not to-night, I thank you."

"You better had."

"No."

"But I've a letter for you. See, here it is!"

"I thank you."

He took the letter, and then turned to leave her without another word.

She snatched it from his hand.

"No you don't, Cary; you must read the letter now, then tell me what Jim had to say to you that was so important that Bob had to bring the letter to you here. I didn't know that you corresponded with Jim."

"I shall not open the letter until I get home."

"Then I'll open it."

"You may, indeed, since your interest is so great."

"And read it?"

"Yes."

"Truly, truly?"

"Yes."

"*Très bien*—then here goes."

"WARRENTON, VIRGINIA.

"Cary Gordon Dabney, Esq.,

"Warrenton, Virginia.

"*Dear Sir:*

"As chairman of the Readjuster party for this county, I have the honour to say to you that the Reverend and Honourable John Henry Jones will be glad to meet Colonel Francis Southall Daingerfield, or any other gentleman that you may select, in joint debate, that the people of this county may be informed of the merits of the political issues of the campaign from your point of view as well as our own.

"With great respect, sir, I am

"Very truly yours,

"JAMES SPOTSWOOD TEMPLE,

"Chairman Readjuster Party

for Fauquier county.

"May 10, 1879."

“How are you going to answer, Governor?”

“He shall have my reply by his own messenger.”

Miss Lancaster looked over Dabney's shoulder as he wrote.

“You are wrong to say ‘yes,’ Cary. I know a horse from a goat. I never lose my money. And I say you are wrong.”

“Please speak English. I never attend the races, so I do not understand the language of the track.”

“Well, this here am a race between two horses—Murphy, a black horse, and Dabney, a white horse.”

She paused, and Dabney knew that she was in earnest, and he knew that under that lightness of manner, that flippancy which he abhorred, yet which so greatly charmed him, was a philosophy no less profound, a vision no less keen because her studies had been men rather than books.

“A gentleman oughtn't to meet a lout on terms of equality. The parson is a lout; and you'll not help your party the least little bit by putting your foot into Temple's trap. I just bet that trap was built by Murphy. I'm not going to bet on this race, and neither is popper. You think you're going to win; Murphy thinks he's going to canter in; I think either you or Murphy may win in a walk. Are men good? Are men bad? Will Murphy and his touts tumble Virginia over into the mud? Will the people be faithful to the gents or to their owns? But I win. I bet my bottom dollar on that proposition. John——”

“You mean *Mr. Harrison*.”

“Yes, *John—John Harrison*! He's certain to be nominated, and you are certain to run against

him. If John wins, I'll be Mrs. Governor of Virginia; if you win, I'll be Mrs. Governor of Virginia. I shall marry the man that wins."

"Has Mr. Harrison *asked* you to marry him?"

"Not yet; but he's no longer engaged to Lelia Braxton—and all the men I know that have been jilted come to me for sympathy."

"Would you accept Miss Braxton's *discarded* lover?"

"I certainly would. Because Lelia Braxton doesn't know a good thing when she sees it is no reason why I should be a damn fool. *Oh, pardonnez-moi!* Now you are mad with me again! Oh, Oh! I'm so sorry!"

"No, you are not; but I *am* distressed. That the woman I love so dearly should so forget herself as to use language that is out of keeping with the great beauty of her soul, out of keeping with all the winsome grace of her glorious girlhood!"

"Then you *do* like me a little bit?"

He forced her into his arms despite her struggles and passionately kissed her again and again.

"Gladys, I love you—I love you—love you—love you—love you! *Great God*, how I love you! Will you marry me? I ask you again—I believe that I have asked you a thousand times already—will you marry me—*now?*"

"*Never!*"

"That is well—for you and for me. I believe that I hate you as much as I love you."

"Oh, no you don't! You just think I'm not quite proper. Take my advice: marry ole Miss Polly Bolling. *She's* the properest gyurl I know. You would be oh so happy with her, oh so happy!"

He left her angrily. She went to the window to peep out from behind the shades as he strode rapidly toward his home.

"You dear old bear! Of course I'll marry you—that is, if Dick Taliaferro or Lord Bow-legged Thing-um-a-jig or somebody else richer or socially better than you balks at the last hurdle."

"Why, father dear, I thought that you had gone to hear Uncle Daingerfield and Mr. Jones speak."

"Lelia, I have waited until the last minute. I feel humiliated. For the first time in my life I shall be in an audience composed of negroes, carpet-baggers, and thieves; and in a way they will be my equals, socially and politically. I may wrong my country and myself when I become a part of that assemblage, but Daingerfield shall have the moral support of my presence, and that of every gentleman in this county, although I fear that the end does not justify the means. Your uncle was with Murphy at the crater. Now that Murphy is Virginia's enemy he is not afraid to meet him; nor is he afraid to meet the scalawags that follow him. He will teach all Readjusters, black and white, in a few words—teach them fundamental morality. Why, Lelia, why? Because men of honour can always meet and vanquish men that are dishonourable—always, whatever the numerical odds."

Judge Braxton's excitement subsided as he saw his daughter's distressed face. The agony in her blue eyes, the eyes that were her mother's as well as her own, aroused all his fatherhood. This man had seldom failed to control his emotions. A long lifetime devoted to the study of the Greek

poets, many years devoted to an important law practice, and twenty years on the bench, had mel-  
lowed his judgments of men. He had believed that  
the time was passed when he could be moved to  
deep anger or resentment. Now his daughter's  
eyes, so soft, yet so intelligent, her face so beautiful,  
so like her mother's—his daughter that so much re-  
sembled his three sons that had laid down their  
lives for Virginia as they fought under her flag—  
his daughter reminded him of his duty to this his  
only daughter. Never again would he speak harshly  
of John Harrison. He stooped and kissed her, then  
strode from the house and walked rapidly in the  
direction of Warrenton.

As the judge approached the court-house he care-  
fully studied the large crowd that had gathered  
there. The few gentlemen in the assemblage, very  
young men, or very old men—those that had been  
too young to enter the army, or too old—were un-  
usually serious. There was Captain Lancaster, now  
gravely quiet, now angrily reprimanding some lout.  
There was old General Dabney. What could he be  
thinking as he looked upon the passing show?  
There was the venerable physician, Mr. Carter.  
There was Tom Tazewell, whose boyish spirits had  
seemed to be inexhaustible, looking as if some great  
calamity had bowed him into the quietude of the  
aged, there a young man beastly drunk, there an  
old man whose eyes shone with unnatural lustre, and  
there a negro offensively forcing upon his white  
associates a sense of his superiority to them. Sadly  
the judge looked on.

In the faces of all those yeomen and peasants  
were the unmistakable marks of irresponsibility,

greed, covetousness, the excitement of the unexpected—Hugh White and Joe Miller excepted, who were endeavouring to force yeomen and peasants to realise their degradation, or compelling them to be orderly.

The judge went hither and thither in the crowd, courteously bowing to those that he knew, the while endeavouring to devise some plan whereby the deluded people might be brought back to their former condition of honour and contentment—some plan by which Virginia should be able to strengthen as well as to hold her high position among the nations of the world; some way by which her dearest treasure might be conserved, the treasure that had been a reflection of her national life for nearly three centuries—honour; honour like that of Cæsar's wife—honour beyond question.

At one end of the platform that had been built over the steps leading to the court-house door were Mr. John Randolph Harrison and the Reverend and Honourable John Henry Jones; at the other end were Mr. Cary Gordon Dabney and Colonel Francis Southall Daingerfield; in the centre was Captain James Spotswood Temple, the chairman of the meeting. Temple had told his followers that no one would be allowed on the platform other than the speakers. Neither Colonel Daingerfield nor Mr. Harrison, Mr. Dabney, nor any other gentleman, would be present, he knew, if he permitted his black, tan, and white friends to occupy seats on the platform—such negro men as the two preachers, Berkeley and Williams, and such white men as Stokes, Stover, Rice, and Simpson. Mr. Rice had vigorously protested against the captain's decision;



but Temple had explained that the merchant could work for the holy cause much more effectively by mingling with the crowd. The senatorial candidate could not afford to offend his prospective son-in-law, the future governor of Virginia and one of the leaders of his party, so he obeyed orders.

The fame of the parson as a stump speaker was firmly established. He had the reputation among his followers of being the wittiest and most effective debater the state had produced, and he certainly swayed audiences and achieved success through his personality, if not by his oratory. He was successful to an amazing degree.

The ease and grace with which Harrison introduced Jones, as well as his striking presence, his perfect composure and his mastery of the situation, together with the peculiar faculty that he had of speaking directly to every man in the audience as though his words were addressed to him personally, the rich timbre of his voice, the selection of euphonious as well as powerful words, and his thorough knowledge of his subject and his audience reminded Judge Braxton of his old friend, the father of this young man. What a splendid specimen of young manhood! An orator born, as the young Greeks of old, ready to meet the world in the greatest of all arenas—that devoted to debate.

Then the parson rose. He adjusted his large gold-rimmed spectacles; carelessly acknowledged the introduction by merely nodding in Harrison's direction; deliberately looked at his audience; stared first at one man and then at another, now to the right and now to the left, and now directly in front of him; then assumed his favourite pulpit ex-

pression; then came back to earth; then smiled comprehensively, an all-inclusive smile, and then turned and bowed to the chairman. Next he looked fixedly at Harrison.

“A fine young man that. His father was a dear friend of mine; and I don't believe that any man ever lived—who never received the benefits of baptism—who was nearly so good as old Judge Harrison. He was the salt of the earth.”

The good parson knew thoroughly the political game as it was played by his kind. After complimenting Fauquier men, living and dead, always modifying his compliments by anecdotes that made the subjects of his remarks human, and after thoroughly establishing himself in the hearts of his hearers (for many were attracted to this man, in whom were combined the innocence of a young girl and the knavery of a criminal, a man who would talk about honour in one breath and in the next persuade the wife of a political opponent to betray her husband by telling his secrets<sup>1</sup>) he would proceed with a speech of statistics, every now and then pausing to tell some coarse anecdote that the crowd found extremely humorous and witty, but which was so rugged as to be intolerable to gentlemen. At night he would write an account of the meeting for several newspapers, in which he would praise himself, ridicule his opponents, colour the report for his own benefit, and sign with a fictitious name.

After he had taken off and replaced on his nose the great gold-rimmed spectacles several times, he gazed through them as though he would read his statistics in a way to indicate that his vision had been

<sup>1</sup> *Autobiography of John E. Massey*, p. 212.

impaired by his search for truth. His oratory was new to Virginia—the oratory of figures that were not figures of speech. The Bible was his arithmetic; the “plain” people his slate; the public debt his problem.

With curiosity mingled with contempt, humiliated and outraged, suffering in the shame of his country, Judge Braxton listened to the sophistries of Parson Jones.

“The poor fellow is an honest man, though misled; an honest man blindly leading these blind creatures—at least I ought to be charitable enough to think so, for he is one of God’s ministers. But oh, the awful untruth that he is promulgating, the fire-brand that he is tossing among these poor creatures, already writhing in agonies that they do not understand, suffering like dumb beasts, not knowing why they suffer, not even knowing that they suffer, yet tottering under burdens too great for them to bear! And whom did Murphy and Jones and their kind, and Stover and Rice and their like, have to teach them honour? The mantle of charity indeed must cover the enemies of my poor country!”

But bitter thoughts continued to dominate the judge. There was his old friend Temple’s son, a scalawag; there was the son of the man that he had respected above all other men, the man who had been on the bench with him, his boy,—the pride of that old man’s heart, his only son,—a leader among Virginia’s enemies. This young man had asked for the hand of his only daughter; and he had not hesitated to trust her life to his keeping.

The parson, animated, but still maintaining his conversational style of oratory, advanced to the

front of the platform with easy grace, his confidence in himself and in his figures fully as great as his trust in the plain people. With the spirit of one born to command, with the atmosphere of force that marked him as a leader of men, the parson compelled the judge to suspend his bitter thoughts for a while, for he became lost in admiration of the oratory of the most persuasive speaker of the Readjuster party. The fine legal mind of the judge was aroused by the excellent literary style in which the parson delivered his arguments. Sophistry, all sophistry! yet, Judge Braxton knew that the arguments would have great weight with the assembled—save only those few that were gentlemen. He knew that Parson Jones never hoped to influence the Virginian gentlemen. And, marvel among marvels, his appeal was to reason, not to the passions of those negroes, peasants, and yeomen that were in his audience. He called upon every Virginian worthy of the name to save the honour of Virginia—not to continue to utter high-sounding promises, foolish under the circumstances, but to support the party of action, composed of constructive statesmen, not the party of empty words.

“The voice of John the Baptist crying in the wilderness,” was how Major John W. Daniel derisively characterised this Baptist preacher.

Not once had Colonel Daingerfield raised his head, which was bowed upon his breast. One might have assumed that he was unconscious of his surroundings had it not been for the flush on his cheeks, gradually increasing, until his face was a deep red. When the parson ceased speaking the colonel did not wait to be introduced, but immediately advanced

to the place that Jones had left. The Repudiators expected a violent outburst of anger, well knowing the colonel's fierce temper. Instead they heard the tones of a master commanding his inferiors and reassuring his friends.

As he listened, John Harrison's face gradually became as red as the colonel's, nor was James Temple so lost to shame that he failed altogether to feel his degradation. And Parson Jones—the parson felt that there was indeed an impassable gulf between the Virginian gentleman and the Virginian of lesser rank. Stover and his kind heard the colonel's commands with a deepening resolve that the aristocracy should make way for them; nor did they fail to foresee the keen delight that would be theirs when word by word they would force those same utterances down the throat of the gentry. The grandeur of that commanding figure, the contempt in his voice and manner, were those of the offended God as he drove the money-changers from His temple. His spare figure stood at its full height, his nostrils were dilated, his eyes were all comprehensive as he thundered his reproof and uttered his commands.

“I address the gentlemen that are present. There is but one way to get rid of the debt—pay it. Gentlemen, you will pay your debts. You always acknowledge your obligations. The honour of Virginia is safe with you. Gentlemen, my compliments; I bid you good day.”

His stature seemed to increase as he paused.

“But you, overseers, sons of redemptioners; you negroes, brutes and barbarians; you scalawags and carpetbaggers; you Repudiators that call yourselves

Readjusters,—you men that would sell the honour of Virginia,—honour, a virtue that none of you ever had,—go back to the fields where you belong! Go back, I say! Never again do you dare to say to Virginian gentlemen that they shall not pay their debts and yours! Go back to the fields! Go!”

As some monarch leaving his throne, Colonel Daingerfield walked majestically across the platform, then went into the court-house.

The crowd dispersed.

As John Harrison was about to leave the platform he saw a small man with a sweeping grey beard, dressed as a farmer, in the rear of the audience.

“A singular likeness to General Murphy!” he thought. “Perhaps he is the farmer that I saw at Calverton yesterday, for General Murphy is in Danville to-day.”

That Colonel Daingerfield had made a serious mistake Cary Dabney was certain. The speech, he thought, would not gain a single vote for the Debt-payers, and the parson had consolidated the vote of the heterogeneous mass of yeomen, peasants, carpet-baggers, and negroes, and had delivered that vote to Murphy. However, no gentleman in the assemblage besides Captain Lancaster and Captain Temple agreed with him.

No, thought all other aristocrats, could any gentleman have made a speech that could have favourably affected the vote of any negro, peasant, or yeoman in that motley throng? The speech was worthy of Virginia's best traditions: an aristocrat had commanded his inferiors. The colonel's only alternative had been to follow them in their ignorance and vice.

“A statesman,” said Captain Temple to Miss Lancaster, a few days later, “should follow when he can not lead, and then become the leader of those that he followed.”

“Maybe so,” she had lightly said; “but that kind of man would be a gent, not a gentlemen. Besides, the gentry would be dead and buried right away. I don’t mean you, though; ’deed I don’t!”

The young leader of the Debt-payers was deeply grieved that John Harrison, his lifelong friend, was now the associate of thieves, and Virginia’s enemy. He believed Jones to be a scoundrel; nor could he find an honest man in all the Readjuster party, save John Harrison. How should he treat him? He could see but one way: shake his honest hand so long as it should be honest, and he did not believe that the time would come when he would refuse to take the hand of this his best friend, a man that he knew as well as one man may know another. As to Temple, having sunk beneath the waters of unrespectability, that creature had forfeited his right to associate with gentlemen.

As Dabney walked toward his office he met Harrison. They shook hands with friendliness, though with some embarrassment.

“Well, Harrison, the word seems to be whispered about that you and I are to oppose each other for the governorship. I shall not like to run against you, my friend; yet I take pleasure in the thought that I shall oppose a gentleman. You will not permit Virginia to suffer so long as you have the power to spare her a single pain.”

“I am not sure, Dabney, that I shall accept the



nomination if it be offered to me. There are men in the Readjuster party that are experienced politicians—good men, too, whose ability and courage have been frequently tested by Virginia and never found wanting. But if I oppose you, I too shall feel that my fight is with a worthy antagonist. Cary, boy, these are days that try friendship; but I believe that I may say that our friendship will never be tried.”

The young men looked affectionately into each other’s eyes. They had not known that they had complimented each other. Affection knows no compliment.

“Lelia!”

“John!”

“I am back, Lelia.”

“Yes, John.”

“The last time I saw you we quarrelled.”

“Y-e-s, dear.”

“We will not quarrel to-night.”

“N-o-o.”

He took her hand, hesitated, then reverently kissed it.

“I would not have been surprised had your father refused to let me see you after all that has occurred during the last two weeks.”

“What did he say?”

“‘I am glad to see you, my boy. My, my, my! how much you resemble John Harrison!’ Then he went to finish a chapter of his commentary. I am very fond of your father.”

“He is fond of you, John. This evening he heard you introduce Mr. Jones. When he returned

home, he said: 'My child, some day John Harrison will see the error that he now makes, and then he will be of great value to this commonwealth, fighting for Virginia instead of against her, a host in himself.' I remember every word that he said, dear—I shall never forget any word in your praise that I have heard, or ever shall hear."

"Your father was at that meeting?"

"Yes; in the crowd."

"And he spoke of me that way?"

"Yes; and he said a great deal more."

"But he did not suggest a plan by which the debt may be paid. I am mistaken, but some day I will see the error of my way. He passes his time adversely criticising the constructive statesmanship of others—the plans advocated by those that wish to save Virginia's honour and her sovereignty and the lives of her people at the same time, the statecraft of those who love Virginia as your father loves her—but never once does he offer to pay the debt in money. The Debt-payers have paid all that Virginia owes in words many times."

"And have the Readjusters shown constructive statesmanship, John dear? I do not know; but I wish to know—from you."

"The plan is my own, so I should not say that it is the creative work of a statesman. But I do claim that it is a device by which Virginia's honour may be saved, her resources developed, her children educated, and the bodily necessities of tens of thousands of women and children relieved—the widows and orphans that were left to every man in Virginia as a sacred trust. At least my plan is better than no plan."

"I thought that the Readjuster plan was to repudiate the debt."

"I have heard of no Readjuster plan seriously considered other than my own, which I have already discussed with you."

"Suppose the creditors do not accept your offer?"

"Then we shall force them to do so, for we intend to outlaw all the old bonds that have not been exchanged for the new issue within one year from the time that the state offers to exchange the new bonds for the old."

"Why, John! that would not be honourable!"

"Then your father or some other person in his party should pay the debt in money."

"I would not accept your plan were I a bondholder."

"Why not?"

"Because."

"Is that your reason?"

"I would never receive a cent."

"Is that your faith in Virginia's bonds?"

"That would be my faith in any bonds issued that way."

"Would you be more confident of ever receiving a cent if the commonwealth simply did not pay the existing bonds, but let them mature, principal and interest, without meeting them in any way?"

"Yes, I would. Surely it is useless to issue new bonds, or to make new promises, until the old bonds are paid. Now, I would say to the bondholders that I would pay every cent received from now on until the debt is paid."

"The first thing that you know you will be a statesman yourself—the best in all Virginia."

"Please do not be sarcastic, dear, or joke about the debt."

"We were not to quarrel."

"No-o-o."

"We will not talk any more about politics now."

"What do you wish to talk about, John, if not about the debt? Is there anything else that we can talk about until the debt is paid? You know that I love you; but I am no longer engaged to you; and I shall not permit you to call to see me as my lover. I shall not let you treat me as you did when we were betrothed."

"I have never treated you with any more familiarity than I have any other woman that I know, unless I have kissed your hands oftener than those of other women that I revere, and have told you that I love you. Do you wish me to stop coming to see you? May I not say to you that I love you, even if we are not engaged?"

"Does the debt amount to very much more than all the people in the state are worth?"

"Why, no; of course not. The value of the people's property as assessed, which is probably little more than half its real value, is just about ten times greater than the debt."

"*Why, John!* I thought that the people owed *ten times* as much as they could pay?"

"No, nor has any country had a debt so large as ours in proportion to her population and developed resources, even in days of great prosperity."

"Well, John, the settlement of the debt is so easy that I wonder that there is any debt to pay. Let everybody give one-tenth of his property, the Biblical tithe. Then we can say to the creditors, 'Here

is your money, every cent, paid to you the day that it is due.'”

“You are the only Debtpayer that has offered to pay the debt in money. You see you *are* a constructive statesman. But your plan is not workable. You and I might part with all our possessions, but if others failed to follow our example our contributions would be as a single grain of sand is to countless thousands.”

“Somebody has to start every movement. You and I can start this one, and the payment of the debt may be the result. Why, John, there is your own fortune, and father's, and Uncle Daingerfield's, and Captain Temple's, and Mr. Taliaferro's—why, even Mr. Jones, the preacher, has more than enough to pay his share of the debt. We will all pay everything that we have into the state treasury—all of us that have wealth—and let the poor and unfortunate keep their tenth. Here is the engagement ring that you gave to me. Take it away with you to-night, dear, and sell it and send the money that you get for it to Richmond. I shall not consent to own anything of value until the debt is paid.”

As she handed the ring to her lover her voice faltered, but not her eyes—the eyes that John Harrison had never seen so beautiful.

He put the ring on her finger in a way that indicated that he meant it to stay there.

“Lelia, early to-morrow morning I shall arrange for the sale of Inglewood, and I shall send to the state treasurer every cent that I have; I shall immediately make preparations to sell all my personal property, and I shall retain only the clothes that I wear. All that I shall make I shall send to the

state treasurer, except barely 'enough to pay my modest living expenses."

Then Lelia Braxton raised John Harrison's hand to her lips, and then they sat in silence for a while. Neither looked at the other, nor spoke; nor did they touch each other after that one kiss upon the young man's hand. After a while John Harrison said:

"You do not realise as I do the awful poverty of our people. A few like your father can afford to pay the present high tax rate, for they have money well invested and can pay out a great deal without serious inconvenience to them; but remember, Lelia, the capacity of a nation to bear taxation is in the ratio of the productiveness of her people. Virginia's wealth is her natural resources, and of these her lands only are developed—her lands that now are largely uncultivated, unproductive, dead capital, recently laid waste by the armies of thirty-six nations, which camped on her farms for four years. The owners or tenants were killed in warfare; the farms were seized by carpetbaggers and sold for unpaid taxes, so now there is only a little with which to pay the creditors, although the property is worth ten times the amount of the public debt. Your plan can not succeed. But every Virginian, man and woman, should deliver his or her property to the creditors, as you will deliver yours."

Lelia Braxton had dealt her lover a severe blow. He had come to tell her that he had made every preparation for the sale of all his property. For ten days he had looked forward to this night, after which she could never believe him to be less than honourable. And he had merely followed her lead. But she should never know from him that her plan

was similar to his own conception, matured ten days before hers. He had not stopped to consider the political effect of his course, except in this: the creditors should see and the world should know the metal in which Virginians were cast.

As it is true that a man is what he is, not what he says that he is, nor what he believes that he is, also it is true that what he may say does not add to the sum of the knowledge of the person to whom he speaks as to what he really is. John Harrison need have felt no anxiety nor regret. Lelia Braxton would have thought no more of him had he reached the pinnacle of glory; nor would she have thought less of him had he committed some act of infamy. Yes, a man is what he is; and Lelia Braxton knew John Harrison—and loved him.

But we all pretend to judge a man by what he says and by what he does; and we all like to be praised for what we do that we think is more than usually creditable in us; and John Harrison was young, and Lelia Braxton was young. And we all are young so long as we live.



## CHAPTER SIX

THE morning after John Harrison told Lelia Braxton that he would give all his property to the creditors of Virginia Judge Braxton was at work in the library. His daughter entered the room, hesitated, then advanced toward her father and gently placed her hand upon his shoulder. He drew her head down to his, looked into her troubled eyes, then kissed her. He treated his daughter with more than usual tenderness these days, and showed by many little services that he knew, that he sympathised.

“Well, daughter?”

“Father dear, how much is my property worth?”

“Let me see. Your uncle Caperton left you seven thousand dollars, which I invested in bank stock; I invested your dividends in the same way; so your stock-holdings are now worth fully fifteen thousand dollars. Why do you ask, little girl?”

“Father, please sell all my stock this morning and pay the public debt.”

The judge smiled.

“Why, little daughter; do you think that you can pay the public debt with fifteen thousand dollars?”

“No, father dear, I am not so silly as that; but I wish to pay to the creditors all that I have—my stocks, my jewels, even the Braxton diamonds.”

The judge looked at her fondly. Was she not worthy of Virginia? Was she not a Caperton and

a Braxton? Yes. And as she stood proudly there, in all the glory of a Virginian maiden, her eyes ablaze, her cheeks aglow, her father, old man that he was, felt thrilled, as does the boy who listens to the recital of some tale of heroism.

“My child, as trustee I can not permit you to use your property during your minority; but this morning I shall give to you fifteen thousand dollars as an advancement on the estate that you are to inherit from me; so really you will be using your own money.”

“Oh, thank you, father dear! I am so glad, so glad, so glad! And as soon as I am twenty-one I shall sell my bonds, and all that they bring shall go to the creditors. I am going to give my jewels now. May I, father dear?”

“Yes.”

Still she stood there.

“What else, little woman?”

“Father, please, father dear, sell Morven and all your other property and give everything that you have to the creditors.”

“Now, now, Lelia!”

“Well, father, Mr. Harrison told me last night that he would sell Inglewood and all his other property and give every cent that he has and all that he shall earn to the creditors—except just enough to pay his living expenses.”

She was greatly excited.

“Father, if Mr. Harrison, a Readjuster, is willing to do that, surely every Debtpayer should be as generous.”

For more than a minute the judge was silent. His daughter waited for his answer, her arms around his

neck. He had expected her to offer her small fortune and her jewels to the creditors; nor was her request, even demand, that he give all his property to Virginia unexpected; nor was he unwilling for her to give the value of her bonds and jewels, for every Virginian woman, in keeping with Virginian custom, was expected to make sacrifices for her country. But the questions involved in the surrender of the property of the gentry to the creditors, questions which already had been discussed quietly among gentlemen, were important, and the judge believed that the debt should not be paid in that way.

“That is important news, Lelia, and as important as it is unexpected. John’s course will have far-reaching consequences. He is a noble young man, my dear, and this thing that he has done is worthy of the Harrisons. Indeed, so sure am I that John Harrison is a man of high character, I am confident that he will not remain long in the Readjuster party. I like the enthusiasm of men like John Harrison. Now he is using his enthusiasm wrongly; but the time will come, and soon, when all his splendid vitality and noble nature will be given to the Virginia that he loves—as you and I love her.”

Yes, her father knew; he understood.

“But, father dear——”

“Now run along, little woman; I must go to town; and you—well, you know that Virginian girls do not reason why with their parents.”

“I tell you, sir, he is a puppet—the puppet of that infamous scoundrel, Timothy Murphy. An act of unselfish patriotism!—an example for us to follow! Cary Dabney, your sense of humour is worthy

of your ancestors. A brilliant governor you will make, sir; an honour to this proud commonwealth!"

"Colonel Daingerfield, pardon me, sir; but Virginians have always loved Virginia more than they have loved themselves! Surely, they love Virginia more than they love mere dollars and lands! Let us assume that John Harrison *did* come to the aid of his country, instead of imputing low motives to him; could he, sir, have expressed himself more modestly than he did in this announcement? Could his language have been more that of a patriotic gentleman offering himself and his fortune to his country? I know John Harrison; I know that he is not General Murphy's puppet; I know that he is an honourable man."

"Sir, as the puppet of Timothy Murphy he would have used those same words. I proclaimed to the world that Harrison is a scoundrel—the scoundrel weakling of a scoundrel. I did not say that he was unable to use the language of a gentleman."

"I bet my bottom dollar the colonel's right," Captain Lancaster said. "Timothy Murphy has played John Harrison as his right bower."

The Debt-payers of Warrenton had assembled in the lobby of the Warren-Green the morning after John Harrison told Lelia Braxton that he would give his property and his services to Virginia. Not an hour had passed between the time that he left Morven and when he posted on the court-house door a notice which said that his real and personal property would be sold at auction the next court-day, the proceeds of the sale to be paid to Virginia's creditors.

"Never mind his motive for the time being,"

said General Dabney, "but let us consider the political effect of this extraordinary announcement. With brazen effrontery the Readjusters declare that they are the only constructive statesmen in this commonwealth, that the honour of Virginia must be saved through their party, if at all, and that ours is a party of mere words. We know that they intend to repudiate the public debt; but they strengthen their position when they move to pay the debt by a subscription to be taken up among themselves, when one of their leaders conspicuously gives his ancestral home, all his real and personal property, all his personal effects, all his earnings beyond barely enough to buy bread, and goes forth among the people a poor man—one who has given his property to his country and dedicated his life to her."

"Harrison's impertinence, sirs, is not the least of his infamy," Colonel Daingerfield said. "He asserts in effect that he is the only man that is willing to give his property and his services to his country. You are right, Cary Dabney; there has never been a time when a Virginian gentleman placed his wealth above himself, or placed himself and his wealth above his country. Is there a man among us who would not go forth naked into the world that Virginia might be spared a single pang? I tell you, sirs, I resent the insinuation, extravagant as it is, that the Virginian gentleman is not first to come to the rescue of his country. The puppet Harrison has done that which no Virginian of intelligence believes to be for the good of the commonwealth—that, and nothing more."

"Which reminds me, Colonel; this morning my daughter Gladys asked me to invite every gentle-

man of Fauquier to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society, formed to aid in the payment of the debt. The meeting will be held this afternoon at Miss Polly Bolling's home."

"Then, sirs, already the fair daughters of Virginia have come to their mother's rescue."

"Yes, Colonel; my daughter Gladys told me about the association yesterday afternoon, before John Harrison had posted his property."

"We will resume the discussion of Murphy's trick," the colonel said. "Judge Braxton, sir, will you give us the benefit of your views of this conspiracy."

"Daingerfield, I think that you and Dabney are quite right when you say that every Virginian gentleman feels a deep sense of his personal responsibility for the payment of the debt. The honour of Virginia has been the bulwark of our civilisation, and has enabled us to be intellectually and morally supreme among the nations of the world. Does any gentleman in this commonwealth feel that he has the right to enjoy wealth and lands while his creditors are unpaid? There is no such man.

"But let us assume that gentlemen by giving all their property could raise funds sufficient to discharge the public debt. They would be unwise to sell their property and lands to foreigners and to Repudiators, thus assuring success to Murphy and his free-booters in the fall elections. Immediately they would repudiate the public debt, the price of our lands and personal property would be distributed among demagogues, and Virginia would be lost. A part of our lands would be in the possession of foreigners, the rest in the possession of

the marauders among our peasantry and yeomanry. We would have sold our mother into slavery.

“This nation would be at the mercy of adventurers from abroad, and the ignorant among our own people,—the ignorant that are now the vicious. The gentry of Virginia, denuded of their lands, their personal property sold, themselves without resource other than their brains and their hands, would be obliged to seek their fortunes in foreign countries, for with thieves as their masters they would be unwilling to labour. The debt must be paid, but properly, in a manner that will serve the best interests of the commonwealth; honestly paid, but not by the delivery of Virginia to her enemies.”

General Dabney spoke after a long pause that followed Judge Braxton's remarks.

“Although our country has been devastated by foreign armies,—and by armies of her own sons, in an effort to resist her invaders,—the loss in property has been slight compared to the loss that she sustained in her sons that were killed in battle. Had the war not been thrust upon us, the men that now lie in the graves of heroes would be here in the prime of their manhood, fearless, governing with the strong arm of hereditary authority; but those who now would be our aged, helping us by their wise counsel, lie in the trenches that were dug on many a battlefield. Our young men—who have been without a father's guidance, but who have had more than a father's responsibilities—have not had the advantages of schools.”

“How do you propose to pay the debt?” asked Captain Lancaster of Colonel Daingerfield.

“I am unable to see that any plan is more desir-



able than the one that is offered by our worthy leader. As the debt amounts to one-tenth of the value of property as assessed for taxation, he proposes to pass a law as soon as we gain control of the government by which we shall levy a tax equal to one-tenth of the value of all property in the state, then see to it that the tax-money is collected within one year. The money derived from that tax, sirs, shall be paid to the creditors as soon as it comes into our possession. In that way the entire debt shall be paid within a year from the day that our party again controls the government."

"Well, Cary," Captain Lancaster said, "I should say that the plan is one of your own! And you really have one disciple! Do you mean to say that the Debtpayers, going on the track with such a mount, hope to win this race? I'll bet my bottom dollar you don't get one vote out of a hundred. Now, as I was saying to my daughter Gladys this morning, the Debtpayers have been on solid ground—their track free from mud, equal to a plank road. They have been talking in generalities——"

"And so have the Repudiators, for that matter, Lancaster," the venerable physician reminded him.

"So they have, Mr. Carter. But the Debtpayers openly say that they mean to pay the debt, but don't say how they intend to pay it. Take my word for it, Cary Dabney; never have a fixed plan. The best of plans can be picked to pieces by any man. I think I'll be your only voter—and if my fortune amounted to ten dollars you wouldn't get my vote."

"Always you are jocular at the wrong time, Lancaster; and always you are quite as wrong as you

are jocular. Some day you may be right. If so, I hope that you will not fail to send for me. Mr. Carter, sir, so much levity in Captain Lancaster deserves your reproof.

“Now, after forty years of public service and experience in affairs of the state, I have found that in every campaign the two parties that oppose each other proceed in this way: one has a single plan—not necessarily developed in detail, but stating a definite purpose, a single purpose, a purpose that all that run may read; the other party has many plans. You are bound to like one, yet all are vague. The party that promises everything yet makes no definite promise always fails. We come straight out and say that the debt shall be paid—not how, nor when, nor out of what funds, for every man knows that if our party be elected the debt will be paid,—how is a matter of statecraft,—but the greatest dunce——”

Here the colonel paused to glare contemptuously over his glasses at Captain Lancaster.

“—But the greatest dunce, I repeat, knows that the money that is to pay the debt must be contributed by the people of this country. Sirs, that money will not fall from heaven like manna. Mr. Dabney is a man of discernment, a man of great generalship, and he does not deem an explanation in detail to the public of matters of statecraft necessary at this time. His brilliant plan meets with my full approval. We shall win the election—and every man when he votes to pay the debt pledges his word with that vote that the debt shall be paid—by him paid to the extent of his fortune. And only knaves shall protest when they are called upon to satisfy

their creditors by contributing so mean a sum as one-tenth of their property."

"A David come to judgment; aye, a David!"

"Can it be possible that Captain Lancaster thinks that he is quoting the speech of Shylock? Sirs, can that be possible?"

"Most unseemly! Cease, gentlemen, cease; do not treat matters of so much importance as these with mere wrangling and levity."

The silence that followed the old physician's reproof was interrupted after a while by Mr. Dabney.

"I think that we should recognise John Harrison's patriotism, gentlemen, and say to him: Your course has been noble—mistaken, if you please, but worthy of a Virginian that loves his country. For my part, while I recognise the force of all that you gentlemen have said, I shall deliver all my property to our creditors—this very day."

Nor could the protestations of several gentlemen shake Mr. Dabney in his purpose.

"Nevertheless, sirs," said the young leader, "I owe forty-seven million dollars—and so does every Virginian; and I shall not enjoy the comfort of wealth, nor spend a cent beyond a bare living, until I shall have discharged my debt. In this I do not mean to reprove you. My position is yours—in theory, at least; but I can not hold my property while my creditors are unpaid——"

Captain Lancaster again interrupted.

"Lay on, Macduff,

And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

"O mighty Bard of Avon, has it come to this,

that you as well as Virginia are degraded!" Colonel Daingerfield exclaimed, his eyes raised to heaven.

"Where is your property, Dabney?" asked the captain. "I've never heard that you had any."

"Well, I have four thousand dollars in bank and a horse and buggy. I shall draw the money from the bank in a few minutes, and right now I will sell you my horse and buggy."

And he did.

While the gentlemen were discussing John Harrison's announcement in the lobby of the Warren-Green, Captain Temple drew up his horse in front of Andy Stover's shop.

"What do John Harrison be a-meanin' anyways, Cap'n?"

"How?"

"Why, ain' you hearn the news?"

"No; what news?"

"My nevvv, Gawge Simpson,—Perfessor Gawge Washin'ton Laf'ette Simpson, out ter Laurel Hill, yer knows,—hev jes' gone by here on his way ter see that thar ol'es' Rice gal, an' he tole me as how he done read a card, stuck up on th' co't-house do', as tole how John Harrison's a-goin' ter sell out all he's got, even down ter Inglewood, an' evvything thar—pictchews on the wall, spoons in the sidebo'd, even down ter the horse in the stable."

"What, man! Is John Harrison bankrupt?"

"That's what Gawge—what am ter say, Perfessor Gawge Washin'ton Laf'ette Simpson, out ter Laurel Hill—war a-thinkin', so he axed 'bout it, an' read closter—an' Lawd, what yer 'sposin', Cap'n?"

"Speak out, man! Speak out!"

"He's a-goin' ter sell out evv'rything as is hisn an' gin it ter the state ter pay her debts wid."

"That's a lie!"

"Naw, Cap'n, 'tain't—it's the truth; an' he done say as how he 'spec's evvy honest man in the state ter do the same as him."

"He is a damned fool!"

"That's jest what I says."

Temple stuck his spurs deep into his horse's flanks and rode furiously toward Warrenton. His thoughts kept pace with his steed.

"Ha, ha, Lelia Braxton! I see your finger in this pie! And what a fool! The place will not bring half its value. Inglewood is mine. Let me see, Temple's soliloquy: Harrison, a member of the legislature; Temple, governor of Virginia, later president of the United States; Harrison, in a Warrenton boarding-house; Temple, the owner of the fine old Harrison estate, with winter residence the Governor's Mansion, Richmond, later with winter residence the White House, Washington. Come, come, Lelia dear; you are young now, but with the wisdom of a few more years—I think I may predict the name that you will bear."

Then he thought of Dorothea Annabel, as he always did when he thought of Miss Braxton.

"The Temple star is rising. And what a political stroke! A Readjuster leads the way to an honest settlement of the debt. How Tim Murphy's eyes will glisten when he hears the news! The election is ours."

He began to think of the details of the Inglewood estate—the great brick house set far back from the street, in a grove of old oaks, the elegant colonial

furniture, the magnificent silver, the priceless portraits by Van Dyke, Reynolds, Stuart, and others—all these would be his, purchased at less than half their value.

“There never was a girl that money and position and a fine old family estate could not buy—and love goes with the purchase, the only kind of love that a woman knows. Women have always loved their captors. Did not the proud Roman maid joyously mate with her barbarian conqueror? Yes, Lelia, you will love me when all these things come to pass. Oh, Dolly, Dolly, my pretty little Dorothea Annabel! Your heart is mine already. . . . And she is a wondrous jewel.”

His mood changed. Again he wondered why Harrison had determined to sell his place. Doubtless Andy's version was not the true one. Harrison was not a gambler; he had no extravagant habits; he lived well within his means. Temple was unable to solve the problem.

“Possibly Harrison is tired of social ostracism. Well, so am I—but I am a man, and can bide my day.”

But why should John Harrison sell Inglewood and his other large properties? Not for his country's sake? No; neither John Harrison nor any other man would sell the lands of his fathers through sheer patriotism. He recalled how Mr. Roger Williams Stokes had said only yesterday, while Temple was awaiting the appearance of Miss Dorothea Annabel Rice: “All this her-r-re talk 'bout honour-r-r is tommyr-r-rot. Who ever-r-r hear-r-rn of a body's payin' of a debt ef he didn't hev to. People hadn't oughter-r-r talk sich non-

sense." No, not patriotism, but possibly this: Lelia Braxton had told John Harrison that she would never marry him, and John Harrison had known that she never would.

Then he thought of Murphy. "He will ask me why I did not let a Debtpayer buy Inglewood—why I destroyed all the political value of Harrison's great political stroke." And he thought, and again he thought. "Why?"

Temple had not ridden out of sight before Mr. Rice drew up in front of the smith's shop. The news surprised Mr. Rice beyond measure. While he did not believe that Harrison would give one cent to the creditors, he did fear that his own political fortunes in some way would be affected, that Harrison and Murphy had conspired to ruin him.

Then he saw that Mr. Stover had something else on his mind. Several times the smith had started to unburden, he saw; but also he saw that the news would not be pleasant, so he had not encouraged Stover to unload.

"I'll be a-goin' now, Andy; an' you keep on a-doin'. Lay hold on every vote as comes down this here road. Well, good-bye!"

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Rice, I hev a word ter say ter yer. I sho hev done a lot fer yer, I has. I's done got evvy vote as come down this here road, I has; an' evvy man says, 'All right, Andy, I'll vote fer Mr. Rice.'"

"I'm much obliged to you, Andy; I certainly is."

"Hold on a minute, Mr. Rice. I air in trouble, I air, an' I ax yo' he'p. This here shop's all I's got, takin' wid that li'l' house as me an' my owns



lives in; an' this here shop an' that thar house they's goin' ter be tuk from me comin' ter-morrow ef I ain't ris' the mortgage money. I wants eight hundred dollar, I do, an' I wants yer ter len' me the money, I do."

"I ain't a-goin' to do no sech thing. Your property ain't worth more'n five hundred dollar, all knows, an' if I lent you eight hundred dollar I'd lose three hundred dollar cold; an' I ain't a-goin' to lose no cent on you, Andy. You've done spent your substance in riotous livin', you has, for all your Meth'dist piety. I don't think nothin' of the Meth'dist religion nohow. You Meth'dists shouts mighty hard, but that's because you gets het up with liquor; an' then you come around to me an' says to give you some of my ile, like the foolish said to the wise. I say to you right up an' down, I ain't got no ile to lend you. Good-bye, Andy; keep your eyes cut for every voter as comes down this here road; an' you let rum alone."

Mr. Stover wept. Loud were his lamentations.

"Them's crocodile tears, them is. You stop drinkin' so much rum an' your eyes'll stop runnin' so much water."

Mr. Rice was Mr. Rice's only vice.

He drove off, leaving Mr. Stover in despair, for that poor man thought that he had exhausted his last resource. He and his owns would be put out into the public highway the following day, he clearly foresaw.

As Colonel Daingerfield drove toward his home after the discussion of events political at the Warren-Green, two sons of his former overseer, dressed in

attire that they thought elegant, insultingly drove by, turned in their seats, looked back at him, and smirked into his face without bowing or speaking.

“Halt!”

The young men drew up their horse.

“You impertinent young dogs! Get out of that buggy; pull those flaming rags off your bodies; throw those cigarettes away; put on your working clothes, and then go into my fields. I shall introduce a bill into the next legislature that shall provide for a revival of the whipping-post. Then, if your conduct be repeated, I shall have you publicly chastised.”

“Ha, ha, ha! You’d better set-to and work your own fields, ’stead of working your mouth so much, old gander!”

That from one of the young men. The other laughed boisterously as he yelled at the top of his voice:

“Here, et my dust!”

The red in the colonel’s face grew a few shades deeper. He was angry, without doubt, very angry. He was about to try to overtake them when Mr. Stover drew up his “critter,” and spoke to him respectfully.

“Cunnel, suh, I air in a heap o’ trouble, I air.”

“I am not in the least surprised. A religious man like you, Andy, who is seen drunk two or three times a week, and who associates with Repudiators, is likely to be in trouble. But what is the matter?”

Andy poured forth his tale of woe.

“But the property is not worth more than four hundred dollars.”

"Jim Rice, suh, says as how it's wuth all o' five hundred dollar."

"Even so, I would lose three hundred dollars."

Mr. Stover wept.

"Stop that crying!—a great hulking creature like you weeping like some woman! Stop!"

"Gawd hev quit takin' care o' his own."

"If you had served the Lord half so faithfully as you have served the devil you would not be brought to this pass. You come to see me at two o'clock, when you shall have the eight hundred dollars; but if I hear of one dollar of it going down your throat I shall have you sold out. Then I shall have you and your people put into the poorhouse."

"Thankee, suh; thankee kindly, suh! I allus knowed you wus a big-hearted man!"

Colonel Daingerfield drove back to town to get the eight hundred dollars. Virginia needed the money, but a Virginian peasant was in trouble; and Colonel Daingerfield needed the money, for only a few labourers had worked in his fields for several years past, and the colonel was not a man of means.

"An' he never axed me ter vote fer him an' git him votes. An' thar air Jim Rice, damn him—oh, Gawd, I never meant ter say that thar word agin!—an' thar air Jim Rice as says as how I ain' goin' ter git a dollar o' his money—I might starve first, an' put my owns in the road. But I got ter vote fer the upliftin' o' my owns, I has. I don't believe in nobody settin' hisse'f up ter be better'n annudder, I don't. I'll git even wid Jim Rice summers—ef I does vote fur him. The cunnel never axed fer my vote, an' he don't git it."

When Temple reached his office he found it occupied by the Reverend Doctor Shadrach Meshech Abednego Berkeley. The "statement" was seated in the arm-chair, his feet on the top of the desk, calmly and patiently waiting for his political guide; and while he waited he read the *Whig*, the words of which he carefully spelled aloud, repeating several times those that contained more than three syllables.

"Well, Dr. Berkeley, what is this that I hear about our friend Harrison?"

"Hit am creatin' no end ob commerce, Mistah Temple, an' mah whole volubility am stirred by de consequence ob sech a promotional move—'specially when de move's by er subsequential member ob mah party."

Although he struggled to maintain his dignity and was visibly disturbed, the reverend gentleman did not neglect his diction.

"Mr. Harrison's strange course may well cause us to think, my dear Doctor."

"What do hit mean? When I 'sumed de 'sponsibility of de Readjuster party on ter my shoulders as de leader ob mah people cryin' in de wilderness ob confusion, Mistah Temple, I don' hit wid de suspicious detention of doin' mah duty. But now dat de party have arriv at de suspicional fork in de road ob judiciary politics, suh, I ain' sure which fork hit's 'bout ter tek. Am de Readjusters 'sposin' ter follow dis hyah promotivment ob Harrison's?"

The humour of the situation appealed to the captain. He could not refrain from amusing himself at the expense of his ally.

"Why, of course, Dr. Berkeley. I am going to

sell all that I have, and you are going to sell your house and lot and your horse and buggy. The proceeds will be paid to our creditors."

At this point the diction of the rhetorical expert suffered a relapse. Indeed, the learned doctor even forgot his dictionary.

"Good Gawd A'mighty, Mistah Temple! Sell mah house an' mah lot an' mah hoss an' mah buggy? Sholy you fo'gits how me an' Melindy done wuk fo' dat house an' lot an' dat hoss an' buggy?"

"General Murphy has ordered the sale, my dear sir; so we must pay the debt—by readjustment, you know. That is, we must pay it privately like gentlemen. We must answer the call to duty."

"'Tain' gwine call me from dat house an' lot an' dat hawse an' buggy, I ken jes' tell you. I's done drive that hawse and buggy all ober Fauquier, ter ebery meetin'-house 'roun', an' I ain' gwine part wid dat hawse and buggy an' dat house an' lot. De Readjusters ken go ter hell! Now yo' hyahs me!"

"But you are the leader of your people, Dr. Berkeley. Your attitude is neither dignified nor becoming."

"De leadership ob mah people ken be handed ter some udder pusson. Dyah's er passel ob niggers what ain' got no house an' lot ter part wid an' what ain' got no hawse and buggy ter drive 'roun'. I's gwine stick by mah prop'ty, I is, party or no party."

"But General Murphy has promised equality to your people as the reward of faithfulness."

As the reverend doctor ardently longed for equality, he was silent a moment.

"Melindy, she don' set no sto' by 'quality. She say ef Gawd A'mighty 'tended niggers ter be good

as white folks, He'd a-made 'em white. Melindy she ain' got no ambition. She'd jes' natchelly kill me fo' er fool ef I say I's gwine part wid mah house an' lot an' mah hawse an' buggy. Gen'l Murphy ain' gwine ter git nary er cent outen me—*nary er cent*, 'quality or no 'quality."

"Now, now, Dr. Berkeley; I was just joking with you. Of course we are not going to sell our property. The Readjuster movement is to protect us—to reduce our taxation. There are men like John Harrison in every party, who do things that are unexpected and unnecessary. Mr. Harrison himself is not a party necessity."

"Hi, Mistah Temple, am dat de way you show yo' 'preciability ob dem dat pretempt ter desuscitate de party, dat am ter ax you ter be gov'nor an' den pres'dent?"

"All politicians love a joke, Dr. Berkeley. Jocularly is one of the elements of a statesman."

"Den I 'scuse you, Mistah Temple, 'cause er statement am de gran'est ob all de microbes on dis hyah celestial earth—'ceptin' de minister of de Gospel, sech as me."

Whereupon Shadrach, perfectly satisfied, pompously departed.

When Mr. Carter, the first gentleman to reach the old Bolling home, was announced to the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, already the ladies assembled in the drawing-room had effected an organisation. Miss Polly Bolling had been unanimously elected president, and had found official positions for every member of the association. There was the committee on counties, which was to organ-

ise a branch of the society in every county in the commonwealth. Mrs. Braxton was elected chairman of that committee, without a dissenting voice, having been nominated by Miss Gladys Lancaster—because “Mrs. Braxton’s old enough to know a thing or two.” There was the committee on donations. Mrs. Daingerfield was nominated as chairman of that committee by Miss Lancaster, and unanimously elected—because “Mrs. Daingerfield knows a good thing when she sees it.” Miss Lancaster, having proposed a committee on personal solicitation, nominated herself as chairman of that committee, saying that she could squeeze blood out of a turnip, and was elected by a silent vote, no one voting for or against the formation of the committee, and no one voting for or against Miss Lancaster as the chairman. The membership was restricted to that young lady herself, for she was unable to find any other person that was willing to admit that she was qualified to make an effective member. On motion made by Miss Lancaster, duly seconded by Miss Dabney, the decision was reached to hold a bazaar in the court-house the last Tuesday in August, hours eleven in the morning to twelve at night. Mrs. Braxton was elected chairman of the committee on the bazaar by the voice of those assembled, having been nominated by Miss Lancaster, who said that “Mrs. Braxton knows enough not to let people put off any old thing on her”—meaning articles to be sold.

Mr. Carter’s name had been announced only a few minutes when other gentlemen arrived. Soon the drawing-rooms were filled with the Fauquier aristocracy.



When presented Mr. Carter bowed low over the hand of Miss Bolling, which he kissed after the manner of the gentlemen of his period, then quoted his favourite author.

“Dianam tenerae dicite virgines;  
Intonsum, pueri, dicite Cynthium;  
Latonamque supremo  
Dilectam penitus Iovi.”

“How very appropriate, Mr. Carter.”

“Mistress Bolling, the odes of Horace are always appropriate. Here, madam, he sings of Latona and her children; but his words are also appropriate to Virginia and her offspring.”

Judge Braxton had heard Mr. Carter recite the four lines from Horace. He took the twinkle in the aged physician's eyes as a challenge, which he accepted.

“The Latin poet did his best, Miss Bolling, and we honour him; but we turn to Homer for a more poetical description of these beautiful surroundings, as you shall see, if you will bear with me for a moment—

Ὡς τότε μὲν πρόπαν ἡμαρ ἐς ἥλιον καταδύντα  
δαίνυντ', οὐδέ τι θυμὸς ἐδεύετο δαιτὸς ἔϊσης,  
οὐ μὲν φόρμιγγος περικαλλέος, ἦν ἔχ' Ἀπόλλων,  
Μουσῶων θ', αἰ ἄειδον ἀμειβόμεναι ὄπι καλῆ.

Madam, Horace is undone. I could repeat verse after verse of the *Iliad*, and thereby show you that Homer was Horace's master, even as he was and is the master of all other singers, I——”

Fortunately Captain Lancaster came to Miss Bolling's relief.

“Miss Bollin’, ma’am, Judge Braxton deserts his own tongue for a barbarous lingo. So does Mr. Carter. Colonel Daingerfield, I am glad to say, is more faithful, for he repeats the songs of the Bard of Avon, Bailey, Landor, Poe, and Lanier; and I, ma’am, uphold the traditions of Virginian gentlemen, for my favourite poem is one that all true sons of Virginia have repeated—

“‘Thanks!’ said the Judge; ‘a sweeter draught  
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.’”

In those two lines is summed up all the beauties of poesy, in my humble opinion. Miss Bollin’, ma’am, you should have offered me a glass of water.”

The venerable physician paused, then stood to his full six feet.

“Ladies,—my children,—all praise to the noble women of Virginia. Ever have they been first to her rescue; ever have they been ready to lay down their lives for her, even as the sons of our beloved country have laid down their lives.”

Colonel Daingerfield came forward.

“Madam, I deeply regret that you ladies did not wait for the gentlemen before you organised yourselves into this association. I fear, ma’am, that you have made some grievous mistakes. Ladies are not skilled in such matters. You should have had the benefit of my advice.”

“Why, Colonel Daingerfield,” said Miss Lancaster, “I think you are just horrid! The idea! Women are just as smart as they’re pretty. Now don’t you mind what he says, dear Miss Bolling, I’m sure you’ve done just splendid. Oh, there’s Dick Taliaferro! Wait a minute, Dick! Wait a minute!”

"An animated young lady, ma'am."

"Unlike the girls of my time, Mr. Daingerfield," Miss Bolling said.

"Of your time, ma'am! But yesterday, and you and John Harrison stood 'neath yonder chandelier. Mistletoe, the flower of Christmas, hung from its sparkling glass trimmings; a spray of mistletoe was fastened in your chestnut hair; your cheeks were lit by the fires of your glorious eyes. But he would have been a brave man, ma'am, had he claimed the rights that you dared him take. And a brave young man was John Harrison. But he was not so brave as to pick up the gauntlet that you threw down."

"Oh, prithee, Mr. Daingerfield! will you never forsake your youth?"

"Never, ma'am—so long as the bloom of your cheeks puts to shame the colour that mantles the face of the new-blown rose."

"Daingerfield," said Judge Braxton, "did I hear you mention the name of John Harrison?"

"Yes, sir, you did; John Harrison, the friend of our youth—the father, sir, of the poor young man that Murphy has misled."

"Uncle Daingerfield," Miss Braxton said, "I wish General Murphy would mislead other young men. I wish he would mislead you into selling Bannockburn and all your other property."

"Daughter, your uncle is no longer a young man."

"And it is well that all Virginian men are not young, Ingram," said Mr. Carter, smiling significantly.

The gentlemen, with few exceptions, denounced Murphy's political trick pointedly, though in guarded

words. The ladies, without exception, made a hero of the young man, and Miss Bolling, defending him warmly, did not hesitate to say that the Readjusters, in John Harrison, had set the Debtpayers an example that they should follow. Her tall figure, not yet stooped by seventy years, was more erect than usual, and her eyes had all the fire that was theirs half a century before.

But John Harrison's father had looked into other eyes than Miss Bolling's. He had looked into soft blue eyes, that did not sparkle. He had not seen Miss Bolling's eyes. And Miss Bolling was Miss Bolling yet.

"Lelia, I do believe that Tom Tazewell is in love with Miss Bolling. Just see how he looks at her."

"You should know, Betty."

"Mr. Taliaferro, did you bring your cheque-book with you?"

"Why, yes, Miss Lancaster."

"Then please write me out a big cheque—a great big juicy cheque. Oh, Miss Polly, Mr. Taliaferro is writing out such a big cheque! But you are our president, Miss Polly, so you must head the subscription list. The committee on personal solicitation expects every man to do his duty."

"Certainly, I shall start the list, certainly; I enter my name for one thousand dollars."

"Oh, oh! If you didn't look so solemn I'd give you a kiss! *Voilà*, Mr. President; a check for five thousand dollars. But then you're the richest man in the state, Mr. Taliaferro."

"Lelia, that was your contribution. I wish some

young man loved me well enough to give five thousand dollars to our society."

"Hush, Betty, you will be overheard. Besides, Mr. Dandridge would give his life for you."

"Well, well, well! Surely somebody else is going to give something! Walk up, ladies and gentlemen—you all know how to write!"

Miss Betty Dabney unfastened a handsome pin, a cameo surrounded by pearls, which had belonged to one of her Gordon grandmothers, and handed it to Miss Bolling. Miss Clarke and her five nieces walked forward, one after another, and laid on the marble-top table, behind which the president was seated, all the jewels that they wore. Their example was followed by all the other ladies except Miss Braxton and Miss Lancaster. Unobserved, Miss Braxton had slipped her jewel box on the table and had handed a sealed envelope to the presiding officer. Miss Lancaster had given nothing.

Each praised the others for their generosity, and asked one another what they had given.

"What did you give, Miss Lancaster?" asked Miss Bolling, who usually addressed the committee on personal solicitation as Gladys; but this evening—no, she could not bring herself to say Gladys this evening.

"My family jewellery is at home, Miss Bolling; but I shall contribute my widow's mite. This dear little ring was given to me by my first sweetheart—*affaire de cœur*—now, Mr. Taliaferro, you needn't look so solemn—poor boy! He's married now; but I've always had some sentiment about this dear little

garnet ring—*tout ou rien!* Here, take it, Miss Bolling.”

The silence was oppressive. Miss Bolling took the ring. She knew that Miss Lancaster was not making a sacrifice quite so great as the young lady's words implied. She had seen the large horseshoe pin of magnificent diamonds that Miss Lancaster had neglected to take from beneath her dimpled chin. One is likely to forget an ornament that is out of sight.

“Come, step right up, gentlemen,” Miss Lancaster continued; “walk to the captain's office and settle there. For shame, for shame!—is Mr. Taliaferro to be the only horse to run in this race?”

Young Tazewell came to the defence of the gentlemen.

“The ladies first, Miss Gladys.”

“*Amende honorable*; but women have nothing to give. Come, Tom, I haven't seen your handwriting for a month of Sundays.”

Mr. Tazewell put his name down for ten dollars, the nine Beverleys' names followed, and every other gentleman, except Mr. Dabney, entered his name for the same amount.

“I've always heard that men follow one another like sheep. Ten dollars!—ten dollars!—a miserable little ten! And not a lady here who didn't give many times ten dollars' worth of jewellery! Why, *Cary Gordon Dabney*, you haven't put your name down! You walk right up here, sir, this very minute!”

Whereupon Mr. Dabney handed Miss Bolling a check for four thousand dollars, and counted out upon the marble-top table thirty pieces of gold.

“Four thousand dollars—two hundred and fifty dollars—why, you dear old bear! Popper, popper!—where are you, popper? Popper left after he paid his ten dollars—thought I was going to nail him for ten more. I’m going to look for him.”

“Gladys, your delight seems to be genuine—which surprises me. My brilliant young daughter has no place in her heart for Cary Dabney, I see. Why, my dear child, he has given everything he has on earth—four thousand dollars he had in bank, and his horse and buggy, which are now in the Warren-Green stables. I shall sell the horse for fully two hundred and fifty dollars, and expect to get one hundred dollars for the buggy. My clear profit will be one hundred dollars.”

For once Miss Lancaster was quiet—very quiet. But her father could hear her think. After a while she spoke.

“I’m going right away and ask Miss Bolling to give that poor dear boy’s money back to him. I think it’s a shame to rob young men that way. Now ten dollars, that’s all right; but—why it’s just out of the question!”

“Evidently you know very little about Cary Dabney. You would make a scene for nothing. Seems to me you’ve had enough to do with this business already; so you be quiet for the rest of the evening. There are several ladies here besides you. As I told your mother, I’d rather raise five boys than one girl; but I’ve had to fetch up five girls and three boys.”

“A generous gift—a very generous gift, Cary; worthy of the Carys and the Gordons and the Dabneys.”



"I thank you, Miss Bolling."

Ah, me! then was the period when the Virginian did not say, "I thank you very much;" then his northern friends did not say, "Tha-an-nk y-o-u," nor did his eastern neighbours say, "Thanks."

A group of gentlemen discussed Dabney's gift.

"I never tried to dissuade my son. I would do the same were I a boy."

"And, General," said Judge Braxton, "I shall say for the benefit of these young men about us—no young man makes a mistake when he gives all that he has to his country. Harrison and your son have set an example in patriotism that is not amiss in these perilous days."

"Then, Judge, you think that Mr. Harrison is not Murphy's puppet?"

"Tom Tazewell, no man here believes that John Harrison would permit himself to be used in a political trick. No man in Virginia is more surprised than Timothy Murphy that John Harrison has done this thing, I venture to say."

Lelia Braxton heard her father's words. Later, as she told him good-night, she placed her arms about his neck and kissed him more than once. Judge Braxton knew why.

"Mr. Dandridge, do you not think that was just splendid of Mr. Dabney?"

"No, Miss Lelia."

"You are joking, surely?"

"No; the debt can never be paid that way. I think that he should have kept his money."

"Then I will not talk with you."

But the young magistrate had pondered over the advice of his party leaders, and he thought that his friend had made a mistake.

“What did you give, Mr. Dandridge?”

“Ten dollars.”

“*Ten* dollars?”

“Yes, Miss Betty.”

“If *I* were a young man I would give *all* my wealth to Virginia, as my brother did.”

Half an hour later, as Miss Bolling and Miss Dabney together went over the list of subscribers, they saw that Mr. Dandridge had marked out the ten dollars that he had set opposite to his name and had written in the words, “All that I have.”

“I wish to read this letter aloud,” said Miss Polly Bolling, trembling as she rose from her seat behind the table.

“To the Ladies’ Aid Society:

“I regret that I am unable to accept the invitation that you orally extended to all the gentlemen of Fauquier, but an important political engagement keeps me at my office. However, I wish to say that I am heartily in sympathy with your plans. I also wish to thank you for your help to Virginia in these days of her need; and also I wish to say that the Readjuster party will be glad to co-operate with you. I enclose my cheque for one hundred dollars, and if I can be of further assistance, please command me.

“Respectfully yours,

“JAMES SPOTSWOOD TEMPLE.

“The Warren-Green,

“Saturday afternoon.”

“Zounds! Zounds! I say Zounds! That is all that I can say in the presence of ladies! Zounds! Zounds! Miss Bolling, ma’am, please hand that cheque to me. I shall return it immediately. Later, ma’am, I shall take occasion to resent this insult.”

“No, siree, Colonel,” Miss Lancaster interposed; “we’re going to keep that cheque. You can bet your bottom dollar on that. What, let Cary give every cent he’s got, and not take Jimmy Temple’s little hundred? No, sir; not if the court knows herself. We’ll get all out of the Readjusters that we can.”

Miss Bolling handed the cheque to Colonel Daingerfield.

“Ladies,” said Judge Braxton, “I wish to advise you. Do not pay out any money until after the election. And I wish to add, the seeming parsimony of the gentlemen is the result of a conference held by the leaders of our party this morning, when the decision was made that all gentlemen should hold their property until after the election. You ladies, who know your fathers and husbands and brothers, will suspend judgment. We are in sympathy with your society, and we thank you for the splendid aid that you have given and that you will give to our cause.”

Mr. Carter called Colonel Daingerfield aside.

“Now, Francis, return that cheque without comment, and there let the matter end. No gentleman can afford to enter upon a controversy with that man.”

“Sir, I shall send my overseer to chastise him.”

“Where’s your overseer, Colonel?”

“Lancaster, I had forgot.”

“Francis, I shall not permit you to go any far-

ther. I command you, sir, to return that cheque and let the matter end."

Mrs. Daingerfield had heard Miss Betty Dabney pointedly hint to Mr. Dandridge that he should contribute his large fortune to the association's fund. She determined to call the young girl aside later in the evening and reprove her, for the Virginian matron never hesitates to rebuke the young girls that violate the proprieties in her presence. The motherhood of the Virginian matron is all-inclusive, and no sensible Virginian girl is offended when she is reprimanded by a woman that is a great deal older than herself—even if she is a stranger. But Miss Betty, having found out that Mrs. Daingerfield had overheard her broad hint, took good care not to go near her during the rest of the evening. Miss Betty was among the first to leave.

The meeting now adjourned.

In the early morning of the day that Inglewood was sold John Harrison sent a trunk filled with his clothes and a few trinkets of value to himself only to the Warren-Green by his man Jake. Then he left the home of his fathers, and made his way to his new home, a single room in the old tavern. As General Murphy had asked him to submit plans for the settlement of the debt in writing by noon of the next day, he wrote continuously until four o'clock, when he was interrupted by the auctioneer, who handed the proceeds of the sale of all his real and personal property to him. After depositing the money, Harrison drew a cheque for the full amount of his account, made payable to the order of Miss Polly Bolling.

After supper, while he sat in his new home, old Jake entered the room, first having received permission, and with bowed head stood before his young master.

“Well, Jake?”

“De place done gone, Marse John; de place done gone, suh! Mistah Temple he done pay nuttin’ fo’ it, an’ when he done git it, Marse Taliaferro he done driv up, an’ he say, ‘I wants de place; I’ll pay heap more’n dat.’ Mistah Temple, he say, ‘De place am mine, Mistah Taliaferro.’”

No word did John Harrison utter; but he listened intently. The old negro continued, his eyes plainly showing his anger.

“Marse Taliaferro he say, ‘I done gib double what you pay.’ Mistah Temple, he done say, ‘I don’ wan’ tek no ’vantage ob you, Mistah Taliaferro; I done paid mo’n de place wuth, cayse de state need de money; den I nebber buyed de place fo’ speckerlatin.’ Den Marse Taliaferro done tu’n on he heel, he face done lit up red-lek, an’ he eyes done look like Marse Daingerfield’s when he done tell dem peoples ter go home.”

“Mr. Taliaferro knew the hour of the sale. Did you find out why he was late?”

The old negro’s eyes shone with fire, quite equal to that which he had seen in the eyes of Colonel Daingerfield and Mr. Taliaferro.

“Marse Taliaferro wan’ late, Marse Taliaferro wan’, suh. He done driv up an hour ’fo’ de time sot fo’ de sale; but two hours ’fo’ Mistah Temple he done say to de auction-man, ‘Come, start de sale; what you waitin’ fo’?’ De auction-man, he say, ‘Tain’t time yit.’ But Mistah Temple he done ’low

dat de auction-man done made er 'stake in 'de hour. He done tole him dat de ole home's fo' sale fust, den what's in it. Den Mistah Temple he say, 'Ef you don' sell de place now, I's gwine. I ain' gwine hang 'roun' hyah waitin' fo' you. Ebbybody's here, anyways.' He done 'suaded de auction-man, he done; an' den he done bought de place fo' nuttin', cayse nobody's got nuttin', so de place done brought no mo'n half what you done say it oughter fotch."

The old negro clinched his fists tighter; then he slowly relaxed; his form, which had stood erect in his anger, now gradually bowed low, and his head sank upon his breast.

"Ebbyt'ing done gone—dey sole yo' hawse an' buggy, Marse John. Dey sole ole Marser's an' ole Missus's pictews right offen de wall—de folks f'om way back yonder—eben down ter yo' pictew, Marse John, eben down ter de spoon yo' ole aunt, Miss Harrison, done gib you when er baby, 's sole out wid de t'other silber. Mistah Temple done got 'tall."

The old man unpacked his master's trunk, laid his evening clothes out for him, and then retired to a corner of the room, where he stood motionless.

"Jake, you have no home?"

"No, suh."

"And I have no money. . . . Do you wish me to find work for you?"

"Marse John, I nebber done no wuk in all mah life. I's too ole ter wuk now. I don' wan' no money, Marse John; I jes' wants ter be er Inglewood Harrison till I die. I ain' nebber done had no wage, 'ceptin' er little 'baccer money now an' den. I ain' got no need fo' no money. I kin do widout 'baccer money."

“Your room is in the servant-quarters, Jake. Never, so long as I live, shall you be other than an Inglewood Harrison. Your old age shall be one of peace and comfort.”

An hour later John Harrison was in Miss Polly Bolling's drawing-room.

“John Harrison, this is the first time that you have been in my home since last March. I have missed you, my son. I am an old woman now, and I need my friends. As a little boy you were in and out of the house every day; as a lad you brought your joys and your troubles to me; as a young man you made me your confidante. Do you remember, John, that you told me of your love for Lelia Braxton even before you told her, and asked me if I thought that you had any chance to win her heart? I told you, my boy, that you could win any woman's heart, for you would never find a heart purer than your own. And you, my John, have not been near your old mother for nearly two months.”

The young man knelt and kissed Miss Bolling's hand. Then, like some queen-mother of old, she raised him by the hand that held hers and kissed first one and then the other of his blue eyes.

“Miss Polly, here is the cheque—the cheque for the Ladies' Aid Society. I have one hundred dollars left.”

“John Harrison, I—have not wept—for forty years—I have not wept. No, I shed tears once in all that time. Now, John—pardon the—infirmities of age. I shall be calm soon.”

Again he knelt; again he kissed the withered hand. Then he withdrew quietly, as a subject withdraws from the presence of his sovereign.



Harrison went directly to Morven from the Boling dwelling. He found the family in the drawing-room. Judge and Mrs. Braxton were very grave, and Miss Braxton's face was almost as white as her dress as she stood by Taliaferro's sculpture of Homer, aimlessly passing a red rose to and fro over the white marble face. The young man had advanced toward Mrs. Braxton to shake hands with her, but she had not offered her hand to him; so he had bowed low, and then he had bowed to Miss Braxton. The judge addressed him.

"How do you do, Mr. Harrison? Inglewood was purchased by Captain Temple, I have been told, the purchase price being less than half its value."

Mr. Harrison vouchsafed no explanation; but he again bowed low, then stood erect, his pride that of generations of Harrisons.

"Mr. Braxton, I am now ready to assist you in searching for references in the library," said Mrs. Braxton.

For fully a minute after her father and mother left the room Miss Braxton stood in silence by the bust of Homer, still toying with the rose, as though its perfume could quicken the cold marble. She was the first to speak.

"You—you—now you are the noblest of all Virginians. I—I love—I have lived in you all day. I—I——"

In two strides John Harrison had reached her side, he had seized her hand, and then—John Harrison forgot the precepts of his fathers. He caught her in his arms; he pressed her to his heart; he kissed her fiercely, and then his kisses became tender and still more tender as he held her. She did not

resist. She was exhausted. She was like some little girl that lies motionless upon her father's bosom after a storm of tears. All day long her heart had sobbed.

Leading her to a huge upholstered chair, he bent his knee as he took her hand.

"Lelia, I have done no more than a man's part—not so much as thousands of men have done for Virginia, and not so much as I have done for her since the evening, in the magnolia grove, that you prayed to God to show you the way."

"I know, John; I know."

"I have given no more than you, for have you not given all, even your heart, as I have given mine? But Virginia does not expect us to give our love, nor is she willing to take that love from us. Lelia, our love is our own. You are bound to me, my love, O my love, my Lelia, by bonds that can not be broken—even by death. They are bonds stronger than our betrothal vows—stronger than the vows of marriage. We are bound by love, the bonds of gold that were wrought by Almighty God, stronger than all the chains forged by Vulcan, and stronger than the will of man. Lelia, let us repeat our betrothal vows before God's altar—now, Lelia, now! Surely God has answered your prayer—He has shown you the way."

Her eyes fell; her cheeks were aglow; her bosom heaved. John Harrison bent over her hand, that she might have time. With her disengaged hand timidly, caressingly, she touched his hair. Then she let her hand rest on his head.

"Ever since that evening—every night—every morning—and all day long—I have prayed—as we

prayed together. But God has not shown me the way—unless this way: we must live our lives apart until—until—John, until you see Virginia's way."

And again Harrison went out into the night.

Miss Polly Bolling regained her composure soon after Harrison had left her. She knew where he had gone, and she knew that her boy would say nothing about his gift; but Lelia Braxton—she should know that very night. She loved the young girl—first, because John Harrison loved her, then because Lelia Braxton was the most lovable girl that she had ever known. A letter from Miss Bolling to Mrs. Braxton, which really was meant for Miss Braxton, was delivered a few minutes before eleven that night.

Although Judge Braxton had been in bed for more than an hour when Miss Bolling's letter was delivered, he began to dress, and before midnight had aroused John Harrison, who was sleeping soundly in his Warren-Green room.

"John, forgive me! I have known you since the day that Mr. Carter and I stood as your sponsors in baptism, when you, less than a month old, were held in John Harrison's arms. I should have known that you were incapable of any deliberate act of infamy. I ask you to forgive me."

No word did John Harrison say, but he grasped Judge Braxton's hand. Then, without another word, the judge returned to Morven.

Captain Temple, believing that all women love men when they love, had called at Morven half an hour before John Harrison had been announced.

Temple believed that Lelia Braxton had never loved Harrison, that she could never have loved a goody-goody baby-boy type of man, always right, but always wrong when right. Now he, Temple, would compel her admiration, unknown even to herself, by a bold, daring move. Insolence? Yes; but do not all women really admire insolence in men? So thought Temple.

Miss Braxton was in the conservatory when she heard Temple's voice as he asked the old butler if she were at home.

William ushered the captain into the drawing-room, whence his young mistress was visible through the doorway. The new owner of Inglewood could overhear Miss Braxton and the servant, as they and the captain knew.

"I declar', Marse Braxton sholy would say ef he done saw you, wid all dem flowers hangin' 'bout you, what he allers done say ter Mistis—

"Miss Braxton 'mongst de flowers,  
Herse'f er flower fairer dan de rose."

"I always knew that you were a poet, William."

"How you done know dat, chile?"

"Because you love flowers, and everybody that loves flowers is a poet by nature. You take care of my flowers for me, William, like one who loves flowers."

"Dat's cayse I loves you, li'l' Missus, an' Sary loves you—an' all loves you."

Then William went back into the drawing-room.

"She say as how she ain' home, suh."

“Very well; tell her I am sorry—that I will call again.”

“Good-morning, Colonel Daingerfield!”

“Good-morning, Miss Lancaster.”

“This morning, sir, as I drove through these spacious grounds, so beautifully garlanded, so like some fairyland, I heard the robin, the bird of the morning, sobbing forth his plaintive song of woe. Sir, that song seemed to me to say, ‘Awake, Virginians; buckle on your armour; come to the rescue of this your native land!’”

“Madam,—I—I—madam,—I—I——”

“Cease, Francis, cease! This is not a time for impatience, but for thought. We must meet this issue in a manner worthy of Virginia and her dead sons! Let not the mocking of a young girl arouse you to anger, but remember that out of the mouth of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom. Be calm, Francis! Be calm!”

“Madam, I shall announce your arrival to Mrs. Daingerfield.”

“Now please don’t be mad, Colonel; I did so want to get you into a good humour. I hadn’t the least idea that you’d take me seriously. I was just fooling—honest to Gawd I wus! I’ve come for suppen.”

“Madam, I shall take great pleasure in serving you.”

“Sir, you fill me with joyful emotions. I take great pleasure in permitting you to serve me. Sir, I’m the committee on personal solicitation, and I’ve the honour to request that you contribute generously to the fund of the Ladies’ Aid Society—a fund, sir, that shall be used to save the honour of

Virginia. I ask that you sell Bannockburn and all your hereditaments and personal belongings and that you give the proceeds of the sale to me; that you here and now hand a cheque to me for the full amount of your bank balance, and thereby prove that the Debtpayers, sir,—the Debtpayers,—mean to pay the debt, that they do not mean to leave the payment thereof to wicked Repudiators.”

“Already, Miss Lancaster, you have been told that your elders believe that the debt should not be paid by the sale of Virginia to Murphyites and foreigners. I shall announce your visit to Mrs. Daingerfield now, if you will excuse me for a few minutes.”

“Hold, Francis, hold!”

“Madam!”

“Judge Braxton gave me a cheque for a lot of money.”

“Doubtless you refer to the ten dollars that he subscribed while he was the guest of the Ladies’ Aid Society. I have paid the ten dollars that I subscribed at that time.”

“No such thing—I’ve got his big cheque right in this bag. Want to see it?”

“I will take your word for it, madam.”

“Oh, please do give me something—please; that’s a dear old Cunnel!”

“I will write you a check for twenty-five dollars—that Mrs. Daingerfield no longer may be deprived of the pleasure of your company.”

“Pooh! No, you don’t, Colonel! *Holà! pas si vite!* Judge Braxton gave me one hundred dollars, and he’s not a professional politician.”

“I am tempted to give you as much—that Mrs.

Daingerfield may be immediately apprised of your call—but I regret to say, madam, I am not a man of wealth, so I am unable to give you more than this modest cheque. Here is the twenty-five dollars.”

“I suppose beggars mustn’t be choosers; so I thank you *very* much. But remember, sir, ours—*ours*, I say—is a noble cause. We fight for Virginia—not for ourselves. Now, sir, I’ll not trouble you to call dear old Mrs. Daingerfield; but I shall go forth through your spacious grounds, and the plaintive songs of the robins will fall upon my ears like Virginia’s dirge. Mournfully will they sing: ‘The master gave but twenty-five dollars—a mean little cheque for twenty-five dollars.’ By-bye, Cunnel!”

“Madam, good-morning!”

“Good-afternoon, Mr. Rice!”

“Good-evenin’, Miss Lancaster. Come right in, an’ wait a minute whilst I go an’ call down Eugenie Victoria an’ Phyllis Daphne an’ Dorothea Annabel an’ maw—an’ Reg’nal’ La’nc’lot, the doctor. I’m mighty glad to see you—mighty glad. You know you ain’t been in my house befo’ in all the time you’ve been a-comin’ to Warrenton. I certainly is mighty glad to see you—I certainly is mighty glad.”

“I’ve tried time and again to come, Mr. Rice, but something always happened to prevent. You know, I was at Mrs. Stuart’s with Dorothea Annabel part of a year, and I’m very, *very* fond of her. She was the most popular girl there—and oh so smart! I left after a year; but Dorothea—that girl just stayed six whole years. And she’s as pretty as she’s smart.”



“Eugenie Victoria an’ Phyllis Daphne is mighty likely gyurls too, I can tell you.”

“They certainly are, Mr. Rice. I’ve heard that Eugenie Victoria’s one of the best housekeepers in Fauquier; and everybody says Phyllis Daphne looks just like her mother—and nobody can say more than that, for Mrs. Rice is just *too* lovely for anything.”

“You don’t know the doctor, Reg’nal’ La’nc’lot, do you?”

“Not personally; but I’ve seen him at church—St. James, you know.”

“I’ll go call him now! He may be hangin’ around the house, an’ he ain’t never set up to no gyurl. He’s a mighty likely boy,—doctor—Reg’nal’ La’nc’lot is. Time’s comin’ when he’s goin’ to get a mighty fine house an’ some mighty broad acres.”

“Mr. Rice, I’ve come to ask your help. Please sell all your vast estate and every bit of your property, for I want to give the money to the Ladies’ Aid Society for the creditors. I ask you to give me a cheque for all that you’ve got in bank. I’m authorised to receive the money.”

“Them’s monstrous propositions of yourn, Miss Lancaster. You shorely don’t expect no sech thing of a man as has worked hard to gather a little together for his family—’specially for his son to marry on. Now, Harrison an’ Dandridge an’ Dabney, them young bloods has never made no money—well, it comes easy an’ it goes easy with them. I sweated out all I got, an’ there’s none o’ that sweat goin’ to no creditors.”

“But you’ll give something, surely? I’m trying to raise more money than all the other ladies put

together. Surely, Mr. Rice, you'll give me a little something? Surely?"

"Well, bein's it's you, here's a dollar."

"I don't want a dollar. Good-afternoon, Mr. Rice."

"Well, here's two dollar fifty cent, an' I only gives it because it's you as asks for it."

"I never asked for two dollars and fifty cents."

"Well, I didn't borrow no money; an' I ain't had no benefit from what was borrowed; an' I ain't goin' to pay nobody else's debts, I ain't."

"Why, Senator Rice!"

"I am a Readjuster, I am—as everybody knows."

"You're a Repudiator—as everybody don't know."

"Well, here's five dollars—an' you needn't say nothin' about 'pudiatin' to nobody."

"I'll take your five dollars. *C'est magnifique!* I thank you *very, very* much. But I *will* say something about 'pudiatin'.' I don't take bribes."

"I'll go call them folks."

"No; I'm too greatly agitated to interview them now—I wouldn't get a cent out of them if I did. Good-afternoon."

"Good-evenin'. Come again right soon. I know maw an' all the gyurls an' the doctor, Reg'nal' La'nc'lot, 'll be glad to see you."

"I've come for the one hundred dollars."

"I thought that you would be around."

"Why, *Captain Temple!* How *could* you have thought such a thing!"

"I thought that you would not forget, '*de faire flèche tout bois!*' I had a few other thoughts as

well. The cheque came back in an envelope with no other enclosure, returned to me by Colonel Daingerfield. 'Ah,' thought I, 'not so would Gladys Lancaster have conserved my interests.' Then I had a few other thoughts, not to mention a few pleasurable emotions. I always like to see my clients—of whom you are the most honoured—exercise their business instincts. I could see you—I could feel you—as you said, 'Hold on there, Colonel! no, you don't, sir! Give me that cheque! What, are we to spend our money and then refuse to capture our enemy's stores when they're raided? No, sir, you just hand me back that cheque!' I feel certain, Miss Lancaster, that you did not protect my property for me—that I have Colonel Daingerfield, not you, to thank for the preservation of my bank balance."

"With me, Virginia first; then my friends."

"With me, my friends; for they are Virginia."

"Your friends, did you say?"

"Yes, my friends; you, for example, are the spirit of new Virginia, the Virginia that will use her dead self as a stepping-stone to higher things. I love the beautiful young Virginia; nor do I love her mother less because I love her daughter more."

"Please let me have the hundred now."

"Is that all?"

"No, the hundred belongs to my clients already. I am the committee on personal solicitation, representing the people of Virginia, and upon behalf of my clients I demand that you sell all your property and turn over the proceeds of the sale to me."

"Why, my dear *sir*, your claim is outlawed! Your clients went into bankruptcy fourteen years ago!"

"Virginia, sir, expects every man to do his duty. She demands that her sons defend her honour."

"But, my *dear sir*; the state is insolvent; the war left her devastated; Reconstructors fed upon her flesh; carpetbaggers picked her bones; the——"

"Inglewood is a lively corpse, Jim Temple. That property should be sold again; and again the proceeds of the sale should be paid to my clients."

"Here is the cheque."

"That's the same cheque!"

"Yes."

"But this business must be *sub-rosa*, because the Ladies' Aid Society wouldn't accept a penny from *you* if they knew."

"Then how would you account for the one hundred dollars?"

"Why, that was to be my pocket money. 'Poor Gladys, she gave every cent of her pocket money!'"

"Almost as clever as Gladys Lancaster herself."

"The end justifies the means."

"The spirit of young Virginia!"

"Please give me the money in cash."

He did.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

**T**HE Readjuster convention would convene the second day of June. General Murphy believed that the rule which General Forrest promulgated, "Git dar fustis wid de mostis men," applied to politics as well as to war. The Democratic convention would not convene until the fifth of August. Said the chairman of that party for the commonwealth, "Politics and war differ materially; in politics the last shall be first, and the first shall be last." Even unto this day Democrats hold their conventions after their opponents have selected their candidates.

The latter part of May finds Timothy Murphy in his headquarters in the *Whig* building in the capital. The leader slept in a small room over a grogery, when he did not sleep in a room in the *Whig* building,—a room with white walls, furnished with a bed, a small mirror, a single split-bottom chair, a *papier-maché* spittoon, and four hooks driven into the door. No carpet was on the floor. Saloons boxed the compass. Everywhere was the odour of sour beer, causing the leader constantly to remember the people—for Mr. William R. Hearst was not the first eminent statesman to hold that the voice of the people is wafted to God over the foam of a stein of beer. Possibly General Murphy and Mr. Hearst mistook the breath for the voice—and possibly they made no mistake.

In and out of the *Whig* building poured Mur-

phyites from early in the morning until late at night. Every visitor on leaving the leader was satisfied. Some went in like lions; but they always left like lambs. Murphy read men as some men read books—he saw the cover, he had absorbed the book.

“I hev de distinguishment, Gen'l, ter be de Rev'-ent Doctah Shadrak Meshuk 'Bednigger Berkeley, ob Virginia; an' I's had er call from Gawd A'mighty in er dream ter run fo' de house ob delegation.”

“Doctor, for many years your name has been a byword in Virginia.”

“De gift ob oratin' wus born in me, Gen'l. I disinherited hit from all mah peoples; an' now, Gen'l, I feels dat in de Readjuster party us cullud brederen am 'bout ter be frustrated in de mos' sub-sequential an' satisfactory way.”

“I am deeply interested in your people, Dr. Berkeley. I wish to help them in every way that is in my power.”

“I knows hit, Gen'l, an' I's obligated ter you. I knows, too, dat cullud gemmen in de nex' Desembly will hev abrogated out ter dem all de dispositions jes' de same as am enj'yed by de whitewashed cullud gemmen. I seen hit in mah dream; an' de big white angel dat stood at de head ob mah bed, a-flap-pin' ob her wings, she say, 'Doctah Berkeley, when de dishonourable position am 'stowed up-on you, jes' you hold Gen'l Murphy up fo' yo' guidance come thick an' thin;' an' in mah dream I say, 'Yea, Lawd, I's calkerlatin' ter follow him same as de peoples followed Moses outen de lan' ob Canaan, an' I's gwine gib 'bediency ter him lek I does ter de Good Word.'”

"You shall have my support."

As General Murphy shook hands with Dr. Berkeley he left a double eagle in the clutch of the reverend gentleman's great paw.

"For foreign missions, Doctor."

"Yaas, suh; fo' ferren missions."

"My dear Gen'l!"

"Judge Tanner! This is indeed a pleasure!"

"Gen'l, my clients, the people, spake, *vox popular vox Do-'em best*, and I heard their voice: 'Judge Tanner, sir, go up to Richmond and find out from Gen'l Murphy the meanin' of young Harrison's sellin' out his prop'ty.' I tell you, Gen'l, my clients would a-left the party, *sir ratim*, if Temple, the old governor's son, hadn't a-bought it in. A slick article, that Temple boy; but I'll sw'ar if old Judge Harrison's son didn't git up befo' day and subpoena him."

"Both are bright young men, Judge; very bright."

"*Deuced* bright, I say, Gen'l; and so say my clients, the people—*vox popular vox Do-'em best*. They are so deuced smart nobody knows the ins and outs of their hocus-pocus. Waddy says he believes no coin passed; so Harrison'll not have to buy the place back with Temple's money; but Nottingham—one of them seventeen thousand gents o' that name as hangs around Eastville—says the title passed, and he says as how he 'lows Temple's too slick an article ever to let that property git away from him unless he salts down a heap o' money—and a heap more'n he paid for it. I keeps my tongue where it belongs; but I don't mind sayin' to you, Gen'l, the *obiter dic-*



*tum* o' this court is that no Fauquier youth can set up with a Northampton b'y. The east is superior to the west. Them Cohoes ain't in it with us Tuckahoes. Temple's got the land and the money, and he's goin' to keep 'em both. But another one of my clients says as how this here debt is to be repudiated, and that's why I'm here. My clients want to know. How?—*vox popular vox Do-'em best.*"

"Boys will be boys, Judge. We were boys ourselves once—hey?"

"Well, my dear Gen'l, you must bear in mind that my clients, the people, the very plain people, says as how anybody that's got money to throw away can pay that darn debt; and they want you to know, and to keep steadily befo' your eyesight, as how they ain't got no money to fling away. And that's the interlocutory decree o' this here *nisi pris cote.*"

"Now, now, Judge; I know the good people of the Eastern Shore advocate Temple's nomination, and I do not mind saying to you, in the strictest confidence, that I really support his candidacy. Harrison shows that he is a dangerous man by the prank that disturbed your clients. Captain Temple and I came to the rescue of the party, Temple purchasing the property. We saw at a glance that Harrison's gift would cost us more votes than we could hope to gain by his extraordinary behaviour."

"My dear Gen'l!"

"Judge Tanner! Call again."

"I am glad to see you, Professor Simpson."

"General, I have called to advocate the nomination of Mr. Jones. Education in this state should

receive more attention, for teachers are not able to make a living out of free schools. College professors are not much better off."

"I shall consider your suggestion. Mr. Jones is an able man; he has my warm support. I can assure you, moreover, that our candidate for governor shall advocate liberality in the management of the public schools. I myself shall cause a bill to be introduced that will provide for an increase in the salaries of college professors."

The leader could feel that a burden rested upon the fine mind of the Laurel Hill mathematician, but he would ask that gentleman no leading question.

"I'm pretty hard up."

"All men seem to be hard up, Professor, unless Mr. Harrison and Captain Temple are exceptions. Possibly Mr. Harrison would lend you some of the money that was recently paid to him by Captain Temple?"

"Some folks say one thing and some say another about that transaction, General. But Mr. Harrison seems to be without means, and nobody thinks that he has any money, while there are those that say that you are the only man who knows where the cash has gone. I thought you might lend me fifty dollars."

"I have nothing, Professor. Wait until after the election, when, I think, our soldiers that are now in the thick of the fight will find money quite plentiful. Keep in the thick of the fight, Professor."

"There's another—er—er—little matter—er—er——"

"Now, Professor Simpson, you have not given me time in which to mention a matter that I have had

in mind for some time. I read your monograph on the fourth dimension with a great deal of pleasure. As soon as I had read it I said, Here is the man for the chair of mathematics in our great university. If our party be elected, I assure you that the old university shall be no longer without a competent instructor in that department."

The lank form of the professor left the Presence.

Time was when the professors and students of the University of Virginia were gentlemen.

Time was when the professors and regents of the University of Virginia were native Virginians.

In this year of our Lord 1910 a few of the professors and a few of the students of the University of Virginia are gentlemen.

A few of the professors of the University of Virginia are native Virginians in this year of our Lord 1910.

However, unlike Johns Hopkins University, an institution that was established for the education of southern young men, even now more than half the teachers of the University of Virginia were born south of Mason and Dixon's line. Johns Hopkins University now has one teacher who was born south of that line.

Moreover, the funds of the University of Virginia have not been used to further private enterprises, nor have they been taken as tonics by moribund railroads.

"Harmony, gentlemen, harmony! Harmony is the password to success; yet I find Salem divided. Mr. Brown, you support Mr. Harrison; Mr. Fletcher,

you advocate the nomination of Mr. Jones; Mr. Johnson, you think——”

“Boss, us cullud gemmen say ef de cullud vote is gwine ter 'lect de gubbenor, he oughter be er cullud gemman gubbenor.”

No one seemed to have heard the statesman from Salem.

“Mr. Harrison is my favourite, General. Why? Because his oratory charms the ear; because his words pour forth from his throat like the song of a bird; because his reasoning is not surpassed by that of John Marshall himself; because his magnetism is like unto the north star. Sir, I am for Harrison; I am for the man who is for the people; I am for the man who knows how to talk. I am for oratory and John Randolph Harrison!”

“An' Fletcher's for the man as is the farmer's friend. He's for the man as can pray when it rains too hard, an' as can pray when it don't rain hard enough; he's for the man as can preach; he's for the man as believes in lettin' tax money alone till the time comes to pay it out for free schools; he's for the preacher as don't take money as don't belong to him; he's for the Christian as the water of baptism has washed clean. I'm for John Henry Jones!”

“An' say, boss, I done spoke once, an' now I wants you ter hyah, an' now I wants you ter heed! I say a cullud gemman fo' gubbenor, an' I 'spects I knows whar de right kin' ob cullud gemman kin be found. You ain't got ter go fur.”

“Buck Johnson, you may think that a black man is as good as a white man. However that may be, neither a white man nor a black man shall address

me in that manner. Were you as white as the garments of angels and intentionally made yourself obnoxious to me, I would kick you through that window."

"I ain' meanin' nuttin' 'tall, Gen'l, by nuttin' I done say, dat I ain'."

"Then you be careful."

Silence occupied the Presence chamber for an appreciable time; then Mr. Brown, a diplomat as well as an orator, diverted the attention of the enemy, firing from a vantage point.

"Harmony, the gift of Heaven, holds us enthralled in at least one particular. We all agree, sir, that John Randolph Harrison was a fool when he sold his property—all sorts and conditions of a fool. There are we harmonious."

"Dat's so; dat's sholy so."

"He ain't no farmer nohow."

Then the general gave the gentlemen from Salem further assurances of his political regard for them.

Mr. Buck Johnson received permission to array himself in senatorial toga, as he deserved an enlargement of his reward. He had talked to negroes throughout the southwest, until now his oratory bloomed in the garden where blossomed the flowers of Dr. Berkeley's speech.

"Not only have I advocated your nomination, Mr. Jones, but I have told Harrison and Temple that you, of all men in Virginia, should be our next governor. Are you not the Father of Readjustment? Virginia owes more to you than she does to any other living man."

"Then I have been misinformed, General, and

the reports that have reached me from the Eastern Shore, to the effect that you advocate the nomination of Temple, are as false as those that have come to me from Warrenton—that you support Harrison's candidacy."

"Mr. Harrison is not even a candidate, while I have other plans for Temple. Besides, the recklessness of those two young men in the sale by the one and the purchase by the other of Harrison's property has seriously impaired their standing with the plain people."

"As to Harrison, General, you are mistaken; he never was stronger than now. I am sure that the plain people agree with me in believing that those young men have played the game of politics according to the rules. Harrison's play was brilliant; but Temple called checkmate when he bought the property."

"I shall do what I can for you, Dr. Jones, I can assure you."

The parson was satisfied when he left the general, who had thrust his hand into the pocket of the sacerdotal robe and picked out of it the leadership of the Readjuster movement. Rather the parson was as well satisfied as a man can be when the thief who has picked his pocket later treats the victim with condescension.

"You never looked more like my old friend John Harrison than you do now. I remember how he came to me a few weeks after the Surrender. 'We have nothing left, Timothy, but honour,' he said. Then he paused, and his eyes lit up as he continued, 'No; I have John, the youngest of my sons.' He

had you and honour and the Inglewood lands—nothing more. Now he has gone where I must soon go; but before I cross the River of Destiny, never to return, I wish to see John Harrison's son governor of Virginia, and the honour of Virginia in his keeping."

"General Murphy, I thank you. Your affection for my father touches me deeply. Undoubtedly he must have held you in high regard, although I never heard him refer to the friendship that existed between you and him. As to the governorship, I wish to be neither nominated nor elected, for reasons purely personal; but were I differently situated, still I would say that you or Mr. Jones or one of a score of others should receive the nomination. My service to the cause consists of one month of my time, while you and Mr. Jones and many others have borne the heat and burden of the battle for several years, and many have passed their entire lives in Virginia's service. You, for example, fought in her armies for four years. You, sir, deserve the nomination."

"Ah, Mr. Harrison, but you do not remember your magnificent lesson in patriotism—the sale of Inglewood, your ancestral home, and the gift of all your real and personal property to Virginia's creditors."

"General, you offered your life as well as your fortune when you drew your sword in 'sixty-one."

"I am too old, Mr. Harrison. Duty may call me to Washington, as senator, and I shall go, if it does; but I shall insist upon your nomination. Mr. Jones is an excellent man, but he would not make a satis-



factory governor; nor would Temple. If you are nominated, you must accept—for the honour of Virginia.”

The general's tones were those of a commander who would not brook disobedience. He continued:

“Our funds are insufficient to conduct this campaign properly. ‘Heaven only knows where we shall get money,’ I was saying the other day; but Heaven did know, for a few hours later I heard that you had agreed to give your wealth to our cause. The debt must be paid. But your mite will not pay it. Yet it will greatly help to pay it, for it will help to elect the Readjuster party, and that party will pay the debt. Ah, Mr. Harrison, God is with us in this campaign. Please let me have your cheque at once.”

“Why, General, I have already paid the money to the Ladies' Aid Society, of Warrenton.”

“Then, Harrison, I shall write to the ladies immediately, asking them to use your money to start a Readjuster fund, to be used by them, and I will forward my cheque for as much as I can afford with my letter. But I am a poor man. The years that have passed since the war have been years of struggle, and beyond enough to support my family in a modest way, I have nothing.”

The general did not remember the twenty-five thousand dollars a year that he drew as president of a railroad controlled by Virginia, the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio,—a salary obtained by him from a corrupt legislature.

“General Murphy, I am no fool. Here and now I wish you to tell me in unmistakable words, do you

support my candidacy, or do you advocate the nomination of some other man?"

"I do not like the tone in which you address me. I have told you, Captain Temple,—emphatically told you,—more than once that you are my choice, as I believe that you are the choice of the majority of the people of this state. My word is accepted in Virginia, wherever it is given. I should say no more; but I will add that only this very day I said to Mr. Tanner that you have had and shall continue to have my support. You are the man for the place, so I shall do all in my power to make you the next governor of Virginia."

"I can ask no more, General Murphy, and I ask no more; but why in the devil do the people of Warrenton say that you support Harrison, and why in the devil do the people in the southwest say that you are for Jones?"

"When you are well seasoned in politics, Captain, you will disregard the statements that are made by the friends of competing candidates."

Neither said anything for a moment. General Murphy was first to speak.

"I said to Mr. Tanner this morning, 'Yes, Judge, Temple is a clever young man.' Then I did not know how clever—how very clever. You came to Richmond this morning. You should have come the day that you bought Inglewood. Here you are with a quarrel in your mouth, to put me on the defensive. Good! I defended the Crater. Now I ask you, Why did you buy Inglewood? Why did you pay no more than half the value of the place?"

"General Timothy Murphy, Hero of the Crater, Father of Repudiation, Brother of Readjustment,

Creator of Elimination, I deny your right to question Jimmie Temple, the little school-boy. But no man has asked me a question that I am unable to answer. Can you say as much? I bought Inglewood to offset the effect of Harrison's fool play. I paid no more than half its value because I had no more to pay. Now you answer this question, What have you done with the money that I paid to John Harrison?"

"Your meaning is not plain."

"I never expected you to answer the question! I mean this: You had your hands on John Harrison's money within twenty-four hours of the time that I paid the auctioneer. The boy is a weakling."

"You have explained your meaning; now I answer your question: all the money that I have received for campaign expenses shall be used to further your interests."

"General Murphy, I am glad that you see. I shall be the next governor of Virginia. I am the only man in our party that can be elected: you know that to be true. Therefore I shall receive the nomination, and I shall be elected, and after the election I shall keep my promise—Timothy Murphy and James Temple jointly shall be governor of Virginia. You shall make the laws—I shall sign them."

Captain Temple took his leave.

"The next governor of Virginia! Bah! Not while Timothy Murphy lives. But you are right in this: you would be an excellent candidate—were you faithful to Murphy. Virginia is not large enough to hold Timothy Murphy and James Temple—not by a great deal. I shall stay in Virginia."

“Virginia is not large enough to hold James Temple and Timothy Murphy. Virginia, mine own, my native land! Here is where Captain Lancaster would say, ‘Jimmie, my boy, look out for the black horse.’ Murphy has no dark horse for this race—except himself. Were I in his place I would have some injerrubber baby bouncing on my Norfolk knee. The Murphy eagle eye sleepeth.

“Governor Temple—President Temple—Mrs. Temple. Ah, Temple, Temple, your Richmond dream cometh true! Soon, Lelia, my own little Lelia, you will be at home when I call. Dorothea Annabel always is at home, where she will stay. Not good enough to be the wife of the President; too damned good for the Simpsons and the Stokeses. But so I have said many times and oft.”

. . . . .

Pausing every few hundred yards to look about, Judge Braxton approached Hugh White, who was working in one of his fields near the highway.

“Well, Hugh, I have been inspecting your farm. You are a model farmer, Hugh,—but the Braxtons never had better tenants than the Whites, who have always treated the lands that they rented as though they were their own. The crops are in excellent condition, particularly the corn, which is the best that I have seen this season.”

“Thank you, sir; thank you kindly.”

“How is your mother, Hugh? Ah, what a brave little woman she was! White was in my command when he was killed at Malvern Hill, and a braver soldier never went down before an enemy—down before an enemy, but up to a throne on high. Your

mother was as brave as your father. How is her health?"

"She is well, sir. We talk about you every day, sir. I was a little boy when father was killed, but I know all about your kindness to mother and me. I'll never forget, sir; no, sir, I'll never forget; and, sir, mother will never forget."

"A mere nothing, a mere nothing; what I did for your mother and you cost me very little—time or money. You both have repaid me over and over again. Ah, here comes young Mr. Tom Tazewell, who may have something to say to you, so I will walk along. But before I go I wish to say that Lucy Christian is a fine young woman."

"I think so, sir. I think she is the finest young woman I have ever known, sir. There never was a young woman so fine, sir, I think, and mother thinks so too."

"Quite right; quite right. Your mother should have some young woman to help her take care of the place. She thinks a great deal of Lucy; she told me so herself—a motherly sort of girl, she says."

"Yes, sir; she is a motherly sort of girl, sir. She is the finest motherly sort of girl I ever saw, sir."

During this interview White had stood erect, not leaning on his hoe, and all the while his hat was in his hand.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Tazewell, these crops are growing, as the judge says. He is a fine man, sir, the judge is. Mother and I think that there never was but one man that ever lived that was so fine as the judge—and He wasn't a man."

"He is the salt of the earth, Hugh. . . . Do you think that Sam Kelly is going to be elected in his stead?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Tazewell, I do."

"And so do I, Hugh. My God, Hugh!—what does it all mean? Sam Kelly, who has been twice indicted for crime, who knows no more about law than he does about the Bible, who is the meanest man in Warrenton, is to take the place of one of the ablest jurists ever born in this commonwealth! What does it mean, what can it mean, Hugh?"

"Social equality, Mr. Tazewell, that's what it means, sir. Sam Kelly and Andy Stover and Jim Rice think that they are as good as anybody else. I try to do my part, just as the judge tries to do his part, and I don't see why any man wants a place in life that doesn't belong to him. No, sir, I don't see why a man should want a class that's not his any more than he should want a pocketbook that's not his."

"We will try to keep every man in his place, Hugh."

"Yes, sir. I'll do my part—or I'll try to, sir."

As the young aristocrat went on his way the young yeoman bowed respectfully. The salutation was properly acknowledged by the affectionate tone in which the young aristocrat said the word good-bye, followed by a bow which seemed to say, "I respect you as much as you respect me." Not until Tazewell had left did the young yeoman put on his hat.

Judge Braxton had greatly encouraged Hugh White. Indeed, the heart of the lover had been so invigorated by the judge's words that the night of

the day that they had been spoken—wash-night—he went to see his lady-love. Lucy, greatly astonished, received him. All her brothers and sisters were in the kitchen, as usual, and so was a big cedar clothes-tub, which was in the middle of the room, filled with water. About that tub was a stack of towels, one washrag, and a big cake of home-made soap.

Pretty Lucy, her face a-fire, led her admirer into the musty parlour. All the little Christians below her seventeen years followed them, then arranged themselves about the man and maiden after the manner of the Rice children—"which am ter say," after the manner of the children of all yeomen and peasant families, and after the manner of the children of some gentlefolk. Papa Christian stayed in the kitchen, his back to the tub, reading the *Richmond Dispatch*.

Promptly at half-past seven, soon after Hugh's arrival, Mrs. Christian opened the parlour door about a foot, stuck her head through the opening, and uttered one word—the name Lev. For several minutes thereafter the sound of the one-year-old baby's voice was heard crying, as his mother pulled his ears and his hair and put soap into his eyes—all amid the sound of many waters. Eleven times did Mrs. Christian open the parlour door and pronounce a single name, and eleven times was heard the surging of waters, fainter and fainter, until the sound almost died away, when sixteen-year-old Sally went into the kitchen and her father went to bed. The while Hugh was red and pretty Lucy was scarlet. Never had Lucy been so talkative. Never had Hugh been so silent.

About ten o'clock the ardent lover summoned all



his courage—the courage that had been stimulated by Judge Braxton, and which now equalled that of a convent girl.

“Judge Braxton says you are a very fine girl.”

“Don’t talk that way to me, Hugh.”

“I think you are a very fine girl—too.”

“You hear me, now!”

“Mother thinks you are a fine girl—she said so to the judge—and to me.”

“I’m nothing much.”

“Lucy, you are—you are.”

Then Hugh found his tongue—the tongue of the Virginian lover, which knows no class. He knelt at Lucy’s feet; he took one of her hands in both his; he looked into her eyes, and his eyes never left hers from the time he first looked into them until he left her.

“Honey child, li’l’ Lucy love, honey; li’l’ Lucy, honey love, I love you—won’t you be my wife?—I love you. Li’l’ Lucy love, li’l’ honey love, I love you.”

She snatched away her hand.

“No, no, no! Oh, my! oh, my!”

Then pretty Lucy buried her tear-strewn face in the sofa pillow and cried some happy tears. At first Hugh was alarmed; but he soon took her hand again, which he gently stroked—the hand which was now left passively in his. We think Lucy did not tire of the fond words that Hugh said over and over again—his love-making words.

“Honey li’l’ child, I love you; li’l’ Lucy, honey love, I love you; li’l’ Lucy, honey love, I love you, li’l’ child; I love you, li’l’ Lucy, honey love.”

There is no consonant in the Virginian language

of love, which is as soft and purring as the breezes of the night as they gently flutter the petals of the rose.

“Shet up! Shet up, I say! Shet yo’ black moufs, you ebony-skinned niggers! De boss Readjuster’s gwine ter hole down de platform. Shet up!”

Thus the sergeant-at-arms issued his commands to the turbulent members of the Readjuster convention.

Your narrators will now reproduce the exact language that the great leader himself spoke as he addressed the convention:

“Gentlemen, you are here today to give effect to the broad principles of equal rights, of a free ballot, and an honest count; you are here to give effect to your determination to free the people—all the people of this State, to turn your faces toward the rising sun and keep step with the music of the Union. I say it is your purpose to restore the old state to friendly relations to all sections of this common country. Allow me to beg of you to have harmony in your proceedings. I doubt not that there will be harmony. To whomsoever you shall place your banner, stand as one man to that banner—backing up your leader in the great fight which is to make your freedom and the freedom of your posterity.”

Major Volaski Vaiden, of New Kent county, now rose. Your narrators use his words, merely substituting the name of Parson Jones for the name of the clergyman that the major placed in nomination.

“The common destiny and the common good demand that we should stand together as a band of brothers. We should choose that one who, by experience both in the council and the field, has proven himself the hero in the fight that is

upon us. Whilst I have all the tender regards for the younger brother, still the reversion to the firstborn should outweigh that consideration: 'Not that I love Caesar less, but Rome more.' And I would say to these younger men in the cause of Readjustment, as Edward III said to the Black Prince at the Battle of Crecy—'They must win their spurs in the coming conflict.' I name the Honourable and the Reverend John Henry Jones."

Then, like a black cloud with a silvery lining, rose the Parson's followers:

"Jones! Jones! Jones! Jones!"

"Seems to me I've heard that name before," said Captain Lancaster, who had gone to Richmond, and who had succeeded in gaining admittance to the gallery in the old Richmond Theatre, where the convention was held.

The building was decorated inside and outside with flags of all nations—except Virginia. The stars and stripes, the chief decoration, shrouded the stage. Ominously the bunting fluttered in the draught.

Colonel Joseph P. Minetree rose. Your narrators report his words as they were spoken, save for the name of Harrison, and save for a reference to the mayor of Warrenton that was made by Colonel Minetree.

"Our governor should be no half-hearted man, who sniffs the battle from afar. Let us see to it that no carpet warrior is our champion. See to it that he is a man of courage and ability, that iron nerve is combined with silvery tongue; that possessing the esteem and confidence of our Readjuster hosts, he commands the respect of our enemies.

"But, Gentlemen of the Convention, to me has fallen the task combining high, pleasurable emotion with stern duty,

to present to you the name of a distinguished citizen, who, though young in years, has made his name a household word from the mountain to the sea, whom Warrenton delights to honour, and of whom the whole State delights to boast. I wish I had the graces of a Webster, or the fiery utterances of a Clay; then could I justly present him to you, and in fitting language exhibit my beau-ideal of a standard-bearer.

“His ready pen has made a name for him among all the leaders of public opinion in the country, and his eloquent utterances and superb diction have placed him in the front ranks of his country’s orators. His manly bearing has won from friends and exacted from foes a hearty respect, and in defiance of all combinations and despite all the forces his enemies may bring against him, his banner will never trail in dishonoured defeat.

“Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Convention, I have the honour to present the name of John Randolph Harrison, of Warrenton, a gentleman of whom any party might well be proud—the distinguished writer, poet, orator, and statesman, and I bespeak for his claims your generous consideration.”

The applause seemed to Captain Lancaster to have been equally distributed between the two men whose names had been placed in nomination. Temple’s name when offered to the convention did not arouse nearly so much enthusiasm.

The Reverend Doctor Shadrach Meshech Abednego Berkeley and the Reverend Joshua Williams were members of the Fauquier delegation; Mr. Buck Johnson was one of the delegates that represented Roanoke county; Mr. George Washington (the negro’s real name) was a Charles City county representative. These statesmen attended the caucus that was held by the negro delegates before the convention convened. Twelve hundred separate

breaths constituted the voice of the people as represented by the Readjuster convention. Of these, one hundred and fifty were negro fumes.

Mr. Johnson made known his views as he had already expressed them to General Murphy. Harmony did not prevail in the caucus, for while all the one hundred and fifty statesmen who were somewhat nearer their anthropoid ancestors of the simian family tree than their degenerate brethren agreed that the next governor of Virginia should be of the blood nearest the blood, each member of the species believed himself to be that creature.

Mr. Washington called attention to his name. The day was to come when Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, a notable traducer of the peoples of the southern states, who has wisely concealed his name, using the pseudonym of Mark Twain instead, was to introduce Mr. Booker T. Washington, his dear friend, to a New York audience as the greatest of all southern men, excepting only the original Washington—the ancestor of parvenus, sometimes called the Father of his Country.

Mr. Page advised moderation. What, said he, is the use of this wrangling? No coloured gentleman will receive the nomination. But Mr. Johnson continued to demand that his name be offered to the convention. That gentleman was a politician as well as a statesman. He foresaw that General Murphy would consider the patriot that would be offered to the convention by the negroes to be the negro leader.

As no statesman in the caucus other than Mr. Johnson was a politician, the decision was reached that Dr. Berkeley should offer Mr. Johnson's name

to the convention. Fortunately for Dr. Berkeley's permanent reputation as an orator he had listened intently to the nominating speeches of Major Vaiden and Colonel Minetree. But was his normal oratory inferior to theirs?

"Gemmen ob Colour an' Dem as am Weather-wise: De day have arriv when de cullud vote'll substantiate dis state; an', as er member ob dat colossal race, I rises ter place befo' yo' consideratum er name dat none dat celerbrates de lan' ob liberty will eber be able ter subrogate. De man dat byahs de name dat I's erbout ter pronunciate am de ultimos' ob he race. He parences foreknewed he'd be de ultimos', an' dey called him Buck, cayse er buck am de swif'est ob all creation. Agin, he subname am Johnsin'. All de Johnsonses in dis state will stuff de ballot-boxes wid dyah 'ristercratic clognonymous ter stationise one ob demselves in de 'Zectual Manchen, an' already I deceive dat 'squisite name ob Johnsin' prescribed in de flowers ob de Good Book ob gubernorial 'membrances. 'Harmony!' says de leader. 'Aman!' says me, an' we ken all harmonise an' fratricise on de name I's gwine ter capitulate. I hab de honour ter place befo' you gemmen de name ob Mistah Buck Johnsin', ob Roanoke county, an' I 'ques' fo' him yo' kindes' detention an' yo' prejudicial presdaments."

Mr. Johnson did not get the nomination, but he did receive one hundred and fifty votes, and his importance, already great because of his senatorial candidacy, was greatly increased.

Among the delegates to the convention were Mr. Andy Stover, in his state of perpetual intoxication; Dr. Reginald Launcelot Rice, ditto; Mr. Samuel A.

Tanner, also ditto; Mr. James P. Rice, and Mr. Fletcher.

No sooner had Dr. Berkeley taken his seat than Dr. Reginald Launcelot was recognised by the chair. The gentleman rose to place his own name in nomination for president of the University of Virginia. There was no such office then; but the time came when such an office was established, and one Edwin A. Alderman, no Virginian, but a typical present-day Tar-heel, was made the first president of the University of Virginia. That Dr. Alderman was the proper man to be elected the first president of that institution we can not doubt, for did not the founder of that university say that all men are created equal? How the choice of the people would have delighted Jefferson!

The nineteenth annual dinner of the New York Southern Society was held in the Waldorf-Astoria, December 14, 1904. Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, first president of the University of Virginia, addressed the society on "The Extreme Need of the South," his address being published in full in the *New York Southern Society Year Book*, 1904-1905. He said, in part:

We have been told about a million times since 1870 that this was a re-united country . . . yet it would be a superficial and confused man that does not see that there are sections in this country made so by the memories of their civil story. You can tell a New Englander when you hear him; you can tell a Southerner when you hear him, and sometimes you can tell a good Westerner when you see him, and yet the Nation is one Nation.

Having thus obtained some relief, the good doctor



continued to purge himself, telling what "this Union of ours symbolises" to his mind:

Ladies and gentlemen, this Union of ours symbolises to my mind the most hopeful thing to be seen in any land, namely: Democracy trying to be right, and efficient and powerful, at the same time just and free. That is the extreme task of civilised man and the most dramatic and heart-searching thing to be seen in this Union, to me, is the effort of its Southern portion to recover the National spirit, the liberalism of thought and the enthusiasm in trade which distinguished it one hundred years ago, which it lost, when it got caught in a misconception imposed upon it by the moral callousness of past ages. [Great applause.]

We would tire you, gentle reader, were we to quote a great deal of President Alderman's address. Again, we are not always able to understand the peculiar English (?) that he uses. However, you may be interested in an example of the esteem in which he holds the men who fought for the preservation of the sovereignty of the states, so we will quote just a line more. We take the president of the southern confederation as an example:

Jefferson Davis is not often quoted in great gatherings in this country. He cannot be said to be a popular memory. His name and his figure somehow loom up unpleasantly in the midst of old passions, stern and unbending.

Mrs. Livingston R. Schuyler, now a resident of New York City, chairman of a committee of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the ladies of her committee, appointed Dr. Edwin A.

Alderman president of the University of Virginia; Dr. C. Alphonso Smith, then professor of English in the University of North Carolina, and Dr. John H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York, as judges of the merits of essays to be submitted in competition, the reward, a prize offered by the Daughters; the occasion, the centenary of General Robert E. Lee, 1907. The judges awarded the prize to Miss Christine Boyson, who gave her residence as Minnesota. Her paper was entitled, *Robert E. Lee—A Present Estimate*. Your narrators quote from her paper as follows:

Intellectually the South was practically dead. Most of the people were densely ignorant. . . . To do now what he [General Lee] did then would be treason, for the Civil War has since taught what is right in this regard. . . . We shall have come to think of Lee as the English did of Washington. . . . For, indeed, he differed from the great Washington only in choosing the wrong side. . . . In a country where the mass of the people accepted ready-made opinions, misconceptions carried ideas forward and made false maxims seem working principles, so that before 1860 the people in general believed they had a right to secede. . . . Were he [General Lee] merely a Southerner his conduct might be defensible; but he was the son of a Revolutionary officer; he held a position of honour in the Union army; through his wife he was connected with the Washington family; back of him stretched a long line of heroic souls, the pride and boast of Virginia.

Gentle reader, Dr. Alderman and Dr. Smith, in their defence, pleaded the literary values of this historical paper; yet the literary values were not so

great as those contained in the average composition of a child of ten.

Dr. Smith now conducts an important department in the University of Virginia under the watchful eye of his countryman, Dr. Alderman.

Virginians, to what a pass have you let Virginia come!

After Dr. Reginald Launcelot had nominated himself, Mr. Stover, very, very drunk, rose to second the nomination.

"'Pudiate, I says; 'pudiate an' 'liminate evvy t'ing!"

Doctor Berkeley touched him on the shoulder.

"Ebrything's be'n 'liminated, A-nd-y, 'cep'in' 'Liminators, an'——"

Whereupon Dr. Berkeley was himself eliminated, and did not regain consciousness for several hours. Mighty was the smith.

The Irish peasant, Timothy Murphy, *did* have an india-rubber baby bouncing on his Norfolk knee. He had an india-rubber baby bouncing on his Valley knee also, but before the convention convened neither Parson Jones nor Captain Temple knew about the increase in the general's elastic family. The time came when Mr. Jones thought his battle won.

About the same time Captain Temple was frantic. His name had been offered to the convention, but he knew that the general had presented him to the delegates as a green apple. Still he planned to capture the nomination by assault. He would turn upon his wily foe and deliver a blow upon the

leader's jaw that would knock him out—out of Virginia.

Now, Timothy Murphy preferred Harrison to Temple. He believed Harrison to be honest, hence dangerous; but the young man, although honest, he believed to be a fool, therefore he might be able to lead him until he could kill him politically or circumvent him. Neither Jones nor Temple should receive the nomination. First the general would nominate his Norfolk baby, then his Valley offspring. If neither of those dark horses could win, he would deliver their votes to Harrison, then offer Timothy Murphy to the convention. Later his own votes in addition to those of his children would be delivered to Harrison, who would be nominated.

And he was.

Captain Temple entered the Presence.

“Timothy Murphy, now the thief has his day! Having gathered about you all the thieves that were in Virginia, you made honest men thieves, and these you have organised into a society—the Murphy association. No thief was too mean for you, as your convention proved. In that assemblage was the black thief, who had just robbed his master's barnyard; there was the white thief, who had just taken his hand out of his neighbour's pocket; there was the great thief, who would repudiate the public debt; there was the greatest thief, who would steal for his own use the forty-seven million dollars that belong to the creditors. Timothy Murphy, there is one thief in Virginia who deservedly is the master of all other thieves, for in him are the elements of all the thieves of Thieftdom. That man is Timothy

Murphy. How do I know? I shall tell you frankly—I know because I am one of your thieves.”

“James Temple, the vanquished man never sees in his conqueror a force superior to his own. Unlike other helpless babes, he does not sit down and weep bitter tears, but attempts to justify himself, and to excuse himself to the world, through vituperation and false statements. He erects a structure of pretence, and in that mirror-house he sees himself reflected, until his sense of proportion becomes as mean as himself.

“You say that you are a thief. I think that you are an honourable gentleman, at present suffering from a gentle lapse in breeding, caused by defeat. Now, I was not in the least responsible for your failure to receive the nomination; nor did I cause John Harrison to be nominated. Jones had marshalled his superior forces. The delegates were about to stampede in his direction. Whereupon I brought out my Norfolk man, and later my Valley man; for I thought that their votes would go to you upon the withdrawal of their names. James Temple was defeated; but Timothy Murphy was routed. Harrison will be elected. That much is certain. But in his election you and I meet our real defeat.

“From the first you have known that I advocated your nomination. A few days ago you went so far as to say that you were necessary to me. I admitted that you were. You are necessary to me now. See here, Temple, Virginia is large enough for us both. I have no desire to be governor of Virginia; but I do wish to go to the United States Senate. You are young; I am old. I shall not be in Virginia more than a few years as a living man. I advise

you to go to Congress, where you can make yourself conspicuous. I am willing to advocate your election to the Senate, and even your nomination at the next national Democratic convention. You have a great future before you—if you will dry your eyes. In politics a man reaches success through defeat—when defeat is due to his steadfastness to principle. Do you grasp my meaning? I repeat—his steadfastness to principle.”

Captain Temple dried his eyes.

“Yes, Mr. Jones, my surprise was great. I believed your nomination to be certain. But the voice of the people was heard. We must abide by the wisdom of that voice. As soon as your defeat became apparent, I brought out my Norfolk man, and later I presented the name of my Valley man; but their votes went to Harrison, greatly to my disappointment. Now, Mr. Jones, any one so treacherous as Harrison is dangerous, and I do not believe that such a man can hold your regard. Not only is he perfidious, but he is a fool. The treacherous man is dangerous—but one may be vigilant. I fear the fool.”

“I could have had the nomination, General Murphy, by stretching out my hand for it; but I was steadfast to my principles; I did not care to fight with John Harrison’s weapons. The office must seek the man when I become governor of Virginia. Mr. Harrison, who manipulated this convention from Warrenton, fooled me all along. I am but a poor preacher, who knows nothing of the cunning of politicians.”

“Your course was dignified throughout. To-day

you are the most popular man in the state. The hope of Virginia is in the election of a legislature that will pass bills that will become laws despite Harrison. We must have a majority of each House bound to the leader by ties that are unbreakable—a majority large enough to pass laws over the governor's vetoes."

"I hope, General, that you do not intend to lead where I can not follow."

"My plan is wholly justifiable. I propose that every candidate that receives the support of the Readjuster party shall bind himself in writing to abide by the action of the party's caucus. Thus the Readjuster delegates would vote as a single man, for a majority of our delegates would constitute a quorum when we would meet in caucus, and a majority of the quorum would be the voice of our party."

"That is, you propose that Timothy Murphy shall be the Readjuster party—rather, you propose that Timothy Murphy shall be monarch of Virginia. Did you suppose for a period of time so short as one minute that I did not know all along that you and John Harrison together engineered that young man's nomination? Good-bye, General Murphy. Bear constantly in mind that John Henry Jones is still in Virginia. Remember, too, that John Henry Jones is going to stay in Virginia—so long as he lives."

• . . . .  
"Really, Mr. Daingerfield, your language is very vigorous."

"Madam, I was never more completely in control of myself. Wisdom, not violence, becometh all



Virginians in this crisis. But the day will come, and soon, when I shall draw this sword from its scabbard—when I shall plunge it to the hilt into the foul bodies of Murphy and Harrison and their kind. Vigorous language, did you say? No, madam, no. I have chosen my words with the utmost care. I never was more temperate. That infamous, that——”

“Mr. Daingerfield, please come in to breakfast.”

They went into the house together.

“Lord, make us truly thankful for what we are about to receive. Amen.”

“Was the blessing quite appropriate, Mr. Daingerfield?”

“Madam!”

After they were seated the colonel continued:

“No, Mrs. Daingerfield, I never use improper language in the presence of ladies.”

“I hope that you never use improper language in the presence of any one.”

“Madam, I never do.”

“How did you hear of John’s nomination?”

“*Harrison’s* nomination, madam; *Harrison’s* nomination! The news was brought to me by Lancaster, who left that gathering of infamous rogues as soon as the young thief was nominated.”

“Poor Lelia!”

“Poor, indeed, if she ever marries that treacherous young hound.”

“You are much too violent, Mr. Daingerfield. Really——”

“I know, madam; I know—all ladies sympathise with that poor little Harrison fellow. They make a hero of him—women always make heroes of

thieves and murderers. There are many men of his type in this commonwealth. The time is coming when they will bend their knees and sob out to gentlemen their prayers for pardon. But they will not be forgiven,—no, madam, no! In time such men may render valuable service to this country; but nothing shall save them from ignominy. Their fate is sealed with the wax of dishonour. Should Lelia Braxton marry that—that—never mind what—it will be said to their children and their children's children, 'You spring from the loins of John Harrison, a Repudiator,—a man who was once willing to trade in the honour of Virginia.' Even unto the third generation shall the name of Harrison be a byword among Virginians. Poor Lelia? Poor Lelia indeed—if her children are to bear the name of Harrison."

"Surely, Mr. Daingerfield, you *do* forget yourself! This awful news has upset you. Lelia Braxton is not married yet."

They went into the garden, where the colonel gallantly cut a rose for his wife with his sword.

"Now do, Mr. Daingerfield, put up that sword. I am so afraid you will cut yourself. Why did you take it off the hook where it has hung for fourteen years?"

. . . . .

At ten o'clock Saturday morning, the day after Harrison was nominated, the gentleman of Warrenton met their political leader, Mr. Dabney, in his office.

Captain Lancaster took the floor.

"You are right, Cary; Murphy went into that convention expecting to secure the nomination of

either his Norfolk tool or his Valley slave. The battle was fought just as you predicted. Almost equalled the Balaklava charge. Your generalship never was better shown than when you declined to interfere with the enemy's plans by manœuvring on his line of attack. First Murphy tried to nominate his Norfolk minion by offering himself as a candidate, then by withdrawing in that tool's favour. Then he offered his Valley slave. That menial's votes were later bet on the Norfolk henchman. Harrison received the nomination; Murphy was forced to deliver his support to him in order to defeat Jones, or Temple, and thus save his own political neck."

"The chance was a desperate one," said young Dabney, "and I was by no means certain that Murphy would not succeed in nominating his Norfolk man, for I expected him to control the negro delegates. I thought that his own name would draw votes from Harrison, Jones, and Temple."

"You made no mistake. He did draw votes from them; but he was unable to deliver those votes to his dark horses. He was compelled to choose Harrison, for neither Jones nor Temple would allow Murphy to stay in Virginia after the election should the government be delivered to either."

"I do not follow you, gentlemen," said Judge Braxton.

"Mere politics, Judge; nothing more," Colonel Daingerfield explained. "The young gentlemen of our generation know nothing of statecraft. They think that Murphy and his thieves must be fought with their own weapons."

"Hold, Francis!" commanded Mr. Carter. "Explain, Cary, if you please."

"Harrison is an honest man; Murphy is a thief. A thief never mistakes an honest man for a thief. A rogue may fool a rogue; but a rogue always recognises honesty. Murphy can not use Harrison, so the Repudiators are defeated already, unless they can control enough votes in the next legislature to pass laws over the governor's veto."

"Sirs, I tell you again, John Harrison is Murphy's puppet; a weakling, a scoundrel, a——"

"No, Daingerfield," said Judge Braxton; "John Harrison is an honest man. The honour of Virginia will be safe in his keeping."

"I agree with you, Braxton; and with you, my son," said General Dabney. "We must not permit the enemy to occupy a position from which he can drive us despite the governor's veto. We must capture the legislature."

Young Tazewell now entered the discussion.

"I think that we shall elect both the governor and the legislature. Surely the people of this commonwealth will not tolerate Murphy and his party after their shocking behaviour in their convention."

"My boy, in you is fructifying the statesman germ," Colonel Daingerfield said. "Sirs, this young man is right. Murphy's plain people will not receive one vote in ten, our young statesman-politician here will be our next governor, and I shall retain my place in the Senate. Our country will bury Murphy and Harrison and their Repudiators under their own infamy."

"There you are wrong, Daingerfield," said Judge Braxton. "The war has just begun. Virginia may fall in the first battle, but I think that the genera-

tion that will follow our own must solve the larger questions that are involved in this campaign. The next generation will determine whether or not an empire shall be constructed out of the independent nations that are now bound together by a treaty. Pelatiah Webster, the author of the Constitution of the United States, three years after the Articles of Confederation went into effect, assured the people of the American states that their sovereignty had not been affected in the least by the treaty that they had made between themselves. I shall read to you, Tom, a few passages from some of the excellent books that Cary has in his library. Hear the language in which Pelatiah Webster interpreted the Constitution that he wrote:

“The true end and design of our confederation I take to be this, viz.: To unite the strength of the separate states under Congress as their *general Head*, and to delegate to them the direction of the operations of our military and naval forces, against the power of Great Britain. And this I take was the general sense and understanding of the states who adopted the articles of our federal union, and the whole tenor of the articles themselves support this opinion. The form of government planned by Congress, and adopted by the states, is the only form we could adopt in our circumstances: And the honour and dignity of Congress, as a private citizen, I am determined to support, as much as the sovereignty, freedom and independence of the states.”<sup>1</sup>

“Chief Justice Chase hastened to assure our people that the disastrous ending of our war did not

<sup>1</sup> Mabel Hill, *Liberty Documents*, p. 217, quoted in Ewing's *Northern Rebellion and Southern Secession*, p. 14.

take from us our rights as a nation. In one of his greatest decisions, Texas versus White, he said:

“ ‘The Constitution of the United States in all its provisions looks to an indestructible union of indestructible states.’ ”

Nevertheless, the traitor that completed the assassination of the American nations had in his cabinet a man—who later became secretary of state of the United States in the cabinet of one whose vicious assaults upon the American nations that had been sovereignties were exceeded only by his successor—who publicly declared, in effect, while he held the office of secretary of state, that the states should beware, or they should have taken from them the few semblances of sovereignty that a gracious federal power had been pleased to bestow upon them.

But, to return to the judge, who continued:

“President Monroe wrote that two propositions were beyond dispute:

“The first is, that in wresting the power, or what is called the sovereignty, from the crown, it passed directly to the people. The second, that it passed directly to the people of each colony, and not to the people of all the colonies in the aggregate—to thirteen distinct communities, and not to one.”<sup>2</sup>

“I will now read to you from Article I of the Treaty of Paris:

“His Britannic Majesty acknowledges that said United States, viz: New Hampshire, Massachusetts Bay, Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New York,

<sup>2</sup> Niles's *Register*, vol. xxii, p. 366.

New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, to be Free, Sovereign, and Independent States; that he treats with them as such."

"Shall the federal power impose an income tax upon the people of a sovereign country? Shall that power be so expanded as to break down all the barriers that constitute Virginia's fortifications? Shall our people lose their characteristics? Shall they become a part of the people of an empire made of all the peoples of the world—an empire without a people, without a people as an individuality? The question of the most vital importance to this nation is this: Shall Virginia live? Murphy and his followers may despoil her, then deliver her outraged body—not her spirit, not Virginia, but her outraged body—to the empire that all about us, north, south, and west, is being constructed. Almighty God, save us from such a fate!"

"Why, Judge, is the South, a nation in herself, willing to be made a part of her enemy's territory?"

"Tom Tazewell, I will explain to you that the southern nations that formed a confederation to defend themselves against a common enemy, by their compact did not create a single nation. Each nation fought to preserve her individual sovereignty; hence the southern confederation would have been dissolved peacefully upon the successful termination of the war, although later the nations parties to the compact of confederation doubtless would have entered into a treaty with one another similar in various provisions to the compact of 1788 and its amendments. The new treaty would have defined the re-



lations of the nations to one another, but that instrument would not have affected the sovereignty of any party to the agreement.

“To show you, Tom, how jealously the parties to the southern confederation guarded their rights, if you will hand me that bundle of documents I will read to you from the correspondence that took place between the war governor of Georgia, Joseph E. Brown, and the Confederate secretary of war, James A. Seddon. Governor Brown, when his state was invaded by General Sherman, raised an army to resist the invaders. Whereupon Mr. Seddon, in obedience to the instructions that he had received from Mr. Davis, made requisition on the governor for the entire Georgian army that was not then with the Confederate forces. Now, I will read you extracts from his letters that the governor wrote to the secretary:

“I have an organisation of gallant, fearless men, ready to defend the State against usurpations of power as well as invasions by the enemy. . . . Her militia have been organised and called into active service under her own laws for her own defence, and I do not feel that I am authorised to destroy her military organisation at the behest of the President, or to surrender to him the command of the troops organised and retained by her by virtue of her reserved power for her own defence when greatly needed for that purpose, and which are her only remaining protection against the encroachments of centralised power. I therefore decline to comply with or fill this extraordinary requisition. . . . And if you will not consider the remark acrimonious, I will add that the people of my State, not being dependent, and never intending to be, upon that government for the privilege of exercising their natural and Constitutional rights,

nor the Executive of the State for his official existence, I shall on all occasions feel at liberty to exercise perfect independence in the discharge of my official obligations, with no other restraints than those thrown around me by a sense of duty, and the Constitution of my country, and the laws of my State.'"<sup>3</sup>

"My boy, never spell the southern section of this continent that consists of sovereign countries with an initial capital letter. There never was a 'South' in America. The Confederate States of America, a temporary association, was the result of an agreement between certain sovereignties, and the words of that agreement were never intended to mean that sovereign entities would be merged into a nation. The countries of America delegated certain rights to the federal power under the treaty of 1788 and its amendments, and reserved to their sovereign selves all the rights that they did not so definitely delegate. States' rights have not yet been submitted to the arbitrament of arms—but nearly all of the rights of the states have been taken from them. Virginia did not fight to establish a nation; but she fought to maintain her sovereignty—to preserve the nation Virginia. She would have defeated the purpose of her war had she terminated her existence as a nation upon entering the confederation of southern states."

"I thank you, Judge."

"Shame on you, I say, young man!" Colonel Daingerfield thundered. "Shame on you! Sirs, indeed is Virginia sick unto death when a youth of Tom Tazewell's education and parentage has to be told such elemental truths."

<sup>3</sup> Fieller's *Life and Times of Joseph E. Brown*, pp. 313-335.

“Well, Colonel, had each state been sovereign would they not soon have destroyed one another?”

“Young man, Europe is divided into nations, some of which have endured for many centuries. The world is divided into nations, some of which have endured for millenniums. The American nations would not have devoured one another, nor would they have been devoured by other countries.”

“And, Francis, my son,” said Mr. Carter, “the twaddle that we have heard all our lives to the effect that a single nation would have to be constructed out of the independent American states to save them from themselves is wearisome in the extreme. That great document, the federal treaty, was more nearly perfect than any other instrument made by man; but the time came when it ceased to be operative. The compact provided for the perpetuation of the sovereignty of each nation that was a party to it. John Marshall, the first emperor of the American empire, left but little of the Constitution of the United States for others to destroy.”

“Yet,” Cary Dabney said, “I venture to say that the federal treaty was not nearly a perfect instrument. The federal government should not have been concerned as to how any state should raise her part of the money necessary to defray the general expense. The first blow was dealt to the sovereignty of the states when the Constitution of the United States permitted the federal power to levy any kind of tax. There would have been no war between the states, and the sovereignty of no one of the American nations would have been jeopardised, had there been free trade between the states, and between the states and other nations. Neither the federal gov-

ernment nor any state should have had the right to obtain money by imposts."

"I said as much, Cary, before I went on the bench," said Judge Braxton. "The expenses of the federal authorities should have been very small. We may say that fully three-fourths of the money expended by the government at Washington for administrative purposes during the last past half century was so much waste of public moneys. Indeed, no one supposed when the union was formed that the expenses of the federal government would exceed a very small sum. There were to be a few employees of the general government only, for only a few were necessary."

Had Judge Braxton lived in the year 1909, before the census employees were engaged, he would have found 370,065 persons on the federal payroll, as against 306,141, in 1907, an increase in two years of about 64,000 persons, or about 20 per cent. O you plain people, can you not see that you are rapidly reaching the time when you will be employing yourselves, and still be federal employees!

Judge Braxton continued:

"Now many persons say that the federal government should levy an income tax upon the peoples of sovereign nations, that a federal law to regulate divorce should apply to all the states! Federal laws have been enacted that were designed to regulate the domestic relations of the people of a state to one another. Yes, the next generation will have to decide whether there shall be left any vestige of the compact that was made by these sovereignties a hundred years ago. The peoples no longer retain the rights which they did not delegate to the federal

government, but we now are told that they have no rights save those that are granted to them by that power.

“A federation of the nations of Europe that would give place to a single nation of those forming the federation would mean the passing of western civilisation. California and Virginia may live in peace when bound by a treaty that preserves to each her sovereign rights; but those nations may not be amalgamated, even if made into a monarchy, for the peoples of the American nations can not be formed into a single country that shall long endure. Tom Tazewell, if the nations are to destroy one another, if they are to lose their civilisation, those awful calamities will be effected through coalescence, not by the preservation of their sovereign entities. Latin Americans are not comparable to the peoples of these united states.”

“You will find, sirs,” Colonel Daingerfield said, “that the people of Virginia will uphold the sovereignty of their country next fall.”

“Do you mean Murphy’s followers?”

“Lancaster, I do not.”

“Then you mean the gentry?”

“Sir, I referred to the people of Virginia.”

“Well, as my daughter Gladys would say, there are just three kinds of people in Virginia—coons, cornstalkers, and old maids. If you expect our candidates to be elected by the gentry, aided by the yeomanry and the peasantry, you can count yourself out of this game, just as you were counted out of that jack-pot last Saturday night.”

“Sirs,” said the colonel, after he had withdrawn his withering eyes from the captain, “I must now

return to my home; but before I go I wish to repeat that I give place to no man in my affection for those Virginian yeomen and peasants that are worthy of their country."

"Lelia, I was nominated yesterday."

"Yes."

"I have accepted the responsibility. This afternoon I go to Richmond, and I shall speak in every county in the commonwealth before I return to Warrenton. You will not see me again before the middle of August."

"Yes."

"I go to fight for Virginia."

"You go to fight Virginia."

"No, I go to fight for her honour and her sovereignty. Before I leave I promise you that if I be elected I shall use every means in my power to effect an honourable settlement of the debt; I promise to defend Virginia's sovereignty; I promise to defend her honour as I would my own. I promise you to try to be worthy of Virginia."

"Yes."

"You will hear me charged with every kind of iniquity. I shall find that hard to bear—even for Virginia's sake."

"Yes."

"Has God answered your prayer?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"I shall not marry Murphy's candidate; I shall not marry Murphy's governor; should you be defeated, I shall not marry Murphy's defeated Repudiator."

“That from you, Lelia!”

“Yes.”

John Harrison went out—to his work.

Lelia Braxton went to the magnolia grove. A star was visible before she left the old grapevine swing, her Bible in her hand, and made her way to her room.

“Wa-al, I come back ter-night, an’ I come right from the train ter see you jest the same as a love-maker-r oughter.”

“I ain’t settin’ no store by your love-makin’. I’ve had beaux an’ beaux in my time, but I never seen sech an awkward piece as you in all my life.”

“I’m gittin’ mighty tired o’ them hard words. I ain’t hearn nuthin’ good outen you sence the first time I come ter see you. You wus mighty perlite that day, I kin tell you; but like a darn fool, the next day I up an’ axed you. Then I thought I wus shot, you jumped at me so sudden-like. Ever sence I ain’t hearn nuthin’ outen you ’ceptn sass, an’ I’m gittin’ mighty tired. I don’t believe you ever had no lover befo’ I come long——”

Unobserved, Mrs. Rice entered the room in time to overhear Mr. Stokes’ last speech.

“Why, you Roger Williams Stokes, ain’t you ashamed of yourself to take Eugenie Victoria down a button-hole lower like that! I never hearn sech talk before come outen no man’s mouth. Don’t you have nothin’ more to do with him to-night, Eugenie Victoria. Po’ chile, I don’t wonder you cry! I jest won’t stay in the room with you no longer, Stokes, till you know how to behave yourself like a gent’man. Why don’t you jine some club an’ learn how gent’men behave. Come along, Eugenie Victoria.”



Mrs. Rice and her daughter took their departure.

Dorothea Annabel entered the parlour a few minutes later. She concealed her disappointment as she lightly tapped the globe that covered the wax fruit with one of the artificial flowers that she had taken from a highly decorated Japanese vase, which Mrs. Rice had bought from a travelling merchant, and which was reduced in price from one dollar to seventy-eight cents. She had heard that the visitor was Captain Temple.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Stokes? You look as if you were in great distress."

"I'm 'fected deep—mighty deep."

"Why, how?—what is the matter?"

"I'm in love."

"You have been in love for a long time. Why should love have such a peculiar effect on you now? Have you quarrelled with Eugenie Victoria?"

"I ain't never loved Eugenie Victoria. My heart's lovin' o' somebody else—mighty powerful."

"I thought that you were engaged to my sister?"

"Land, no! How could you hev tuck up with sich a foolish notion?"

"You have been with her constantly for more than a year."

"I ain't never axed her to do no marr'in'. I reckon she done all the axin'."

"Why, Mr. Stokes!"

"Wa-al, it wan't done 'zactly that way; but it 'mounted ter the same thing in the end, fer as I could see. I happened ter be talkin' 'bout that nice little piece o' prop'ty o' mine the day after I fust seen Eugenie Victoria, an' she says, says she: 'I 'lows as you oughter hev a woman ter help you take care o' that nice little piece o' prop'ty'; an' Eugenie

Victoria she says, says she: 'I hopes when you do gits hold o' a woman she'll know's much 'bout house-keepin' as me—I knows a heap 'bout housekeepin'.' 'An' I says, says I: 'I hope so too.' An' she says, says she: 'Oh, Mr. Stokes; this is so sudden-like!'—jest the same as I done read in Rosa Cary's 'Wee Wifie' come yesterday. An' then she sat on my knee the same as she didn't hev tall, sharp bones—the scrawny critter. Ain't hearn nuthin' but sass outen her-r sence. I ain't said nuthin' 'bout marr'in' no more—cayse I'm in love, I am."

"Why do you look at me like that, Mr. Stokes?"

"Cayse I'm in love, I am."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"I mean I'm in love, I am—mighty powerful deep in love."

"I think you're a dying calf. Please do not die here in the parlour. Can I get you a drink of water?"

"You kin do more'n that fer me—you kin marry me, you kin."

"Oh, you insolent creature! Oh, oh, oh! Leave this house! Leave instantly, sir! Leave!"

Mr. Stokes left.

Ah, mothers that are peasants and yeomen, why do you educate your daughters? You teach them to despise you. You force them always to live celibate lives.

Miss Dorothea Annabel sat alone from the time that Mr. Stokes left her until she heard Captain Temple's voice an hour later. She had wept bitterly during a part of that hour, tears that were now

of anger, now of wounded pride. Would Captain Temple ever ask her to marry him? He would call to-night, she felt sure, for he had returned from Richmond with the Fauquier delegates. She would arouse his jealousy. Yes, she would make use of Mr. Stokes and his proposal. She heard the captain's voice, and then she heard her father, who followed her admirer into the parlour.

"So you ain't goin' to hang your hat up in the 'Zecutive Mansion?"

There was no note of hospitality in the Rice voice.

"No, I had rather be steadfast to my principles than to be governor of Virginia. The office, I hold, should seek the man. Mr. Jones and Mr. Harrison sought the office. Although General Murphy begged me to accept the nomination, and while I would have received two-thirds of the votes of the delegates had I not withdrawn my name early in the balloting, I had other plans. I shall go to Congress. Already General Murphy advocates my election to the United States Senate. I shall be a candidate for the next presidential nomination. I shall receive the support of the solid south in the convention, and I shall receive the nomination. I also shall be elected."

The Rice climate changed from frigid to torrid.

"And, Cap'n, you'll make a great president. I allus told Dorothea Annabel as how you had mo' in you than any man I ever seen. I'm goin' to bed now; but I hope you'll come here jest as often as you can. You is always mighty welcome. Dorothea Annabel, I seen some mighty purtty stars out in the gardin' as I come along jest now."

"Come, Miss Dorothea; your father's suggestion is excellent."

They went into the garden.

"Do you know, Dorothea, my little Dorothea Annabel, to me this garden is the most beautiful spot in all God's creation. Every flower here reminds me of you. Yonder wild rose—I remember a time when you and the wild rose were there, and I was by your side. Dolly, this garden is full of you. I never see a flower that I do not think of you."

"I like this garden too; but I may soon have to leave it and make a friend of some other garden—my own garden."

"Why, Dolly! What do you mean?"

"Never mind."

"But I do mind."

"Are you sure?"

"I know that there is nothing that affects you does not deeply concern me."

"You are not interested in my love affairs."

"You certainly surprise me."

"You thought that I was not pretty enough—or intellectual enough—to have a lover?"

"You are the most beautiful, the most gifted, the most adorable girl that I know."

"Captain Temple!"

"I mean what I say."

"You society men flatter so one never knows when to believe you."

"So—you—are—going—to—marry. I have looked into your eyes; I have kissed your eyes; I have kissed your lips. And—you—are—going—to—marry."

"I never said so."

"Then what do you mean?"

“Mr. Stokes has proposed.”

“Mr. Stokes is engaged to your sister.”

“He says that he loves me, that he has never loved Eugenie Victoria, that he is not engaged to her. Oh, he does love me so much, Captain Temple! No other man has ever loved me nearly so much.”

“I see that you love him, Dorothea Annabel. Good-bye. I hope that you will be very happy, you and Mr. Stokes. I shall congratulate him. . . . and I shall ask him to take good care of my little Dorothea Annabel, my little Dolly.”

For a long while Captain Temple did not withdraw his gaze from the young girl's face, although he knew that her tears came from her heart as well as from her eyes. Those great sobs that she tried to suppress came from the heart of a woman—for a girl so young as Dorothea Annabel is a woman with all the passion of centuries of women when she loves.

Love, more variable than the stars of heaven, is quite as uniform as those stars, no love differing from another in any essential element. The love-tears of Lelia Braxton were as sacred as all the waters of Jordan. The love-tears of Dorothea Annabel were no less holy.

The captain rode home in the starlight.

“Dorothea Annabel, I love you; I love you as if I did not love Lelia Braxton. . . . Yes, I love you—but I shall marry Lelia Braxton. Even though I do not love Lelia I shall marry her. Love? There is no such thing as love. . . . But I love you, Dorothea Annabel; with all my heart and soul

I love you. . . . You thought to arouse my jealousy; you thought to make me declare myself—you did not know that those sobs and tears nearly made me ask you a question that forever shall be left unasked. . . . I wonder . . . That you, my Dorothea Annabel, whose thoughts are as dainty as the flowers, and as pure,—that you should use that Yankee vulgarian to stimulate the passion of the man that you love. No, Dolly; for all your gentle soul, for all your culture and natural loveliness, you are a peasant, and many ways of the peasant are your ways; nor all the powers of heaven nor hell can make a lady of a peasant. I shall marry a lady.”

. . . . .

Byrd Dandridge was the youngest of eleven children. He had kept bachelor's hall at Sedgemoor, the Dandridge home, a few miles from Warrenton, for about two years—since his father's death. His mother had been dead for fifteen years; his brothers had been killed in the war, and his sisters, all of whom were married, lived in other parts of the state. He had succeeded his father as magistrate as a matter of course, for the Warrenton magistrates had always been Dandridges. Happy Warrenton! Lawyers do not make good magistrates, but planters do, and the Dandridges had been wealthy planters since Sir Peter settled in Virginia, and they had been of the best of English country gentry for centuries before that time. Everybody liked Byrd Dandridge, and he liked everybody.

“Byrd,” his father had said one day, “you must take your bachelor's degree at the University. I got through college by two questions, and so did your

grandfather. I ask you to do as well." He did; but no better. Not a book had he opened since the morning that he went up for his last examination—except the Book of Common Prayer, which he read every Sunday morning while in the Dandridge pew. Physically a giant, he spent his time in riding over the Sedgemoor estate, which he managed successfully; in hunting with his pack of perfectly trained hounds, and in fishing the streams of his woodlands. His mind was one that moved slowly; but he made few mistakes other than those of his heart.

"Hold on there, Byrd!—'mornin'. Why are you going to sell the old Dandridge place and all your other property?"

Captain Lancaster was walking toward Morven as Mr. Dandridge, taking a last ride on his favourite mare, rode rapidly past him. Already the captain had sold for three hundred and seventy-five dollars the horse and buggy that he had purchased from Mr. Dabney.

The young magistrate was silent.

"Why?"

"I promised Miss Bolling."

"You are in love; that's your trouble. But I didn't know until now that Miss Bolling——"

"I had rather not hear Miss Bolling's name spoken lightly."

Mr. Dandridge blushed guiltily, for neither he nor his face could lie; no, Mr. Dandridge would not admit even to himself that love of Virginia had prompted his gift.

"Well, this is certain; you'll not be able to marry for many a long year to come."

So Mr. Dandridge had thought.



"Another thing, how are you going to earn a living?"

Mr. Dandridge had asked himself that question more than once during the last past three weeks.

The Dandridge ancestral home was purchased by Mr. Rice that afternoon. He had drawn on his bank for two thousand dollars, and the balance of the purchase price he had borrowed at the legal rate of interest, six per cent. The property had cost him less than half its value. Rice had been the only man who had bid for the property. Captain Temple's resources were exhausted, and other men of means in Fauquier had been unwilling to increase their land holdings. They were unable to obtain labour to cultivate one-fourth of the arable lands that they already owned.

About eight o'clock that night Mr. Dandridge knocked at the door of the Rice dwelling.

"Law, if it ain't Mr. Dandridge! *Du-u-u* come right in, Mr. Dandridge. I'll call the gyurls right away."

"I have come to see Mr. Rice."

"James P.—*J-a-m-e-s P.—J-a-a-m-e-s P.!* The Lawd knows where that man keeps himself. James P.—*J-a-m-e-s P.*—"

"Woman, what you want? There ain't no restin' when you's around. Your tongue's allers soundin' like a thrashin'-machine."

Now, while the Virginian yeoman and peasant these days speak only harsh words to one another in the seclusion of their sacred homes, their attitude is affectionate while they are in the presence of

others; so Mr. Rice was crestfallen when he was told by his good helpmate that Mr. Dandridge awaited his pleasure.

"Ain't you satisfied about the sale, Squire?"

"I have not come here to complain, Mr. Rice, but to offer to buy back a part of the property."

"Thought you'd gin away all you had."

"I did. This afternoon I gave to Miss Bolling every cent that I had, except five dollars—and I will give her five dollars more as soon as I have earned so much."

"Then what's you goin' to buy any of my property with?"

"Work."

"What kind of work can you do, I'd like to know? Goin' a-clarkin'? I'll be mighty glad to help a likely young man as you as far as I can, 'Squire. I might find a place in my sto' for you."

"Do you remember the tract of one hundred acres along the Calverton road?"

"Yes; I certainly does. That land's standin' o' timber—trees as big round as the new dinin'-room table. I didn't know as no man wanted that piece of land."

"I wish to buy it. As you think it is not worth much, I hope that I can buy it to-night, on liberal terms."

"I never said the land wan't worth nothin'. It's worth a heap sight more'n I'll get for it. That land ain't never been cleared, and it is good land, I tell you—primal land; and them trees is worth a whole lot now, an' they is goin' to be worth mo'—soon as somebody can be found as is willin' to cut them down and send them to New York. But you

ain't got nothin' to give for no land nohow, so what's the use of talkin'."

"How much do you ask for the tract?"

"Thirty dollar an acre—but bein's it's you, I says twenty dollar an acre."

"This morning you paid less than half twenty dollars an acre for the whole estate."

"Well, I shorely ain't buyin' no land to sell at no loss."

"I will give you twenty dollars an acre for the tract if you will accept a mortgage of two thousand dollars, interest payable yearly."

"How's you goin' to pay intrust, let alone the two thousand dollar?"

"I propose to clear the land with my own hands, sell the trunks of the trees in New York, sell the branches as scrap cord-wood here, then cultivate the land. The improvements will double the value of the property. So if I can not pay the two thousand dollars, you will not lose a cent."

"How much intrust is you proposin'?"

"The legal rate—six per cent."

"I ain't givin' away my money to no man for six per cent. Make it ten—an' I'll close the sale right now—two hundred dollar a year, one hundred dollar the last day of June, and one hundred dollar the last day of December."

The sale was made.

"I have three likely yoke of oxen that'll pull them timbers outen that forest as I'll sell you, and I'll fling in a wagon to haul the cord-wood an' a carry-all to haul the trees with to boot."

Mr. Dandridge bought the oxen and the conveyances, then handed to Mr. Rice his promissory notes

for double the value of the property, the notes bearing interest at ten per cent.

After they went to bed Mr. and Mrs. Rice discussed the events of the day.

"An' to think, James P., you sold him back a hundred acres of land an' made more'n one thousand dollar clear, besides what you made on them steers, all in one day."

"More'n that, maw; I sorter think that if there's to be any marryin' in, 'stead of marryin' out, this here 'Squire Dandridge is a long sight better'n Perfessor Simpson. He's got family, he has, an' them kind of young gent'men like 'Squire Dandridge ain't never kept down when they once gets to work."

"An' you seen how he looked at Phyllis Daphne when she done stuck her head accident-like in the door? I certainly was sorry she forgot that she had her hair done up in curl papers. Howsome'er, he certainly did look at her meanin'-like."

"I allers told you, maw——"

"Shet up, James P., shet up! You ain't never got nothin' pleasant to say."

Soon the husband and wife were at peace—they were asleep.

As Byrd Dandridge walked toward Warrenton, where he would pass the night as Mr. Carter's guest, he thought of his plans for the future. He would begin his new life at dawn the next day; he would go into his primeval forest, and there with his own hands he would build a rude hut of logs; he would cook his own food, and there he would work like a man—work from the first lights of day

until the stars would come out at night. Yes, he would work for Betty Dabney; and some day he would go to her and say: Here is the home that I built for you with my own hands, here are the lands that I subdued, here are the fields of ripening wheat that I sowed, here are the cattle that I raised. No,—he could see,—Betty Dabney would be married to some one else long before he could provide a home for her. The beautiful, dainty, joyous Betty! But he would ask her, he would never let an opportunity pass that he would not ask—for a long time he had not let an opportunity pass—whenever they were alone together he would ask her to be his wife. But now he would go into his forest with his axe and his oxen. He would haul logs and cordwood to Calverton, the nearest railway depot, twenty miles away. As he walked toward Warrenton his whole manhood was aroused. He would work with his hands—the work of men before men became gods.

There was no sleep for Betty Dabney that night. Her heart was with Byrd Dandridge, her stalwart lover, whose heart and soul were even bigger than his big body. Yes, he was a man; and, she did not doubt, he would do the work of a man. And she would go to him—if only he would ask her often enough and earnestly enough to be his wife. This night her heart was her lover's as it never had been—and Betty wondered why he was not more ardent in his love-making.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

“GOOD-morning, Mr. Carter; good-morning, Daingerfield; this beautiful June morning has taken you for a walk beyond my gates, which you should have entered, then gone your way refreshed by the Morven hospitality.”

“We did call to see you, Ingram, but were told that the glory of this June day had also affected you—that you, too, had wandered abroad in search of the pure Virginian air that we used to breathe, air uncontaminated by Murphy and his minions.”

“Always, sirs, the Virginian air that I breathe shall be pure,” Colonel Daingerfield said. “Never shall it be corrupted by the Temples and the Murphys and the Harrisons and their negro friends, not the air that is within reach of my long sword.”

“Cease, Francis, cease; a brief respite, if you please; Murphy and his henchmen are not in harmony with the peace and beauty of this day that God has given us as a further evidence of His love for this His people. Let us again commune with Him through the glories with which He has surrounded us—the azure above, the green below, the fragrance and warmth that everywhere abound.”

“And among all His blessings,” said Judge Braxton, “those that He has poured out upon Virginia for three hundred years, none is greater than the glorious climate that He has provided for every day of our year. It has stimulated our aspirations, it has enabled us to bring forth abundant fruit, it has made us great among His peoples.”

“Sir, you are right,” the colonel said. “The great God in His goodness gives more to Virginia than to any other of the peoples of the earth, for with a lavish hand He pours from on high the beauties of all creation, aye, even the greatest among His blessings, the Virginian climate. Sirs, let us drink to Virginia: In March, leaping joyously from her own virgin womb, Virginia is born again; a burst of sunshine, and laying aside her robes of white, she is clothed in the garments of infant Spring. Now willows are arrayed in green and gold; seas of marsh grass shimmer before fragrant zephyrs, wafted from magnolia groves; we listen, we stand mute, for we hear the carolling of the birds, the birds that sing so joyously in Virginia. Our hearts beat in accord with all the glad teeming life of which we are a part. Then comes Summer, Virginia’s youth, in which she renews perennially the youth that anticipates the joys of old age, when happiness is unalloyed—for life, not death, is the reward of Virginia’s years. Infant Spring has kept her promise: the maiden Virginia, arrayed in the vestments of Summer—Summer in Virginia—is a bride. And what a bride! The skies are her blue eyes; the showers are her gentle tears; the roses are her pink cheeks. Behold—Summer, the bride Virginia! Then comes Autumn. Spring and Summer have fulfilled their destinies: Virginia is a mother. Bountifully she nourishes her children, loading them with untold thousands of rich gifts; barns are filled with grain; apple trees are laden with red fruit; the purple fox grape everywhere abounds; everywhere is harmony, and everywhere is perfect beauty—the beauty of God, lavishly given by His holy



hand, the beauty of Virginia—Virginia the handmaid of God. Now the leaves of her forests change their hues as doth the rainbow, the grey mists of morning envelop the land like an oriental veil of finest texture. Then comes Virginia's old age, Winter. Is any of the ages of Virginia more beautiful than the age of her old age? Her snow, fair as Virginia herself, stainless as her proud escutcheon, bewitching as her loveliest daughter, wraps Virginia's pure soul in a mantle of purity—a mantle, mark you, not a shroud, a mantle that she will soon put aside that she may again array herself in a floral gown of equal beauty. An infant, yet a bride; a mother, yet a grandmother, now her children and her children's children are gathered about her fire-side. All is well without; all is happiness within. Here the peace and the contentment that follow a wholesome life—one of achievement, which has fulfilled the purpose of Almighty God. Aye, Virginia! Gentlemen, the health of Virginia! Drink long and deep the nectar with which she has filled your cup—sirs, Virginian air. Gentlemen: Virginia!"

"And right heartily do we drink," said Judge Braxton. "Indeed, Daingerfield, the Virginian climate, never bitterly cold, never intensely hot, has enabled Virginians to tower above their fellow-men. Her orators, drawing their inspirations from her air, have given voice to words that fell upon their hearers like the music that is made by her whispering pines when they are swept by her balmy breezes; her statesmen, tempered by the moderation of her climate, gave to the earth her greatest government; her daughters, breathing that air, gathered from her gardens their buoyancy, their health,

and their unmatched loveliness. From her climate her sons and daughters take their strength that is her glory and their gentleness that is her pride. Virginia, my sweetheart, my wife, my mother, long and deep do I drink from your cup, the skies, the wine of life—your air.”

“My children, the sentiments that you have so nobly expressed are worthy of Virginia’s best traditions. Ingram, I am glad to see that your service of twenty years as a justice has not impaired your poetic temperament. Your language is still that of the Virginian gentleman when you are surrounded by the charms and graces of fair Nature. Francis, the thieves that are abroad have not robbed your soul.

“A day like this recalls the superb odes of Horace—Horace the greatest of the poets of antiquity. Ah, Ingram, how he would have revelled in Virginian days—her days of spring and of summer, and her days of autumn and of winter! True, the Roman climate was beneficent; but Rome lacked the variety and qualities of the Virginian nature—and all those wonders that you and Francis so poetically have described, the endless variety that would have delighted that great poet beyond measure. His great soul—er—er—his great soul—his great soul would have been borne even higher into the Kingdom of Glory.”

“Ah, Mr. Carter, you hesitated,” Judge Braxton said; “you wished to say that our climate would have carried Horace upon the wings of fancy until he had disappeared into the azure heights of Virginia’s atmosphere. You hesitated, sir; and well you did. Horace, like all Latin writers of verse,

was a mere rhymester, the writer of prose that masqueraded in the costume of verse—good verse, very good verse; but verse, not poetry. I am unable to understand how a man of your deep learning can read Horace and neglect the wealth of Homeric poetry that is at your disposal.”

“Homer, did you say, Judge? Why, sir, there was no such man!” Colonel Daingerfield interposed, his eyes twinkling. “As Shelley says, Homer is not himself until the latter part of the *Iliad*, hence the earlier parts of that poem were by some other person or persons. I go further than Shelley, sir; I say that Homer is not himself in any part of the poetry that bears his name. He was a multitude, sir; not a single person.”

“I tell you, Colonel Daingerfield, as I have told you before, there is evidence in abundance that conclusively proves that Homer was one man—sir, the greatest man that ever lived. I would as soon believe that the Pentateuch was not the work of Moses as to believe that the Homeric poetry was not written by Homer the Divine—every line, every word, Homer’s own. I shall expect you to read my commentary, *The Elements of Unity in the Homeric Poems*, a copy of which I shall present to you.”

“And, Mr. Carter, sir, are you preparing a commentary on the odes and epodes of Horace?”

“No, Francis, my son, no; such a commentary is unnecessary. The odes and epodes of Horace explain themselves. At least *he* was one man—the one great poet of all men.”

“The Homeric epics are too intricate for the ordinary mind to understand,” said Judge Braxton. “The works of Homer need no commentary for

those that are able to realise the full meaning of that great master of the human race, but there are minds deeply cultured that require instruction before they are able to grasp the magnificence of Homer; then, too, the depths of his wondrous philosophy may not be understood by those that have not thought deeply about men, but have acquired their knowledge of the human race from books—from the verse of Horace. The separatists consider the traditions of the world argument against rather than for any belief that has been accepted. They diligently seek to point out discrepancies that of necessity are to be found in any work of richness and scope. As they do not know the real character of poetry, many of them, refuting the statements of one another, prove that they are unable to read Homer in Greek with appreciation. In their zeal to scrutinise words and phrases they lose sight of the broad meaning of the whole.”

“Sirs, had I not passed the years when men are surprised, I should be astonished to see two learned men, Mr. Carter and Judge Braxton, wrangling over the comparative merits of the great poets, Homer and Horace. I read them both—when I am unable to obtain the works of the Bard of Avon. When I am in the midst of the mysteries of the great Latin poet I think that he looked straight into the heart of a living man before he wrote; when I delve into the philosophy of life that everywhere abounds in the Homeric epics, I care not whether they were the work of one man or of a nation of men. Why should I, sirs, when those words were inspired by fair Heaven herself? Homer, were he a man or an army of men, is for us a single being, an immortal being,

who looked into the hearts of men, and then held on high one man, that all the world might see."

"Why, there come Cary Dabney and Gladys Lancaster!" Judge Braxton exclaimed. "Ah me, their attitude recalls a morning in June more than forty years ago, just such a morning as this, when Miss Polly Bolling and I strolled down this road together! Indeed is Virginia young!"

"Zounds, Judge! Do you mean Mary Caperton, the girl who is now your wife?"

"Yes, Daingerfield, yes, yes—you are quite right. I was thinking of a June morning several years before the time that you and I were daily callers at General Caperton's home—the time when I went to see the beautiful Miss Mary. You went to see Miss Susan—the *beautiful* Miss Susan."

"Why, man, I myself heard you tell the *beautiful* Miss Mary that you never loved any other woman than herself."

"Ah, Francis, but he did not tell the lovely little dame that he had never strolled with Mistress Polly Bolling down this lane of love."

"I have heard, Mr. Carter, that you too used to explore this same way with Miss Polly, more than forty years ago."

"True, Francis, true; but those were in the days of my middle-age, when Mistress Bolling was only a slip of a girl——"

"Hold, Mr. Carter! Hold, sir! You have no right, believe me, sir, to tell Miss Bolling's age. She is still a young and very beautiful woman."

"Well, well, young people," Judge Braxton said; "so you too have accepted Virginia's invitation and have walked abroad into her morning, amid her

flowers, over her green fields, a-down her path of glory.”

“Why, Judge Braxton, how poetical you are this morning—and I do so love poetry. I just read it and read it and read it all day long—*simplement pour passer le temps*, you know.”

“Well, little girl,” said Mr. Carter, “in the days when Virginia was young—when I was young— young ladies were not put to the trouble to read poetry—never. There was always some young man to read the odes of Horace to them, after a while to lay aside the works of that great poet and, in tones of adoration as sincere as they were fervent, to pour into half-willing ears words that came from his heart. And those words, as they came from his heart, through his lips, blossomed into poetry, even as this bud bloometh into a rose.”

“Mr. Carter, pardon me, sir,” Mr. Dabney said; “but one of the frailties of the aged,—and I concede to no man a greater respect for old age than that which I hold,—one of the frailties of the aged, I say, sir, is inability to realise the upward tendency of mankind, the natural growth in the arts and in the virtues of humanity. Each generation is in every way superior to preceding generations. To deny the truth of this would be to give no weight to the evidence that greets you at every turn, and would be equivalent to saying that the purpose of the Master had failed.”

“Your impertinence, sir, is excusable only on the ground of your excessive youth, a fault, sir, that only Time will correct. But I shall overlook your intemperance even so far as to explain that the world does *not* improve from day to day. You are no

better than your father; and your generation is one of pygmies as compared with the generation that produced giants like Horace."

"I think you're just right, Mr. Carter. I certainly do love old men, and some day I'm going to marry the very *oldest* man I know."

"And, my child, a very charming wife you will make me."

"Why, boy," said the colonel, "when I was your age there was no young man in Virginia that did not compose poems for all the young women of his acquaintance."

"Poems out of his old stock, sir, no doubt."

"No, sir, no! In those days women were so beautiful and men so chivalrous that forth from a manly heart poems would force their way like the rush of the waters of the sea, sweeping all maiden hearts before them. In rhyme would burst the young man's passion, shaming the ardour of the midday sun—emotional words, uttered without thought, as spontaneous as the glances from his eyes, as beautiful as the music of some symphony played by Nature upon the harp of Heaven."

"I just bet my bottom dollar if popper were here he'd say, 'You mean the lyre, Colonel; that's the kind of instrument the Virginny lover plays.'"

"I, sitting as a justice, amid all this wealth of Nature primeval, shall settle this dispute at once," Judge Braxton said. "You, Mr. Cary Gordon Dabney, forthwith recite to Miss Gladys Lancaster a poem that shall come from your heart, in a manner worthy of the days recalled by Mr. Carter and Colonel Daingerfield—days that have passed from Virginia never to return, they contend."



Whereupon Mr. Dabney heroically recited four stanzas, each consisting of two eight-syllable iambic couplets. Gentle reader, your narrators will spare you as well as this young Virginian lover. Mr. Dabney was no poet.

"Oh, oh! You dear old bear! I just love you—love you—love you—love you! If I've never loved you before, I certainly do love you now!"

"That poem—excellent verse, I will admit—I heard you recite to a young lady more than a year ago; I did indeed, Judge," said the colonel. "Ours the victory. Honest Cary has selected from his old stock of writings the best of his poetical works; and, sir, his words droppeth not as doth the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath—as did the words of the young men of our day. I pause for a reply."

"Wait a minute, Judge! Just you wait a minute! Captain Temple recites poetry of his own to me—oh, lovely poetry! and he's a young man."

"What, Gladys, my child! can it be that you hold converse with Temple? Can that be possible?"

"*Why, Mr. Carter, girls don't let politics stand in the way of their beaux. I've known Captain Temple, Governor James Spotswood Temple's son, all my life, and he used to visit at our home in Charlottesville when I was a teensy, tinesey little girl. I'm not going to shake him just because he and popper don't agree politically just now. No, indeed, I'm not!*"

"You are very wrong, madam, very wrong indeed," the colonel said. "But I for one accept your challenge. So, Judge, before you render a decision in this matter, hear Miss Lancaster, if you please.

I assume, madam, you remember the poetry that is recited to you, as the ladies of your mother's—er—er—our time remembered the poetry that their admirers made to them."

"No, indeed, I don't remember all the poetry I hear; not by a lot! But Captain Temple's poetry is *so* exquisite, *so* lovely, *so* perfectly beautiful, *so*—I just can't forget any of it. Here's one dear little thing, Colonel, that does drop like the 'gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath.' You just see if it don't, Judge.

"TO GLADYS

"On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,  
Thy naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece  
And the grandeur that was Rome."

"Zounds!—what? Did that fellow recite those lines to you? Zounds, I say! Zounds! Did he, madam?—did he, I demand—did he recite those lines to you?"

"Yes, Colonel. And they are just beautiful lines, I say; and I *read* and I *hear* a great deal of poetry, and I *know*. Aren't they beautiful lines, Judge?"

"They are indeed, Miss Lancaster. Mr. Carter, I think we will agree in our estimate of poetry in this instance, and together pronounce those lines among the noblest of our time."

"*O tempora! O mores!*" exclaimed the old physician.

"So there, Colonel Daingerfield, you see young men—my young men—are just as good as mother's were."

"At least the young *gentlemen* that are my as-

sociates are *gentlemen*, and they treat ladies with consideration—deference—and courtesy.”

“Not so warm, Cary; not so warm, boy!” said Mr. Carter. “Your violence is not in keeping with harmonious Nature who surrounds you. See the beautiful day.”

“Young lady,” the Judge said, “the young man that you so greatly admire, who is arrayed against all the decent people of Virginia, whose right hand no gentleman would take—has deceived you. Those lines were written by our greatest poet,—the great poet that Virginia gave to the world,—and those five lines constitute the greatest stanza that he wrote. During my experience as judge many depraved men have been brought before me,—assassins, thieves, thieves that would steal pennies from a hungry little child,—yet I say that the most contemptible of all men is he that steals the brains of another, who, himself unable to write, claims the work of another as his own. Let this be a lesson to you, young lady; and never again do you permit Captain Temple to address a word to you. Hereafter limit your acquaintance with men to those that are gentlemen—not a word, Cary; not a word, sir!”

“Oh, I’m *so* sorry! *That* was not the poem Captain Temple recited to me; of *course* not. How *could* I have been *so* stupid? I believe I know every word of the poetry that Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—what-you-may-call-um ever wrote. I read a great deal of poetry, you know. And now I’ve gone and mixed up his verse with Captain Temple’s. Both write such *beautiful* poetry, I think.”

“I shall speak to your father about the matter,” said the Judge.

“Why, here comes Lancaster now!” the colonel said. “But why his perturbation? He is highly excited. A matter of great consequence undoubtedly requires our attention.”

“Mr. Carter, Judge, Colonel, Cary,—’mornin’, Gladys,—Shadrach—Shad—Shadrach Mesheck Abednego Berkeley says he’s going to the legislature!”

“What? Zounds, man! Speak out! What did you say, sir? Can this be possible?”

“My children, indeed have evil days befallen us,” said Mr. Carter.

“My poor unhappy land! My poor unhappy land!” exclaimed the Colonel.

“How did you hear?” asked Mr. Dabney.

“The black rascal tacked a notice on the courthouse door. I tore it down as soon as I saw it. Here—read it, please!”

notiS

o yas o yas o yas detenchen fellow ciTzenS de heaRT  
 ob ouR po lanS buSTin an eR buSTin an de good lawd he  
 done spressify me eR dReam an one ob hiS beauTiful  
 ladieS wid de SpReadin wingS done come To me an di-  
 rection bRuddeR RevnT docTah ShadRach bedniggeR  
 beRkeley de loRd he Say riSen ouT ob yo bed an pick  
 up diS bleedin heaRT an make iT well yea loRd iSe eR  
 comin i Say So iSe heRe bRuddeRS whiTe an cullud  
 come To yo fRom de loRd and iSe queSSin all ob you To  
 help de loRd an me geT To de legiSlaTuRe an de loRdll  
 conveRleSS you an paSSify me an iSe gwine uplifT  
 ebeRyTing i ken lay my hanS on in de STaTe i iS

youRS in de loRd

ex RevenT docTah ShadRak meShuk bedniggeR beRkeley

“The blasphemous black beast——”

“Be calm, Francis; this is not a time for impa-

tience, but for thought. We must meet this issue in a manner creditable to Virginia and to her dead statesmen."

"Impatience, sir? I was never more temperate in my life! Mr. Carter, sir, those dead statesmen, were they now living, would have forty lashes applied to this negro's bare back. And, sirs, they would do right. Too long has the negro gone unpunished."

"That was Murphy's move."

"Yes, Lancaster," the Colonel said; "this time you are right, sir; and a right dangerous one. He will alienate the vote of his plain people."

"Colonel, sir, I think you will find that Murphy will disclaim responsibility for the candidacy of negroes," said Mr. Dabney. "He will tell his plain people that he is unable to control his negro followers, and at the same time he will aid and abet them in their efforts to obtain offices, especially their election to the legislature. As they can neither read nor write, and will be addressed by speakers with hearts as black as their hearers' skins, we must checkmate that move."

"How, Cary?—what do you suggest?"

"Judge, for some time I have thought that Murphy would do this thing, so I have developed a plan that I believe will enable us to turn his play to our advantage."

"What is it, son?" asked Mr. Carter.

"Why, sir, it is this: that you, an old and highly respected Virginian gentleman, shall oppose Shadrach; that a man highly respected and beloved shall oppose every negro that is advanced by Murphy as a candidate."

"Sir, I am surprised! I had thought never to be surprised again; but now I am surprised indeed, as I never was in all my youth. Sir, I am so surprised that I am unable to answer you."

"Mr. Carter, sir, your surprise is no greater than mine own," the Colonel said. "I am astounded. Love or politics has dethroned this young man's reason. You are mad, stark mad, sir! That you, a Cary and a Gordon and a Dabney, should have poured forth an insult so awful upon the head of this venerable gentleman!"

"Don't you mind, Cary; *I* think you've done just right."

"Young lady, the time was, and not so long ago, when you were quite wrong," the Judge said quietly.

"Gentlemen, I have failed to make my meaning plain to you. I know, as you all know, Mr. Carter would be the last man in Virginia to put aside his duty to his country. Mr. Carter, I venerate and respect you, sir,—and so does every man in Virginia, black as well as white; and, sir, for that reason every man in Fauquier county that has the right of suffrage, save one, will vote for you if you are a candidate—not necessarily a candidate opposing Shad, but a candidate for the legislature. Shad would receive but one vote, which he himself would cast."

"Now, Cary, you are gaited like a horse that's going to win."

"And I'll put up my money too, popper. Here's my pocketbook on Cary."

"Indeed, Mr. Carter," said Judge Braxton, "our young leader's plan seems to me to be excellent."

Let us have the benefit of your advice, Daingerfield, in the light of Cary's explanation."

"I spoke hastily, I fear—not intemperately, but hastily," said the colonel. "Like the great Wellington, who at Waterloo corrected his mistakes as he made them, I have learned that it is the part of a man to acknowledge his errors, and then to rectify them. I agree with you, Judge; and with you, Dabney; and with you, Lancaster, and with this fair Portia, whose wisdom——"

"If you please, gentlemen, you will excuse Miss Lancaster and me. We will continue our walk. But first, Mr. Carter, have I your consent to announce that you agree to represent Fauquier in the Lower House?"

"Yes, yes, my children; every man owes all that he has to Virginia. I thought that I would end my days peacefully among those that I love,—among you, my children, who are as dear to me as though you were children of my own,—not that I would have to spend my last moments in wrangling in the legislative arena with politicians. But Cary is right. I owe the strength that is left to me to my country. She shall have that—she would have more, had I more to give."

"I thank you, sir; I thank you. Come, Miss Lancaster!"

"By-bye, all! Please don't tell popper, Judge. You won't now, will you?"

"Mornin', gent'men— Wo-o-o-h, Dorothea An-nabel! Wo-o-o-h! This here is a great pleasure, Cunnel Daingerfield, to meet the gent'man as is a-racin' me from Warrenton to Richmond. I jest wants you to know as I ain't havin' no hard feelin's



agin you. I jest wants you to know as the front do' of my house on my estate is allers open for the distinguished office-holder the people has seen fitten to elect for years comin' and a-goin'."

"Rice, how dare you! Go back to your store! Do not presume too far; for while my overseer has left me, and is now a clerk in your shop, have a care, or I shall find means to mete out to you the punishment that you so richly deserve. Go back to your shop! Go back, I say!"

"The beautiful morning is over for us, boys," said Mr. Carter. "Let us return to town."

"Lancaster," the judge said, "I understand that Temple frequently calls at the Rice home to see the youngest daughter; and, Daingerfield, this also accounts for the lofty ambitions of the gentleman that is to oppose the distinguished office-holder the people 'has seen fitten to elect for years comin' and a-goin'.'"

. . . . .

"This here's what I calls a fine day for barbecuin'; sorter warm-like—the kind of weather that'll sweat sentiments outen them speechifiers."

These words Mr. Rice addressed to the gentlemen that were assembled about the entrance of his store in the early morning of the last Saturday in June, the day that had been appointed for the barbecue, about which Stover had told Temple. Besides Mr. Rice, there were present his gifted son, Dr. Reginald Launcelot, and Messrs. Stokes and Simpson, also Bob, Captain Temple's personal representative.

"Lawd, Mustah Sen'tor, now you sho am talkin'. I's done seen Mustah Rev'nt Docker Berkeley an'

Mustah Buck Johnsins' all het up 'fo' sun-up drivin' Mustah Willums' white mule hooked side ob Mustah Berkeley's red hawse, an' pullin' ob some outlan'ish ole pha'ton, jest skidaddlin' fo' de barb'cuin' camp-meetin'. 'Fo' de Lawd, dey sho wus het up, an' sweatin' an' a-sweatin' out words."

"I don't see why you people daown her-r-re done set Andy Stover to bossin' this her-r-re barbecue. He don't like coloured gent'men nohow, an' I hear-rn he was talkin' religion mighty power-r-ful-like last night. I jest bet he's fuller en tick a-fore he started barbecuin' come daybreak. You folks daown her-r-re don't know how to r-run things nohow. I oughter-r-r had that ther-r-re barbecuin' job."

"Well, I should say he was drunk. Religion on the hill's so thick you can cut it with a knife. I never seen anything at Princeton that could hold a candle to the jag Andy's carryin' about with him."

"Look here, Reg'nal' La'nc'lot, what's you doin' knowin' about Andy's bein' drunk. Thought you told me you wan't takin' nothin' an' wan't goin' to take nothin' no mo'."

"Now you see here, my old man, I just went on top that hill to get some soft cider. Shorely you don't think I went up there to take nothin'? Hell, no; not so early in the day."

The young Princeton savant saw no reason why he should explain to his sire that he really did not consider daybreak an early hour of day, but a late hour of night. Clearly the young Princeton doctor was drunk. When he was in that condition his words did not indicate quite all the culture with which he had been crammed while he was a student

at William and Mary, the University of Virginia, and Princeton. Indeed, ordinarily one never would have known that Dr. Reginald Launcelot was a doctor of philosophy, unless one would have recognised in his use of words the doctor of philosophy of Princeton, one of those pilgrims that had travelled in five years the road that stretches from the kindergarten to the back door of Princeton, on through the front door of that mill—on a-down the royal road to achievement

“Will some gentleman be so kind as to explain to me Mr. Buck Johnson’s connection with this affair. Again, permit me to ask, who is Mr. Buck Johnson?”

“Wa-al, Perfessor, Mr. Johnson comes from no-wher-r-res; howsomer-r-r, he says he comes from Salem. Now we uns whar I come from now an’ then gits ter go ter Salem that is somewher-r-res. Wa-al, Mr. Johnson, he was a-runnin’ fer treasurer, but he tuk on so much political bigness speechifyin’ he done give up runnin’ fer treasurer, an’ now he’s runnin’ for th’ legislature from Roanoke county, whar they say Salem is. This her-r-re coloured gent is the guest o’ the barbecue, an’ he spent last night with Dr. Ber-r-rkley out ter the parsonage. The Baptist coloured gent preacher, Mr. Williams, ’lows as them two gents is drunk—an’ wus drunk afor-r-re day.”

Old William, Judge Braxton’s butler, now approached. He had been sent to the Rice store by his master to purchase a small article.

“Mornin’, Will’um; how’s you goin’ to vote?”

“I ain’ gwine vote, Mistah Rice; I ain’ nebber vote, an’ I ain’ nebber gwine vote. I’s a decent cullured man, I is. I ain’ gwine have nothin’ do

wid pol'tics, I ain'. Dat's fo' Marse Brax'on—not fo' de lak ob me."

"There ain't enough in it for a highferlutin' nigger like Mr. Will'um Morven," said Dr. Reginald Launcelot contemptuously.

"Yo' father sholy ain' offen much fo' my vote, suh; no more'n two-dollar-ten-cent; an' I ain' tuk dat a-fo' goin' an' axin' Marse Brax'on 'bout it. I say: 'Ain' er man's vote hisn, Marse Brax'on?' He done say, 'Course.' I done say, 'Mistah Rice, he done say, "Willum, ef you done vote fo' me hyah's one dollar fo' you." An' den he done say, "One-dollar-fifty-cent." Den he done say, "One-dollar-seventy-five-cent." Den he done say, "Two-dollar." Den he done say, "Two-dollar-ten-cent." Den he done say, "You don' git no mo' outen me, nigger.'" I say, 'Marse Brax'on, would you sell yo' vote fo' two-dollar-ten-cent?' An' Marse he done look s'prised-lak, an' I done say, 'What's his's hisns, ain' it, an' ef he done got er right ter sell blackberries he's done pick, he ken sell he vote, ain' dat so, Marser?' Den he look at me ca'm-lek, den he say, 'Hab you de right ter sell yo' wife, Will'um?' An' I say, 'No, suh, not mos'ly, Marse Brax'on; I 'specs not. She's mine, den ergin she ain' mine. I 'specs I ain' got no right ter sell Sary Frances. Den, Marse Brax'on, I ain' gwine sell my vote nohow ter no man as calls me nigger.'"

"'Fo' de Lawd, Mistah Sen'tor, you say, 'Tek dis hyah dollar-fifteen-cent, Bob; dat's all yo' gwine t' git outen me.' 'Fo' de Lawd, an' you done offen dis hyah Mistah Willum two-dollar-ten-cent, an' he ain' done nuttin' fo' you, an' I's been sweatin' an' er-sweatin' out words, I has."

The white gentlemen were greatly perturbed. Mr. Rice now recalled Captain Temple's advice: the ordinary negro should receive for his vote two dollars, neither more nor less, while the negro leaders should receive amounts varying in accordance with their qualifications, enhanced by their demands.

"Wa-al, no man ain't never had the sass ter offer me no mor-re'n two-dollar-ten-cent fer my vote," said the carpetbagger. "Ef he had, he'd a-kept his two-dollar-ten-cent, an' I'd a-kept my vote. I ain't never-r sold my vote ter hum nor in Virginny fer no man's two-dollar-ten-cent."

Barbecue day, the festal high-tide of the political underworld in Virginia, yeoman, peasant, and negro eat and drink without limitation, save their own capacity. Beastly intoxication was followed by one retributive punishment only—that peculiar discomfiture known as "the morning after." The ruddy shepherds in charge of the Methodist and Baptist white sheep, and the tinted shepherds in charge of the Baptist and Methodist black sheep, always took part in the barbecue festivities. Eminently was it proper for them so to do. What shepherd would desert his flock in danger? These good men would take a "little suppen" also—the wise shepherd is always near his sheep, and a "little suppen" does draw one close to one's fellows. Besides, pneumonia stalketh around those that linger about camping-grounds.

Timothy Murphy saw that he could use barbecue day, always a day of rejoicing, to effect a blending of the white and the black-and-tan elements of his followers—not social equality, but friendliness, a re-

alisation of community of interests. Mr. Stover, who had been placed in charge of the barbecue by Captain Temple, had succeeded in corralling the better part of the yeomanry, the peasantry, and the negro male populations of Fauquier and adjacent counties— Loudoun, Prince William, Stafford, Culpeper, Rappahannock, Warren, and Clarke. The chairman had shown masterly craftsmanship in all the preliminaries of the fray. All was in readiness when he and his negro helpers reached the barbecue grounds two hours before daybreak. They soon had more than a score of fires blazing, six young bullocks killed and ready for roasting, rum, gin, whiskey, and beer barrels tapped, and by sunrise Mr. Stover and his helpers were drunk—very drunk. Now, Mr. Stover was a religious man, and never more so than when spiritually occupied by corn. His spirituality was the more ardent the more ardent the spirits that he consumed. He did not mean to be blasphemous; indeed, the day after he was unable to recall the events of the day before; so with the rising sun rose the religious zeal of the mighty smith. Gentlemen did not go a-barbecuing—at least gentlemen were not officially present.

By two o'clock, the time for oratory to flow, there was no sober man in all that great throng. The good and reverend doctor, Berkeley, and his religious rival, the godly Williams, were very drunk—but not so drunk as the smith. Mr. Rice was drunk; Mr. Stokes had discontinued drinking cider more than two hours since. Even Professor Simpson had permitted the good cheer to sink deep into his learned mind.

There were many varieties of the drunks that are

positive, comparative, and superlative. There was the drunk that was happiness, the drunk that was sorrow; the drunk that was silence, the drunk that was boisterous; the drunk that was peace, the drunk that was sullen; the drunk that was amiable, the drunk that was—there were as many forms of drunkenness as there were persons present, for each and every man that drinks hath a particular drunk that is personal to himself. Be it known, the difference in drunks is racial, and there are even national elements in any given drunk. There is the Irish drunk, the English drunk, the Yankee drunk, the Virginian drunk, the gentleman drunk—and the last is the first in loathsomeness of all drunks, the drunk known as the gentlemanly drunk. That kind of drunk is not altogether unknown in Virginia.

Candidates Johnson and Berkeley mounted the rude platform, upon which was seated chairman Stover. A whiskey barrel served as a table for the chairman, upon which there was a pitcher more than half full of gin—the white liquor that looks like water—and a glass. But none of Nature's ale was on top the barrel. Mr. Stokes, Professor Simpson, Mr. Williams, Dr. Reginald Launcelot, who was to make a speech, and candidate Rice also were seated on the platform. Mr. Stokes went forward to arouse Mr. Stover, whose head was prostrate in grief upon the whiskey barrel. His deep concern for his country's weal had bowed him in sorrow so deep that melancholy dominated his lofty intellect. He seemed to have lost the power that he had enjoyed for many hours—the ability to cry aloud in his wrath in a voice that shook the hills.

“S-s-s-t-o-k-e-e, s-lutter; read—read—read it.



Dunno—how—ter—ter—ter read; dunno—dunno—  
how—as-s-s how—ter read-d——”

“Her-r-re, Perfessor; you read this her-r-re let-  
ter-r-r. Stover-r says as how he ain’t over-r an’  
above well.”

“CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA.

“To My Fellow Countrymen of Fauquier:

“It is with deep regret that I have to say that I shall be  
unable to address your gathering Saturday afternoon.  
Until the last moment—yesterday—like Banquo’s ghost, I  
thought that I should stalk amongst you; but illness detains  
me here, so I send my best wishes to your meeting. How-  
ever, I shall be with you in mind, although not in body, and  
I shall pray God to let His spirit permeate your meeting,  
that you may work out His glory and hasten the coming of  
His kingdom.

“Yours in the Lord,

“JOHN HENRY JONES.

“Tuesday morning.”

“Glory ter Gawd—ef a Baptist done say it!  
Glory ter Gawd! Glory—glory—gl——”

Then the gleam that had lit up the sorrowing  
mind of Stover again left the chairman to the de-  
spair of melancholy.

No letter from great Timothy was read. General  
Murphy did not write letters.

In and about Warrenton the reputation of the  
gentleman from Salem as an orator was not well es-  
tablished; so the Reverend Doctor Berkeley, more  
than usually inflated by pride—and meat and drink—  
proceeded to introduce the visitor, the while Mr.  
Williams, preacher, gnawed the shin of a bullock.  
Notwithstanding the burdens that he had to bear,  
the doctor succeeded in working out an introductory

speech that he believed to be of unusual excellence. The style and wording he had copied largely from the oration that was made by Minetree when he nominated John Randolph Harrison in the Richmond convention. He advanced toward the whiskey barrel, took a sip of the fluid that looked like water, paused, mopped his brow with a red cloth, with a great sweeping movement of first one arm and then the other. Little did he care for Mr. Johnson's reputation. He thought only of his own.

"Gemmen an' Feller-cit'zens: Hit hav fell ter me de pledger ob presentin' ter you ter-day one ob dem statements dat ken talk as well as write, an' ken write as well as talk. He name am known from de mountain ter de sea; from Dan ter Beersheba; from Warrenton ter Salem, whar he hail from—he feller-cit'zens distrusts him wid de keys ter open de do' ter de legislater, an' he ştate done brag 'bout de defiance ob he character, an' de platfo'm ob he intentions.

"Dis extinguished gemman frum Ro'noke county will speechify ter you ter-day, an', Mistah Cheerman an' Gemman ob de 'Sembly, I has de honor ter present ter you de name ob—de name ob—de name ob—

"Nigger, tell me—say hit quiet-lek,—nigger, what you say yo' name is?"

"Hon'ble Buck Johnson."

"De statement what am wid us ter-day trabled all las' night ter injunction he presence hyah, an' hit gins me pledger, midst mah own feller-cit'zens, ter present er gemman dat hab got de sterility ter subsidise he promise, an' de name ob dat gemman am Hon'able—Hon'able——"

Now was the good doctor indeed "sweatin' and a-sweatin' out words."

"Fo' Gawd's sake, nigger, say hit agin: What am yo' name?"

"Hon'ble Buck Johnson."

"Dis hyah man say he name's Hon'ble Buck Johnson."

With that the reverend candidate sat down.

The Honourable Buck rose, made a dignified bow, and proceeded with his oration. First he told how General Murphy was the friend of the coloured man; how he had promised equal rights, a free ballot, and social equality to all the coloured race; and then he told them in his choicest language that it was important for them to follow the man that really meant to free the people—the people now held in bondage as they had not been bound before the war.

"Hyah you's callin' an' er-callin' yo'sel's free fer mighty nigh fifteen year, an' how free is you? Ef you votes for Readjusters,—say now, boss, does you hear me? I don' believe you does; stop snorin' so loud, fo' Gawd's sake,—ef yo' votes fo' Readjusters, it mean dat Gen'l Murphy'll see dat you hab de pribilege ob settin' in de dress circul 'long wid de big bugs ter de th'atre an' er-gittin' inter all de hotels, an' er-mixin'——"

The crowd cheered wildly; indeed joyously—when we consider that a negro was cheered.

"Hurrah for Murphy! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! Hurrah for Johnson! Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

"Hoop-la! Hurrah fer hell!"

Now the chairman was aroused. His red whiskers stood out like the quills of a porcupine; he seized

the pitcher of near-water and slung it against the head of the gentleman from Salem. The near-water flowed sluggishly off the platform, and trickled into the mouth of a yellow youth. The pitcher was injured.

“Hurrah fer Johnson nothin’!—hurrah fer no nigger nothin’!—hurrah fer Mr. Temple fer Congress, I says!”

In time the smith was subdued—he wept, and even used words that your narrators may not repeat without being sacrilegious. Mr. Johnson wiped the near-water from his face, retiring in favour of Professor George Washington Lafayette Simpson, who addressed the multitude.

The highways on barbecue night were made hideous by the drunken orgies and yells of those that had taken part in the political events of the day. Of all the elements, the one best loved by the negro is fire. There was fire that night in every direction. The time-honoured hatred of the low-grade white for the one-grade black, and of the black for the yeoman and the peasant, had been fanned into fury by the self-assertiveness of the negro. Barns and hay-stacks burned brilliantly.

Social equality is impossible between the white of any class and the negro. But Murphy had not tried the impossible. He had merely meant to establish political unity, in which white and black temporarily would lay aside their differences to vote for a common reward, freedom—freedom as they saw it.

And how would those men vote—the men that constituted the barbecue crowd? Was Murphy right, or

was Daingerfield right? Would they be bound by the habits and traditions of three centuries—or would they fall down and worship these strange new gods? Was there a man in that day—is there a man in our time—that confidently could or can foresee the result of balloting? Was a party ever so weak that it did not loom as large as the Great Pyramid before its opponent party?

Under the rules of government by which these states that are more or less united are controlled, the longest period of time under which our destinies reasonably may be foretold is four years. And under these same rules these peoples every four years to a discernible extent lose any national characteristic that they may possess.

The Dabneys had finished breakfast; family prayers were said; the day was Sunday; August the month—a summer Sunday morning in Virginia. Everywhere was rest. Nature, who is never idle in Virginia, lazily went about her duties; bees slothfully gathered their honey from the white clover; humming-birds thrust their long beaks into the hearts of flowers with less than their wonted energy; the liquid warmth of the sun flowed sluggishly along the white board fence that enclosed the lawn, until the waves of heat reached the massive iron posts of the great gates of the manor, against which they leaped with sudden fury, splashing high into the air; cock-robin, with his red breast, his dignity despite his strut greater than that of any other bird that sings, helped his mate teach their fledgelings to fly, while the mocking-bird, who sings by night as he sings by day, sang for the robin family one of those noble songs that

Tschaikowsky, for all his wild fantasies, was unable to reproduce in the music of man; boughs of the lofty elms continuously made obeisance to the gentle breezes. In a distant field cows were browsing; sheep were about the lawn; old Tabby, her eyes half-closed, watched the capers of her little ones; Cicero's huge head rested drowsily upon his two front paws. The chariot that for sixty years had conveyed the Dabneys upon family occasions was in front of the stables, polished, and ready for service. Aunt Dinah, dressed in her best print, had laid aside the red bandanna that usually covered her head and had combed out the kinks of hair that for a week had been wrapped tightly with black thread and concealed by the handkerchief. Everywhere was peace—the peace of Sunday morning in Virginia.

The family heir apparent, the only son, had been nominated by his party for the governorship. This Sunday morning finds him at home. He had returned the night before from Danville, where he had delivered the last of the series of addresses of his southwestern campaign. The old general was in the library, reading over the lesson for the day. The young man joined his sister, who was seated under a vine of honeysuckle that partly enclosed the verandah.

“Betty, Miss Gladys Lancaster is at the Warren-Green again.”

Miss Betty's eyes were mischievous.

“Now, Cary, we will not talk about Gladys Lancaster—not on Sunday.”

“I am going driving with her this afternoon, and I wish to bring her here to supper.”

“Cary Dabney!—are you crazy? Do you mean to tell me that you are going driving with a girl *Sunday* evening? What kind of girl *is* she to accept *your* invitation to supper here?”

Mr. Dabney did not reply. For ten minutes he brought his fine mind, so well trained in the law, to bear on her questions, but was unable to work out answers.

Miss Betty the while read *The Form of Solemnisation of Matrimony* from the Book of Common Prayer that she had brought out on the verandah. Although she found the marriage service as interesting as a novel, every now and then she would glance furtively at her brother. The tender-hearted Betty was sorry. But she read the marriage service to the end; for while every Virginian girl of her age has read that service a score of times, each time it is essentially new. After she had read the service through she turned back to her favourite part: “Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner. The Minister, receiving the Woman at her father’s or friend’s hands, shall cause the Man with his right hand to take the Woman by her right hand, and to say after him as followeth.” These words described a scene that Miss Betty frequently had in mind—one that had been forced upon her fancy by Byrd Dandridge time and again.

Her brother still sat there, his brow clouded, perplexity in his every attitude. Finally she rose, went behind his chair, put her arms around his neck, and kissed his hair. Then she went around in front of him, leaned against the trellis and the honeysuckle a bit nonchalantly, her finger marking the place of



the marriage service in the partly closed prayer-book that she held in her left hand, and plucked the yellow honeysuckle tubes with her right hand. Still her brother was silent.

“Er—er—er, Cary, if you are in love with Gladys Lancaster—engaged to her—I will go at once to call on her, and then I will ask her to take supper with us.”

“If you will go to see her I shall be glad. But I am not engaged to her. Several times she has refused to marry me.”

“Maybe you have not asked her often enough and earnestly enough.”

“I have asked her a thousand times.”

“One would have to ask me a great deal oftener.”

He took the hand that was pulling the honeysuckle blooms and kissed it. And Betty—well, the sister that loves her brother has a load of sorrow to bear the day that he tells her that he loves, however beautiful and noble the girl. Miss Betty loved her brother.

The Dabneys as they drove toward town were overtaken by Mrs. Rice and her daughters, who also were members of St. James Church. Dr. Reginald Launcelot would join his mother and sisters just before the sermon. Candidate Rice, still faithful to his Baptist faith, had already driven over to his church—but not before his good spouse had again tried to unify the religious atmosphere of the Rice house on the Rice estate.

“James P., I *du-u-u* wish you’d stop a-goin’ with them vulgar Baptists, an’ jine with them as goes to

St. James. I jest think you owes it to our gyurls to leave off 'sociatin' with them there Baptist vulgars."

"Now, maw, you knows I don't believe in no religion that don't wash a sinner clean. Them 'Piskelopians is still got the dirt of sin stickin' to them as they was born in. Parson Jones was out to our church some eight Sundays agone, an' he says, says he: 'Brethren, "Wash, an' be clean."' I remember them words, word for word, jest as he said them. 'Brethren, "Wash, an' be clean," an' can all the waters of the seven seas clean one garment that's stained with sin? Nay, we must be born again—pure in heart, scoured clean by the blood of the Lamb,—them waters of Baptism. Sprinkling ain't enough; *you have got to be baptised*. Brethren, there ain't *no* other way as I can see to salvation. Baptism by dippin' is the only way the Good Word says.' Them was pow'ful words; an' I tell you, maw, you an' our gyurls is goin' straight to perdition if you don't let them 'Piskelopians alone. If they's to be washed at all, they needs a bath, for Gawd knows they's dirty enough. An' you have gone an' took along Reg'nal' La'nc'lot with you—an' that boy might have been a Baptist preacher."

"Land's sakes, James P., *you* oughter been a preacher!"

"Mebbe so, maw; I allers thought as how I was cut out for a Baptist parson—one of them preachers as ain't got no pretences, except jest bein' good. I ain't got no use for them 'Piskelopian cler-gy-mens, as they calls theirselves—uniformed angels is what I done called them before you an' the gyurls an' Reg'nal' La'nc'lot took up with that outlan'ish

Romish church, an' that's how Baptists calls them now, an' allers will call them,—uniformed angels."

"You shore oughter be ashamed of yourself, James P., carryin' on that fashion. Whoever hearn of a Baptist or a Presbyterian or a Meth'dist preacher a-wearin' business clothin' when they goes about their business in an' out of the pulpit. They's hearse drivers, all of them; hearse drivers with funeral faces, a-moanin' for their 'suasions. I ain't got no mo' use for them liveried gents that's too good to dress like other folks an' not good enough to dress like Gawd's saints."

Not until yeoman and peasant invaded the Episcopalian church as equals of aristocrats therein, shortly before these matters were discussed in the Rice family, did church dissensions arise in Virginia. The gentry respected all denominations, save Roman Catholic, and believed Baptist and Methodist forms of worship were well suited to yeoman and peasant needs. Episcopalians and Presbyterians sometimes clashed, in a gentle sort of way, largely due, said the Episcopalians, to Presbyterian imitation of their ways. "They raised an awful howl," said the inheritors of the Church of England, "when we placed organs in our churches, sang by note, organised choirs, and decorated our edifices with cut flowers and growing plants. They said that we were children of the Pope. But their howls were soon lost in imitation. In copying us they went to extremes, introducing horns and other brass band instruments into their meeting-houses." The late Bishop Whipple would not consent to floral decorations in his diocese so long as he lived, and he died only a few years ago. The innovations of

recent years were made by ambitious yeomen and peasants, who really were responsible for the division of the Virginia church into high churchmen and low churchmen. They did what they could to make a society church out of the Church of England as inherited by Virginia and to turn the services into "social functions."

When the Dabney chariot drew up to the St. James door Miss Betty immediately entered the church, knelt for one minute in silent prayer, then went a-visiting from pew to pew, as did the other ladies assembled. General Dabney and his son joined the men that were gathered about the church grounds. A few of the men only had gone into the edifice. Soon Dr. Nelson would enter the chancel and kneel for one minute in silent prayer; the organ would be played softly, and the men would enter as the clergyman would begin to read, "The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him."

But now the men were about the church grounds, talking in well modulated tones, although not without animation. The crops always were discussed. None would admit that his fields were in a normal condition. No planter was ever satisfied.

Among those outside the church when General Dabney and his son arrived were Judge Braxton, Captain Lancaster, Mr. Carter, Colonel Daingerfield, Mr. Tazewell, and Mr. Taliaferro. The young sculptor had come over from Richmond for a few days.

The soft music of the organ being heard, the men entered the church. The old men knelt down for

one minute of silent prayer; the young men that had been confirmed bent over the backs of the seats in front of them, and prayed silently for one minute; the young men that had not been confirmed stood until the last words of the exhortation, then some of them bent forward during the prayer of the general confession, some leaned their heads upon their right hands, and some sat bolt upright.

Miss Lancaster, who had not come with her father, arrived during the recital of the *Venite*. Her hat was as conspicuous as it was beautiful; her dress swept first one and then the other side of the aisle, and when she reached the pew in which her father was seated the captain gallantly helped her into it, for she seemed to need his aid. On each cheek was a small black patch, and one was on her dimpled chin.

Colonel Daingerfield and Captain Lancaster had sat up with a poker game until a quarter to twelve the night before. The stakes had been rather high, yet none too high for Virginian gentlemen. The colonel, a vestryman of St. James, and the captain, the treasurer of Christ Church, in Charlottesville, brought forth their great prayer-books, of quarto size; each adjusted his glasses on his nose, and then each read the service with solemnity and reverence. These gentlemen loved God, and each in his own way served Him; but they saw no reason why they should not play poker until a quarter of an hour before Sunday.

There was no choir during summer. Dr. Nelson would read the first verse of one of his favourite hymns, then would usually lead the large congregation in singing. As he was hoarse to-day, he re-

quested some one to lead the hymn for him. There was no response for some time, but after a while Miss Polly Bolling arose. Her voice was not so young as it was forty years before, but she tried. Then, receiving no assistance for the first two lines, bowed low toward the chancel.

“Dr. Nelson, I can not; sir, I can not!”

Whereupon Dr. Nelson read through Cardinal Newman's great sacred song.

During the offertory, played by Miss Betty Dabney, Judge Braxton, Mr. Carter, Colonel Daingerfield, and General Dabney passed around the old silver plates, into which ladies put ten cents, young men twenty-five cents, and old men one dollar. Miss Gladys dumped in three cents.

The aristocrats of Fauquier were assembled. The only members of a lower class present were the Rice girls and their mother—no, also there was Dr. Reginald Launcelot Rice, seated near the middle of the church, alone in a pew. His face was flushed, and he read the service in thick, uncertain tones.

Captain Temple also sat alone. Apparently no one saw him.

Mr. Harrison, who had been campaigning for six weeks, occupied the Harrison family pew. He too was alone. No—again no; in spirit there was with Captain Temple the lovely Dorothea Annabel; in spirit the beautiful Lelia Braxton was with Mr. Harrison. Captain Temple appeared to be indifferent to his surroundings. Mr. Harrison sat with his teeth clenched, and all might have seen, had they looked in his direction, that the tall, proud young man, every inch a Harrison, keenly felt that he was not welcomed in assemblages of his father's friends

and those that had been his friends. And now and then John Harrison would see Lelia Braxton's pale face, and also he would see the painful solemnity of Judge Braxton, the man whose good opinion he valued above that of all other men.

In a corner to the right of the chancel sat Byrd Dandridge—a good seat for that young giant, for in looking toward the minister he could not help seeing the fair young organist on the other side of the chancel. But one doubts if Mr. Dandridge would have seen Dr. Nelson had Miss Dabney sat in any other part of the church. Yet, he could not see her eyes, for she looked directly at the rector's face.

Mr. Dabney joined Miss Lancaster as she left the church.

"Well, Cary, I thought you came with papa and little sister! Why don't you go back with them?"

"I intend to walk home with you."

"That certainly was a fine sermon Dr. Nelson preached."

"What was it about?"

"Now, Cary, didn't you hear that sermon?"

"No."

"Then I shan't tell it to you. I'm no preacher."

"But you have learned to say no."

"I'll learn to say yes—by the time you're governor."

"I may never be governor."

"But I'm learning to say yes, all the same; for John will be elected if you're not, and Harrison is a prettier name than Dabney. Now, now, poor little boy! Don't you mind!—I think Cary a much



prettier name than John. John is *so* common, isn't it?"

"Not more so than James."

"Oh, but Captain Temple's middle name and last name are *so* beautiful! If I were his wife (and they say he'll be elected to Congress, and may go higher) I'd cut the Jim part off his name. I'd call him Spotty for short."

"Gladys, I—I——"

"I'll be out to tea this evening. Be sure you call for me at just the right minute."

Whereupon Mr. Cary Gordon Dabney lapsed into silence.

"Hold, Ned! Whoa, Monterey! Whoa, Buena Vista. Mr. Dandridge, come; dine with us to-day."

Mr. Dandridge entered the Dabney chariot. He had planned this encounter. His the victory. He took the seat of the absent son.

"A beautiful day, Mr. Dandridge!"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you making material progress in clearing your woodland farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"You must find the work—which I understand that you do alone, with your own strong arms—very arduous."

"No, sir."

"You have not taken dinner with us for a long while, Mr. Dandridge. Sir, we miss your bright face at our board."

"No, sir; I thank you, sir."

"Git up, Monterey! Git up, Buena Vista!—drive up, Ned; drive up!"

"Do you work in gloves, Mr. Dandridge?"

"No, Miss Betty."

"I should think you would work in gloves."

"I found that they bothered me."

"Miss Polly Bolling says that you work from daybreak until after dark. Why do you work so hard, Mr. Dandridge? No one else works so hard, and you have nobody to work for."

"I am working for—I am—I am——"

"Now, Mr. Dandridge, you are just working for yourself, to pile up more money than you will ever be able to use! And you are the only gentleman that I know that works with his hands."

After dinner General Dabney, leaving his daughter and Mr. Dandridge on the verandah, retired to his study. The young man's siege of gentle Betty's heart had been laid for a long time. All along his strategy had included the tactics of assault. He never lost an opportunity to storm the fortress; but he had never succeeded in scaling the first wall, as he thought. This afternoon he renewed the attack.

"Miss Betty, I want to marry you."

"That is not the way to talk on Sunday, Mr. Dandridge. Besides, I have told you more than a thousand times that I shall never marry you; I shall not marry; father needs me home. So does Cary."

"I need you."

"Why, the idea! That is *so* funny; a great big man like you, who cuts down five big oak trees every day, needs poor little me. That is childish of you."

"I need you."

"Well, my duty is very plain; the claim of my father and my brother certainly is greater than yours,

and my duty is to them. Why, sometimes I feel that I hardly know you—although our acquaintance *does* go back a long time.”

This view had not occurred to Mr. Dandridge, so he said no more for ten minutes.

“‘Thou shalt leave thy father and thy mother and cleave unto thy wife.’”

“I think that you should cleave unto your wife, Mr. Dandridge,—when you get one.”

The attack was again suspended for ten minutes.

“One’s highest duty is to one’s love.”

“I think so too, Mr. Dandridge.”

“Then, Miss Betty, I ask you again: will you marry me?—now?”

“And I say again, Mr. Dandridge,—no!”

“Why?”

“Because my plain duty is to my father and my brother. Besides, this is Sunday afternoon, and it is wicked to talk that way on Sunday.”

“You are always right, Miss Betty, I know; but I don’t seem to see why it is wicked for me to love you on Sunday. I love you all the time.”

The silence lasted half an hour.

“Now, Mr. Dandridge, I must go to my room and read my Bible, or father will be angry with me.”

She always dismissed him, for he never had a sense of time while he was with her.

“Good-evening, Mrs. Rice!”

“Law, if it ain’t Cap’n Temple. *Du-u-u* come right in, Cap’n, an’ rest your hat a while. There ain’t no company in the parlour—exceptin’ Perfessor Simpson an’ Mr. Stokes. I certainly is right glad to see you again.”

"I saw you in church this morning, Mrs. Rice. Since then I have been unable to curb my impatience, so great has been my longing to enjoy the hospitality of this beautiful home on these broad acres."

"Law, now, Cap'n Temple, but you *du-u-u* say sech lovely things. Now set right down in this here arm-cheer an' wait a minute. Dorothea Annabel! Dorothea *Annabel! Dor-o-th-ea An-na-bel!*"

"Yes?"

"Cap'n Temple."

"As I was sayin'——"

"You shore is always a-sayin', Mr. Stokes; a-sayin', an' a-sayin', an' a-sayin', an' that's Gawd's truth."

"Wa-al——"

"Wa-al, wa-al, wa-al!—talk's cheap, but money buys the lan'!"

"Wa-al, your pa sa-ays as how I hev bought a r-r-right nice little piece o' prop'ty up the road."

"Miss Eugenie Victoria, you are rather severe. This morning, in church, your piety was one of the pleasures of the service."

"This here man, Cap'n Temple, would try the patience of a saint, he would,—an' that's Gawd's truth."

"When did you return, Captain?"

"Early this morning, Professor, just in time for church; and, I can tell you, I was glad of the brief surcease of labour, after continuously campaigning for six weeks."

"Dorothea Annabel! *Dor-o-th-ea An-na-bel——*"

"Yes, mother?"

"Cap'n Temple."

"I'll be down in a moment, mother dear."

Miss Dorothea Annabel had been dressed since seven, with the exception of additional prinkings every few minutes, and now the hour was eight. She soon tripped lightly down the stairs, a creation in pink; her silk dress, the material of which was bought in Baltimore, was pink; she wore pink slippers; a single pink rose was fastened in her corsage; a narrow band of pink ribbon bound her hair as if she were a Grecian maiden, and pink roses were in her cheeks.

Captain Temple bowed low over the hand that she extended to him—the hand without a jewel, yet the hand that was a jewel.

“Wa-al, I thought as how the nasty habit o’ kissin’ hands had quit even in Virginny—leastwise, nobody never-r-r kisses no woman’s hand wher-r-re I comes frum.”

But Miss Eugenie Victoria and Miss Phyllis Daphne could not but wish that Mr. Stokes and Professor Simpson had manners quite so beautiful as those of Captain Temple.

“Law now, Mr. Stokes, I remember how Miss Mary Caperton, who’s now Miss Braxton, the judge’s lady, used to have more’n enough young men kissin’ of her purtty hand—a-kissin’ of it every time they come around.”

And then Mrs. Rice could have bitten off her tongue. How could she have been so stupid as to have referred to the days when she was Mrs. Braxton’s maid!

The captain evidently had not heard; for with the grace that so greatly pleased Mrs. Rice and her daughters, he bowed low as Mrs. Rice was speaking and offered his arm to Miss Dorothea Annabel.

“Miss Dorothea, see yonder moon! She comes a-stealing from among the wild roses that are clinging to their cold lattice-lover, through the open window, into this room, and calls upon us to go forth into the night, to walk abroad along the wide lanes of your flowering garden, o’er which she has cast her silvery sheen. See yonder roses! They bow before your loveliness, as gently to and fro they are swayed by the soft winds of the night. Come, haste to the garden, that you may be one with the loveliness of Night.”

Nor did the stars that shone upon that garden seem to Temple to sparkle as did the eyes of Dorothea Annabel; nor is the lustre of the stars equal to the light of love that is in a maiden’s eyes.

“Dorothea Annabel, my little Dolly, now I see you alone for the first time in six weeks—six weeks that to me have seemed six long years. But I have carried your image in my heart, Dolly, every minute, day and night, since the evening I kissed your fair brow. Do you remember that night, Dolly, just after nine? The moon was half over that big black hill, and I kissed your hair as you stood behind this old pomegranate bush, about to tell you good-bye; then I kissed your brow, and then—and then I kissed your lips, your beautiful red lips. Dorothea Annabel, Dor-o-th-ea, my little Dolly!”

“And I—I—I have kept those kisses, Captain Temple. I shall keep them always.”

“What? Oh, Dolly, Dolly, Dolly! Those were good-bye kisses—not adieu, but good-bye! You had told me—the night before,—and my heart had cried aloud to my brain,—you had told me that you loved another—that Stokes man. But, Dolly,—Dorothea

Annabel, my little Dolly,—I just had to see you the next night; and to-night—I had to see you once more. Now, what can I say—but good-bye.”

“Why, Captain Temple, I don’t love Mr. Stokes; I only told you that he asked me to marry him. *Oh!*—how could you—how could you think that I loved that creature! *Oh!*—how could you?”

“There was that in your eyes, in your voice!—I could not mistake——”

Why would he not speak? Yet, she half-dreaded to hear him say, “I love you, Dolly,—will you be my wife?” Still, had she not heard those words every minute since that afternoon in May when she first knew that she loved him, that she had always loved him, that she would ever love him. Oh, but why would he not say the words?

“Dor-o-th-ea An-na-bel, the dew’s fallin’ mighty heavy-like! James P. says come in.”

Mr. Rice had gone to bed before the visitor had arrived.

At half-past ten Captain Temple made his way toward his home, leaving Eugenie Victoria and the domiciled carpetbagger “a-settin’” in the shadow of an old elm and the “Perfessor” and Phyllis Daphne “a-settin’” in the garden, a rose bush between them.

“Yet, Dorothea Annabel, my pretty little Dolly, I would give my good right arm to see lights in Lelia Braxton’s eyes such as I saw in your eyes this night! I think so.”



## CHAPTER NINE

MRS. BRAXTON entered the conservatory from the dining-room.

"I met Mr. Taliaferro in town."

"Yes, mother dear."

"He came down from Richmond on the early train. My, he did look so well, so handsome, so distinguished, he took me back to the time when many young men in Warrenton were gentlemen—Virginian gentlemen! He asked me to say that he would call to-night."

"Father will be glad to see him, I am sure; for if the sculpture of the Poe bust is not finished, father will wish to remind him again to keep Mr. Poe's chin 'well up—well elevated, Richard.'"

"Your father thinks Mr. Taliaferro is a sculptor of very great ability, whose name will live among those of the great artists of the world. His exhibits in Berlin and Paris attracted the attention of many distinguished European critics. In a letter that Mr. Braxton received only yesterday from Sir Henry Tweedmouth, who saw the young Virginian sculptor, Ezekiel, in Rome a few weeks ago, Sir Henry said that Ezekiel spoke of Mr. Taliaferro's work in terms of highest praise."

"I am no sculptor, mother dear. But I think Mr. Taliaferro's pieces are very beautiful. He showed me a photograph of his Fall of Man. I had not known before I saw that beautiful group that marble could be made to say so much."

"Mr. Taliaferro is the wealthiest young man in Virginia."

"I should not like to be the wealthiest young man in Virginia."

"But Mr. Taliaferro is unable to use the principal of his great fortune. His estate is in England, entailed, and was inherited by him only six years ago—long after the war. No doubt he would give his fortune to the creditors if he could; but he can spend only his income, and he spends that for Virginia. You remember that he gave five thousand dollars to Miss Bolling. I like Richard Taliaferro better than any young man I know."

"He gives all his income to his country?"

"Yes; and he does not let his left hand know what his right hand does. I like that in Richard Taliaferro. Some young men give their money to the creditors, and we hear of nothing else for months—nothing but how noble, what a splendid young man! Richard Taliaferro's high character, his delicate sense of honour, his manliness!—I like Richard Taliaferro. Indeed, your father and I have grown to love him as though he were our own son."

"I like him, too, mother,—almost as if he were your own son."

"The bazaar will be held Tuesday."

"Yes, mother dear."

"We have made a great mistake. Persons of the class to which Mrs. Rice, my former maid, belongs, should never have been permitted to take charge of booths, or to have anything to do with the management of the bazaar, for they certainly will exceed the proprieties. They will think that we have let down the social bars."

"But, mother, we need their influence; and we should leave no stone unturned, as we agreed more than two months ago."

"They will contribute only a very little money, daughter; and we will pay dearly for those few dollars. We should leave no stone unturned, as we have said; but I fear that the Rices and their friends will prove millstones around our social necks. The social advances of our inferiors must be checked as soon as they are made, for the yeomanry and the peasantry must be forced to keep their proper places. I hope that you will be very careful."

"Marse Taliaferro!"

"I will tell him that you are in the conservatory, and then I will go to your father, who is waiting for me in the library."

"Father is in the library, Mr. Taliaferro; shall I call him?"

"I have seen your father, Miss Braxton; and now I have come to see you—with his permission I have come—I have come to ask you to be my wife."

"I—I—I—oh—I——"

They stood beside a young crape-myrtle, the flowers of which hung in clusters above their heads.

"I love you, Miss Braxton. I loved you the time that I first saw you—the day that you called with your father at my studio. I have loved you ever since—with a growing love—until now—now I have not words with which to say, I love you."

"Oh, please, please, please!—don't—please!"

"You and your father called at my studio in the morning—that night your face in profile—a small intaglio of purest marble, but white and cold—was

in my hand—finished. Never before had I sculptured such a face. I once chiselled the head of Gabriel,—part angel, part woman, part man,—but your face—the marble was not you. From then until now I have tried to put your face into marble, but I can not——”

“Oh, please, please, please!”

He knelt on one knee; he took her hand, and before she could withdraw it—gently withdraw it—he had kissed it reverently—the kiss of love in the higher expression of passion.

“For a long time I have tried to tell you of my love. But I could not, for love stood abashed before you—love, the God that is in man, the part of Him that is a part of us—that love could not speak, that love could find no expression; I could not tell you that I loved you—and now I can not tell you how much I love you. I love you. I——”

“Please; please—I don’t—I—I—I do not love you; I love—I love John Harrison.”

“Forgive me; I did not know—I could not see beyond my own love—I could not feel beyond my love for you! John Harrison—he is a man. I shall congratulate him—in time; some day. Forgive me?”

“I shall not marry Mr. Harrison; but—but—oh, Mr. Taliaferro, I am so sorry, so sorry!”

“Why, Miss Braxton; I too am a man—a bit disturbed now, but a man. Please do not grieve on my account. . . . Now I shall withdraw, for I am sure that you wish to be alone.”

“Oh, my love, my love, my love!”

But John Harrison did not hear that cry of love.

"Why, daughter; you still here among your flowers?"

"Father, Mr. Taliaferro has just asked me to be his wife. I said no. I shall never marry, father."

"Never, my daughter,—until you marry the man that you love."

He kissed her tenderly. Does a man know any woman as he knows his daughter? Does a woman love any man as she loves her father? Those were the questions that Judge Braxton asked himself as he went toward his room. And do the elements of love differ essentially?

"Still, Mr. Braxton, I am unable to see how Lelia could have chosen John Harrison instead of Richard Taliaferro. A woman's fancy—good night, Mr. Braxton."

"I's quality, I is, an' I's mixed wid white quality all mah life. An' I jes' tells you, nigger, I's gwine stay quality, an' I's gwine 'port mahse'f 'fo' quality lek er quality cullud pusson. I ain' gwine no bazaar, 'ceptin' peek in de window."

"Melindy, you ain' fitten fo' elevation, you ain'. Critters lek you obscures de race, an' er gemman as is beard de heat an' de burden ob civilisin', outen de sun, a-wukin' an' a-wukin' till he done tan his skin, am more fitten fo' de subsequences an' de predicaments ob humans den de pussons as sets in de shade an' keeps dyah faces pale. I's er s'ciety man now, I is, an' er extinguished statement, er-gwine er-legislatin', an' er-makin' de laws regulationin' dem white-face loafers; an' I's axin' you ter git outen de kitchen, den tek yo' place 'long 'side yo' extinguish-

ment man, 'stead ob stewin' ober dem pots an' pans, er-keepin' yo' face black. You come 'long wid me, Melindy, an' tek yo' place in s'ciety 'long wid Hon'ble Legislatin' Doctah ob de Laws Shadrak Meshuk Bednigger Berkeley, Hon'ble Congressman Cap'n Temple, Hon'ble Senator Mistah Rice an' Missus Rice, ter say nuttin' ob dar lubly gals. An' don' you hev nuttin' ter do wid dem po'-white Stovers an' sech; but kep yo' head flung high, Melindy, so's ter step 'long 'side yo' extinguishment man. In dese days er pusson done tell er pusson by de company dey migrates wid."

"What's gwine come yo' flock, Shad, now you's done quit preachin' an' gon' er-statementin'?"

"Damn de flock, Melindy; dey's er onery lot, an' ain' fitten ter 'sociate wid statements. I ain' sot no sto' by 'ligion nohow, I ain'. Dem lazy niggers ain' got no money; so how's er preacher gwine git what dey ain't got? I's gwine turn 'em loose soon as I's 'lected."

"I's done kep' mah eye on you, I has. You's ben er-swearin' an' er-swearin' an' er-cussin' an' er-drinkin' an' er-loafin' an' er-stealin' sence you run yo'se'f, Shad, lek you done run crazy. Am you fell from grace, Shad?"

"Melindy, when I wus er preacher I ack lek er preacher; while I's er-runnin' I ack lek er runner; when I gits er law'er I's gwine ack lek er law'er. I's er statement, I is, an' I acks lek er statement. I don' swear an' cuss an' lie an' drink an' loaf an' steal no more'n no udder law'er an' statement."

"Wa-al, Mistah Berkeley——"

"Doctah Berkeley; say de highest soundin' obscure handle, Missus Berkeley. I——"

“You done say as how you done quit preacher.”

“Melindy, you’s hard ter instruction. I ain’ no doctah ob preachin’ no mo’—I’s er doctah ob lawin’.”

“Wa-al, Doctah Berkeley, I might’s well git on my bonnet an’ best dress an’ shawl same as de udder cullud ladies ob quality. I ’spec’s you’s right, cayse Mistah Temple he done say as how ebbybody used ter be black, an’ as how white folks come by dyah faces cayse dey loafs in de shade. I allus wanted be lek white folks anyways, an’ yist’day black Rose—Miss Johnsin’, I means—comes ’roun’, an’ say, says she, as how er li’l’ box ob sab as comes one dollar tek de kinks right outen de hyar de fust time, an’ grows more’n er foot ob hyar de nex’ time. De nex’ time, when de sab’s gone, dat stuff done mek de hyar straight an’ three foot long an’ er-growin’. I done put it on one time, an’ Rose—Miss Johnsin’—done got mah dollar. She done say as how she’s comin’ back agin an’ sell me a li’l’ box ob sab fer two-dollar-ten-cent as turns er black face lighter an’ lighter till it gits er fash’nable tan. An’ she say as how she’s got anudder box as comes five-dollar-fifteen-cent as meks er brunette outen er choc’lat’.”

“Here’s de money, Melindy; I wants some ob dat sab.”

Dr. Berkeley and Mrs. Berkeley began to dress for the bazaar.

“Gladys——”

“Miss Lancaster, Cary, *if you please.*”

“Gladys, I have come to ask you to take a walk with me.”

“Now?”

“Yes.”



"Why, Cary!—not a walk; you mean a buggy ride. In these days and times the Virginian takes his gyurl out for a buggy drive Sunday afternoons when he wants to propose to her, and pops the question when they get about twelve miles from home. I just know you're going to propose to me again, because you always do when we're alone; and besides, it's Sunday afternoon; and besides, you *look* like you're going to propose. Now if I were going to propose I wouldn't look so solemn. Seems to me it would be a lot of fun. But if you must do it again, get a buggy, I say. Besides it's only six o'clock; the sun's hot, and I don't want to burn my face just before the bazaar. No, sir; you get a buggy."

"Is nothing sacred, Gladys?"

"Oh, yes, Cary; my photograph's sacred—you said so last night."

"I have no buggy; nor does a Virginian gentleman ask a girl to marry him while driving along a public highway. A Virginian gentleman is still a Virginian gentleman, and he asks a girl to be his wife while she is under the protection of her father's roof."

"All right, Cary, I will go with you, because you won't be able to propose to me, for I won't be under the protection of popper's roof, and lovers' lane's a public highway. Come along."

"We have walked more than two miles, Gladys; so let us sit on that old log over there, under that great oak."

"No, Cary; the sun is about to set, and it wouldn't be proper for me to leave the public highway with you."

“Come!”

She went.

“Gladys, you must tell me now,—I shall not let you play with me any longer,—you must tell me now; will you be my wife?”

“You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Cary; *you*, a *Virginian* gentleman! I’m not under the protection of popper’s roof, and I’m *very* near the public highway. Besides, you ought to be thinking about the election.”

“Gladys, I shall give you just three minutes in which to decide.”

Mr. Dabney rose and took out his watch. Miss Lancaster rose, stood facing him, her back against the great oak, her face now averted, now lifted toward his own. She wrote on the ground with her parasol the initial letters G. L. D., then the initials G. L., and then she followed those letters by the initials, one after another, of a dozen possible husbands. Next she thought aloud.

“Besides, I’m not ready to answer Dabney—unless I say no, and I’m not quite ready to say no. There’s Lord Bowlegged Thing-um-a-jig. My sister says I can have him for the asking, if I’ll go to visit her in London next season.”

“One minute.”

“Oh, but you *are* cruel! I didn’t believe you could be so cruel! The idea! . . . Then I’m sure Lelia has just flung away Dick Taliaferro. She looks like she’s just kicked him, and so does he. I wrote to him this morning, asking him to call to see me, and I’m sure he’ll call before half-past eight this evening. . . . Then, Lelia will never marry John Harrison. Either Dabney or Harrison will be gov-

error; and if Harrison's elected Dabney won't have a cent to marry on. . . . Besides——"

"Two minutes."

"Oh, oh! How *can* you be so mean! You don't love me—or you wouldn't treat me so! Oh, oh! . . . I can make a much better match. There's a young fellow that my married sister in New York has picked out—the one whose father made millions out of hides; and popper says he made such good bargains for his other daughters—four of 'em—that with all their rich high-flying friends I oughter do better than any of 'em. He says I'm good for ten millions at the least, and hopes that I'll remember him when I get it. *L'amour compte pour beaucoup, mais l'argent compte pour da vantage*—think of Gladys spoutin' French just to herself. . . . Besides,—what time is it, Cary?"

"Two minutes and a half."

"Dabney's too honest to be rich, anyhow. He would make me work, I guess, and then give all my wages and all he'd make to the creditors—the damned old creditors. Oh, oh, but you *are* cruel!"

"Three m——"

"Oh, you *dear* old bear! I love you, love you, love you!"

Gentle reader, we will let down the curtain, and we ask that for a few minutes you leave the ardent lovers to their feast of love.

"Why, Cary, I never loved any man 'cept you. I have loved you always—since the time I met you at the Morven ball, 'bout three or four months ago. Surely, Cary, you didn't take a young girl's bashfulness seriously? Why, you poor boy! I just loved

you so much I had to pretend I didn't love you at all. I'd marry you if I had to work to support you keeping bo'din'-house—I am marrying *you* when I might marry millions. Don't mind a young girl's banter, Cary dear. You know more about politics than you do about girls. I'm glad you do."

"Gladys, dearest, I love you. I have always known that beneath your mirth there was a heart—a great heart, a great noble heart, the heart of a noble woman. I knew that you loved me, Gladys; I have always known that. There never has been a girl so beautiful, so good—so—so—so everything—as you."

. . . . .

Mr. Andy Stover, doorkeeper, was on duty the night of the last Tuesday of August, when the people of Fauquier, peasant, yeoman, and gentleman, entered and left the court-house, where the bazaar was held, as they had done throughout the day. Mr. Stover was sober, thanks to Mrs. Stover, who had not permitted him to leave his post, except in her company, for a single minute. Mrs. Stover had social aspirations, which she did not propose to let her husband place in jeopardy.

While Mr. Stover listened to the town clock as it struck the hour of eight, his sense of social importance at war with his sense of thirst, suddenly his eyes bulged and his heart ceased to beat. Then the blood rushed to his head, and he clenched his powerful hands until they became the smith's mighty fists, for the former reverend doctor of laws and his good wife, arm in arm, were walking leisurely toward the court-house. The dusky lady, tall, dignified, majestic, her distinguished "statement's" worthy consort,

smiled as she bowed, now to the right and now to the left, to the people—the coloured people, the “statement’s” own people, whose voice would soon be heard—the people that for centuries had gathered about the fête buildings of their masters. The doctor wore a silk hat of ancient lineage.

“Andy, how is you, mah good man, an’ how’s——”

The good doctor suddenly was separated from his lady. She tottered, indeed, then fell upon her knees, so abruptly was her hand withdrawn from the “statement’s” arm. The form of the mighty smith towered above her.

“Lawdy, Mistah Stover, suh! Lawdy! Lawdy! I ain’ gwine do so no mo’! Lawdy, Mistah Stover, suh! Oh, Lawdy!”

“Git home, Melindy, git home; I ’lowed you knowed yo’ place. Git out de way—an’ let me git on to that black no-’count, lazy, good-for-nothin’ man o’ yourn.”

Whereupon the doctor of laws picked himself up from the ground, where he lay a few paces away; and for several minutes thereafter the music of his footfalls was a symphony in the ears of the worthy blacksmith.

Mrs. Berkeley went home.

The old court-house, decorated for the bazaar with the colours of Virginia, was crowded at nine o’clock, the night of the festival. Miss Braxton had decorated her booth with goldenrod; Miss Dabney’s stall was a bower of oak branches, the leaves of which, all shades of green and brown, hung from the boughs stiffly, as if the branches had been cut by some awk-

ward arm—sturdy, but awkward. Miss Lancaster had selected fruit with which to decorate her booth.

Everywhere was colour—and everywhere was gloom—gloom blended with gaiety. Was Virginia to live? Was Virginia to die? None could say. In that old court-house were those who would go with Virginia into her grave—and in that old court-house were those who would go to Virginia's wake; there were those who would eat and drink and make merry over her dead self. Everywhere was sadness—everywhere was gaiety.

The Readjuster spent dimes at the booth where the Debtpayer spent dollars. The peasant expected to purchase gentility. The aristocrat hoped against hope to save the honour of his country.

A group of gentlemen, now grave, now gay, were discussing the animated scenes about them.

“Sirs, behold Virginia!” Colonel Daingerfield exclaimed. “See, Judge, your beautiful daughter, her eyes sparkling like the stars of heaven, her young face shaming the beauty of the moss rose, as she looks out upon us through a frame of goldenrod; Dabney, behold the queen of your home, now amid the beauties of the wilderness; Lancaster, your daughter is—er—er—more beautiful than the fruits of the earth that surround her; and over there are the five lovely daughters of our late friend Clarke, who went down so bravely at Seven Pines; and yonder—yonder behold the manly beauty of dead Beverley's nine young sons; and yonder—”

“Colonel, I wonder why those five Clarke girls hang together like a spray of flowers? and I wonder why those Beverley boys are a cluster of grapes?”

"Lancaster, your comments are usually in the best of taste."

"Well, I wish five of those Beverley boys would marry the five Clarke girls, and—I shall have to ask Gladys what to do with the other Beverleys."

"Cease wrangling, my children; cease! Hold!—can that be Dr. Smythe—Dr. Smythe in this assemblage?"

"Sir," said the colonel, "the herculean efforts of the ladies to save the honour of Virginia have forced Dr. Smythe into this building. He has bought articles at various stalls that have cost him the great sum of ten cents each. Mr. Carter, sir, have you done so much?"

"Francis, you forget the dignity of my years."

"Who is that young man advancing toward us, his hat still on his head?" asked Judge Braxton.

"That," Colonel Daingerfield replied, "is Mr. Roger Williams Stokes, the domiciled carpetbagger."

"Fine night, gents; an' I kin tell you I'm mighty glad ther-r-re's suppen fine 'round her-r-re. We uns up ter hum allers like to mix up a little business 'long side o' pleasure. That's how comes it we eastern gents gits on better'n you folks. I 'lowed as I'd come over-r-r her-r-re an' ax your-r-r influence towards my 'p'intment."

"Sir! why, sir! how dare——"

"Hold, Francis!—hear this gentleman to the end. Sir, to what appointment do you refer?"

"Wa-al, I 'lowed as how I'd bring Debtpayers an' Readjusters together fer once, 'lowin' as how I'd git 'em tergether on me fer sup'intendent o' free schools of this her-r-re county."



“Judge Braxton, please examine Mr. Stokes,” Mr. Carter suggested. “You may find that he is properly equipped to direct the affairs of the public schools of this county. Mr. Payne is superintendent now; but Mr. Stokes may be more competent than Mr. Payne. If so, Mr. Stokes should be the superintendent.”

“Ther-r-re ain’t no place as I ain’t fitten ter fill. Them Readjusters has up an’ promised the mathematical cheer in the University to Perfessor Simpson, an’ I ’lows as this her-r-re job oughter-r-r come ter me—a Daown-East man as is up in the educational line.”

“Mr. Stokes, please conjugate the verb to be.”

“Wa-al, Judge, I didn’t ’low as there’d be no particular questionin’—leastways, not now.”

“At least, Mr. Stokes, out of the fullness of your knowledge, you will tell Judge Braxton how many verbs there are in the English language,” said Mr. Carter.

“I thank you, sir; no doubt Mr. Stokes will answer your question.”

“Two—verps an’ adverbs. I mostly believes in adverbs; but sometimes I do use them verps.”

“Mr. Stokes, we shall consider your application,” Judge Braxton said.

“Much obleeged, gents; now I can git on to Parson Jones.”

“One of Tim Murphy’s plain people.”

“Yes, General Dabney; one of Murphy’s plain people,” replied Judge Braxton.

“In Mr. Stokes and his kind virtue doth reside,” said the colonel. “There virtue is domiciled. In the palace is wickedness; in the hovel is goodness.

Did you hear that voice? That was the voice of the people—that was the voice of Almighty God. That man, Lancaster, is your equal. So said Jefferson; so says Murphy. Mr. Payne must give place to Mr. Stokes. Virtue——”

“Colonel, sir, Mr. Beecher once wanted to know how a Virginy gentleman could boast of his virtue while his slaves were about him.”

“Lancaster,—sirs—gentlemen—pardon my agitation; but when that infamous charge, brought by the enemies of our country against the gentlemen of Virginia, is repeated in my hearing, I lose my self-control—almost. Sirs, you know—all Virginia knows: The mulatto in Virginia before the war between the states was the progeny of northern and eastern commercial travellers. Now and then a few of the outcasts of our people—but there are depraved persons among all peoples, and very few there were in Virginia until these evil days befell us. Sirs, this we all know: The mulatto in Virginia was almost unknown before Reconstruction.”

“My children, Francis speaketh truth.”

“And, Mr. Carter, I am unable to see how our enemies could have believed in the truth of their infamous accusations,” said the judge. “For two hundred and fifty years the Virginian gentleman, married by the time that he reached manhood, has lived quietly within his home, his wife and children about him; a man of culture, representing the highest civilisation the world has known. How could that man have been unfaithful to all that he held sacred? Besides, the paternity of a child being always known, the white parent of the illegitimate child in Virginia has always been ostracised by society and by every

person of good standing in his community. Before the war there were few illegitimate children in Virginia whose parents, either of them, were white; and neither before nor after their unlawful parenthood were those persons held in high esteem by Virginians—gentlemen, yeomen, or peasants, or even by negroes.”

“Now, sirs,” the colonel said, “the fathers of more than half the negro children are white men—carpetbaggers and the misguided people of Virginia, peasant and yeoman, corrupted and taught lust and all forms of violence and intemperance by the scavengers of Reconstruction, the outcasts of society to the north and east of us. Sirs, the fair name of Virginia has been defamed, and Virginia’s ravishers, Tarquin-like, would heap their crimes upon the virgin that they have defiled. Sirs, with the utmost difficulty I restrain my anger.”

Ah, gentlemen, had you lived in this year of grace 1910, when the negro population of New York city exceeds sixty thousand, and the negro population of Philadelphia exceeds sixty-two thousand, and the negro population of Boston exceeds eleven thousand, and not a child among all those negroes of ten years of age and less that is not a mulatto—ah, gentlemen, had you lived in this year of grace and known these awful facts, would you have held northern and eastern *gentlemen* to be the fathers of those children? We trow not.

Mrs. Rice had written to Miss Amanda Burgess, her sixth cousin, urging her to attend the bazaar, and inviting her to bring her two friends, Miss Mabelle Berry and Miss La Salle Saunders, with her.

WARRENTON—VIRGINNY—

deAR mandy—

now du cum mandy you and th gyuRLS feR they aint ben no Sich hapninS neveR—eugenie victoRia an' phylliS daphne is alReady got theiR mans—an doRothea annabel She haS herR hopeS—but i aint Sayin nuttin bout doRothea annabel yit—sciety in waRRenton iS juSt awhiRlin—an theReS all soRts o sciety men bout whilSt theRe aint nothin but ShopkeepeRS an poo whiteS feR them guyRIS terR Sociate with Round peteRSbuRg—caySe they thinkS themSelveS mighty high Round peteRSbuRg—they as aint too low too be fitten too kep company with Sech fin guyRIS aS maiabelly and la Sally—i dont See why theiR mawS didnt put middle woRdS intoo them guyRIS names—poetic nameS iS mighty tRactive too men theSe days—now you jeST fetch em along mandy—and all off you Stay with jameS p and me and the guyRIS—i am lookin mighty high feR Regnald lancelot—theRe aint no guyRl too good feR him—he ceRtinly iS a fine young man—he dont Seem to be Settin up with no guyRl not woRth mentionin—ill take the guyRIS too the patRiotic sciety meetin thuRSday night ef you gits em heRe in th moRnin—now du com—

mRSF SentoR Rice aS iS goin ter bee

They did “git to go.”

“James P.! James P.! Oh, James P.! You come over here to our stand; me an' Mandy an' her gyurls an' Dorothea Annabel wants you to help us wrap up some of these here things we're a-sellin'.”

“Yes, Mr. Rice, do; because you is so used to wrappin' up bundles, you knows, an' because you can show us how to sell things. Now you just look at our sto', Mr. Rice; ain't it just too pretty for any-thing—a heap sight better'n your shop used to be

just after you quit clarkin' an' got to runnin' a sto' for yourself."

Mrs. Rice drew Miss Burgess aside.

"Mandy, Mandy, for the land's sakes! That ain't no way to act in s'ciety. Jest s'pose them patriotic ladies as we met last night was to hear you, them gyurls of yourn wouldn't have no bit of chance in Warrenton no mo'."

"Now, I ain't goin' to set myself up to be no better'n I was born. I'm as good as anybody. We're all of us dirt, an' that's shore. I'm quality, good, honest, plain women-folks quality. You's so foolish, just because your man's runnin' for office, to set yourself up to be too good to work. I didn't know you was so foolish. Now you just get on your apron an' act natural-like, an' these things here'll just sell like hot cakes."

"Well! I do declare!"

The young ladies busied themselves over their fancy articles. Mrs. Braxton had suggested that they should sell preserves and pickles, but they refused, and Mrs. Rice had intimated in a way that could not to be mistaken that she "was too good to be selling sech things." Therefore one of the Clarke girls took preserves and another took pickles, and very popular booths did they conduct.

"I ain't come to this here fair to wrap up no bundles."

"If you didn't come to help, what did you come for, James P.?"

"I come to make myself seen an' felt, socially an' politically, like a man a-runnin' oughter."

Whereupon Mr. Rice, smiling blandly as becometh a "runner," moved among the people, frequently

pausing to shake hands with a voice, and now and then stooping to kiss some urchin with a clean face (clean for once) after the fashion of the Honourable James Barbour, whose political manners he greatly admired.

Drunk, for always Dr. Reginald Launcelot was drunk, but as yet not very drunk; carrying a club of ebony, the head of which was a golden young lady, simply attired in her own loveliness; dressed in the height of Princeton fashion, in which there were only a few traces of the influence of William and Mary and the University of Virginia that usually were more largely discernible in his—er—er—costume, and leering his most attractive leer, Dr. Reginald Launcelot advanced upon the Rice-Burgess-Berry-Saunders booth, in one corner of which was seated the fair Mistress La Salle, bewitching as ever, the point of a little red arrow quivering in her Cupid's bow, about to fly in Dr. Reginald Launcelot's direction.

The heir to a mighty fine house on some very broad acres had not intended to go near his household booth; but just before the social fray Mrs. Rice, after the manner of a true "s'ciety" mother, drew him aside.

"I never seen a purttier gyurl than La Salle, an' there ain't no better nowhere."

"I looks higher."

"Well, son, you'll have to be a-lookin' mighty high-like when you looks over La Salle's purtty head. But whilst you're a-lookin' high-like, don't forget to look deep, an' if you'll look deep down-like into La Salle's pocket, you'll find forty thousand dollar

cash, same as her maw left her. Allers look deep as well as high, son."

Having inherited the Rice commercial instinct, the young savant determined to take his mother's advice: he would look deep into Miss La Salle's pocket, thus using his degree of doctor of philosophy in true Princeton manner.

The vulture hovered over his prey.

"I never seen a more kissable mouth."

The arrow darted swiftly from the Cupid bow.

"I'm not that kind of young lady."

"Then you think as how it *ain't* a kissable mouth?"

The archer coyly drew her bow, the little red arrow quivering the while.

"I don't think of such things."

"I'm mighty glad you come down to this social function. I ain't thought of nothin' since you come."

"Law, now, Dr. Reginald Launcelot, aren't you ashamed of yourself to fib so awful. I thought you were truthful—and nice."

Whereupon Dr. Reginald Launcelot, the golden lady's head in his mouth, adjusted a monocle to his right eye, extended his stomach, balanced himself unsteadily on his sprawling legs, tilted his head back and to the left, and generally assumed that lackadaisical posture so prevalent at William and Mary. "A bold, bad man," thought Miss La Salle. "She thinks as how I'm a rake," thought Dr. Reginald Launcelot; "a fine college rake, sporty, and nice—a s'ciety swell." And she did.

"I'd say suppen mighty pertic'ler if so many folks wan't around. Better talk about what's on



your mind, the psychological professor at Princeton says. But I'll talk about marryin' anyhow."

Whereupon the Rice-Simpson wedding was discussed in great detail, Miss La Salle losing her heart the while. The wedding had been a great social function, he told her. All the ladies of the patriotic societies of Fauquier county had gathered in the Episcopal church, had heard the marriage vows, and had then gone to the Rice home for supper. There were thirty-eight articles of food on the table, besides fruit punch and cider. Every gentleman that was present was more or less drunk—fruit punch and cider are so "heady," you know. The bride was dressed *décolletée* in white satin, the gown being heavily veiled in yellow machine-made lace, an imitation of rose-point, and enough artificial orange blossoms were on her head to give one the impression that she was a millinery shop. The hour was late when the bride and groom left for Winchester on their wedding trip.

Leaving her booth in charge of a visitor, Miss Lancaster went to visit Miss Dabney.

"Betty, I've got a whisper to whisper."

"You have taken in more money than anybody else?"

"No, not that; I have, of course, but that's not it. I—er—I—er——"

"I never knew you to hesitate before when there was a secret to be told."

"Cary says I'm going to marry him."

"Are you?"

"I—I—I said I would."

"When?"

“A few days before Lent—on account of Christmas and New Year’s presents, you know. He tried mighty hard to get me to marry him during Christmas week, but I just *would not* consent.”

“I am so glad, Gladys. I love Cary—and his wife shall be my sister.”

Then Miss Dabney kissed Miss Lancaster on the lips, Miss Lancaster returned to her stall, and Miss Dabney went to visit Miss Braxton.

“Lelia, Lelia, Gladys is engaged to Cary!”

“Oh, Betty, how pleased you must be!”

“Yes, indeed, Lelia; a girl is always glad in her brother’s happiness. Then Gladys is such a *nice* girl, you know—Cary says she is an angel, if ever there was one, and he must know her very well.”

“Evidently.”

“Lelia!”

“You have no other secret, have you, Betty dear?”

“Why, what could have made you think of such a thing?”

“Your oak decorations, dear; and just now I sold the lace handkerchief to Mr. Dandridge—the one that I was two months in making.”

“*Lelia!* Now I *know* you have a secret to tell me.”

“I have no secret.”

“No, indeed, certainly not; for everybody here saw your face when Mr. Harrison’s name was mentioned just now.”

“Betty, what can be the matter with us? I know that you love Byrd Dandridge, and you know that I love John Harrison—oh, Betty, what am I saying?”

“Lelia, dear Lelia, I did not mean to make light

of your love—nor mine. Maybe, dear, we just *must* say something to some one—to each other.”

“Do you think that a man would talk to another man about his love?”

“I wonder?”

“Oh, Lelia, look, look—there comes that horrid Rice boy! Oh, oh, just see his condition! Mrs. Braxton! Mrs. Braxton!”

“I am coming, dear.”

“Evenin’, ladies. I seen you over here, an’ I seen you was the purttest gyurls about, so I done come over to buy you out. How much do you want for these here things?”

Again Dr. Reginald Launcelot’s language was drunk; Princeton was not herself—was she?

“Young man, your mother, while she was my maid, knew her place, and was a very worthy girl. Unless you behave yourself, and unless you leave the ladies alone during the rest of the evening, I shall report your conduct to Mr. Braxton.”

“Didn’t mean no harm, ma’am, ’deed I didn’t; I’m a gent, an’ I knows how to conduct myself as sech.”

Dr. Reginald Launcelot bowed low, with all the dignity that he could command, then took his way with uncertain steps to Miss Eugenie Victoria’s stall.

Virginian yeoman women and peasant women are pincushions. They never sew on a button to replace one that has been lost. To-night Eugenie Victoria was full of pins, and as her affectionate brother placed his hand caressingly, “gent’-like,” upon her

shoulder, like a "gent" he exclaimed, "Damn it! is you a pin, or is you a woman?"

"Reg'nal' La'nc'lot, why can't you behave yourself like Stokes an' other gent'men?"

"Stokes don't drink cider. He's too mean—cider costs five cents a glass. I ain't mean."

"No, you certainly ain't; for you's full all the time, that's what you is."

The doctor sought a milder climate.

Mrs. Rice-Simpson—Miss Phyllis Daphne newly wedded—drew near her sister's booth as her brother took his departure. She was buttoned up, not having been married long.

"The pefessor an' me was mighty glad to hear as how you an' Roger had made up. Maw says you'll be Mrs. Rice-Stokes purtty soon, an' me an' the pefessor is mighty glad, for we thinks lovers' quarrels is so unfortunate—men is mighty hard to get these days. An' Roger's got a mighty nice little piece of property, if he is little an' loud."

"I don't want no patronisin' from you, Phyllis Daphne, I don't; so you needn't put on no airs because you's married, an' married to a bean pole as is goin' to be a university pefessor. Mr. Stokes is got money, an' that's more'n Simpson's got; an' he's got family too, Puritan family. Your man ain't nothin' but Stover's nevvly Gawge—'what am ter say, Pefessor Gawge Washin'ton Laf'ette Simpson, as teaches over ter Laurel Hill.'"

Then Mrs. Professor sought a new position, one overlooking Miss Braxton's booth, where unobserved she could see the demeanour of real ladies. She would enter Charlottesville society soon, and felt

that she was a bit rusty concerning the customs of the aristocracy—her mother had not been a maid for many years.

Gentle reader, your narrators will whisper to you that Professor Simpson and Mrs. Rice-Simpson in time became leaders in the society of Charlottesville, where they still reside.

“How are your girls, Sue?” asked Mrs. Braxton.

“They have taken in very little money, sister, but they seem to be enjoying themselves. Your girls are happy, if they are poor. I have just visited their booths.”

“The Repudiators did not bring their money with them, and the Debt-payers, while they have contributed generously—well, Sue, there are not many Debt-payers. Do you see that tall, thin, hungry-looking man over there? He is wealthy, but he paid only five cents for three apples that he bought at Jane Clarke’s booth, which he peeled with his penknife, then slowly ate. Ugh, the people!—the people as they are to-day.”

“At least there are two peasants in Fauquier that are not ashamed of their class—Joe Miller and Mary Scott.”

“Oh, tell me about the wedding!”

“Well, Joe wanted to marry at once, but Mary said wait a year, that she might have time to accustom herself to such an awful idea. I talked to her for half an hour, saying that there is nothing to be ashamed of in the fulfillment of the highest destiny of woman, so Mary and Joe were married last night at eight o’clock by the Methodist minister.

Law, it was a pretty sight, sister! I helped Mary dress as if she were my own daughter; and, do you know, she was so dainty and pretty I just had to kiss her—on the brow. Joe and the Methodist minister came in together about eight o'clock and sat in the hall until Mary was ready. Then we all stood in the doorway, between the drawing-room and the library—and then only one family of proper peasants was left in Fauquier. The child looked so pretty I lifted her veil and kissed her again—on her brow."

Mrs. Daingerfield did not say that she had gone to her room after Joe and Mary left and cried.

"I hope they will have a large family, Sue."

"I hope so, sister. Several generations back there were a good many sets of twins in both the Scott and the Miller families. I hope the new family will do well."

The Virginian peasant, when a domestic servant, usually was married at her master's home, although sometimes the young man and the young woman went quietly to their place of worship, or to the home of their minister, and there were married about five o'clock in the afternoon. Sometimes the hour would be later; sometimes earlier. The wedding was always unostentatious, the master's family never dressing for the occasion, and rarely were relatives of the bride and groom present. The wedding party, aside from the master's family, was seldom more than three or four persons.

"Cap'n Temple, Cap'n Temple, Cap'n Temple, *Cap'n Temple!* Oh, *Cap'n Temple!* Du-u-u come over here an' bring some s'ciety gents along with

room, where she would meet her sovereign, the aristocracy.

“Lawd’s sakes, Cap’n Temple, it *du-u-u* seem like matrimony’s in the air, don’t it?”

“I heard of the engagement of Mr. Dabney and Miss Lancaster to-night; but I know of no other recent engagement.”

“You ain’t heard what I’m thinkin’ about, though you do know as how Eugenie Victoria an’ Stokes is goin’ to get spliced; but you ain’t heard what I’m thinkin’ about.”

“No, Mrs. Rice, I am unable to hear your thoughts.”

“Well, there was a mighty fashionable weddin’ up to Richmond, James P. says, come last week—a double-weddin’, as set all Richmond’s s’ciety figurin’. I’ve been thinkin’ a double-weddin’ in Warrenton come this fall would be mighty fashionable. An’ law, Cap’n Temple, I jest must tell you a joke as happened down to Fairfax. A young man down there was a-settin’ up to a gyurl, an’ he just couldn’t pop; so the gyurl’s maw she stuck a notice in the Fairfax paper, sayin’ as how her gyurl an’ the young man was goin’ to be wed. An’ sure enough they was, for the day was all set out in the paper. The gyurl went to her maw the day befo’ the weddin’, an’ says, says she, ‘Maw, he ain’t said nothin’ to me yet.’ I *du-u-u* think her maw was rather previous, because a gyurl does *so* like to have love talked into her. If there ain’t no sech talk befo’ they gets wedded, they ain’t goin’ to be none.”

“Mrs. Rice, if any mother, no matter how fair her daughter, were to place me in a situation like that, I never would speak to the daughter again,



and I certainly would provide an adequate punishment for the mother."

After several minutes' silence Mrs. Rice continued:

"Simpson and Stokes oughter be mighty proud of what they done, Cap'n. Both of them have out-married themselves by right considerable. James P. an' me talked about the thing, an' we thought it all for the best, but mighty unfortunate. Comes outen the times, James P. says, for the bottom rail's on top these days, an' no family of gyurls can afford to be too choosey. James P., he didn't take on to the thing in no way at first, an' Eugenie Victoria du say as how he was downright imperlite to Stokes when he up an' asked for her; but I argued this way; I says, says I: James P., give them two gents a chance, an' they'll polish up mighty. Jest look at young Mr. Dandridge a-workin' in his overalls, his hands gettin' rough from work—the best of us will run down at the heels if you sets us up in the backwoods."

"There is no denying the truth of the saying that isolation is the mother of barbarism."

"It certainly is so, Cap'n. I never seen nothin' like the way Doc come up after he went in and out of Princeton. Why, Cap'n, William an' Mary an' the University of Virginia didn't hardly teach that boy how to put on his pants; but when he come back from Princeton he dressed stylish-like, an' he looked stylish-like, an' he talked stylish-like—exceptin' when he took too much cider. Princeton certainly can pile the style on to a boy."

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“Well, Cap’n, I’m proud to death of the doctor— an’ Dorothea Annabel too. Them lovely children. Comes from the good blood in their veins. Their great-great-grandfather was a cor-po-re-al in the Revolutionary army. That’s how I got into the patriotic s’ciety.”

“A great distinction indeed.”

“There ain’t nothin’ like a college eddication to give a boy a finish, an’ there ain’t nothin’ like a bo’din’-school to finish off a gyurl with.”

“Surely the home training of a mother so cultured as yourself is superior to the superficial education that a girl acquires at a boarding-school, where girls are fed education in much the way one feeds chickens in an incubator.”

“Law, Cap’n, you *du-u-u* say sech perlite language an’ things. I’d give anything if my other two son-in-laws—meanin’ Stokes an’ Simpson—had some of your pleasantry. Yes, Phyllis Daphne has been taken from me, an’ soon I’ll lose Eugenie Victoria; but as I told Reg’nal’ La’nc’lot, much as I hates old maids, I despises old bachelors mo’. They is *so* grumpy. When a man gets to be risin’ thirty-five an’ up it’s his duty, I says, to wed some nice gyurl. Now, jest look over at Dorothea Annabel; ain’t she too purtty for anything, blushin’-like, jest because she seen you over here with me. An’ you ain’t taken me to a single stand, but jest walked me around out here in the back as where nobody’s lookin’. When I has a handsome young gent like you ’scortin’ me I likes people to see what a fine motherly-lookin’ s’ciety woman I is.”

“And you, Mrs. Rice, have not told me the secret.”

“Law, Cap’n, you told me so many fine things the secret’s went clean outen my head.”

They approached the Rice booth, and Mrs. Rice continued, speaking in low tones.

“Now, Cap’n, *du-u-u* take Dorothea Annabel for a turn up an’ down! I knows Gladys Lancaster would like to see her. They went to school together. Now *du-u-u*.”

“Presently, Mrs. Rice; but I must go to Miss Braxton’s stall now, for she beckoned to me a minute ago.”

“No doubt you had expected to see me earlier in the evening, Miss Braxton; but I have been shaking my political dice—an unforgivable offence with some; yet I know that you will not permit political differences to disrupt a long friendship.”

“William, please take charge of my booth until I return.”

As Captain Temple strolled toward Miss Lancaster’s booth he could almost hear himself think.

“A nigger to wait on a nigger; a very clever reply, my beauteous one. Wit will reign supreme in my home when you are Mrs. T. That sounds too much like James P. No, you are not Gladys, but my own gentle Lelia. You left the booth in charge of William not because he is a coon, but to escape my ardent adoration. I prefer Lelia Braxton to Gladys Lancaster—and maybe I love little Dolly very, very much. Heigho! Gladys would have said, ‘Here, William, birds of a feather flock together; but I don’t mean to hurt your feelings, William, for you’re a very respectable coloured man.’ Now I will take a glass of Gladys, my favourite drink.”

Captain Temple imitated Mr. Carter's walk as he went toward Miss Lancaster's booth.

"In a young woman that is about to be married, madam, your conduct is most unseemly. Cease, cease your flirtatious ways! Arouse not the pangs of jealousy in the heart of your ardent lover. Be good!"

"Mr. Carter, sir, I won't do so no mo'; please, sir, please, I won't do so no mo'!"

"And to think, Gladys Lancaster has thrown herself away on Cary Dabney, the defeated candidate for governor. How popper and mommer must be shocked. But you just keep right on, and the first thing you know you will have flirted yourself right out of your engagement. See yonder Moor, his dark face lowering on the horizon of jealousy. He——"

"You talk *so* much, Captain Temple, I just can't follow you. I'm not sure I ought to talk to you, now that I'm engaged; but I'll say just one teensy, tinesy little word, 'cause I want to know how you came to know I was engaged. I'm not sure I am, you know; but I want you to tell me how you found out."

"The news comes through Gladys Lancaster, by way of all here present. Gladys was unable to keep a secret, so she told her friend; and her friend was unable to keep a secret; so she told her friend; and her friend was unable to keep a secret, so she told——"

"Shut up!—I only told Betty Dabney seven minutes ago. My, that was fine—the way Lelia Braxton turned you down! Poor boy, I'd take you to my heart right away, but Othello looketh not kindly

o'er here. . . . If I were not such a good soul I'd ask you to go."

"And you would make a great mistake, for a little jealousy—but how can Jimmy Temple instruct Gladys Lancaster in the devious paths of love."

"No; I'm not Dorothea Annabel. Now get along with you, Jim; I daresn't let you stay a minute longer—I don't want to jilt Cary Dabney before anybody knows I'm engaged to him."

"They all know, my dear; but I's a virtuous man, I is; so exit the discarded lover."

"Really, Colonel, I have absorbed some of the information which you have spread broadcast with great prodigality, as Mr. Carter would say; so I dislike to tax your generosity further; but, sir, while you have said (and I think that I have understood) that the voice of the people is heard through our noses, you have not explained to us, so that I could understand, how the soft voice of the gentry is to be heard above the bray of Murphy's plain people."

"A speech of extraordinary length to have been spoken by you, Lancaster, and very well put together. I am glad to observe that you have acquired some knowledge of rhetoric—that you have learned more than mere political wisdom of me. So great has been your improvement, sir, I feel justified in explaining to you by a simple illustration, not beyond your understanding, that the soft music of the gentry's voice hath charms to soothe the people's savage breast. An elephant, sir, is larger than his trainer; yet, sir, that beast obeys his trainer's will."

"Sometimes the trainer's killed."



“And sometimes the people, directed by a demagogue, through superior physical force, overthrow the government of their masters. But, sir, they reign only a little while, and their days are full of trouble. Murphy’s Sam Kelly superior to Braxton, sir? Murphy’s nigger Shad superior to Mr. Carter? Lancaster, your place is with the ladies.”

“Dorothea Annabel, all the evening long I have lingered about your booth, as Proserpine lingered amid the flowers. In my dreams I have seen you, my dear Dorothea Annabel,—who is not Stokes’ little Dolly yet,—blushing like the rose that you are. And now I see you, yet I see not the roses about you, for you are the fairest of them all.”

“And this is the first time that you have been near me. Miss Braxton, Miss Lancaster, Miss Dabney, you have been about their stalls—but never once near mine, until now.”

Oh, why would he not understand that she did not love Stokes? Oh, why had she been so unwise as to tell him about the miserable little carpetbagger’s proposal?

“Not for a single minute have I been absent from your booth, little Dolly,—not for a single minute. My eyes, my heart, my soul—the best of me has been with you in your booth, Dorothea. Always the best of me lives in you—and will die when Mr. Stokes takes you to be his wife.”

Was that a stifled dry sob that Captain Temple heard as Dorothea Annabel turned to her guests?

“Why there is my dear old friend, Miss La Salle!—and you, Miss Maiabelle! Miss Dorothea Annabel, you did not tell me that you had visitors. A

candidate has very little time to devote to society, but I would have called on your guests had I known that they were here. I returned from a canvass of every county in my district only this morning. How is the General? I remember the excellent dinner—dear Miss Amanda Burgess. Did Miss Amanda come with you?”

“Maiabelle has just returned from New York.”

Then Miss Maiabelle talked and talked and talked and talked; and Miss Maiabelle would talk and talk and talk and talk so long as she would live. The dead do not talk; the dead do not hear; blessed are the dead—of Virginia. Your narrators, gentle reader, write of the period when very good Virginian girls went to New York when they died. Now they go to Europe when they die—and their friends die.

The former pincushion paused in front of the pincushion's stall. The pincushion was well-behaved—for a pincushion.

“Eugenie Victoria, I ain't quite satisfied, me an' the Perfessor, with the way you is behavin' yourself. You ain't lookin' exactly fashionable—but then you *is* tall, an' I s'pose you can't help that. But when me an' the Perfessor was over to Winchester on our weddin' tower we seen that the style was the Grecian bend in the back an' a drop to the front in the shoulders. So-fashion, Eugenie Victoria; so-fashion.”

“Phyllis Daphne, I done told you I don't want none your patronisin'. You is younger than me; an' I don't see no sense in no gyurl chaperonin' her older sister nohow—petic'ler when she ain't been married but three week. Does three week make you so much

smart'n me? Funny thing, no gyurl's married more'n three days befo' she's after chaperonin'. You ain't goin' to chaperone me, Phyllis Daphne; so you an' your bean-pole can move on."

They did.

"I will sell you the scarf, Byrd, if you insist; but you have already bought a very expensive handkerchief of me, and I think you should buy of Betty—if you intend to spend any more money."

"I had rather not buy from Miss Betty."

"Mr. Taliaferro, please take the rest of your money over to Lelia's camp. I have had more than my share of it, and I am not going to take another cent from you. If I did not know that every gentleman will raffle his purchases at midnight, I suppose I would think that you intend to give all these things to some girl; but as I know what I know, I am not going to take any more of your money."

"Then I shall go the rounds of the five Clarke booths."

"Do!"

"Cary, I congratulate you."

"I thank you, Byrd. And when I say that I thank you, I give you all the thanks that belong to the gentlemen here—except Captain Lancaster, and every letter in the words of congratulation that he spoke was profane—not literally, but I could hear an oath in every word that he uttered: 'Well, Cary; I congratulate you—ten millions of dollars for three words—at least that's what I could have got for Gladys.' I thank you, Byrd."

Judge Braxton knew that Miss Dabney was within hearing, nor was his voice moderated because of her proximity when he addressed young Mr. Tazewell.

“Byrd Dandridge was born a Virginian, and a Virginian he has been since the day of his birth; but he was a Greek and a Roman and an Englishman—and a Virginian—when he gave his fortune and his ancestral lands to Virginia, and went into her forests to build for himself a home.”

Mr. Carter took up the judge's last words.

“A home for himself—and for his wife, I hope. And proud will be the Virginian maid who goes forth to meet such a lord—the king of the wilderness. Proud will she be to share his hardships and help him to build a home that shall be the pride of all Virginia.”

And Betty Dabney—ah, she was so pretty, she must have overheard.

“You leave that do', Andy; up an' leave it right away; there ain't nobody else comin' in, an' I want you, I do; I wants everybody here to know as how I'm jest as good as anybody else, an' I's goin' to show 'em, I is!”

The smith feared no man; but he feared all women, and of all women he feared Mrs. Stover most.

“Maw, I believe in up-liftin' our owns, I do; but summers I don't 'low as you an' me is fitten fer s'ciety. You let me stay by the do'—ef you won't let me go an' git a little suppen now. Maw, I feels mighty thirsty; jest let me go out an' git a little bit o' cider?”

“If one drop gits down yo' throat this here night,

Andy Stover, soon's we gits home I'll break every piece o' furniture in the house 'cross yo' wuthless haid. Now you come an' 'scort me 'roun'; fer I'm goin' ter show them uppety females as how ladies is ladies. There ain't no gals in Virginia, there ain't no womens in Virginia—all females is ladies; looks er like, wears female clo'es. An' you come 'long, too, little Andy. Wish I had er little sister fer you to hang onto yo' arm; but the Stovers all run to boys."

Little Mrs. Stover took hold of the giant smith's arm, which limply hung by his side. The youngest Stover of them all,—except four others,—a lad of nine, followed behind his father, tightly grasping one of the tails of his sire's coat with one hand. They advanced toward Miss Lancaster's booth, the little lady holding her head high, switching herself, and giving every one to understand by her manner that not only was she as good as anybody there, but a great deal better.

"Hello, Andy! Running with the hares and hunting with the hounds?"

"Now, jest what does you mean by that, Miss Lancaster; jest what does you mean? I ain't never been introduced to you, but I knows who you is, an' I jest wants you to know as how my man ain't runnin' with no woman. I's his lawful wife, I is, an' I ain't no hare an' I ain't no houn'. I's as good as you is any day, an' no self-respectin' woman as is no more'n er slip of er gal says sech things befo' gent'man, an' they don't even think sech things nohow."

"Why, Mrs. Stover, I'm so glad to see you! Your husband and I are *such* old friends—we haven't been introduced yet, but I've driven by his

blacksmith shop often, and I've seen the good honest perspiration just rolling down his face—now haven't I, Mr. Stover? I didn't mean what you thought I meant; but you know, Mr. Blacksmith, don't you?"

"Cat!—that's what I said! You needn't look at me that ways—cat!"

"Look, Mr. Dabney; oh, look, look!—just look at that Stover boy's mouth!—isn't it the biggest thing you ever saw?"

"Don' ker ef 'tis big—'twill do to prez my Gawd wid."

The boy was solemn, his voice was deep. And on went the Stovers, on for further conquests—on to "better their owns."

"Gladys, do you love Temple, or do you love me?"

"Why, Cary, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you certainly ought. I've had a horrid evening just because you have moped over there in the corner ever since you came, scowling at every man that came near me. If I were a man I would trust the girl that *I* loved. I believe I'm going to cry."

"You have behaved outrageously. You have attracted the attention of everybody here. Captain Temple, the associate of negroes, my enemy, the most contemptible black man in this commonwealth, has been singled out by you for your especial favour. Three times he has been in earnest conversation with you, hanging over your words as if they meant his life's happiness. Gladys, is Captain Temple your choice?—now, while no one is here to

interrupt us, tell me: is Captain Temple your choice?"

Miss Lancaster averted her beautiful face, arranged her position so that she would be unobserved by all save Mr. Dabney, crushed her unusually pretty lace handkerchief against her very beautiful eyes, and wept, bitterly wept, but beautifully—wept the kind of tears that Mr. Rice derisively would have termed crocodile, and altogether presented a picture of charming outraged girlish innocence.

"Forgive me, Gladys; ah, forgive me! I was a brute, a jealous brute! Not for all the world would I hurt you. You know that, Gladys; you know that, dear?"

"I—I'll—try—oh, so hard!—to forget—this time. Oh—oh!"

And before you could have said Jack Robinson no trace of the Gladys storm was left, for Betty Dabney—Betty, who could not be deceived—rapidly approached.

"Let me kiss you, Cary, my dear brother who is to be married. No one will see us except Gladys—and you will not be jealous, will you, Gladys?"

"No-o-o; I never could be *jealous*."

"Father wishes to see you, Cary; and I wish to see Gladys all alone for a few minutes."

"What is it, Betty?"

"Dear Gladys, now that you are to be my sister, please come to stay a long time with us."

"No, Betty dear, no; not until I enter the Dabney home as boss. I'm no fool. If Gladys went in as a sweetheart, she would never go in as a wife."

"Suit yourself, Gladys. I am sorry that you are



so uncertain of Cary's love; I should think that you would wish to test it in every possible way."

"I guess I'm wrong, Betty dear; but I know so very little about men, you know."

"Them bureau things is worth two dollar even money, Stokes. But I won't call up to you, Stokes, that you ain't bought but seventeen cent worth from me yet; an' I dunno as what I'm goin' do with them triflin' things, if you means to give 'em to me. But maybe you've bought from them as is ladies as is a little mightier in the world—as they thinks—than the Rice gyurls."

"I ain't bought nothin' 'cep' from you, Eugenie Victoria, as is soon to be Mrs. Rice-Stokes. What's mo-r-re, I don't see as how you need them bureau things. Now, wher-r-re I comes frum, up to hum, them kind of fixin's is called wasteful—*sinful wasteful*. I 'lows as it's time as you an' me wus savin'. Come October an' we'll be married."

"You is a close-fisted Yankee, Stokes, that what you is."

"I's careful, Eugenie Victoria; an' that's mo-r-r-n you folks daown her-r-re is."

"Maw says you is mighty careful. She says, says she, 'James P., unbosom yourself, likes a charitable man, an' give po' Eugenie Victoria a lot of weddin' clothin', because I 'low as that Yankee ain't goin' to cover her back when she's Rice-Stokes.' An' James P. says, says he, 'Maw, I ain't s'portin' no other man's family, I ain't. Bad enough to have a marry-in'-in, but I shorely ain't goin' to s'port no Yankee's family for him.'"

"Well, I like that; as if I want takin' up the

s'portin'. But then I did 'low as I'd git it all back agin when old Rice leaves his broad acres as jines on to my nice little piece o' prop'ty."

Mrs. Braxton and Mrs. Daingerfield sought Miss Bolling as soon as they had told their husbands of the Dabney-Lancaster engagement.

"Really, Mary, you and Sue are too severe. A girl that I knew, quite as wild as Gladys, married one of our clergymen, and after she had been married a month she was never known to smile. By the time that her husband had become bishop of this diocese many persons openly said that she was quite as serious and godly as her husband, and that was saying a great deal. Gladys is a good girl—quite as good as you should expect."

"But, my dear Miss Polly," Mrs. Braxton said, "is Cary Dabney, a young man of splendid ability, in every way worthy his noble name, to take to wife a girl whose manners are scarcely superior to those of an exceedingly impertinent kitchen maid?"

"You are much too severe, Mary. Gladys is a child, misled by her married sisters' rich parvenu friends, but her heart is in the right place. You are much too severe."

"But, Miss Polly," protested Mrs. Braxton, "the downfall of Virginia will soon take place if the children of such men as Cary Gordon Dabney are to be reared by vulgar mothers. Yes, Captain Lancaster married a peasant, and we have seen the fruits of that marriage; and more than once we have seen the children of the marriage of a gentleman to the daughter of a gentleman and a peasant, and we have seen the destruction of some of our best fam-

ilies caused by marriages between aristocrats and peasants. Captain Lancaster is what he is because his wife was what she was—and what she is. Indeed yes, Gladys is quite as good as one should expect.”

“And to think, Miss Polly,” said Mrs. Daingerfield, “this—girl—is to be the mistress of the home of the governor of Virginia; pert, coarse, mannish, utterly impossible, tolerated by us—barely tolerated—only because she is a Lancaster, her grandfather’s granddaughter.”

“No more of this, Sue; you and Mary shall not continue in this unchristian spirit. But how true it is that no one can trace his gentle blood to its origin. Although Napoleon said, ‘I am an ancestor; you are descendants,’ he was not an ancestor, for he founded no family of gentle men and gentle women. No man can leave any class below the grade of aristocracy and take a permanent place in any higher class. And the spark of gentility is indestructible. It may lie dormant for generations, then burst in a flood of light, as it did in Napoleon; but its fire is unquenchable. While it may seem to have burned out with Bonaparte, it will flare up again in the generations that are to come.”

“So I tell Mr. Daingerfield, Miss Polly; and I tell him also that when a great man seems to have sprung from the people that one should search his family tree; for no great man ever inherited his greatness from the peasantry or the yeomanry.”

“Right you are, Sue,” said her sister. “Of course Washington and Jefferson and Marshall were not great, nor were Lincoln and Grant and the other horrid Yankees; but those who think that they were

should point out to us other Washingtons, Jeffersons, Marshalls, Lincolns, and Grants that are great. Their progeny died with them—or returned to the peasantry or the yeomanry from which they sprung.”

“That reminds me of the yeoman Preston family, girls,” Miss Bolling said. “Mistress Lititia Floyd, daughter of Colonel William Preston, granddaughter of John Preston,—she married Governor Floyd,—wrote an account of the Preston family, which I read in '43. Colonel James Patton had four sisters, said Dame Lititia, the youngest of whom, Elizabeth, while crossing the Shannon river, had as a fellow passenger a youth of striking appearance, who proved to be a ship-carpenter named Preston. The girl ran away with the young man, married him, and thus placed herself out of the pale of her family. In 1735 the young persons came to the Valley. Mistress Floyd wrote that the Patton woman was a haughty creature, and kept aloof from the Prestons. My, girls, now how important are the Prestons to Kentucky's aristocracy!”

“And the idea, Miss Polly, of a Patton holding aloof from anybody!” Mrs. Daingerfield exclaimed. “However, the little blue blood that the Pattons had showed itself in some of the Prestons—but not in them all. Still, in all the Prestons you will find Preston blood and yeoman ways.”

Mrs. Braxton now returned to the Dabney-Lancaster affair.

“In this *mésalliance* I see a greater menace to Virginia than I do in the uprising of the yeomanry and peasantry that is being led by that awful Murphy. I would object to the marriage under any circumstances; but now, while the lower classes threaten to

overwhelm our civilisation, we can not afford to have the gentry further depleted by such dreadful marriages. The wedding must not take place."

"I did not mean," Miss Bolling said, "that this alliance meets with my approval. I am unable to agree with the fashionable writers of to-day who say that a hardier race is born of the marriage of the gentry with the peasantry. The tone of the aristocracy is lowered; the peasantry is not raised permanently in the least. The son of a lady and a gentleman is a nobler man than the son of a gentleman and a peasant. The highest in life is the product of the highest. Still, you are much too severe. I am willing to admit that Gladys is shocking—at times utterly shocking. But Cary will teach her how to behave as a Lancaster should, not after a fashion alike unbecoming the lady and her maid. Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

The day after the bazaar Lelia Braxton heard Miss Bolling say that eight hundred and sixty-three dollars and thirty-four cents would not pay the public debt.

Hugh White and Lucy Christian were quietly married in the musty parlour of the Christian home a few days after the bazaar was held, the Baptist preacher officiating. As usual, the wedding-cake had a thimble, a ring, and a coin in it; but where were the guests to explore the mysteries of that cake—a sturdy young yeoman to find the coin, a charming little yeoman girl to find the thimble, and a buxom young woman to find the ring, the bride knowing just where each prize was to be found, and seeing to

it that her friends cut the cake in the right place? Mrs. White was the only guest at the wedding. Neither the Christians nor the Whites would tolerate their former associates, yeomen like the Rices; and such yeomen would not have gone to the wedding had they been invited.

The gentry never attended yeoman weddings, nor yeoman entertainments of any kind, and never entered a yeoman home save as superiors.

Colonel Daingerfield addressed Judge Braxton.

"Yesterday the voice of the people was heard. That voice commanded Shadrach Berkeley and James Rice to make the laws of Virginia; Page Carter and Francis Daingerfield were ordered to their homes. Samuel Kelly was told to interpret the laws that Berkeley and Rice would enact, Ingram Braxton was required to descend from the bench of the highest tribunal of the land. John Harrison, Murphy's tool, was charged with the execution of the laws that Berkeley and Rice would make and that Johnson would interpret; Cary Dabney was told that he could not veto any bill that would repudiate the obligations of his country. Two men ran for Congress, Temple and Jones; the greater rogue, Temple, has been ordered to Washington. The voice of the people has been heard."

## CHAPTER TEN

SEVERAL days after the election, when the stars had come out, the oxen had been fed, the corn cakes and bacon had been devoured, the axe had been sharpened and stuck into a log near the oak fire, Mr. Byrd Dandridge left the solitudes of his forest primeval and sought the civilisation of General Dabney's home. No fleet steed bore the eager lover, as Aurora is swiftly borne on the wings of morning; but the young giant walked twelve miles in two hours; then slowly, hesitatingly, he appeared before Her Majesty.

Miss Dabney took a chair at one side of the hearth, before the hickory fire—the first of the season, which was snapping and crackling cheerily, musically, as only hickory fires snap and crackle—and Mr. Dandridge took a chair at the other side of the hearth.

The fire continued to talk. But no word did Mr. Dandridge utter, and no word spoke Miss Dabney. For a long, long time the garrulous fire selfishly monopolised speech.

“Your father and brother will have Miss Lancaster to look after them—soon.”

Mr. Dandridge never addressed Miss Dabney by name. He never thought of her as Miss Dabney, he could not think, he could not say, Miss Dabney. Betty? He did not dare think Betty. Sometimes he thought of *her* and *she*, and sometimes he addressed her as *you*, and sometimes she became pos-



sessive *your*; but *her* and *she* and *you* and *your* never became Miss Dabney, Miss Betty Betty dear—  
—— ——— you may fill in countless blanks, gentle reader,—if you have loved.

Mr. Dandridge and Miss Dabney intently gazed at their loquacious companion, as if they drank in every word that he uttered, until the tardy woodman, interrupting the saucy fellow, renewed the attack.

“Soon your duty will not be to your father and your brother.”

Finding his auditors to be uninteresting conversationalists, the fire entertainingly discussed the weather with his friend, the wind outside, while Mr. Dandridge and Miss Dabney listened eagerly. After a while the lord of the wilderness uttered another sentence.

“And Miss Lancaster is such a nice girl.”

The wind laughed—the fire was so amusing. Impatiently Miss Dabney tapped her pretty foot on the fender. She said nothing.

“Now you can marry me.”

“You have not asked me to marry you.”

The wind laughed again, and the fire chortled, entertained by his own wit.

“I have asked you a thousand times.”

“And a thousand times I have answered. No one has asked me to marry him since I gave you my final answer.”

“I love you—I love you—marry me—now—I love you!”

“Mr. Dandridge! You have no home, you have no money; all that you had you gave away; now you ask me to marry you. *Mr. Dandridge!*”

The wind and fire had stopped to listen. They laughed quite heartily, then resumed their conversation. After a while the forester interrupted them.

"I gave all my property and all my money to the creditors—to please you."

"*Mr. Dandridge!* I thought you were a patriot. I thought that you gave your fortune to save the honour of your country. Oh, I am so sorry; so sorry; so sorry! You gave away your fortune to please a young girl, not to save your country from disgrace!"

"I would do so again."

"You would? Yes, indeed you would! And then you would ask me to marry you, knowing that you had nothing, that you could not marry. A capricious girl, in a moment of excitement, while at a meeting of a ladies' aid society, asks you to give your fortune away. You do. Then you ask the girl to marry you—knowing that you are without a cent."

Long laughed the wind at the sallies of the fire; nor could the fire resist an impulse to join in the laughter.

Miss Dabney looked into the heart of the fire; then she looked at her feet; then she looked timidly at her lover, and all the while her face—ah, she was so pretty! Then she felt ashamed. That she should treat him so! She looked at the fire; she looked at her feet; she looked at her lover—furtively looked at him.

Gradually, mingling with confusion and blushes and shame, there came into Betty Dabney's face the love that is seen but once in a maiden—the love that is in surrender. That love had heard the call of the

sweetheart, the call of the wife, the call of the mother. Unknowingly, Betty Dabney had heard each call, and as each emotion swept to and fro over her face, or lingered there, each vision became a part of Byrd Dandridge as he gazed intently upon that fair young face, a living part of him, that would live in him so long as he should live.

The wind laughed softly; the fire burned low, whispering to the lovers, as they sat before his waning lights—as they sat apart, silent, and afraid.

No touch of the hand should profane the divinity of this young man's sovereign.

"I have only a log cabin in a forest."

"I would rather live in a log cabin than in a palace."

"I gave my fortune to the creditors!"

"And went into the forest to work for me."

"I have no money."

"One does not need money in a forest."

"I shall work all day."

"So shall I."

"You!—you work? No."

"Yes, I shall work—in the cabin—as a housewife—as—as your wife—work for our home."

"I had not thought that *you* would work."

"You gave your home, your lands, your fortune because you loved me. Because you loved me you went into the forest, and there you have worked like a man—for the woman you love. I loved you before you gave your fortune away; I loved you before you went into the forest; but now—now—now—now I love you."

"I deserve no praise. The old home is gone, the lands are gone, the money is gone, I no longer show

men how to work—I work. I work for you. Now—I am a man. I deserve no praise.”

“I knew you were a man. I have known that since I was a little girl; but I longed to see you work for me with your hands. I was a proud girl when you gave away your fortune. My heart followed you into the forest. The music of your axe reached my heart. . . . And I knew that you did not know how to cook, and I was sure that you would work too late. I longed to cook for you, and to call you at sunset. . . . And I knew you could not—could not—sew—even a—a—a button on.”

“Marry me now.”

“To-night?”

“To-morrow.”

“I will marry you month after next.”

“No.”

“Next month?”

“No.”

“Three weeks from now—give me three weeks, please?—please?”

“No.”

“How long will you give me?”

“Until next week—Wednesday.”

“No—no—no—no—no!”

But the fire, dying in its embers, whispered to the wind something about a woman's answer; and as Byrd Dandridge went out amid the stars, to enter upon his walk of twelve miles, the wind softly murmured to him: “Yes, yes, yes; Wednesday's the day, Wednesday's the day, Wednesday's the day; Wednesday's the day, the day, the day; the day, the day; the day, the day, the day, the day; yes, Wednesday's the day, the day, the day.”

"Cary, did you ever hear of such a thing in all your life? One week; only one week, and no invitations, no presents, no nothing. I never heard of such a thing!"

"I would like our wedding to be simple; no presents, no one present—except our relations and intimate friends. Why should our wedding be a circus, held in a public place, the price of admittance payable in advance. I would like to be married in your father's home."

"You are wrong, Cary; very wrong. Invitations are issued to every one that's expected to give a present, even where the chances are slim; and many, many get into the church—not a tent, Cary; but a consecrated church—that do not give even a teensy, tinesy thin little sugar spoon. No presents indeed! A home wedding! No, sir, Cary; I never expect to be married but once, and I don't 'spec' to have no pretty clothes no mo'. No, sir! No, siree!"

"Your pleasure, Gladys, is what I wish."

"No home, just a log hut, one room downstairs, half a room upstairs. Dirt floor, a few oak leaves scattered over it; no clay stuck between the logs, just leaves; no furniture, not even a chair, just a bedstead built into the wall out of saplings, a mattress that's comfortable, unbleached cotton sheets, and a cheap horse blanket that a horse would be ashamed to wear. You see, I went out there while Byrd was chopping down trees 'way away,—I could just hear his axe a-smitin' and a-smitin',—and I went all over the hut—all through it—and I know, I do."

"You did wrong."

"You are *so* jealous, Cary. I didn't think you'd

be jealous of the man who's about to marry your sister. You just make my life miserable."

"You do not understand."

"Not a horse, not a mule—just steers. *Chacun à son goût*. You know, Cary, if Byrd drives up to Senlac in his ox-cart, ties his steers up to a tree, stalks in, stalks out; helps Betty into the cart; unties them steers, then drives them to his hut, twelve miles away, I for one shall not be surprised. Ugh!"

"I shall help Betty into the cart."

"And I shall sink through the floor."

"Gladys, were I a plain woodman instead of a young lawyer with an increasing practice, would you live with me in my forest home?"

"*Why, Cary!* of course I would!"

Indian summer and Wednesday went to the wedding together; Indian summer, warm, yet with her brown garment of leaves fringed with frosts of winter; Indian summer, the blue of the sky and the brown and the red and the gold and the green of the earth all about; Indian summer, the time in Virginia's life when her children are ready to marry.

As Morven had been a blaze of light an hour before the setting of the sun the evening of Lelia Braxton's birthday ball, so Senlac was a blaze of light an hour before the sun set over the blue hills to the west of Warrenton the day of Betty Dabney's wedding.

The guests, all of whom had arrived, were assembled in groups on the verandah, in the drawing-room, in the conservatory, and in the hall,—and Mrs. Braxton, Mrs. Daingerfield, Miss Braxton, and Miss

Lancaster were in the bride's room,—when Mr. Byrd Dandridge, the latter part of the hour between sunset and starlight, passed in through the outer gates of Senlac, driving the team of oxen, which were laboriously hauling his cord-wood cart.

Miss Lancaster was watching for the tardy lover through the blinds of the bride's window. She nearly fainted, as she explained to Mr. Dabney later, when she saw "them steers." All she could do was to sink to the floor, bury her face in her hands, and sway her body to and fro in the shame that overcame her.

Colonel Daingerfield, Mr. Carter, and Captain Lancaster were on the verandah, talking in low tones, when the colonel suddenly gave voice to his great astonishment.

"Do my eyes deceive me! Mr. Carter, sir; Captain Lancaster; do I see the heir of Sedgemoor coming after his bride in the ox-cart of a peasant?"

Captain Lancaster laughed; right heartily did he laugh; he laughed and laughed and laughed. As only a soldier of fortune can laugh did Captain Lancaster laugh. His laughter brought all the guests to the front. Then the good captain dried his eyes; and then, in a hesitating voice, he explained the how and the why—the reasons as they seemed to him.

"I met Byrd and his steers and cart Saturday while they were on their way to Warrenton. 'Hello, Byrd,' said I, 'where is your load?' 'I am after a load,' said he. 'What are you after?' said I. 'Corn meal and bacon,' said he. 'Going to feed your wife corn meal and bacon?' said I. 'No,' said he. 'What are you going to do with them?' said I. 'Feed them to the steers,' said he. 'I never



heard of steers eating bacon,' said I. Nothing said he."

"What has all that to do with this remarkable vision, sir? How does that concern the laborious apparition that approaches?"

"Hear me to the end, Colonel, as Shakespeare said—or as he might have said. 'Byrd,' said I, 'are you going on a wedding tour?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Where are you goin'?' said I. 'To my home in the forest,' said he. 'I will lend you my horse and buggy,' said I. 'No,' said he. Then he said, 'I thank you; no.' 'Byrd,' said I, 'maybe you intend to take your bride to your forest home in your ox-cart.' 'I do,' said he. But I give you my word he hadn't thought of doing so until I put the notion into his head. Wait a minute, Colonel, wait a minute; I'll soon be there! 'Get in,' said he. I got in an ox-cart for the first time in my life. We hadn't gone far along the road before we met General Dabney and his daughter, who were walking toward the sunset. 'Miss Betty,' said I, 'Lord Lochinvar here says he is goin' after you Wednesday night with these oxen and this cart.' She laughed. 'I hope he will,' she said. 'Do you mean that?' said Byrd. Then she looked at him—such a look; but that is not a part of my story. 'Yes, I mean that,' said she. I never thought Byrd would take the matter seriously."

"My children," said Mr. Carter, "I never expected to live to see the day when a Virginian gentleman, a Dandridge, would take his bride to his home, a cabin in the wilderness, in a cart drawn by a yoke of oxen; but, my children, sad as I feel when I behold Virginia come to such a pass, I am filled with

joy when I see one of Virginia's sons, a Dandridge, give his wealth and his lands to his country, then go into the forest and build a home for himself. Then, almost I am overcome with emotion as I behold one of Virginia's fairest daughters, a Dabney, put aside the luxuries of civilisation, and hand in hand with her forest lord go into the wilderness—go forth with him in an ox-cart. There the dignity of poverty; there the wealth of the world."

Nor was there a guest among the friends and relations assembled that did not glory in the glory of Byrd Dandridge and Betty Dabney; nor was there a young man or a young girl there that did not wish to start life in just that way—for even Miss Lancaster saw the romance of it all.

Mr. Dandridge, vigorously belabouring his steers, shambled up to the entrance of the verandah before he spoke one word or looked up at the assembled guests. He gave his team into the safe-keeping of a servant, then imperturbably shook hands with all. No one reminded him that he was late, and no one referred to his cart and steers; but no other bridegroom, it is safe to say, ever was the recipient of a greeting more hearty.

Long before daybreak Mr. Dandridge had been ready for the wedding; but he was afraid, this powerful young man, afraid of a young girl—and afraid of no other person in all the world.

Mr. Dandridge had left his cabin in the wilderness in ample time to reach Senlac before the sun went down. But he had been obliged to water his steers many times and oft on the journey of twelve miles. Then, too, they had needed rest; for did they not have to take *her* back?

No hour was set for the wedding, but every one supposed that Dr. Nelson, dressed in the robes of his office, would appear in the doorway leading from the drawing-room to the library at eight o'clock. So he did; and about the same time appeared Betty Dabney, on the arm of her father, Lelia Braxton in front of her. Then Mr. Dandridge, all a-tremble,—my, how the giant did tremble before the young girl!—took his place by her side. Then the guests, all of them friends or relations of the Dandridges and the Dabneys, gathered about the bride and groom. All were happy; all were sad; all loved Byrd Dandridge; all loved Betty Dabney.

Where sadness is mingled with gladness both are demonstrated in moderation. A wedding in Virginia among the gentry was not made an occasion of riotous fun.

The bride, the bride, the bride! Everybody talked about the bride. The groom in Virginia is a necessary piece of furniture until after the wedding; then he is placed in a corner, and none so poor to do him reverence—not even his mother. Mr. Dabney gave way before the cry: the bride, the bride, the bride!

At half-past nine all the rare old wine had been opened, the bride's trunk had been put into the ox-cart, and the necks of the oxen had been fastened to the tongue of the cart. All had kissed the bride; all had shaken hands with the groom, and some had kissed him.

The young giant had touched his bride but once, when Dr. Nelson had commanded him to take her hand. Then he had shivered. Now he took her by one hand, while Cary Dabney took her by the

other, and together they helped *her* into the ox-cart.

*She* sat on the trunk, which was in the middle of the cart; *he* sat on the tongue behind the steers, a cowhide whip in his hands, and together they made their way—the man and the girl and the oxen—along the road that led into the forest. No one laughed as the steers hauled them off with unsteady gait; but more than one cried—tears that were of joy as well as of sadness.

The bride was the first to speak.

“How far have we gone, Mr. Dandridge?”

“Three miles.”

“I thought we had gone farther.”

Along shambled the oxen, the even tenor of their way unruffled by Mr. Dandridge's cowhide whip, vigorously applied to their backs. But it takes more than a cowhide whip wielded by a giant seriously to affect the gait of a steer; and the speed of two steers doth not equal that of one steer.

“How far have we gone, Mr. Dandridge?”

“Five miles.”

The moon rose over the black low-lying hills to the east. A pity, thought Mrs. Dandridge; she dims the stars.

“Are you very uncomfortable, sitting there on that pole?”

“No.”

“There is room for you on the trunk.”

“I am not uncomfortable.”

Never was there such a night, thought the bride; but—oh—those—steers—do—move—so—slowly.

“How far have we gone—Mr. Dandridge?”

"Nine miles."

"Is this your forest?"

"Yes."

"Is it all yours?"

"No."

Mrs. Dandridge looked at the moon; then she counted sixty-four stars.

"Poor steers! Are you not afraid that you will really hurt them?"

"They are tough."

The trunk, as Mrs. Dandridge had discovered, did not constitute all the comforts of home.

Mr. Dandridge stood up on the pole, lambasted his beasts, then sat down.

"I wish we had a great deal farther to go."

"So do I."

"How far away is home?"

"Half-a-mile."

"Oh!"

Mrs. Dandridge had meant Senlac.

"Ah, what a dear little cabin, what a dear little home you have built for me!"

Then she ran in, and Byrd Dandridge went to put his steers to bed.

The hickory fire was burning brightly, for it had been left so that it would feed itself—now Byrd Dandridge would have no fire save one of hickory; the window was open, and through that open window *she* saw that *he* would not be done with his steers for several minutes. Hastily she undressed—ah, so hastily!—and soon she was seated before the fire, in a wrapper Lelia Braxton had made for her, and in slippers Gladys Lancaster had crocheted for

her, her lingerie on one of the rude chairs, covered by her dress. And there she sat—for a long time. Then she examined the furniture. Mr. Dandridge had passed the day in making furniture for his bride. Then she went over to the bed, partly pulled down the horse blanket—that never a horse would wear—and the unbleached sheet, and then she went back to the fire. And there she sat.

Mr. Dandridge long ago had put his steers to bed. In due course—no, that is not exact writing, gentle reader—after a while he had approached his cabin, and through the open window he saw *her* sitting before the fire, one of her pretty feet toying with a smouldering log, and—Mr. Dandridge went back to his steers. Again he drew near. Again he saw his bride,—ah, she was so pretty! her face aglow, for she sat in front of the hickory fire,—and he went no farther, but leaned against an oak tree; and there he stood, gazing through the window, all a-tremble. And after a long while a face, more scarlet than the fire, which now was low, and which had left its flame in her cheeks, appeared in that open window; and then a voice, low and tremulous, was heard by the man who stood leaning against the oak tree.

“Come, Byrd.”

Then he went into his cabin home.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

**J**OHAN HARRISON became governor of Virginia the first day of January. The same day the legislature convened, and now, the middle of February, Richmond was crowded with visitors, as she had been since the inauguration. Debtpayers from every county in the state had gathered in the capital, that by their presence and counsel they might give aid and comfort to the gentlemen who had been elected to the General Assembly, of whom there were only a few. For every Debtpayer in the city there were scores of Readjusters, a motley throng—thieves of every kind, thieves black and thieves white, all eager for spoil. Many had come to steal office; many had come to steal money; many had come to steal social honours; all wanted they knew not what. All expected wealth and fame, either or both, in some form.

Everywhere there was gaiety. The gentleman looked death in the face, smiling as he clutched his sword; the gentlewoman saw death written on the faces of her father, her brother, her lover, and gaily smiled as she wiped away a tear. Virginia would fall; but the gentleman and the gentlewoman would fall with her, fighting for her honour, and dying as Virginians should die. The base born—the negro, the peasant, the yeoman—would murder Virginia, rise on her prostrate body, then soar into the clouds. The vultures among them would pick her bones; those that were not quite so ravenous would found a dynasty,—they knew not what, they cared not



what, but a dynasty in which they would be lords, in which there would be serfdom,—since men could not be lords until there were serfs. Yeoman and peasant would acquire vast estates; their children would be educated at the public expense; a royal road would lead to culture; a short road would lead to wealth.

And a royal road indeed was the road to wealth. For seven thousand years the Chinese empire has conserved her natural resources; Europe and the rest of the civilised world has done likewise during all recorded time. The American states, obeying the voice of the people, stripped their lands, the most fertile in the world, above ground and below, in one hundred years of riotous living. In one hundred years the peoples of the American nations had eaten their children's bread; they had burned their children's fuel; they never even left trees from which paper might be made on which books could be printed to enlighten their children's minds. All was devoured, in one hundred years, in an attempt to satisfy the insatiate appetite of the gluttonous peoples of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, and their kind. To what end? That yeomen and peasants might become aristocrats.

Under a government "of the people by the people for the people" the peoples of the American states, unlike some other wild beasts, ravenously devour their own young. Superintendent of Public Schools of the City of New York Maxwell in 1910 reports officially to the Board of Education of the City of New York as follows: Physicians employed by the Board of Health examined physically 323,344 public school children during the year 1909, or

about one-half of the total number of children that attended the public schools of New York City during that year, and found that more than three-fourths of those examined were physically defective. The percentage of defective public school children that were not examined is assumed to be the same. Of the 323,344 children examined the physicians found that 242,048 were in need of medical or surgical treatment, although probably not more than one-tenth of those children were defectives when they were born. Nearly one-half of the pupils, 145,066, were lousy; 11,749 were suffering from starvation; 56,620 had trachoma, a communicable disease, and 3,850 were afflicted with such contagious diseases as diphtheria, scarlet fever, and measles. Evidently Captain Lancaster was right when he declared that lice are domiciled in the tresses of Liberty. Where went the food that should have stayed the hunger of those starving pupils? What became of the time of the parents of those filthy children that should have been devoted to keeping the poor little creatures clean? The "people" of the city of New York fatten on the bodies of their young.

Virginia's people followed Murphy along the royal road to wealth, squandering their children's wealth as they went, and their own and their children's bodies and minds and morals.

The negro would be permitted—to imitate the new aristocracy. Virginia? Did the new people of Virginia care for Virginia? "To hell with Virginia; I am an American!" That was the cry heard here, there, and everywhere. They would deliver Virginia to America, first bartering with Washing-

ton for spoils. America could have Virginia; but her conquerors would have their price.

In commenting on colour effects, lights and shades, in the legislative halls when the members thereof were assembled, a gentleman who was a member of the Senate looked upon his colleagues. Then, addressing them, he said: "The negro members perhaps lend a darker shade to the opposition, and raise this question: Could such a party have got a certificate from any ante-bellum court that would have shown that half of them were white men?" There were fourteen negroes in the General Assembly, selected by men that were white and by men that were black as their rulers, chosen by native Virginians as masters of their destinies.

No, gentle reader; do not decide hastily that the voice of the people was not the voice of God. Mentally and intellectually those negroes were superior to many of their Readjuster white colleagues—at least, they offered to pay more than twice as much of the public debt as their white Repudiator brethren were willing to pay. Ross Hamilton, a negro delegate from Mecklenberg, made a motion to substitute for the Riddleberger measure (which provided for the repudiation of the greater part of the public debt) a bill that provided for the payment of the entire principal of the obligations of the state, the non-taxable bonds to have tax-receivable coupons for the interest attached thereto, the interest to be three per cent. The bondholders were to be obliged to content themselves with only half the six per cent interest to which they were entitled. They were to be mistreated in no other way.

Soon after the legislature convened a coalition be-

tween the negro and the white Repudiator members thereof was effected. Immediately those members, acting as a body as well as individually, thrust their knives into Virginia's bleeding side. Mutilated Confederate soldiers that were in office were removed, and Repudiators, black as well as white, were elected in their stead. A miscegenation bill, which permitted marriages between whites and blacks, was introduced. Every man that was a Repudiator was told that he might do as he pleased. Everywhere was heard the cry, "Down with the rich man, up with the poor man!" None was to render an accounting to God, nor to Virginia, nor to himself.

Whatever name is given to crime, no matter how inoffensive it is in the beginning, it soon becomes obnoxious to the criminal that it describes. The name Repudiator became offensive to Repudiators, so they called themselves Readjusters; the name Readjuster became offensive to Readjusters, so they called themselves Eliminators; the name Eliminator became offensive to Eliminators, so in time they called themselves Democrats. All the while honest men called them thieves.

Bills were drawn by the Readjusters that provided for the elimination of private and public debts of every description. Virginia was exploited by Virginians. Her name became the byword of thieves. The régime of the carpetbagger was put to shame: the native Virginian pupil had excelled his master in all those infamies that were his master's virtues.

While the nomination of registrar of the land offices was pending, John M. Brockenbrough, of Essex, was nominated by Cannon, a Readjuster senator. Colonel Randolph Harrison, who had lost a

leg in the military service of Virginia, was nominated for the same office by Senator Hart, a Democrat. In seconding the nomination of Brockenbrough, Davis, a negro senator, made a speech which your narrators will report in nearly the same language that he used.

I's hyard de Confed'rate name spouted in dese halls mighty of'n since I's been settin' hyar, connectin' wid nominations, an' I's tired ob dat name. Dis Senate's got a duty ter Confed'rate soldiers, an' dat duty, feller-cit'z's, is ter 'liminate 'em, cayse ter the victors b'longs de spiles. I's tired hearin' 'bout sympathisin' as we gemmen ob de senate owes de Confed'rate soldier. 'Tain' no place fer us Senate gemmen ter wipe 'way dyah tears. He ain' got but one leg! He ain' got but one arm! When one-legged an' one-armed Confed'rate soldiers sets up dis hyar late day preyin' an' fastenin' demseves on dese hyar victors dats titled ter dey spiles, dyah ain' no dictionary dat kin tell my feelin's.

I's sayin' I don' want hyar no mo' Confed'rate talk in dis hyar hall. Confed'rate! Confed'rate! Confed'rate! One-legged, one-armed, Confed'rate! I ain' got no sympathisin' fer him. Laks my bredren ob colour, I spurns him. De Funders say a lot ob talk 'bout er one-legged man fer do'-keeper, an' I say he ain't got no mo' right den dis—'liminate him. Ef he hadn' fit in de war he'd hab two arms an' two legs dis hyar minute. He done los' my sympathisin' when he went in de wrong party, an' right den an' dyah he los' all claim on de people ob de country. Dey war wrong; so let dem go down in de world, whar dey b'longs. 'Liminate 'em, I says; 'liminate 'em! 'Liminate everything, I says—'ceptin' 'Limators.

The white Readjusters, to the man, concurred in the sentiments expressed by their swarthy col-

league. Brockenbrough received 76 votes. Harrison received 54 votes.

When the election of chief door-keeper of the House was in order, Mr. James A. Frazier, of Rockbridge, a white Readjuster, said that he took great pleasure in granting the request of his coloured friends, who had asked him to nominate a man of their own colour for that position, saying that he was only too glad to serve them. Whereupon he nominated Cooke, a Norfolk negro. In Frazier's nominating speech he said that if Cooke would only do his duty to the House—and he was sure that he would—as his people had done their duty to their party, the House would have reason to accept congratulations. True, he said, Cooke had lost no leg nor arm in the Confederate service; but no doubt he had built breastworks.

The Debtpayers nominated Sullivan, who for ten years had been the efficient door-keeper of the House, and they appealed to the delegates not to turn out of office this tried servant, a one-legged former Stonewall Confederate soldier, and elect a strapping negro in his place merely because the old man believed that the commonwealth should try to pay her debt. Their prayers were not heard. The young negro buck, Cooke, was elected chief door-keeper.

The election of the second door-keeper came up in the House the same day, after Cooke was elected. The gallant Cottrell, a Democrat, whose empty sleeve was a token of his devotion to Virginia, was turned out of office, on motion of a negro delegate. A negro took his place.

General William H. Payne, in a speech that he made in Warrenton, in March, 1880, said, in part:

No man was elected to a judgeship who was not expected to use the patronage of his office to build up the new party; and from such applicants for positions as were doubtful on this point, they exacted pledges to that effect, as is shown by the following extract from a letter of January 13, 1880, from Mr. Farr, of Fairfax, to Judge Stewart, of Alexandria:

“In the discharge of your functions as judge on all questions you will, of course, be untrammelled; but in the distribution of the patronage controlled by you, you will be expected to bestow it on your Readjuster friends, and to give them preference, unless it is shown that they are unfit and unqualified for the place. These concessions are now essential to your success; with them I think your claims bright, without them slim.”

Judge Stewart declined the judicial position coupled with conditions, and was promptly superseded by A. W. Chilton. The negro voted with the white Readjusters upon all these nominations, and his reason for this course will be found in an extract from the address of the fourteen negro legislators to men of their own race, published in their particular organ, and re-published in the *Whig*, the organ of white Readjusters, of the 18th inst., which reads:

“When it is found out that by our action the whole machinery of the State has been changed, officers of various departments, judges nearly by the hundreds, who were placed in power particularly to trample upon and beat out the rights of the negro; when it is known that these things have been done and men elected, pledged, and in many instances have already shown that they intend to give the negro a citizen’s rights; when all this, with the change of public opinion that is being accomplished, is known by others as it is felt and appreciated by the coloured people from one end of this State to the other, we shall not fear the verdict.”

Now what are the rights to which this address darkly



hints? As disclosed by the resolution of a public meeting of negro voters in Alexandria, and addressed to the new and liberal party in the legislature, they are mixed marriages, mixed juries, the right to vote without paying a head tax, and so forth.

The negro, discovering before the legislature convened that he had taken an adder to his bosom, became virtuous. Instead of repudiating the debt of forty-seven millions, he first advocated its payment, then the payment of more than thirty-three millions of it, while many of his white Eliminator friends were in favour of repudiating the debt as a whole. A few white Readjusters advocated the payment of amounts that varied between a few dollars and nearly twenty million dollars; but each white Readjuster as he suggested the payment of any part of the debt winked his eye, slowly, deliberately. All knew that he had his reasons.

Treat us fairly, said the negroes, or you will not get the debt repudiated. Its payment will not come out of the negro anyway, remember. Treat us fairly: give us white wives!

Mr. Dandridge, a Debtpayer, of Winchester, when the miscegenation bill was under discussion, said that it had been whispered about the Chamber that the negroes were to have miscegenation in exchange for their votes for repudiation. Undoubtedly the Readjusters promised negroes marriage with whites in exchange for negro support of bills that had been offered, and that were to be offered, by white Readjusters. But they never kept their promise. The Riddleberger measure to repudiate more than one-half the public debt was passed before a

vote was taken on the miscegenation bill. The negro had been used.

When the miscegenation bill did come up, Mr. Moffet (Readjuster) moved its dismissal. A negro (Paige, of Norfolk) spoke in opposition to the motion, saying that he did not wish to be offensive to his white colleagues, so he would merely say that the prejudices of whites were too strong as yet to favour intermarriage, that those prejudices ere long would vanish, that he wished to assure his colleagues that as yet none but weak negro men and weak and depraved white women wished to marry those of the opposite race. Paige, no doubt, regarded Frederick Douglass as a weak negro man, for Douglass relieved the white man of one of his burdens.

The bill was dismissed by a vote of seventy-one to ten. Every white man and two negroes voted to dismiss the bill: ten negroes voted to sustain the measure.

In due course a bill to repudiate more than one-half of the public debt was introduced by H. H. Riddleberger, a Readjuster, of Shenandoah, who was later elected to the Senate of the United States. The measure was entitled "A Bill to Reëstablish the Public Credit." The title of that bill was representative of Repudiator jocularly. Why pay any part of the debt?—is it not just as easy to refuse to pay any of it as it is to eliminate merely a part? Those were questions addressed to Riddleberger. That statesman slowly winked his eye.

Said the Reverend and Honourable John E. Massey, in his *Autobiography*:

When Virginia was admitted into the Union on the

26th day of January, 1870, she entered it as an entirely new State. She was not the same in her territorial limits, her citizenship, nor her organic law as Virginia of 1861. Under these circumstances I cannot believe she was under any legal or moral obligation to pay the debt of the old State, or ought ever to have assumed it. . . . How far the public debts of one generation bind the lands or property of the succeeding generation, under any circumstances, is a question worthy of serious consideration.

Parson Massey, who professed to be the father of readjustment, denied that he was a repudiator, a name that he found odious. But slowly he would wink his eye.

The Riddleberger bill contained many preambles, one of which was as follows: "Whereas. . . . The principal of the debt recognised by the act approved March 30, 1871, computed to the first of July following, and taken as the debt of the State before the creation of West Virginia, was \$47,718,112.23"; and then the Repudiators proceeded to eliminate, until a "whereas" was reached which said: "The equitable adjustment of the public debt of the State as determined by the application of the facts and principles aforesaid, fixed the aggregate thereof at \$19,165,176." That bill, which passed the legislature by a large majority, was sent to the governor for his signature. He returned it unsigned.

The next legislature passed the bill, the next governor signed it, and it became the law of the land.

The New York *Tribune*, soon after the bill was returned, reported the Readjusters as saying: "'You refused to consent to repudiate a part of the debt;

we will go to work now and wipe out the whole.' They say they will go to the people next year with the issue of total repudiation, and will win it."

One of the Langhorne tribe, a white woman named Orra Langhorne, petitioned the legislature to grant women the right of suffrage.

Everybody knew that anything could be got from the legislature for the price. But legislators were unable to make fraudulent laws, and Eliminator judges did not have the opportunity to construe Repudiator enactments—except those laws that were passed over vetoes. The governor was honest.

The Readjusters had many opportunities to increase their personal fortunes. Bonds of the commonwealth that amounted to nearly fifty million dollars, with coupons aggregating nearly one hundred and twenty millions, receivable at and after maturity in payment of all taxes, debts, dues, and moneys payable to the commonwealth, were kept in wooden boxes in the office of treasurer of the state, in the Capitol building. They were negotiable. They could be eliminated by any thief, but the thief could not be caught by the aid of records in the archives of the commonwealth. There were no records of the bonds and the coupons by which they could be identified. The plates from which those bonds and coupons had been printed were still in the possession of the printers, and more could have been printed, and uttered. Maybe they were. A clerk was indicted, tried, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for stealing some of those bonds and coupons; but no prominent Readjuster suffered like punishment; yet Repudiators went into the treasurer's office every day, and their pockets bulged as they came out.

Those bonds and coupons were stolen by Eliminators in lots of tens of thousands of dollars' worth, as was commonly reported throughout Virginia at the time.

Gentle reader, your narrators have told you that in time Democrats, alias Readjusters, alias Repudiators, alias Eliminators, again called themselves Democrats.

Claude A. Swanson, while governor of Virginia, made a speech during the political campaign of the fall of 1909 in which he advocated the election of the Democratic candidate for governor, a person named Mann, the Mann that was elected judge by the legislature that turned out of office Sullivan, the one-legged former Confederate veteran door-keeper of the House, and elected a strapping young negro in his stead—Mann, at present governor of Virginia.

The speech was printed and widely circulated as a campaign document by the Democratic party, and was printed in nearly all the important newspapers in Virginia. Your narrators will quote from the document, which bears the following title: "Reviewing the Record of the Democratic Party of Virginia: Speech of Governor Claude A. Swanson at Surry Court House, September 19, 1909."

The Republican candidate for governor, in his opening address, says that the Democratic party has been in control of the affairs of Virginia for the last twenty-five years, and he vaguely assails the record made within that time, demanding a change for that reason. The Democratic party gladly accepts the challenge thus made and is willing for the voters of this State to pass judgment upon it by its achievements for the past twenty-five years. It invites a most rigid comparison of this long record with

that made by the Republican party during the few years it had control of this State.

One is disposed to regret that Mr. Swanson had so much to say in praise of his party, now named Democratic, and so little to say against his old alias Repudiator predecessor.

Let us measure the record of the Democratic party in this State by this final test and see whether it is worthy of the people's condemnation. During all these years of power in Virginia, there has been but one small defalcation and that was occasioned by the forgeries of a clerk in the Auditor's office by the name of Shepherd, who, when detected, was immediately arrested and sent to the penitentiary. No effort was made to shield him or to cover up the fraud. During these twenty-five years the Democratic party has collected and distributed about ninety millions of dollars of public money and this is the only defalcation that the severest enemy of the party can point to. The government of no city or State in this Union can point to a record superior to this one, so free from scandal, corruption and graft.

What a contrast do these long years of purity in administration present to the few years of Republican rule in this State. During these few years we saw public officials shamelessly abusing their power and using their offices for self-enrichment. We saw contracts legally entered into cancelled and awarded to others at greater expense to the state, in order to pay for political campaign contributors. We saw the State sustaining heavy losses of public money by deposits made in insolvent banks, which were extending pecuniary favours to those in power. We saw all the public institutions of the State run either for the pecuniary benefit or political advancement of those in control. We witnessed the attempt at infamous legislation, which was only defeated by the rebellion of four

State Senators, which, if enacted, would have created in this State innumerable offices, not to be elected by the people, but controlled by those in power, and which would have practically put the entire transportation and business interests under the will and caprices of political partisans and plunderers. We saw an effort made, which was only defeated in a similar manner, to vacate the circuit judges of this State and put the entire judiciary under partisan and political control. We witnessed offices held and administered by inefficient and impertinent negroes. We were even cursed with negro school officials. We saw the finances of the State demoralised and disorganised for political purposes.

And now, gentle reader, hold your breath and listen, or you may not be able to tell the nature of the beast that is covered by this Democratic ass's skin. The Democratic ass of Virginia has grown during the last past quarter of a century, but in stature (as measured by the tape corruption) is not yet quite so large as his Virginian Republican elephant messmate, who alone devours the federal office part of the mess.

My fellow-citizens, while honesty and integrity are indispensable, yet the possession of these alone do not entitle either an individual or party to position of responsibility or power. These splendid traits must also be accompanied by wisdom and ability. It is only a union of these that will give us the best results of government. Thus, though the Democratic party has a record of twenty-five years of unstained honesty, yet if it has not displayed in these long years of rule, ability and wisdom in the administration of affairs, it is not entitled to a continuance in power.

Let us first determine how it has managed the finances



of this State. The Republican party had obtained power under a promise to settle the State debt and extricate the State from financial distress and disorder. This was sought to be accomplished by the enactment of the Riddleberger Bill, which proved a failure. The Democratic party appointed a commission to confer with the creditors and finally reached an amicable agreement with all the creditors of Virginia. This settlement made by the Democratic party is far more favourable to the State than the Riddleberger Act, which a large majority of the creditors refused to accept.

The Second Auditor of this State has furnished me a comparative statement between the Riddleberger Act and the Democratic settlement. This statement shows that if the \$9,289,067.17 funded under the Riddleberger Bill had been funded under the Democratic settlement, the State would have saved \$2,952,678.90. This statement further shows that the State saved, by funding the residue of the public debt under the Democratic settlement, instead of the Republican Riddleberger Bill, \$7,339,095.00. Thus the Democratic settlement was more favourable to the State than the Riddleberger settlement by \$10,291,773.90. This furnishes a splendid testimonial to the character and capacity of the Democratic party of Virginia. It has kept its promises to the bondholders—the interest upon the public debt has been promptly paid. Not only has the interest been paid, but the State has purchased and either cancelled or has under control of its Sinking Fund Commission, \$4,838,065 of the principal of this bonded indebtedness.

At least honest Virginians are glad to be told that Repudiators now calling themselves Democrats, having eliminated more than ten million dollars more of the debt than they were willing to eliminate while they called themselves Readjusters—or Repudiators

—or Eliminators—have paid the interest and a part of the principal of a new bonded indebtedness. And what a huge sum has been paid during the twenty-five years of “honest” Democratic rule—nearly five million dollars!

This State’s debt was settled with the concurrence of the creditors, and thus Virginia has the proud distinction of being saved from the stain of repudiation. The settlement has been so beneficial to the State that no one has been bold enough to antagonise the settlement or challenge the wisdom of the Democratic party in making it.

Virginians, is this man Swanson to be John W. Daniel’s successor in the United States Senate?

And Mann, governor of Virginia in this year of our Lord, 1910, who says that he is a Democrat?

Your narrators will quote from two letters that Mann wrote to General William Mahone, photographs of which were printed in the *Richmond Evening Journal*, July 12, 1909. Says that newspaper of that date:

The first letter shows that Judge Mann was consulting privately with the Republican boss of Nottoway county, and with the negro, Archer Scott, Readjuster-Republican member of the legislature from Nottoway, in the interest of General Mahone; that through General Stith Bolling, at present Republican postmaster of Petersburg, Judge Mann knew the ambitious plans of General Mahone, including a desire and purpose to go to the United States Senate; and that Judge Mann cordially supported this ambition and assured General Mahone that he would gladly help to advance the cause.

That letter in full is as follows:

Nottoway C. H., Va., Nov. 28, 1879.

General William Mahone:

Dear Sir,—I intended going to your house on Thursday and again on Friday night, but on each occasion had company and was so deprived of the pleasure of seeing you during my short stay in the city. I did see and have a talk with General Bolling, and know something of your plans from him, and write now to say that while much preferring that you should be our Governor, I shall nevertheless rejoice in your election to the Senate of the United States, to which position I have no doubt you will be speedily chosen by the legislature about to assemble.

I talked with H. H. L. Dyson of this county, and Archer Scott, our representative previous to the election, and found them most favourably inclined to you personally. And on Thursday morning last I again saw Dyson, who is at the head and front of the Republican party in this county, and who elected both Scott and Williams, and he thought they would both support you. This, however, is no news, because Dyson told me he had seen you. If I can be of any service to you in this section it will be cheerfully rendered.

Most respectfully and truly,

W. H. MANN.

The day that the Readjuster legislature elected Mann the newly elected jurist effusively thanked General Mahone for his efforts in his behalf. That letter in part is as follows:

Nottoway Co. Ho., Jan. 20, 1880.

General William Mahone:

Dear Sir,—Please accept my sincere thanks for your kindness during the recent canvass for the judgeship of this county. With no political claims to the position, I

could only rely on your personal friendship. And on that account I more highly appreciate and value my success.

\* \* \* \* \*

With best wishes for your future happiness and success, to which I shall be glad to contribute, I remain,

Most respectfully and truly yours,

W. H. MANN.

Candidate Mann defended his Democratic principles in a letter that he sent to the Virginian newspapers a few days after his letters to General Mahone were published. After defending the Readjuster moral code, he said:

General Mahone has been in his grave fourteen years. When, after a stormy career in war and peace, he was laid to rest on the banks of the Appomattox, the voice of political controversy ceased, the aspersions of the past were forgotten, and the generous people of Virginia remembered only his valiant service to them on countless fields of battle, and in the days of reconstruction, when their civilisation was imperilled.

Now, at a distance of thirty years from the event, a political candidate, hard pressed for means by which to elevate himself to office, has seen fit to disturb his repose and renew above his grave unseemly strife over questions long since settled and forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

The efforts of my adversaries simply proved the straits in which they find themselves, and their frantic and impotent efforts are in line with the other methods resorted to in the conduct of a campaign which should at least be in accordance with the proprieties.

His explanation satisfied many more than half the people of Virginia, who elected him governor.

Democrats offered Democrats their choice: a fool, or a—Mann. Again the voice of the people was heard. Maybe that voice for once was right.

And you, England, from whose womb our mother sprang, shall you too hear the voice of the people?

Aye, in this year of grace 1910 England hears that voice. Is it too late, O my mother? Shall you die? Is there yet time in which to save your life? O my brothers, do not mistake the voice of the people for the voice of God! Come to our mother's rescue—to the rescue of civilisation!

Already your literature has been seized by your peasants.

The London correspondent of *The Argonaut*, of San Francisco, one of the few great magazines of literary criticism published in North America, in Vol. LXV, No. 1704, says:

Gwendolen therefore does her hour's piano practice, perfunctorily dusts the drawing-room, and then sits at the feet of the modern novelist and is convinced that the marriage ceremony is really of no importance, that it has no relation to virtue or its opposite, that passion is the greatest fact in life, and that there is no reason why those who have been guilty of the gravest irregularities should not, after all, be "happy ever after." Gwendolen absorbs it all readily enough. Having a fair amount of original sin in her composition, she even likes it. She does not know that the pillars of church and state are reeling as she reads and that she is directly inviting that bugbear, Socialism, to her chaste bosom. Such books are being read by thousands all over England in sedate and conventional homes because from the literary point of view they are almost the only novels that are worth reading.

Four such books lie on the table before me, and their juxtaposition is a matter of chance and not of design. They arrived within a few days of each other, and although their style is as wide as the poles apart they all seem to be written from very much the same text. Of course H. G. Wells comes first, and as an author he is irresistible. Every one reads him, rich and poor alike, radical and conservative. In his *Ann Veronica* he pictures for us the modern young girl, restless, inquisitive, hating restraint and full of vague ideas of freedom and sex equality. Why, she asks herself, has nature given her the tendency to fall in love if that tendency is to be thwarted or checkmated merely because the object of her devotion has performed a certain ceremony in the presence of a parson and with a woman who has now left him? Whence does that ceremony derive its power to keep lovers apart and what right has it to starve her love inclinations or even those physical functions that have been carefully unveiled in her science classes? *Ann Veronica's* apprenticeship to the world is a perpetual and staring Why? And no answer being forthcoming, the restraints of convention having apparently nothing to say for themselves, there being no audible voice from Sinai or pillars of fire or of cloud to guide her steps, she acts as though they did not exist. After a candid conversation with her lover, physiological and otherwise—and Mr. Wells does admit that *Ann Veronica* blushed once, but only once,—she practically asks her lover if she may live with him, and as she is a particularly pretty girl he graciously says that she may.

So peasants tell us about peasants. The other three books referred to are *Anne Page*, by Netta Syrett; *When a Woman Woos*, by Charles Marriott, and *Germaine*, by H. G. Rowland. In the closing paragraph the correspondent says: "We may surely ask with apprehension what these things

mean and if the conventional gods of morality have really been cast to the ground in England as well as the gods of property and vested interests."

In London, *The Spectator*, No. 4247, commenting on *Ann Veronica*, says:

Again, we should not dream of denouncing a book as likely to poison the minds of men and women merely because it was coarse in language, or dealt plainly, or even brutally, with the facts of human life. Between such books and a book like *Ann Veronica* there is a gulf deep and wide. *Ann Veronica* has not a coarse word in it, nor are the "suggestive" passages open to any very severe criticism. The loathing and indignation which the book inspires in us are due to the effect it is likely to have in undermining that sense of continence and self-control in the individual which is essential to a sound and healthy state. The book is based on the negation of woman's purity and of man's good faith in the relations of sex. It teaches, in effect, that there is no such thing as woman's honour, or if there is, it is only to be a bulwark against a weak temptation. When the temptation is strong enough not only is the tempted person justified in yielding, but such yielding becomes not merely inevitable but something to be welcomed and glorified. If an animal yearning for lust is only sufficiently absorbing, it is to be obeyed. Self-sacrifice is a dream and self-restraint a delusion. Such things have no place in the muddy world of Mr. Wells' imaginings. His is a community of scuffling stoats and ferrets, unenlightened by a ray of duty or abnegation.

In this year of grace 1910 Maurice Hewlett rushes to the rescue of his poor oppressed peasant brothers. Your narrators quote from the London correspondent of the *New York Times*, published in the *New York Times* on January 4, 1910:



Maurice Hewlett, the novelist, has entered the election fight with a two-column manifesto addressed to the "Workingmen of England," in which, describing himself as "one of yourselves, gaining my livelihood by the work of my head and hands," he reminds the workers that they form the overwhelming majority of the electorate and can gain everything they want by two strokes of the pencil in the polling booth.

Mr. Hewlett proceeds to declare that he belongs to no party, but intends to vote for a Liberal or a Labourite, because, "first, 'the House of Lords is a preposterous assembly which has become dangerous to the State and must be abolished in favour of an elected body; second, because tariff reform is the hopeless policy of reaction, whose advocacy by Conservatives is due to wishy washy sentimentalism and vile self-interest in equal parts."

Here Mr. Hewlett declares that the monstrous expenditure for armaments has been maintained solely in the interest of the wealthy classes, "but for whom," he adds, "wars would cease," and strongly denounces the attempt to stir up strife with Germany.

When the books of a nation are written by peasants and read by gentlemen as well as by peasants that nation is doomed.

O my mother, the people are tearing at your vitals even now! Look upon your bleeding daughter, then take out your rod, the sceptre that God has given to you, and chastise those peasants that He has placed in your charge. Your responsibilities may not be shirked.

What, Britons! will you see Britain die? Will you see her institutions, one after another, fall into the hands of those who would betray her? O my brothers, this shall not be!

## CHAPTER TWELVE

“**J**AMES P.,—Senator Rice, I means,—you turn over an’ you keeps your eyes open till I gets through talkin’. What did you sell your sto’ for, I want to know? What did you run to the Senate for, I want to know? What did you take this mansion in Richmond for, right in fashionable East Franklin Street, right among the big-bugs, I want to know? Wake up, James P.,—Senator Rice,—wake up, an’ keep your eyes wide open! You done them things because you an’ me an’ ourn is jest as good as anybody else, an’ a good deal better’n them frazzled aristocrats as ain’t got no mansions no mo’, jest big-soundin’ names.”

“For Gawd’s sake, woman, shet up! I want to go to sleep. Shet up!—I ain’t hearn nothin’ outen you since I got ’lected exceptin’ s’ciety. I don’t make no heads or tails outen what you’re after no-how.”

“You know what I’m after well enough, because we’re both chasin’ the same *ignus facuous*, as Mrs. Tanner’s man says; an’ I seen as how you is chasin’ after that thing as fast as me.”

“Now, maw, you certainly is gettin’ s’ciety—s’ciety by the yard, s’ciety by the hank, s’ciety by——”

“James P.,—Senator Rice,—drop the sto’ outen your conversation. I don’t want no sto’ ways about you. They ain’t becomin’ a senator.”

“You had a stand at the bazaar; you was at

the governor's reception come inauguration day, all dressed out better'n any woman there; you was at the the-a-tre Friday gone, jeopardisin' your 'mortal soul. But you would go, 'spite of what I said, 'lowin' as you was a 'Piskelopian. If a Baptist goes to the the-a-tre, he goes to hell; an' seems to me as how a 'Piskelopian is made outen the same dirt as a Baptist—ef they ain't as clean, washed by the blood of the Lamb,—by the waters of baptism. You gets s'ciety 'nuff, maw; so let me go to sleep."

"S'ciety, indeed! Bazaarin', receptionin', the-a-tre-in'—them ain't no s'ciety. What we needs is to give some mighty swell social functions,—that's what Mrs. Tanner calls them things, big receptions an' the likes. Then we'll get asked about by the big-bugs—sech folks as the Braxtons—an' the Taliaferros—an' the Beverleys—an' the Daingerfields. You give me the money, James P.,—Senator Rice, I means,—an' we'll catch that *ignus facuous* thing."

The Rice "social function," which was held the latter part of February, began at four o'clock in the afternoon and lasted until long after midnight. Miss Amanda Burgess and Miss Maiabelle Berry came over from Petersburg. General Murphy gallantly escorted them to the Rice mansion, which he entered as an honoured guest. Dr. Reginald Launcelot (in mood now gay, now sad) brought with him his bride, formerly Miss La Salle Saunders. She seemed to be ten years older than she was the day before her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Stover were among the Eliminators in Richmond that craved social advancement. No; Mr. Stover had sought money, which he had found, and Mrs. Stover had

entered Repudiator society. The smith and his ambitious spouse reached the East Franklin Street mansion promptly at four.

In the list of guests that was published in the *Whig* the day after the social function were the following names of real persons: Captain James Spotswood Temple, Miss Gladys Lancaster, Professor George Washington Lafayette Simpson and Mrs. Rice-Simpson, Mr. Roger Williams Stokes and Mrs. Rice-Stokes, Honourable Thomas T. Fletcher, Mrs. Fletcher, the Misses Fletcher, Secretary of the Commonwealth Jerry W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Judge Samuel A. Tanner, Mrs. Tanner, Mr. Samuel A. Tanner, Junior; Professor Josiah Matthews Dodd, and Mr. Justice-elect Samuel Kelly. The list, which was long, contained the names of all the conspicuous Repudiator statesmen in Richmond, in office and out, their wives, their sons, and their daughters. Good Mrs. Rice, assisted by the young doctor of philosophy, prepared the list for publication. Personally she delivered the manuscript thereof to the society editor of the *Eliminator* newspaper.

The list also contained many fictitious names, cleverly combined by Mrs. Rice and the doctor, a few of them being as follows: General Tazewell Waller Crump, Mrs. Crump, Mr. Pelham Mason Crump, Miss Genevieve Leonora Crump, Colonel Berkeley Hunter Fitzhugh Moncure, Mrs. Moncure, Miss Gwendoline Cholmondeley Moncure, Sir Arthur Howard Peyson, Lady Peyson, Honourable Patricia Peyson, of London, England—friends of Senator and Mrs. Rice, *en route* from New Orleans to New York.

The fictitious names were scattered through the

list about ten names apart. The names of real persons began with that of the man believed by Mrs. Rice to be of the greatest social importance, Captain James Spotswood Temple, and ended with that of the man that Mrs. Rice thought of the least social consequence, Mr. Andy Stover. The other names of real persons appeared in the sequence of their social worth. Mrs. Rice did not wish to enter the name Stover in the list; but Mr. Rice was insistent, saying that he liked Richmond well enough, and proposed to return for another term. A statesman, he said, had to make social sacrifices. Mrs. Rice repeated his words to her gossips in extenuation of her outrageous social behaviour.

Captain Temple had not seen Miss Dorothea Annabel since the night of the bazaar. She had written to him since, and he could have read between the lines—had he not been singularly free from guile and incapable of searching for a hidden meaning—that she did not love Mr. Stokes, that she did love Temple. The letter was one that any modest maiden might have written. Temple had replied briefly. Ah, why could he not see! But he had not seen. In effect he had said good-bye. But Stokes had married since then. Now Temple could marry her. To-night he would ask her to marry him, she felt sure. She sang off and on throughout the day—merry college songs. Night and Temple?—would they never come?

How should she reply to him? Again and again she mentally rehearsed the scene that was to take place between them. She would say, "Yes, James, I love you." Then she would bury her face on his

left shoulder; slowly her arm would steal about his neck, and soon she would lift her face, gradually, hesitatingly, until her eyes would meet his. Then she would let her face sink slowly back upon his left shoulder, and in passing his ear she would faintly whisper, "I love you, James, I—I—I love you!" And what a wife she would be to this man! Every minute of her life would be devoted to him; she would be his handmaid as well as his wife; she would live only for him so long as she should live.

Not until nine o'clock did the scene between James Temple and Dorothea Annabel take place. It might have occurred earlier.

"Have you seen Eugenie Victoria and her husband, Captain Temple? Mr. Stokes seems to be just too happy for anything; and Eugenie Victoria—never was there a bride so radiant!"

"That man has ruined my life."

"Ruined your life?"

"Yes, Dorothea Annabel,—I suppose I should not call you Dorothea Annabel any longer, but Miss Rice,—that man has wrecked my life."

"I do not understand! Wrecked your life?"

"Yes. I loved you; I love you now; I thought you loved Mr. Stokes; I was sure that you loved him. My heart was broken. I never would love again. . . . But I owed a duty to society. Then, too, for the remainder of my life I did not care. . . . Then I gave my life to a woman. I told her that I had no heart to give; but she told me that she loved me; that she would take my heart as it was; that she would try to bring happiness into my life. And I—I did not care. . . . Now you

are free; now I am bound; now my heart is broken; now my life is wrecked!"

Her bosom heaved; unconsciously she gasped; she felt faint; she clutched the back of a chair for support with her left hand; her nails were sunk deep into the flesh of her right hand; for more than a minute she was unable to speak. When she did find her voice her tones did not seem to be her own.

"Lelia Braxton—Lelia—Miss Braxton—is she the woman?"

"Yes."

James Temple, his head bowed low in the grief of despair, left Dorothea Annabel. Soon he left the house. Dorothea Annabel stood like a statue for ten minutes, then went to her room.

The tragedy of Dorothea Annabel was that of the girl who is educated beyond her class. Thus thousands of young girls yearly are educated in Virginia—to lead lives of celibacy. Dorothea Annabel would not marry a Stokes; a Temple would not marry a Dorothea Annabel.

Let us lift the veil of time, gentle reader. Dorothea Annabel's fate was embroidered in countless stitches—in fancy work. Hers a lonely life in the country; by a fireside in winter, out on the verandah in summer. Hers a single joy; she embroidered dainty clothes to adorn the inferior little bodies of two generations of the progeny of the new houses of Saunders-Rice, Rice-Simpson, and Rice-Stokes. The time came when she had none of the education that she had acquired at Mrs. Stuart's school, and when her culture was no greater than that of Mrs. Rice-Stokes, and not nearly so great as that of Mrs. Rice-Simpson.



Ah, Dorothea Annabel, that we must leave you to such a fate!

And Temple?

He never married a gentlewoman. No Virginian gentlewoman would marry him. But he did marry; and ten thousand times ten thousand times did he wish that he had married Dorothea Annabel, his little Dolly.

He had called to see Lelia Braxton a few days after the election. William had met him at the door; and slowly, with the utmost deliberation, the old butler had closed the door in his face. And William had lied before he had closed the door, for he had said, "By order ob de young Missus, suh!" Captain Temple had believed that lie to be truth, for William's dignity had been the embodiment of solemnity.

Captain Temple never became governor of Virginia; but in time he was nominated for that office by his Repudiator friends. He served one term in Congress. He never became president of the United States; but he took pride in saying that he was the intimate friend of presidents—one of whom denied him thrice. After a while he left Virginia.

"For the land's sakes, James P.,—Senator Rice, I means,—mix them gent'men up with the ladies,—no lady ain't had no gent'man talkin' to her since the social function begun. They jest hangs around the smokin'-room like they was afraid the ladies would bite them."

There were all sorts of rooms in the East Franklin Street mansion. Among them were the smoking-

room, the music-room, my lady's dressing-room, the statesman's den, Dorothea Annabel's boudoir, the nursery. Mr. Rice went to the smoking-room, but he was too wise a man to suggest that the gentlemen assembled there should join the ladies. He did propose another round of drinks—a proposal that was accepted by every man that was present as soon as it was made, except the senator-elect, whom Judge Tanner addressed as he sipped his long old-fashioned toddy.

“Murphy, what think you; will the governor veto Riddleberger's bill?”

“I think not, Judge Tanner.”

“Come, come, Murphy; you know better! Harrison'll have that bill jailed befo' ten minutes is gone from the time that he gets hold of it.”

Mr. Justice-elect of the Supreme Court of Appeals Sam Kelly replied to the Eastern Shore jurist.

“S'posin' he does, Tanner, Murphy'll get out a writ of *habeas corpus*, an' soon that bill will be a law quicker'n you kin say Jack Robinson.”

“You gents as is learned in the law ain't makin' yourselves plain to me,” said Professor Dodd, speaking as if he knew the law—as he knew everything else on earth and in heaven.

“Then, for the benefit of you lay gents,” Mr. Justice-elect Kelly said, “I'll say as how my l'arned friend here, Mr. Justice Tanner, meant as how Harrison would veto the bill; and I meant as how Murphy, our illustrious leader, would bring that bill afo' the legislature ag'in, and as how he'd make a law outen it 'spite of our fool governor.”

“I told you so, Murphy,” said the Eastern Shore jurist; “Temple's the man, Temple's the man, I

said. And so said Timothy Murphy; but John Harrison's got the job."

The orator from Salem, now secretary of the commonwealth, Mr. Jerry W. Brown, then filed an intervenor.

"Sirs, the governor will not veto that measure—an enactment most wise! Why?—I ask you why? Because never has there been a governor of Virginia who did not expect to be a senator of the United States. Treason! That will be our cry when treason is committed in the name of morality—the John Harrison type of morality. Odious treason!"

Mr. Stover raised his heavy head; his eyes were wild; he gesticulated violently.

"Treason—treason—treason—treason! I'll cut off the head o' treason! Cut off his head, I says, an' then the left-tenant governor he'll sign laws er-comin' an' er-goin', tell every honest man's got his fill! I'll cut off his head—I'll cut off his head! Kill him! I'll kill him—kill him—kill him—kill him——!"

When he had taken another drink, Mr. Stover lapsed into the silence of sleep—no; Mr. Stover's sleep never was silent.

After a painful pause in the discussion, Mr. Fletcher, who had read the mind of every gentleman present who was not asleep, thought aloud.

"This here talk don't set well on my stomach. I've heard a lot about 'sas-sinatin' the governor; but I say there ain't no morals in passin' laws that way. He ain't vetoed the Riddleberger bill noways. Give him a chance, says I."

"Kill him—kill him—kill him—I'll kill him—I'll——!"

Again Mr. Stover had raised his sleepy head. Again he took a drink.

The last to arrive, Miss Lancaster, who came alone, had not been expected. Mrs. Rice trembled in her joy as she saw her. More than one of her guests trembled.

"For the land's sakes, if it ain't Miss Lancaster! I certainly is glad to see you! Miss Maiabelle Berry, shake hands with Miss Gladys Lancaster."

"Why, Maiabelle!"

"Why, Gladys!"

Miss Berry had been at Mrs. Stuart's school while Miss Lancaster was there. The two young ladies had not met since, notwithstanding Miss Berry's visit to Warrenton, although they had been bosom friends. They had not even met at the bazaar; yet they had seen each other—and had not seen each other. Arm in arm they retired to a corner of the room, where they could talk a while without interruption.

"Why, you dear old Maiabelle! My, but you *are* good for hungry eyes!"

"And you, Gladys,—you are to be married soon, I hear!"

"Yes, indeed; to the handsomest man in all Virginia. *Everybody* says he's the catch of the state."

"I thought Mr. Taliaferro was thought to be the most desirable young man in the state?"

"I would be the last person in the world to say one word against Dick Taliaferro, as everybody knows; still, there's no denying that he *has* serious—faults. I chose Mr. Dabney. You may have Mr. Taliaferro—if you want him."

"I do not wish to marry yet."

Miss Maiabelle was a wise girl for one of her age. She did not expect to marry soon or late.

"Maiabelle Berry, you *must* come around to the Exchange and Ballard to see my trousseau. Everything's just too pretty for anything! And my presents? I've enough already to make the old Dabney home look new inside. But where's Dorothea Annabel?"

"She has a headache; so she went to her room an hour ago."

"I'm going to walk myself right up there and comfort her. Poor dear Dorothea Annabel! I feel so sorry for her; so very, very sorry!"

"Why, what is the matter with her?"

*"L'amour et la fumée ne peuvent se cacher."*

With that Miss Lancaster made her way to Miss Rice's room.

As General Timothy Murphy walked toward his home—his room over the saloon, filled with the voice of the people—he thought of his strange bedfellow, Destiny. As he thought he rendered an accounting to himself. He knew that John Harrison would veto the Riddleberger bill; and also he knew that the law of chance, a statute that he respected, provided that the legislature would sustain the veto by several votes. He could count exactly two-thirds of the members of the General Assembly as his followers; but he knew that some of them would not vote for the measure in the face of the governor's opposition. No, said the statute relating to chance, at least one man will be perverse.

"Suppose all my followers are faithful and ready

to disobey the law of chance?" the general asked himself. "Then I will tell one of my boys to vote the governor's way." Murphy was not ready to permit Virginia to repudiate her debt. He had bought her bonds in batches so low as eight cents on the dollar, as many Repudiators had done, and he knew how to make those bonds salable at par, or thereabout. Nor was he willing even to effect a settlement of the debt. That a debt which is never settled is never paid is beyond dispute. The debt and Murphy would die together—and Murphy was not ready to die. Harrison would die soon, and so would Jones and Temple, and so would every man that opposed Murphy. But he would live a while, and while alive he would live.

The hero of the Crater believed in the rule of assassination—Timothy Murphy the assassin. He would hold the office of senator of the United States, to which he had been elected. Already Virginia's master, he would beget a child which would spring from her virgin womb, a bastard, and then he would kill the mother of his babe; but Murphy would be young Virginia, and Murphy would live. Aye, already the babe was born; already Murphy had cut Virginia's throat. As he walked toward his room he thought that he could almost hear the sound of Virginia's blood as it trickled out of her body and fell to the ground.

But where? asked Murphy of himself, where are my thirty pieces of silver? The aristocracy? Now he was the aristocracy. The people? He despised the people. Yet, the voice of the people rang in his ears, the voice of the people was in his nose. He hated the people; he loathed the people; still, he

could hear no other sound than their voice. Bah! He knew, as he had known all along, that a man's kingdom is himself. Had he ruled his kingdom? At least he had killed his enemy; he had killed Virginia—he and his associates had killed Virginia, the Virginia who had told him that he should not invade her kingdom.

Conscience did not trouble Timothy Murphy. All along he had known how the battle would end. Great man that he was, knowing what other men had tried to learn, and died without learning, he knew Timothy Murphy; and again he thought that he knew all men and all things. And he did know all men and all things that came within the range of his vision. Yes, he had known: Murphy the peasant could not become Murphy the gentleman. But he would fight, although he would lose; as Daingerfield, the man that he personally admired above all other men, would fight, so Murphy would fight. He would stand by and watch the kingdom of his fancy disintegrate—as now he watched Virginia's bleeding body—with a smile on his face. Thus he would die.

He could hear Daingerfield's trumpet sounding above the voice of the people, calling to Virginia's sons, Come to your mother's rescue, Virginians yet unborn! I shall die; but you, men and women that are to come after me, fight for Virginia! She is not dead, she sleepeth! She will rise again! You, men and women that are yet unborn, fight for her! Fight for your country! Again she will take her place among the nations of the world, the fairest, the purest of them all!

Would Virginians yet unborn hear that cry?



Would they come to her rescue? Murphy knew that they would not. Virginia, the mother, he knew was dead. Not even her spirit would return to bless her posterity; but her progeny would rise in the soul of a new country, the United States of America, the vast republic that soon would be a monarchy. Yet Daingerfield's voice was raised above the bedlam of the people, the bedlam that was an incoherent uproar, thundering out his commands, and proclaiming to the world that the fight had just begun.

But oh, that stench of the people! It rang in his nose.

. . . . .

A few days after the election the Braxtons went to Richmond, that the judge might enter upon his last term as associate justice of the Supreme Court of Appeals, and opened their winter house in East Grace Street.

Colonel Daingerfield and Mrs. Daingerfield were in their Richmond home in East Franklin Street, a few blocks from the Braxton dwelling, ten days before Christmas. The old warrior would have no official duties, for the interests of his former constituents were in the keeping of Mr. Rice, his successor in the Senate; but he would fight, and the Debt-paying legislators should have the benefit of his counsel. Having decided to sell his Richmond home upon the adjournment of the legislature, he and his wife would live the rest of their days in Bannockburn, his ancestral home. But he would fight for Virginia so long as life was left to him.

Judge Braxton also would sell his Richmond home, and he and Mrs. Braxton would live quietly at

Morven for the remainder of their lives. And the judge would fight for Virginia until the end of his days—and study Homer.

The venerable physician, Mr. Carter, had taken his medicine case filled with calomel and quinine,—and, would you believe it, a small box of mustard!—and had gone to Richmond with the Daingerfields. He had a room in each house, Daingerfield's and Braxton's, and never knew of a morning whether he would sleep in East Franklin Street or in East Grace Street that night. Gladys Lancaster used to say that dear old Mr. Carter had a room in every house in Virginia. She was wrong. Every house in Virginia was Mr. Carter's home.

As General Dabney had been too feeble to leave Warrenton, Mr. Dabney spent more than half his time there, that he might take care of his father. The rest of his time he spent in Richmond, for he wished to be in the thick of the fight as well as to be near Gladys Lancaster. That young lady was staying at the Exchange and Ballard House with her father.

Those were busy days for Miss Lancaster—and busier days for Richmond's dressmakers to the fashionable.

The good angel of the Governor's Mansion, Miss Bolling, was as happy as she could be as the mistress of the home of John Harrison's son—which seldom was visited by Readjusters or by Debt-payers.

Not since the election had John Harrison seen Lelia Braxton; nor had he written to her since. In a burst of light he had seen Virginia's way. At that moment Timothy Murphy and John Jones and their kind had stood naked before him. What could he

do for Virginia? He would ask her creditors for mercy; they should make their own terms; but he would ask for the mercy of delay. The debt should be paid in full, if he could bring about its payment; but he would ask the creditors for a reasonable time in which the industries of the state might be developed. In any event, her minerals would be mined; her negroes would be forced to work; peasants, yeomen, every man of them, would be made to do his duty. He would veto every bill that would threaten Virginia's honour; and for four years, he thought, no new measure shall become a law to Virginia's injury.

He determined to cause bills to be introduced in the legislature, which he hoped would become laws, and which would induce foreign capitalists to invest their money in Virginia; and if the laws that he would propose should not be enacted, at least he would save his country from further dishonour. Then, having helped Virginia, having stood between her and ruin, even death, he would go to Lelia Braxton and say: I am not worthy; still I have come to ask you to be my wife, for Virginia's way, which is God's way, which is your way, is now my way.

And Lelia Braxton had understood his silence. She had known that John Harrison would find his way, and—she loved him.

One morning during the latter part of February Colonel Daingerfield called at the Braxton home, as he had done every morning since his arrival in Richmond, and found Lelia Braxton alone in the drawing-room.

"Lelia, my child, Mrs. Daingerfield and I are going to give you a ball next week."

"Oh, uncle, thank you, thank you, thank you! I will have a beautiful gown made for the occasion. Good-bye; I am going to tell mother."

Soon all Richmond knew that the Daingerfield ball was to be the most important entertainment of the season. Virginia was in danger, as she had never been; and this would be Virginia's danger ball, which would be attended by the gentry of all parts of the commonwealth. Judge Braxton had told his brother-in-law, jokingly, that he was glad the Morven ball had taken place first.

"Sir," the colonel had said, "a ball in Virginia is not a ball unless it be held in the country. The country is Virginia."

The colonel made preparations on a gigantic scale. The capacity of the commodious East Franklin Street residence would be taxed. Each one of his guests would be able to read his or her title to gentility clear, no matter how long the list of ancestral names. The colonel believed that those aristocrats that had sprung from the womb of the Revolution should be in his fields, not in his drawing-room. You would think so, too, gentle reader, were you to meet some of the members of that aristocracy, the Marshalls, the Prestons,—they are as the sands of an hourglass, and far too numerous to be mentioned here.

The Riddleberger bill passed the House and Senate, but was not delivered to the governor until half an hour before midnight, the day that it was passed, while he was at the ball, as presently we shall see.

Every one knew that the bill had passed, except the governor; but no one knew what disposition had been made of it. The governor will veto it!—the governor will sign it!—the governor will permit the bill to become a law without his signature! were exclamations that were whispered by the guests to one another; but nobody referred to the bill in the governor's presence. He had taken his veto, the noblest state paper ever penned by a governor of Virginia, in his pocket with him. He had worn it for more than a week.

“As we are to be married day after to-morrow, Gladys, I think that you should not have come to the ball.”

“You are ashamed—*ashamed* to marry me!”

“No, dear, I love you; I love you even while I am angry with you.”

“You are angry with me all the time.”

“I love you all the time; and for that reason I do not wish you to be the subject of unkind remarks. You know that a Virginian girl does not go out of her home (and there sees only her closest friends) during the week or ten days before her marriage.”

“See here, Cary Gordon Dabney, old Virginia is dead: *Nous avons changé tout ça*; peace be to her ashes; there's a young Virginia, who is going to be a greater Virginia than her mother!”

Miss Lancaster imitated her lover as she continued.

“A nation is like unto a man: born of the dust, in barbarism, unto that dust she shall return through barbarism—through barbarism brought about by

vice! Good, good, good! That's the way you'd say it, isn't it, Cary? Your very voice; your very words; this foot that way, this arm that way; coat buttoned up this way, hand tucked in that way!"

"Virginia is immortal; she can not die; but she can suffer, and there are those that would betray her. Vice in a nation is like dissipation in a man. Old age, followed by death, is the sum of their iniquities. Never shall Virginia be a part of the American nation while I live."

"There's no Virginia, Cary,—except young Virginia, Murphy's Virginia; and the young thing is already a part of the American nation—the country that was founded by Marshall and nursed by Lincoln, as you say."

She was serious. Gladys Lancaster knew how to be serious, and never was there a time when Cary Dabney did not trust her vision as he did not trust his logic; for he knew that the philosophies are not to be found in books, nor acquired through study of men. The divine fire of genius is not transferable from one mind to another.

"Now I'm going over to ole Miss Bolling to talk to her about my clothes. Won't she be just green-eyed? She'll sigh fifty times; and fifty times she'll look in John Harrison's direction. *Ma foi*, how she must have loved that old Harrison man!"

She went, and she talked; and a bit later Miss Bolling and Mrs. Braxton and Mrs. Daingerfield, and scores of ladies besides, talked, as Miss Lancaster had known they would talk.

Had Theodore Roosevelt been a girl, how like Gladys Lancaster he would have been. Your pardon, Miss Gladys!

After a while Miss Lancaster returned to her lover.

“Here’s a letter from Bishop Whittle, Cary. He says all right. This makes one bishop and six plain ministers that will be in the chancel; the governor’ll be the best man; a special correspondent of the New York *Herald* says he’ll be there, and all the newspaper men in Richmond are just dying about the greatest wedding they ever had to report. I’ve helped ’em write descriptions of nine dresses already. And jewellery? Cary, they think I’m a walking jewellery shop!”

“I am sorry, Gladys.”

“See here, Cary, why don’t you marry ole Miss Polly Bolling after all? You may, for all I care. You treat me just *too* mean for anything. I believe I’d cry if nobody but you could see me. Your own sister went home to a hut in a forest in an ox-cart. I wouldn’t do anything as conspicuous as that for anything on earth! Now don’t you cry, please, and I’ll marry you day after to-morrow. Bye-bye,—you dear, dear old bear!”

As John Harrison was leaving the ballroom alone, Mr. Tazewell having claimed the attention of his partner, one of the Clarke girls, he was detained by Mr. Carter, who drew him aside.

“The last time that I spoke to you, my son, your conduct had aroused me to great indignation. What I said to you then you richly deserved, and I take back no word of my angry utterances, for mine was righteous indignation; but now, my dear boy, all the old pride that I felt in you has come back to me, for now I behold in you a man worthy to be John



Harrison's son. I thank God that He has permitted me to live to see the day that John Harrison's boy is the pride and glory of his country."

As he wrung the old physician's hand, the young man's voice was thick with emotion.

The orchestra was playing "Den Carry Me Back to Ole Virginny" as a gallop; everywhere was gaiety—and suppressed tears.

Almost John Harrison felt overcome with shame as he looked into the kindly eyes of his aged godfather.

"I made a mistake—one that made me unworthy of the name that I bear. My mistake was a crime—one that you have forgiven, sir, but which I shall never forgive. Mr. Carter, the remainder of my life shall be given to Virginia, in atonement; but my crime will follow me to my grave, as it should. Never for a minute shall I be free from remorse, nor from shame—punishments that I richly deserve."

"My boy, another punishment awaits you, and the wife that you are to take to your bosom, and the children that are to be born to you—the children of my John and my Lelia. You may give your life to Virginia, and in giving your life you may save hers; but always there will be doubt in the minds of honest men, your friends as well as your enemies, as to your honesty. Lelia Braxton will be the wife of a man whose title to honour is not clear. The playmates of a new generation of Harrisons will say to your children, Your father was a Repudiator.

"The man that violates a moral law is punished as surely as he that violates a physical law. The

wage of sin is death. Is a mistake a sin? Is a man always to know right from wrong? Is the man that errs to be punished when his error was due to his inability to know right? My answer to those questions is this: mistakes are punished as sins; and punishment is inevitable. All men make mistakes, my child; but no man should be overcome by remorse, or shame, because of his sins. Rather he should use them as guides, praying to Almighty God that He in His mercy will enable him to avoid the errors that he has made, that He will lead him to a higher kingdom."

"I have no right to ask Lelia to be my wife. She loves me, I know, but I should not permit her to sacrifice her life."

"There you are wrong, my son. There is no sacrifice in love. Lelia loves you. Her duty is to her love. Together you must go hand in hand through life, and in the love that you bear each other and your children you will find all that life has to give to any man or to any woman."

As the last strains of a waltz died away a group consisting of Colonel Daingerfield, a few of the Misses Clarke, Mr. Tazewell, and Captain Lancaster gathered about a cluster of palms that decorated the broad hall. Captain Lancaster addressed his host, asking the question that was on many lips.

"Do you think Harrison will veto the Riddleberger bill?"

"Sir, Mr. Harrison is my guest; that, sir, I believe, answers your question. Miss Clarke, ma'am, the roses in your cheeks remind me of Bannock-

burn in the springtime; also, ma'am, they remind me of another Clarke—that sweet singer who made fair Dawn blush in her shame.”

Four of the Berkeley gentlemen were the accepted lovers of four of the Clarke ladies, and the engagement of Mr. Tazewell to the fifth was in sight.

The irrepressible hero of Balaklava again addressed the warrior of Bannockburn.

“The governor vetoed the penitentiary bill yesterday.”

“Yes, sir; he did; a bill that provided that the management of the penitentiary should be turned over to a gang that should be its inmates. The grounds upon which he based his veto were unanswerable; but, sir, I regret that he did not find it within the range of his conception of duty to say that he vetoed that measure because the penitentiary was made to keep thieves, not thieves to keep the penitentiary, as Mr. Royall says. I always knew that John Harrison was a man of the highest sense of honour.”

“Why, Colonel, aren't you ashamed of yourself!”

Miss Lancaster had joined the group. The colonel adjusted his glasses, then glared at her over them.

“Madam, gentlemen in the heat of political discussions frequently are borne to great heights upon the wings of oratory. No one, madam, holds a gentleman accountable for the passionate language that he used in a campaign—after the smoke of battle has blown away. I repeat: always I have believed John Harrison to be a man worthy of Virginia's best tradition.”

The orchestra again played Virginia's national anthem. As the stirring music was heard the young people flocked into the ballroom, where they took their places for the Virginia reel. None save Virginian music was played that night, and no dance other than a Virginian dance was danced that night.

"I need not ask you, Miss Braxton, I am sure."

"No, Mr. Taliaferro, you know the answer."

"He will veto the bill."

"Yes."

"And John Harrison will have done more for Virginia than any other man of his period the day that he retires to private life."

"Yes."

"But he will never sheathe his sword. He will always fight for his country. Virginia will die; but he will take care of her grave so long as he lives. He has made a mistake, but Virginia would live if there were many Virginians like John Harrison. . . . Do you know, Miss Braxton, for several months I have been working on a portrait bust of him. I have tried to put into cold marble some of his nobility that you and I—and others—see. Some day I shall ask you and John Harrison to accept that sculpture, the work of one who knows that John Harrison is a man that is a man—and that is the only kind of man that I care to render into marble."

"I thank you."

With those words Lelia Braxton's form drooped somewhat, as she stood under one of the palms, which helped to make a den of a corner of the drawing-room, her face averted, in which were mingled pride and pain and a maiden's conscious shame.

"A message for the governor!—an urgent message for the governor!"

A messenger from the Senate, who had been admitted to the hall, shouted these words in typical Readjuster dramatic way. He was conducted by a servant to Mr. Harrison, who was talking with Miss Bolling, in the conservatory. No one was with them when the messenger delivered a paper to the governor. He glanced at the document, then wrote a few words on the back of it; and then he drew a paper from his pocket, which he signed. He handed both to the messenger, saying nothing to Miss Bolling, and Miss Bolling saying nothing to him, until after the messenger left.

"I hear the music of the minuet, Miss Bolling, so I must ask you to excuse me."

"Go along, John; I shall have to surrender you to your partner, as much as I dote on you."

Not until an hour after supper, when some of the guests had left for their homes, did John Harrison and Lelia Braxton meet in a place where they would be uninterrupted for a few minutes, in the conservatory. Neither spoke for more than a minute.

"That messenger brought the Riddleberger bill. He took it back with your veto."

John Harrison made no reply.

"Now I am ready to be your wife."

And Virginia?

VIRGINIA IS DEAD.







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