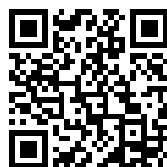
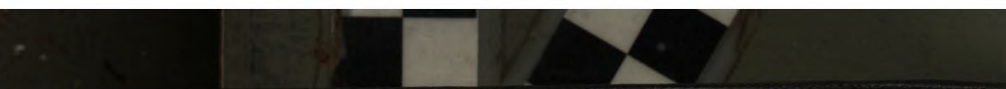

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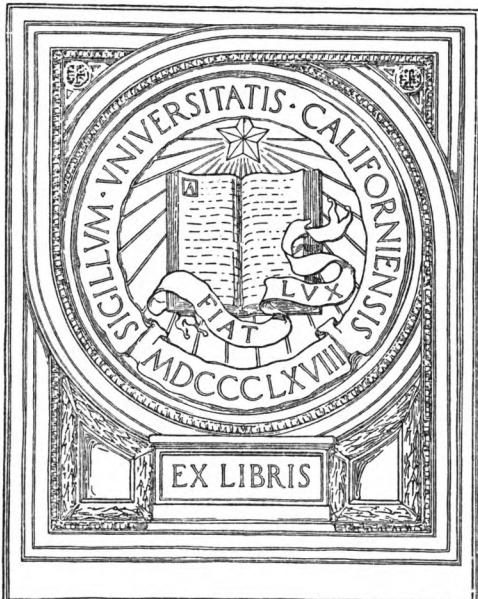


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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOLUME IX.



PHILADELPHIA:
J. B. LIPPINCOTT AND CO.

1872.

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DESCENDING THE WESTERN ARÊTE OF THE POINTE DES ÉCRINS.



LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JANUARY, 1872.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.



A NIGHT WITH CROZ. (See page 24.)

CHAPTER VIII.

FROM ST. MICHEL ON THE MONT CENIS ROAD,
BY THE COL DES AIGUILLES D'ARVE, COL
DE MARTIGNARE AND THE BRÈCHE DE LA
MEIJE, TO LA BÉRARDE.

WHEN we arrived upon the highest
summit of Mont Pelvoux, in Dau-
phiné, in 1861, we saw, to our surprise

and disappointment, that it was not the
culminating point of the district, and that
another mountain, distant about a cou-
ple of miles, and separated from us by
an impassable gulf, claimed that distin-
ction. I was troubled in spirit about
this mountain, and my thoughts often
reverted to the great wall-sided peak,

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second in apparent inaccessibility only to the Matterhorn. It had, moreover, another claim to attention—it was the highest mountain in France.

The year 1862 passed away without a chance of getting to it, and my holiday was too brief in 1863 even to think about it; but in the following year it was possible, and I resolved to set my mind at rest by completing the task which had been left unfinished in 1861.

In the mean time, others had turned their attention to Dauphiné. First of



MICHEL-AUGUST CROZ (1865).

all (in 1862) came Mr. F. Tuckett—that mighty mountaineer, whose name is known throughout the length and breadth of the Alps—with the guides Michel Croz, Peter Perrin and Bartolommeo Peyrotte, and great success attended his arms. But Mr. Tuckett halted before the Pointe des Écrins, and, dismayed by its appearance, withdrew his forces to gather less dangerous laurels elsewhere.

His expedition, however, threw some light upon the Écrins. He pointed out the direction from which an attack was most likely to be successful, and Mr.

William Mathews and the Rev. T. G. Bonney (to whom he communicated the result of his labors) attempted to execute the ascent, with the brothers Michel and J. B. Croz, by following his indications, but they too were defeated.

The guide Michel Croz had thus been engaged in both of these expeditions in Dauphiné, and I naturally looked to him for assistance. Mr. Mathews (to whom I applied for information) gave him a high character, and concluded his reply to me by saying "he was only happy when upward of ten thousand feet high."

I know what my friend meant. Croz was happiest when he was employing his powers to the utmost. Places where you and I would "toil and sweat, and yet be freezing cold," were bagatelles to him, and it was only when he got above the range of ordinary mortals, and was required to employ his magnificent strength and to draw upon his unsurpassed knowledge of ice and snow, that he could be said to be really and truly happy.

Of all the guides with whom I traveled, Michel Croz was the man who was most after my own heart. He did not work like a blunt razor and take to his toil unkindly. He did not need urging or to be told a second time to do anything. You had but to say *what* was to be done and *how* it was to be done, and the work *was* done if it was possible. Such men are not common, and when they are known they are valued. Michel was not widely known, but those who did know him came again and again. The inscription placed upon his tomb truthfully records that he was "beloved by his comrades and esteemed by travelers."

At the time that I was planning my journey, my friends Messrs. A. W. Moore and Horace Walker were also drawing up their programme, and, as we found that our wishes were very similar, we agreed to unite our respective parties. My friends had happily secured Christian Almer of Grindelwald as their guide. The combination of Croz and Almer was a perfect one. Both men

were in the prime of life, both were endowed with strength and activity far beyond the average, and the courage and the knowledge of each were alike undoubted. The temper of Almer it was impossible to ruffle: he was ever obliging and enduring—a bold but a safe man. That which he lacked in fire, in dash, was supplied by Croz, who, in his turn, was kept in place by Almer. It is pleasant to remember how they worked together, and how each one confided to you that he liked the other so much because he worked so well; but it is sad, very sad, to those who have known the men, to know that they can never work together again.

We met at St. Michel on the Mont Cenis road at mid-day on June 20, 1864, and proceeded in the afternoon over the Col de Valloires to the village of the same name. The summit of this pretty little pass is about thirty-five hundred feet above St. Michel, and from it we had a fair view of the Aiguilles d'Arve, a group of three peaks of singular form, which it was our especial object to investigate. They had been seen by ourselves and others from numerous distant points, and always looked very high and very inaccessible; but we had been unable to obtain any information about them, except the few words in Joanne's *Itinéraire du Dauphiné*. Having made out from the summit of the Col de Valloires that they could be approached from the valley of Valloires, we hastened down to find a place where we could pass the night, as near as possible to the entrance of the little valley leading up to them.

By nightfall we arrived at the entrance to this little valley (Vallon des Aiguilles d'Arve), and found some buildings placed just where they were wanted. The proprietress received us with civility, and placed a large barn at our disposal, on the condition that no lights were struck or pipes smoked therein; and when her terms were agreed to, she took us into her own chalet, made up a huge fire, heated a gallon of milk and treated us with genuine hospitality.

In the morning we found that the Val-

lon des Aiguilles d'Arve led away nearly due west from the valley of Valloires and that the village of Bornanet was placed (in the latter valley) almost exactly opposite to the junction of the two.

At 3.55 A. M. on the 21st we set out up the Vallon, passed for a time over pasture-land, and then over a stony waste, deeply channelled by water-courses. At 5.30 the two principal Aiguilles were well seen, and as by this time it was evident that the authors of the Sardinian official map had romanced as extensively in this neighborhood as elsewhere, it was necessary to hold a council.

Three questions were submitted to it: Firstly, Which is the highest of these Aiguilles? Secondly, Which shall we go up? Thirdly, How is it to be done?

The French engineers, it was said, had determined that the two highest of them were respectively 11,513 and 11,529 feet in height; but we were without information as to which two they had measured. Joanne indeed said (but without specifying whether he meant all three) that the Aiguilles had been several times ascended, and particularly mentioned that the one of 11,513 feet was "relatively easy."

We therefore said, "We will go up the peak of 11,529 feet." But that determination did not settle the second question. Joanne's "relatively easy" peak, according to his description, was evidently the most northern of the three. Our peak, then, was to be one of the other two, but which of them? We were inclined to favor the central one, but it was hard to determine, they looked so equal in height. When, however, the council came to study the third question, "How is it to be done?" it was unanimously voted that upon the eastern and southern sides it was certainly relatively difficult, and that a move should be made round to the northern side.

The movement was duly executed, and after wading up some snow-slopes of considerable steepness (going occasionally beyond 40°), we found ourselves in a gap or nick between the central and northernmost Aiguille at 8.45 A. M. We then studied the northern face of our

intended peak, and finally arrived at the conclusion that it was relatively impracticable. Croz shrugged his big

shoulders, and said, "My faith! I think you will do well to leave it to others." Almer was more explicit, and volunteer-



ed the information that a thousand francs would not tempt him to *try* it. We then turned to the northernmost peak, but found its southern faces even more hopeless than the northern faces of the central one. We enjoyed accordingly the unwonted luxury of a three hours' rest on the top of our pass, for pass we were determined it should be.

We might have done worse. We were ten thousand three hundred or ten thousand four hundred feet above the level of the sea, and commanded a most

picturesque view of the mountains of the Tarentaise, while somewhat east of south we saw the monarch of the Dauphiné *massif*, whose closer acquaintance it was our intention to make. Three sunny hours passed away, and then we turned to the descent. We saw the distant pastures of a valley (which we supposed was the Vallon or Ravine de la Sausse), and a long snow-slope leading down to them. But from that slope we were cut off by precipitous rocks, and our first impression was that we should have to return in our track. Some running up and down, however, discovered

two little gullies filled with threads of snow, and down the most northern of these we decided to go. It was a steep way, but a safe one, for the cleft was so narrow that we could press the shoulder against one side whilst the feet were

HAYMER SC
THE AIGUILLES D'ARVE, FROM ABOVE
THE CHALET OF RIEU BLANC.

against the other, and the last remnant of the winter's snow, well hardened, clung to the rift with great tenacity, and gave us a path when the rocks refused one. In half an hour we got to the top of the great snow-slope. Walker said, "Let us glissade;" the guides, "No, it is too steep." Our friend, however, started off at a standing glissade, and advanced for a time very skillfully; but after a while he lost his balance, and progressed downward and backward with great rapidity, in a way that seemed to us very much like tumbling heels over head. He let go his axe and left it behind, but it overtook him and batted him heartily. He and it traveled in this fashion for some hundreds of feet, and at last subsided into the rocks at the bottom. In a few moments we were reassured as to his safety by hearing him ironically request us not to keep him waiting down there.

We others followed the tracks shown by the dotted line upon the engraving (making zigzags to avoid the little groups of rocks which jutted through the snow, by which Walker had been upset), descended by a *sitting* glissade, and rejoined our friend at the bottom. We then turned sharply to the left, and tramped down the summit ridge of an old moraine of great size. Its mud was excessively hard, and where some large erratic blocks lay perched upon its crest we were obliged to cut steps (in the mud) with our ice-axes.

Guided by the sound of a distant "moo," we speedily found the highest chalets in the valley, named Rieu Blanc. They were tenanted by three old women (who seemed to belong to one of the missing links sought by naturalists) destitute of all ideas except in regard to cows, and who spoke a barbarous patois wellnigh unintelligible to the Savoyard & Croz. They would not believe that we had passed between the Aiguilles: "It is impossible, the *cows* never go there." "Could we get to La Grave over yonder ridge?" "Oh yes! the *cows* often crossed!" Could they show us the way? No, but we could follow the *cow*-tracks.

We stayed a while near these chalets

to examine the western sides of the Aiguilles d'Arve, and, according to our united opinion, the central one was as inaccessible from this direction as from the east, north or south. On the following day we saw them again, from a height of about eleven thousand feet, in a south-easterly direction, and our opinion remained unchanged.

We saw (on June 20-22) the central Aiguille from all sides, and very nearly completely round the southernmost one. The northern one we also saw on all sides excepting from the north. (It is, however, precisely from this direction M. Joanne says that its ascent is relatively easy.) We do not, therefore, venture to express any opinion respecting its ascent, except as regards its actual summit. This is formed of two curious prongs or pinnacles of rock, and we do not understand in what way they (or either of them) can be ascended; nor shall we be surprised if this ascent is discovered to have been made in spirit rather than body—in fact, in the same manner as the celebrated ascent of Mont Blanc, "not entirely to the summit, but as far as the Montanvert!"

All three of the Aiguilles *may* be accessible, but they look as inaccessible as anything I have seen. They are the highest summits between the valleys of the Romanche and the Arc: they are placed slightly to the north of the watershed between those two valleys, and a line drawn through them runs pretty nearly north and south.

We descended by a rough path from Rieu Blanc to the chalets of La Sausse, which give the name to the Vallon or Ravine de la Sausse in which they are situated. This is one of the numerous branches of the valley that leads to St. Jean d'Arve, and subsequently to St. Jean de Maurienne.

Two passes, more or less known, lead from this valley to the village of La Grave (on the Lautaret road) in the valley of the Romanche—viz., the Col de l'Infernet and the Col de Martignare. The former pass was crossed just thirty years ago by J. D. Forbes, and was mentioned by him in his *Norway and*

its Glaciers. The latter one lies to the north of the former, and is seldom traversed by tourists, but it was convenient for us, and we set out to cross it on the morning of the 22d, after having passed a comfortable but not luxurious night in the hay at La Sausse, where, however, the simplicity of the accommodation was more than counterbalanced by the civility and hospitality of the people in charge.*

We left the chalets at 4.15 A. M. under a shower of good wishes from our hostesses, proceeded at first toward the upper end of the ravine, then doubled back up a long buttress which projects in an unusual way, and went toward the Col de Martignare; but before arriving at its summit we again doubled and resumed the original course. At 6 A. M. we stood on the watershed, and followed it toward the east, keeping for some distance strictly to the ridge, and afterward diverging a little to the south to avoid a considerable secondary aiguille, which prevented a straight track being made to the summit at which we were aiming. At 9.15 we stood on its top, and saw at once the lay of the land.

We were very fortunate in the selection of our summit. Not to speak of other things, it gave a grand view of the ridge which culminates in the peak called La Meije (13,080 feet), which used to be mentioned by travelers under the name Aiguille du Midi de la Grave. It

* While stopping in the hospice on the Col de Lautaret in 1869, I was accosted by a middle-aged peasant, who asked if I would ride (for a consideration) in his cart toward Briançon. He was inquisitive as to my knowledge of his district, and at last asked, "Have you been at La Sausse?" "Yes." "Well, then, I tell you, you saw *there some of the first people in the world.*" "Yes," I said, "they were primitive, certainly." But he was serious, and went on: "Yes, real brave people;" and slapping his knee to give emphasis, "*but that they are first-rate for minding the cows!*"

After this he became communicative. "You thought, probably," said he, "when I offered to take you down, that I was some poor —, not worth a sou; but I will tell you, that was my mountain—*my* mountain—that you saw at La Sausse: they were my cows, a hundred of them altogether." "Why, you are rich!" "Passably rich. I have another mountain on the Col du Galibier, and another at Ville-neuve." He (although a common peasant in outward appearance) confessed to being worth four thousand pounds.

is the last, the only, great Alpine peak which has never known the foot of man, and one cannot speak in exaggerated terms of its jagged ridges, torrential glaciers and tremendous precipices. But were I to discourse upon these things without the aid of pictures, or to endeavor to convey in words a sense of the loveliness of curves, of the beauty of color or of the harmonies of sound, I should try to accomplish that which is impossible, and at the best should succeed in but giving an impression that the things spoken of may have been pleasant to hear or to behold, although they are perfectly incomprehensible to read about. Let me therefore avoid these things, not because I have no love for or thought of them, but because they cannot be translated into language; and presently, when topographical details must of necessity be returned to again, I will endeavor to relieve the poverty of the pen by a free use of the pencil.

Whilst we sat upon the Aiguille de la Sausse our attention was concentrated on a point that was immediately opposite—on a gap or cleft between the Meije and the mountain called the Rateau. It was, indeed, in order to have a good view of this place that we made the ascent of the Aiguille. It (that is, the gap itself) looked, as my companions remarked, obtrusively and offensively a pass. It had not been crossed, but it ought to have been; and this seemed to have been recognized by the natives, who called it, very appropriately, the Brèche de la Meije. It led to La Béarde, a miserable village, without interest, without commerce, and almost without population. Why, then, did we wish to cross it? Because we were bound to the Pointe des Écrins, to which La Béarde was the nearest inhabited place.

When we sat upon the Aiguille de la Sausse we were rather despondent about our prospects of crossing the Brèche, which seemed to present a combination of all that was formidable. There was evidently but one way by which it could be approached. We saw that at the top of the pass there was a steep wall of snow or ice (so steep that it was most

likely ice), protected at its base by a big schrund or moat, which severed it from the snow-fields below. Then (tracking our course downward) we saw undulating snow-fields leading down to a great glacier. The snow-fields would be easy work, but the glacier was riven and broken in every direction, huge crevasses seemed to extend entirely across it in some places, and everywhere it had that strange twisted look which tells of the unequal motion of the ice. Where could we get on to it? At its base it came to a violent end, being cut short by a cliff, over which it poured periodical avalanches, as we saw by a great triangular bed of *débris* below. We could not venture there—the glacier must be taken in flank. But on which side? Not on the west—no one could climb those cliffs. It must, if anywhere, be by the rocks on the east, and *they* looked as if they were *roches moutonnées*.

So we hurried down to La Grave, to hear what Melchior Anderegg (who had just passed through the village with the family of our friend Walker) had to say on the matter. Who is Melchior Anderegg? Those who ask the question cannot have been in Alpine Switzerland, where the name of Melchior is as well known as the name of Napoleon. Melchior, too, is an emperor in his way—a very prince among guides. His empire is amongst the "eternal snows"—his sceptre is an ice-axe.

Melchior Anderegg—more familiarly and perhaps more generally known simply as Melchior—was born at Zaun, near Meiringen, on April 6, 1828. He was first brought into public notice in Hinchcliff's *Summer Months in the Alps*, and was known to very few persons at the time that little work was published. In 1855 he was "Boots" at the Grimsel hotel, and in those days when he went out on expeditions it was for the benefit of his master, the proprietor: Melchior himself only got the *trinkgelt*. In 1856 he migrated to the Schwarenbach inn on the Gemmi, where he employed his time in carving objects for sale. In 1858 he made numerous expeditions with Messrs. Hinchcliff and Stephen, and

proved to his employers that he possessed first-rate skill, indomitable courage and an admirable character. His position has never been doubtful since that year, and for a long time there has been no guide whose services have been more in request: he is usually engaged a year in advance.



MELCHIOR ANDEREGG IN 1864.

It would be almost an easier task to say what he has not done than to catalogue his achievements. Invariable success attends his arms: he leads his followers to victory, but not to death. I believe that no accident has ever befallen travelers in his charge. Like his friend Almer, he can be called a *safe* man. It is the highest praise that can be given to a first-rate guide.

Early in the afternoon we found ourselves in the little inn at La Grave, on the great Lautaret road, a rickety, tumble-down sort of place, with nothing stable about it, as Moore wittily remarked, except the smell. Melchior had gone,

and had left behind a note which said, "I think the passage of the Brèche is possible, but that it will be very difficult." His opinion coincided with ours, and we went to sleep, expecting to be afoot about eighteen or twenty hours on the morrow.

At 2.40 the next morning we left La Grave, in a few minutes crossed the Romanche, and at 4 A. M. got to the moraine of the eastern branch of the glacier that descends from the Brèche.* The rocks by which we intended to ascend



SCALE, THREE MILES TO AN INCH.

were placed between the two branches of this glacier, and still looked smooth and unbroken. But by five o'clock we were upon them. We had been deluded by them. No carpenter could have planned a more convenient staircase. They were not *moutonné*: their smooth look from a distance was only owing to their singular firmness. In an hour we had risen above the most crevassed portion of the glacier, and began to look for

* Our route from La Grave to La Bérarde will be seen on the accompanying map.

with amazement as they witnessed the falsification of their confident predictions. Well might they stare, for our little caravan, looking to them like a train of flies on a wall, crept up and up, without hesitation and without a halt—lost to their sight one minute as it dived into a crevasse, then seen again clambering up the other side. The higher we rose the easier became the work, the angles lessened and our pace increased. The snow remained shadowed, and we walked as easily as on a high road; and when (at 7.45) the summit of the Brèche was seen, we rushed at it as furiously as if it had been a breach in the wall of a fortress, carried the moat by a dash, with a push behind and a pull before, stormed the steep slope above, and at 8.50 stood in the little gap, 11,054 feet above the level of the sea. The Brèche was won. Well might they stare—five hours and a quarter had sufficed for sixty-five hundred feet of ascent.† We screamed triumphantly as they turned in to breakfast.

Our day's work was as good as over (for we knew from Messrs. Mathews and Bonney that there was no difficulty upon the other side), and we abandoned ourselves to ease and luxury; wondering alternately, as we gazed upon the Rateau and the Écrins, how the one mountain could possibly hold itself together, and whether the other would hold out against us. The former looked so rotten that it seemed as if a puff of wind or a clap of thunder might dash the whole fabric to pieces, while the latter asserted itself the monarch of the group, and towered head and shoulders above all the rest of the peaks which form the great horse-shoe of Dauphiné. At length a cruel rush of cold air made us shiver, and shift our quarters to a little grassy plot three thousand feet below—an oasis in a desert—where we lay nearly four hours admiring the splendid wall which protects the summit of the Meije from assault upon this side.‡ Then we tramp-

† Taking one kind of work with another, a thousand feet of height per hour is about as much as is usually accomplished on great Alpine ascents.

‡ This wall may be described as an exaggerated Gemmi, as seen from Leukerbad. From the highest

ed down the Vallon des Étançons, a howling wilderness, the abomination of desolation; destitute alike of animal or vegetable life; pathless, of course; suggestive of chaos, but of little else; covered almost throughout its entire length with débris, from the size of a walnut up to that of a house: in a word, it looked as if half a dozen moraines of first-rate dimensions had been carted and shot into it. Our tempers were soured by constant pitfalls: it was impossible to take the eyes from the feet,

and if an unlucky individual so much as blew his nose without standing still to perform the operation, the result was either an instantaneous tumble or a barked shin or a half-twisted ankle. There was no end to it, and we became more savage at every step, unanimously agreeing that no power on earth would ever induce us to walk up or down this particular valley again. It was not just to the valley, which was enclosed by noble mountains—unknown, it is true, but worthy of a great reputation, and



THE VALLON DES ÉTANÇONS (LOOKING TOWARD LA BÉRARDE).

which, if placed in other districts, would be sought after and cited as types of daring form and graceful outline.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ASCENT OF THE POINTE DES ÉCRINS.

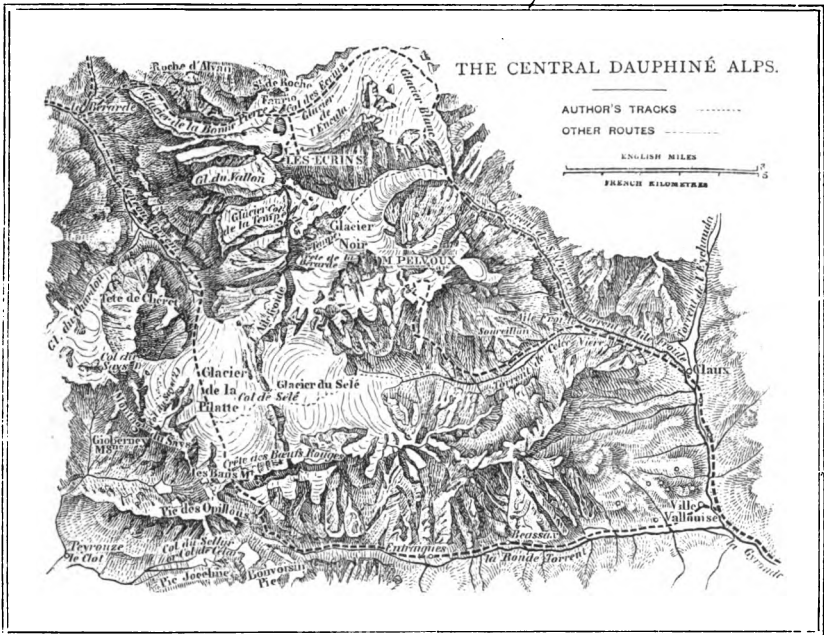
BEFORE five o'clock on the afternoon of June 23 we were trotting down the summit of La Meije right down to the Glacier des Étançons (a depth of about thirty-two hundred feet), the cliff is all but perpendicular, and appears to be completely unassailable. The dimensions of these pages are insufficient to do justice to this magnificent wall, which is the most imposing of its kind that I have seen; otherwise it would have been engraved.

steep path that leads into La Bélarde. We put up, of course, with the chasseur-guide Rodier (who, as usual, was smooth and smiling), and after congratulations were over we returned to the exterior to watch for the arrival of one Alexander Pic, who had been sent overnight with our baggage *viâ* Freney and Venos. But when the night fell and no Pic appeared, we saw that our plans must be modified, for he was necessary to our very existence: he carried our food, our tobacco, our all. So, after some discussion, it was agreed that a portion of our programme should be abandoned, that

the night of the 24th should be passed at the head of the Glacier de la Bonne Pierre, and that on the 25th a push should be made for the summit of the Écrins. We then went to straw.

Our porter Pic strolled in next morning with his usual jaunty air, and we seized upon our tooth-brushes, but upon looking for the cigars we found starvation staring us in the face. "Hullo! Monsieur Pic, where are our cigars?" "Gentlemen," he began, "I am deso-

lated!" and then, quite pat, he told a long rigmarole about a fit on the road, of brigands, thieves, of their ransacking the knapsacks when he was insensible, and of finding them gone when he revived. "Ah, Monsieur Pic! we see what it is—you have smoked them yourself!" "Gentlemen, I never smoke—*never!*" Whereupon we inquired secretly if he was known to smoke, and found that he was. However, he said that he had never spoken truer words, and perhaps



he had not, for he is reported to be the greatest liar in Dauphiné!

We were now able to start, and set out at 1.15 P. M. to bivouac upon the Glacier de la Bonne Pierre, accompanied by Rodier, who staggered under a load of blankets. Many slopes had to be mounted, and many torrents to be crossed, all of which have been described by Mr. Tuckett. We, however, avoided the difficulties he experienced with the latter by crossing them high up, where they were subdivided. But when we got on to the moraine on the right bank of the glacier (or, properly speaking, on to

one of the moraines, for there are several), mists descended, to our great hindrance, and it was 5.30 before we arrived on the spot at which it was intended to camp.

Each one selected his nook, and we then joined round a grand fire made by our men. Fortnum & Mason's portable soup was sliced up and brewed, and was excellent; but it should be said that before it *was* excellent three times the quantity named in the directions had to be used. Art is required in drinking as in making this soup, and one point is this: always let your friends drink first;

not only because it is more polite, but because the soup has a tendency to burn the mouth if taken too hot, and one drink of the bottom is worth two of the top, as all the goodness settles.

While engaged in these operations the mist that enveloped the glacier and surrounding peaks was becoming thinner: little bits of blue sky appeared here and there, until suddenly, when we were looking toward the head of the glacier, far, far above us, at an almost inconceivable height, in a tiny patch of blue, appeared a wonderful rocky pinnacle, bathed in the beams of the fast-sinking sun. We were so electrified by the glory of the sight that it was some seconds before we realized what we saw, and understood that that astounding point, removed apparently miles from the earth, was one of the highest summits of Les Écrins, and that we hoped, before another sun had set, to stand upon an even loftier pinnacle. The mists rose and fell, presenting us with a series of dissolving views of ravishing grandeur, and finally died away, leaving the glacier and its mighty bounding precipices under an exquisite pale blue sky, free from a single speck of cloud.

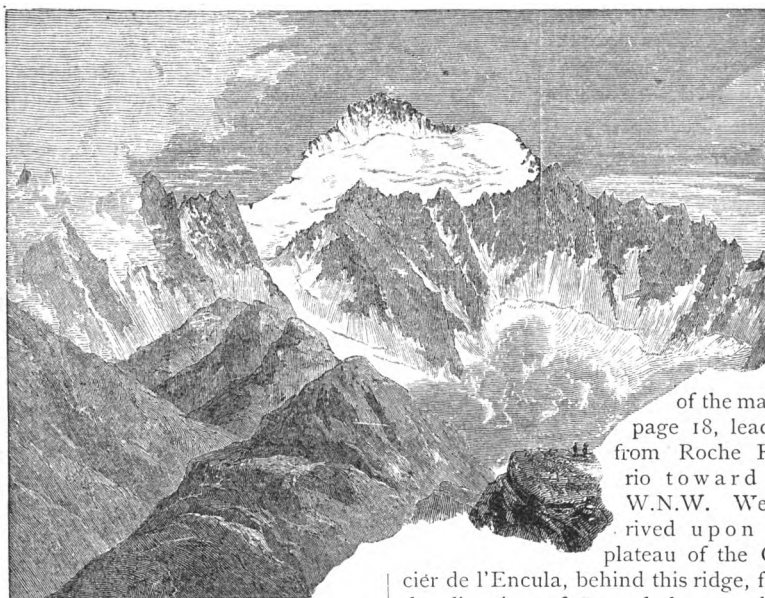
The night passed over without anything worth mention, but we had occasion to observe in the morning an instance of the curious evaporation that is frequently noticeable in the High Alps. On the previous night we had hung up on a knob of rock our mackintosh bag containing five bottles of Rodier's bad wine. In the morning, although the stopper appeared to have been in all night, about four-fifths had evaporated. It was strange: my friends had not taken any, neither had I, and the guides each declared that they had not seen any one touch it. In fact, it was clear that there was no explanation of the phenomenon but in the dryness of the air. Still, it is remarkable that the dryness of the air (or the evaporation of wine) is always greatest when a stranger is in one's party: the dryness caused by the presence of even a single Chamounix porter is sometimes so great that not four-fifths but the entire quantity disappears. For

a time I found difficulty in combating this phenomenon, but at last discovered that if I used the wine-flask as a pillow during the night the evaporation was completely stopped.

At 4 A. M. we moved off across the glacier in single file toward the foot of a great gully which led from the upper slopes of the Glacier de la Bonne Pierre to the lowest point in the ridge that runs from the Écrins to the mountain called Roche Faurio—cheered by Rodier, who now returned with his wraps to La Bérarde.

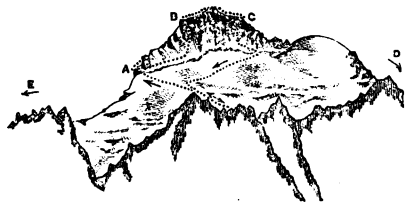
By five minutes to six we were at the top of the gully (a first-rate couloir about one thousand feet high), and within sight of our work. Hard, thin and wedge-like as the Écrins had looked from afar, it had never looked so hard and so thin as it did when we emerged from the top of the couloir through the gap in the ridge: no tender shadows spoke of broad and rounded ridges, but sharp and shadowless its serrated edges stood out against the clear sky. It had been said that the route must be taken by one of the ridges of the final peak, but both were alike repellent, hacked and notched in numberless places. They reminded me of my failure on the Dent d'Hérens in 1863, and of a place on a similar ridge from which advance or retreat was alike difficult. But, presuming one or other of these ridges or arêtes to be practicable, there remained the task of getting to them, for completely round the base of the final peak swept an enormous bergschrund, almost separating it from the slopes which lay beneath. It was evident thus early that the ascent would not be accomplished without exertion, and that it would demand all our faculties and all our time. In more than one respect we were favored. The mists were gone, the day was bright and perfectly calm, there had been a long stretch of fine weather beforehand, and the snow was in excellent order; and, most important of all, the last new snow which had fallen on the final peak, unable to support itself, had broken away and rolled in a mighty avalanche over schrund, névé, séracs, over hills and valleys in

the glacier (leveling one and filling the other), completely down to the col, where it lay in huge jammed masses, powerless to harm us; and had made a broad track,



almost a road, over which, for part of the way at least, we might advance with rapidity.

We took in all this in a few minutes, and seeing there was no time to be lost, despatched a hasty meal, left knapsacks, provisions and all encumbrances by the col, started again at half-past six, and made direct for the left side of the schrund, for it was there alone that a passage was practicable. We crossed it at 8.10. Our route can now be followed upon the annexed outline. The arrow



marked D points out the direction of the Glacier de la Bonne Pierre. The ridge in front, that extends right across, is the ridge that is partially shown on the top

of the map at page 18, leading from Roche Fau-rio toward the W.N.W. We arrived upon the plateau of the Glacier de l'Encula, behind this ridge, from the direction of D, and then made a nearly straight track to the left hand of the bergschrund at A.

Thus far there was no trouble, but the nature of the work changed immediately. If we regard the upper seven hundred feet alone of the final peak of the Écrins, it may be described as a three-sided pyramid. One face is toward the Glacier Noir, and forms one of the sheerest precipices in the Alps. Another is toward the Glacier du Vallon, and is less steep and less uniform in angle than the first. The third is toward the Glacier de l'Encula, and it was by this one we approached the summit. Imagine a triangular plane seven hundred or eight hundred feet high, set at an angle exceeding 50° ; let it be smooth, glassy; let the uppermost edges be cut into spikes and teeth, and let them be bent, some one way, some another. Let the glassy face be covered with minute fragments of rock, scarcely attached, but varnished with ice: imagine this, and then you will have a very faint idea of the face of the Écrins on which we stood. It was not possible to avoid detaching stones, which, as they

fell, caused words unmentionable to rise. The greatest friends would have reviled each other in such a situation. We gained the eastern arête, and endeavored for half an hour to work upward toward the summit, but it was useless (each yard of progress cost an incredible time); and having no desire to form the acquaintance of the Glacier Noir in a precipitate manner, we beat a retreat and returned to the schrund. We again held a council, and it was unanimously decided that we should be beaten if we could not cut along the upper edge of the schrund, and, when nearly beneath the summit, work up to it. So Croz took off his coat and went to work, on ice—not that black ice so often mentioned and so seldom seen, but on ice as hard as ice could be. Weary work for the guides. Croz cut for more than half an hour, and we did not seem to have advanced at all. Some one behind, seeing how great the labor was and how slow the progress, suggested that after all we might do better on the arête. Croz's blood was up, and, indignant at this slight on his powers, he ceased working, turned in his steps, and rushed toward me with a haste that made me shudder: "By all means let us go there!—the sooner the better." No slight was intended, and he resumed his work, after a time being relieved by Almer. Half-past ten came: an hour had passed—they were still cutting. Dreary work for us, for there was no capering about to be done here; hand as well as foot holes were necessary; the fingers and toes got very cold; the ice, as it boomed in bounding down the bergschrund, was very suggestive; conversation was very restricted, separated as we were by our tether of twenty feet apiece. Another hour passed. We were now almost immediately below the summit, and we stopped to look up. We were nearly as far off it (vertically) as we had been more than three hours before. The day seemed going against us. The only rocks near at hand were scattered, no bigger than tea-cups, and most of these, we found afterward, were glazed with ice. Time forbade cutting right up to

the summit, even had it been possible, which it was not. We decided to go up to the ridge again by means of the rocks, but had we not had a certain confidence in each other, it unquestionably would not have been done; for this, it must be understood, was a situation where not only *might* a slip have been fatal to every one, but it would have been so beyond doubt: nothing, moreover, was easier than to make one. It was a place where all had to work in unison, where there must be no slackening of the rope and no unnecessary tension. For another hour we were in this trying situation, and at 12.30 we gained the arête again, but at a much higher point (B), close to the summit. Our men were, I am afraid, wellnigh worn out: cutting up a couloir one thousand feet high was not the right sort of preparation for work of this kind. Be it so or not, we were all glad to rest for a short time, for we had not sat down a minute since leaving the col, six hours before. Almer, however, was restless, knowing that mid-day was past, and that much remained to be accomplished, and untied himself and commenced working toward the summit. Connecting the teeth of rock were beds of snow, and Almer, but a few feet from me, was crossing the top of one of these, when suddenly, without a moment's warning, it broke away under him and plunged down on to the glacier. As he staggered for a second, one foot in the act of stepping and the other on the falling mass, I thought him lost, but he happily fell on to the right side and stopped himself. Had he taken the step with his right instead of his left foot, he would, in all probability, have fallen several hundred feet without touching anything, and would not have been arrested before reaching the glacier, a vertical distance of at least three thousand feet.

Small, ridiculously small, as the distance was to the summit, we were occupied nearly another hour before it was gained. Almer was a few feet in front, and he, with characteristic modesty, hesitated to step on the highest point, and drew back to allow us to pass. A

cry was raised for Croz, who had done the chief part of the work, but he declined the honor, and we marched on to the top simultaneously—that is to say, clustered round it, a yard or two below, for it was much too small to get upon.

According to my custom, I bagged a piece from off the highest rock (chlorite slate), and I found afterward that it had a striking similarity to the final peak of the Écrins. I have noticed the same



FRAGMENT FROM THE SUMMIT OF THE POINTE DES ÉCRINS.

thing on other occasions, and it is worthy of remark that not only do fragments of such rock as limestone often present the characteristic forms of the cliffs from which they have been broken, but that morsels of mica slate will represent, in a wonderful manner, the identical shape of the peaks of which they have formed part. Why should it not be so if the mountain's mass is more or less homogeneous? The same causes which produce the small forms fashion the large ones: the same influences are at work—the same frost and rain give shape to the mass as well as to its parts.

Did space permit me, I could give but a sorry idea of the view, but it will be readily imagined that a panorama extending over as much ground as the whole of England is one worth taking some trouble to see, and one which is not often to be seen even in the Alps. No clouds obscured it, and a list of the

summits that we saw would include nearly all the highest peaks of the chain. I saw the Pelvoux now—as I had seen the Écrins from it three years before—across the basin of the Glacier Noir. It is a splendid mountain, although in height it is equaled, if not surpassed, by its neighbor, the Aléfroide.

We could stay on the summit but a short time, and at a quarter to two prepared for the descent. Now, as we looked down, and thought of what we had passed over in coming up, we one and all hesitated about returning the same way. Moire said, No. Walker said the same, and I too—the guides were both of the same mind: this, he it remarked, although we had considered that there was no chance whatever of getting up any other way. But those "last rocks" were not to be forgotten. Had they but protruded to a moderate extent, or had they been merely glazed, we should doubtless still have tried; but they were not reasonable rocks—they would neither allow us to hold nor would do it themselves. So we turned to the western arête, trusting to luck that we should find a way down to the schrund, and some means of getting over it afterward. Our faces were a tolerable index to our thoughts, and apparently the thoughts of the party were not happy ones. Had any one then said to me, "You are a great fool for coming here," I should have answered with humility, "It is too true." And had my monitor gone on to say, "Swear you will never ascend another mountain if you get down safely," I am inclined to think I should have taken the oath. In fact, the game here was not worth the risk. The guides felt it as well as ourselves, and as Almer led off he remarked, with more piety than logic, "The good God has brought us up, and he will take us down in safety;" which showed pretty well what he was thinking about.

The ridge down which we now endeavored to make our way was not inferior in difficulty to the other. Both were serrated to an extent that made it impossible to keep strictly to them, and obliged us to descend occasionally for

some distance on the northern face and then mount again. Both were so rotten that the most experienced of our party, as well as the least, continually upset blocks large and small. Both arêtes were so narrow, so thin, that it was often a matter for speculation on which side an unstable block would fall.

At one point it seemed that we should be obliged to return to the summit and try the other way down. We were on the very edge of the arête: on one side was the enormous precipice facing the Pelvoux, which is not far from perpendicular—on the other a slope exceeding 50°. A deep notch brought us to an abrupt halt. Almer, who was leading, advanced cautiously to the edge on his hands and knees and peered over: his care was by no means unnecessary, for the rocks had broken away from under us unexpectedly several times. In this position he looked down for some moments, and then without a word turned his head and looked at us. His face *may* have expressed apprehension or alarm, but it certainly did not show hope or joy. We learned that there was no means of getting down, and that we must, if we wanted to pass it, jump across on to an unstable block on the other side. It was decided that it should be done, and Almer, with a larger extent of rope than usual, jumped: the rock swayed as he came down upon it, but he clutched a large mass with both arms and brought himself to anchor. That which was both difficult and dangerous for the first man was easy enough for the others, and we got across with less trouble than I expected, stimulated by Croz's perfectly just observation, that if we couldn't get across there we were not likely to get down the other way.

We had now arrived at C, and could no longer continue on the arête, so we commenced descending the face again. Before long we were close to the schrund, but unable to see what it was like at this part, as the upper edge bent over. Two hours had already passed since leaving the summit, and it began to be highly probable that we should have to spend a night on the Glacier Blanc. Almer,

who yet led, cut steps right down to the edge, but still he could not see below: therefore, warning us to hold tight, he made his whole body rigid, and (standing in the large step which he had cut for the purpose) had the upper part of his person lowered out until he saw what he wanted. He shouted that our work was finished, made me come close to the edge and untie myself, advanced the others until he had rope enough, and then with a loud *jodel* jumped down on to soft snow. Partly by skill and partly by luck he had hit the crevasse at its easiest point, and we had only to make a downward jump of eight or ten feet.

It was now 4.45 P. M.: we had been more than eight hours and a half accomplishing the ascent of the final peak, which, according to an observation by Mr. Bonney in 1862, is only 525 feet high.* During this period we had not stopped for more than half an hour, and our nerves and muscles had been kept at the highest degree of tension the whole time. It may be imagined that we accepted the ordinary conditions of glacier traveling as an agreeable relief, and that that which at another time might have seemed formidable we treated as the veriest bagatelle. Late in the day as it was, and soft as was the snow, we put on such pace that we reached the Col des Écrins in less than forty minutes. We lost no time in arranging our baggage, for we had still to traverse a long glacier, and to get clear of two ice-falls before it was dark; so at 5.35 we resumed the march, adjourning eating and drinking, and put on a spurt which took us clear of the Glacier Blanc by 7.45 P. M. We got clear of the moraine of the Glacier Noir at 8.45, just as the last remnant of daylight vanished. Croz and myself were a trifle in advance of the others, and fortunately so for us; for as they were about to commence the descent of the snout of the glacier, the whole of the moraine that rested on its

* See vol. i., p. 73, of *Alpine Journal*. We considered the height assigned to the final peak by Mr. Bonney was too small, and thought it should have been two hundred feet more.

face peeled off and came down with a tremendous roar.

We had now the pleasure of walking over a plain that is known by the name of the Pré de Madame Carle, covered with pebbles of all sizes and intersected by numerous small streams or torrents. Every hole looked like a stone, every stone like a hole, and we tumbled about from side to side until our limbs and our tempers became thoroughly jaded. My companions, being both short-sighted, found the traveling especially disagreeable; so there was little wonder that when we came upon a huge mass of rock as big as a house, which had fallen from the flanks of Pelvoux, a regular cube that offered no shelter whatever, Moore cried out in ecstasy, "Oh, how delightful! the very thing I have been longing for! Let us have a perfectly extemporaneous bivouac." This, it should be said, was when the night threatened thunder and lightning, rain and all other delights.

The pleasures of a perfectly extemporaneous bivouac under these circumstances not being novelties to Croz and myself, we thought we would try for the miseries of a roof, but Walker and Almer, with their usual good-nature, declared it was the very thing that they too were longing for; so the trio resolved to stop. We generously left them all the provisions (a dozen cubic inches or thereabouts of bacon fat and half a candle), and pushed on for the chalets of Aléfroide, or at least we thought we did, but could not be certain. In the course of half an hour we got uncommonly close to the main torrent, and Croz ali at once disappeared. I stepped cautiously forward to peer down into the place where I thought he was, and quietly tumbled head over heels into a big rhododendron bush. Extricating myself with some trouble, I fell backward over some rocks, and got wedged in a cleft so close to the torrent that it splashed all over me.

The colloquy which then ensued amid the thundering of the stream was as follows: "Hullo, Croz! "Eh, monsieur?" "Where are you?" "Here,

monsieur." "Where *is* here?" "I don't know: where are you?" "Here, Croz;" and so on.

The fact was, from the intense darkness and the noise of the torrent, we had no idea of each other's situation: in the course of ten minutes, however, we joined together again, agreed we had quite enough of that kind of thing, and adjourned to a most eligible rock at 10.15.

How well I remember the night at that rock, and the jolly way in which Croz came out! We were both very wet about the legs, and both uncommonly hungry, but the time passed pleasantly enough round our fire of juniper, and until long past midnight we sat up recounting, over our pipes, wonderful stories of the most incredible description, in which, I must admit, my companion beat me hollow. Then throwing ourselves on our beds of rhododendron, we slept an untroubled sleep, and rose on a bright Sunday morning as fresh as might be, intending to enjoy a day's rest and luxury with our friends at La Ville de Val Louise.

I have failed to give the impression I wish if it has not been made evident that the ascent of the Pointe des Écrins was not an ordinary piece of work. There is an increasing disposition now-a-days, amongst those who write on the Alps, to underrate the difficulties and dangers which are met with, and this disposition is, I think, not less mischievous than the old-fashioned style of making everything terrible. Difficult as we found the peak, I believe we took it at the best, perhaps the only possible, time of the year. The great slope on which we spent so much time was, from being denuded by the avalanche of which I have spoken, deprived of its greatest danger. Had it had the snow still resting upon it, and had we persevered with the expedition, we should almost without doubt have ended with calamity instead of success. The ice of that slope is always below, its angle is severe, and the rocks do not project sufficiently to afford the support that snow requires to be stable when at a great angle. So far am I from desiring to tempt any one to

repeat the expedition, that I put it on record as my belief, however sad and however miserable a man may have been, if he is found on the summit of	the Pointe des Écrins after a fall of new snow, he is likely to experience misery far deeper than anything with which he has hitherto been acquainted.
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CHRISTMAS CAROL.

OUT in the midnight's white and starry splendor
 Once more the glad bells ring,
 While softer human voices, sweet and tender,
 The songs of Christmas sing.
 Christmas is come!

The whole clear night seems bending low to listen;
 The church lifts up its cross;
 And solitary, snow-capped mountains glisten,
 And blue seas flash and toss.
 Christmas is come!

From sea to sea a mighty voice is pealing,
 On moorland bleak and wide,
 Through frozen fields and dead rose-gardens stealing,
 By wood and water-side.
 Christmas is come!

To lighted hearths whose fires make silver linings
 Behind the day's dark cloud,
 To halls where Beauty's summer light is shining,
 Where dancers laugh and crowd,
 Christmas is come!

O world! O life! O hearts in sorrow sighing!
 Remember that to-day
 Across the waste of time about you lying
 The Saviour finds His way.
 Christmas is come!

Oh, low and sweet the Christmas carols falter,
 Then rise with rich increase,
 And for an hour about one shrine and altar
 All nations stand at peace.
 Christmas is come!

"Long love, long peace and reconciliation,"
 We sing aloud, and then,
 Their tones grown strong with joy and exultation,
 The great bells chime, Amen!
 Christmas is come!

MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

SHADOWS OF A CHRISTMAS FIRE.

"We do not belong to the sunshine at all. We go through it unseen, and only by a passing chill do men recognize an unknown presence. . . . It is only in the twilight of the fire, or when one man or woman is alone with a single candle, or when any number of people are all feeling the same thing at once, making them one, that we show ourselves and the truth of things."—GEORGE MACDONALD.

THE house stood in a by-street which had fallen from its once high estate, and its days of silken stir and fashionable din had departed. To this hour it is an eminently grave, respectable old street, full of great, roomy houses, which bear on their faces a very pitiable air of decayed gentility, if not of absolute grandeur. They are let now chiefly to booksellers, artists and boarding-house keepers. Their spacious rooms, designed in pre-Revolutionary days for quite different purposes, make admirable studios, shops and lodgings. Yet even in its decadence the street is not vulgarized: Art and Literature have somehow combined to preserve it from a coarse way of life. Even the lodging-houses have trimly-dressed, white-aproned, comely servant-girls, and the lodgers are generally professional men, smartly attired, or jaunty-looking Bohemians.

The particular house with which we have to do adjoins the second-hand bookstore on the east, which latter, being newly painted and generally furbished up, makes our house seem the duller and gloomiest of them all. And doubtless it was gloomy and dreary enough through its long, wide halls and spacious, high-ceiled rooms, its deep oaken window seats and its carved, wainscoted walls, its high, black mantelpieces and its yawning hearth of painted tiles.

Outside, the snow lay thin and trodden, the flying clouds hiding the moon and stars, and the murky air gave promise of a purer covering to the streets before the solemn Christmas dawning. The cold was intolerably piercing, and a keen north-east wind howled among the chimneys, flapped noisily the shut-

ters, rattled the sashes, and hustled belated pedestrians along like ships hustled by it far out at sea.

While the belated street-farers hurry homeward to nestle down in easy-chairs by warm chimney-nooks, while the sky grows darker, the air denser, and the wind deepens in its moanings about the eaves, Owen Conrad sits silent and still by the fire in his gloomy old house, and thinks, with a joy and triumph which no words can express, that to-morrow he will bring his young wife there to gladden and brighten its dingy old rooms for ever. But, underlying his profoundest anticipations of happiness, he has other thoughts and fears, which he dare not name aloud, and which he would bury, if he could, deeper than thought of man or imagination of woman could ever reach. Between him and the realization of his chiefest aim in life stands Duty, and never before has duty seemed to him so implacable as now.

He has already decided to close his heart against the pleading voice of conscience, and, disregarding it, to take the easier way to happiness.

There is firelight in the room, and no other. The heavy oaken inside shutters are closely shut: rich and heavy damask curtains are over them, adding to the gloom. His high-backed chair is wheeled close to the burning fagots, whose unsteady flames reveal the face of a man pale, determined and overshadowed by masses of dark-brown hair. It is the face of one no longer young—a face reflecting, as in a mirror, infinite suffering and quiet endurance of desperate fortunes—of one curiously reticent and grave. It is seen now at its worst, looking very old indeed, but as if it had grown old in not many years. It was not so yesterday, nor will it be so to-morrow when the terrible trial of this night is over.

Looking back over his life, he says, as if addressing some actual presence

in the room: "It has been a hard fight—a hard, bitter life. If I could only forget, and begin life anew with to-morrow!"

He is going to try to forget the past—to blot it out from his memory for ever. Around him, upon chairs and tables, are piled old journals, papers, bundles of letters, a boy's ragged, soiled jacket, a cap still full of the odor of oil, books, a scrap of leather with the number 74 painted on it. There are, besides, a hundred other things lying there—relics all of his hard fight, mementoes of the battles he lost or won, but each the token of a scar on his heart.

One by one, dully, mechanically, with no apparent feeling, no compunction, he takes them up and lays them on the burning fagots. One by one they ignite, flash into flame and smoulder into ashes, until not one visible record of the hard fight remains. It may, he thinks, have left its hundred scars, its wounds that still bleed, but they are scars and wounds in his heart, and over that he keeps his hand, and no man or woman knows thereof.

As surely as that the fire has destroyed all tangible evidences of that old, sad life, will he pluck out from his mind each memory of it, and forget it for ever. To-morrow he will begin a new existence—one sweet, gracious and bountiful. God has given him a chance for a life such as he never knew, full of the tenderness of love and the glamour of home. He need not die now to be happy: in the love of her who is to come into this old house to-morrow, its mistress and his dearly-loved and honored wife, he will live a better, fuller life than he has ever known.

There have been times in Owen Conrad's life when he has crept aside into the shadows of houses by night, or down shaded alleys and by-ways, in order that he might hide his face from the sight of men who knew it long before honor or wealth had come to him. That was years ago, though. His figure has lost its old-time stoop, the eyes are no longer furtive like those of a man hunted down and cast out from his kind. Ordinarily, he stands erect and his eyes are curious-

ly bright, sometimes full of a steely repose when other eyes peer into their depths trying to fathom his secret. He avoids no one now, for he no longer fears any recognition.

A wise man, full of that subtle wisdom which experience instills, he yet forgets that there are some things which will not be hidden—which, like murdered Banquo's ghost, will not stay down at any bidding. The ghost of this truth is only dimly visible to him to-night as his instincts tell him that before his wedding-bells ring to-morrow he should reveal to the woman he loves the whole wretched story of his life. Yet he does not mean to do it. It would have been easy enough to do once, but now he cannot do it. He has no hope, no aim in life, beyond her love. He could lose the world, fortune and honor, but he could not lose her. The rest is all dross: she is the pure gold of life, and only she.

As well as his affection has permitted him, he has studied her character, and he is forced to admit to himself that with all her virtues her pride is as the pride of Lucifer. He does not attempt to disguise from himself that were she to learn what he has been, from what vile depths he has climbed, she would be the first to fling him back into them. He knows that, better than she loves him, better than she loves her own magnificent, rounded life, she honors the unsullied name she bears; and he is conscious that before she would merge it into his, with the stain upon it shown to her, she would whistle him down the wind with remorseless scorn.

But he believes she need never know the story except from his own lips—that all the record is obliterated, the witnesses dead. Detection can never come save through his own needless confession. He has weighed the matter well, and determined that his wife shall never know him for other than he is to-night—a rich, famed and honored citizen.

He has decided. The new and gracious life of to-morrow shall begin with a lie.

With such thoughts filling his mind,

the night wore on, leaving Owen Conrad still reclining in the arms of his great leathern chair. As the fire burned lower, and the wind without began anew its moanings about the eaves, began to fight over again its battles with sash and shutter, and as the shadows of the old wainscoting, of the pictures on the walls, of the oaken bookcases, grew denser and darker, the man sat silent, unmoving, thinking of and waiting for the sweet new grace of the Christmas dawning. While all the visible signs of the old life that he had lived, full of suffering, shame and hunger of body and soul, lay dead at his feet in grayling ashes, its memories were being crushed out from his mind and destroyed without one regret.

Slowly the night wore on amid the moanings of the wind, the darkening of the shadows and the dying of the fire. Still Owen Conrad sat there voiceless and motionless.

A step by his side aroused him, and he sprang to his feet alert, with every faculty at full play, ready to confront danger if any menaced him. An hour before he had locked and bolted the heavy mahogany door. Some one, he hurriedly thought, must have been lurking in the room unnoticed. Seeing no one, he sat down again, believing his fancy had played him false. Again the step was heard, and he looked up, giving one quick glance at the intruder. Then his face grew paler, a shudder passed over him, and with no gesture of greeting or word of welcome he shaded his eyes with his hand, sitting in dread silence, as if waiting for something the import of which was not clear to him.

The strange guest or intruder, a boy of nine or ten years, emerged from among the sombre shadows that had enveloped him, and came and stood by the other's chair, where the fading glimmer of the fire flashed fitfully over him. He wore an old, soiled jacket, a cap saturated with oil, and about his mean, shabby dress flakes of cotton adhered. Still Owen Conrad kept his face hidden and uttered no word. It was the boy who, with his pleading eyes fastened on

the pale, grave face of the man, broke the awful stillness of the room.

He had noticed the shudder passing over the man, noticed how his face paled, grew thin and furrowed.

He said: "I am not welcome?"

Then Owen Conrad removed the shading hand from his face and looked the child fairly in the eyes, as he answered: "You are not welcome. You come to me when I would be alone. You remind me of times and circumstances which I would forget. The tangible records of you are there—ashes."

He pointed wearily at the hearth, and the eyes of the boy grew sadder, knowing what the other had done against him. "Yet," he answered, "I am the child you once were—the child of whom you would destroy all memory."

"You are the child who never knew the love that makes childhood beautiful and happy; who never knew parental tenderness or care; who retained no recollections of any other home than that beside the loom at which he toiled all day and half the night; who had no food but what his brutal master threw to him as to a dog; the child who never listened to a mother's prayer or knew a mother's loving word or look; whose parentage is to-day unknown; whose tenderest years were passed in the close, damp air of a cellar; whose only reward was blows; whose every yearning was for speedy death. You are that child, and I would forget you. You can have no part in the new and gracious life that will dawn for me to-morrow. I renounce you, with all that you are the sign and memory of."

The boy met with pitying, entreating eyes, with uplifted, protesting hands, the hard, stern look of the man who denied him. When he spoke his voice was sweet, but plaintive and low, like the sighing of the wind. "One moment!" he said. "Think again before you turn me away for ever. Remember in your charity, remember now in the dawn of your new life, that I am the beginning, the sure foundation, of the man you are to-night. I brought you suffering, pain

and hurt, but I have also brought you recompense. Men who never saw your face know you as a leader among the helpers of mankind, and hail you among the noble, pure and learned. Thousands in the poisoned air of alleys, in prisons and haunts of crime and disease, bless the name of the good physician who has ministered unto them, and so bless your name, for you are he. Little children in asylums, hospitals and factories look into your eyes, and seeing there the great compassion for them reflected from your heart, bless you. Wherever sickness, crime and hunger wait, there little children call down blessings on your head. Your life has grown rounded, full, you are prosperous, honored, happy, and I am the sure foundation of it all. That which you suffered in me makes you tender, gentle and loving to all who suffer wrong and hurt as I did. The ignorance that darkened my mind makes you patient with and thoughtful of all those who are ignorant like me. There is not an outcast walks the street in your sight, not a child wronged or hurt, who does not gain through me your sympathy, tenderness or care."

Lower and lower sank the firelight, the dying embers dropped upon the hearth, the shadows darkened about the room, gathered in dense groups, and seemed to envelop the listener in the chair. They took fantastic shapes, some lifting up threatening arms as if to strike him down, which were caught as they descended by others who formed a shield above his head. He regarded none of them. His pale face was again guarded by his hand; he listened to the voice of the child pleading for remembrance; thought, too, of to-morrow and the new, glad life it was to bring into the grim old house. His face softened in its expression, the eyes were almost humid, as if with happy tears.

Intently watching him, eagerly noting each change upon his face, the boy stands by his chair, looking down upon him with unutterable tenderness and compassion, with unspeakable love and yearning. The man has forgotten him, and so the boy stands and waits by

his chair. Presently there glides from among the dense shadows of the room a Youth, who takes his place at the opposite side of the chair. The Child and the Youth look into each other's face, and each sees himself reflected there. No difference between them, save that one is younger, the other older, than his shadow.

There in the night, the silence and the awful gloom of the shadows stand these twain, the childhood and the youth of the man whose new, sweet life is almost dawning. But in this better life they are to have no part. They are of the past, as forgotten as ships wrecked a thousand years ago upon lonely shores.

The Youth timidly touched Owen Conrad upon the arm, who, looking up wearily, confronted the new-comer. There was no sign of recognition in his eyes, no look of welcome, but rather an abhorrence of and shrinking from him.

"Do you know me?" the Youth asked.

"I do. You are a memory I would destroy."

"I am the memory of your youth," the other said. "Whatever I was, you, the maturer man, are."

"I know. I carry the curse of you into this hour, and it embitters the future. I would destroy you now and for ever. I cherish no recollection of you that I would wish to retain. Your life, after its escape from the loom and cellar, was foul and mean, in a degree to which that of the cellar was pure and sweet. It was steeped in poverty to the very lips. You did a man's work for a dog's reward. Your tasks were groveling, your masters cruel, your days friendless, lonely and miserable. You made your bed upon the bristles of the brushmaker's bench, your clothing was rags, your food was scant and mean. It was all abject and hard alike. An outcast at your birth, an outcast still. Nor was that the worst. The blows you got made you a timid, shrinking boy, and their scars made me a weak, doubting man—made me hold myself back for meaner men to go before. I would forget you now and always. Go, and let my new life be undisturbed by any memory of those

years of want, pain and wretchedness. Let me forget you."

"Not yet, not yet!" the Youth replied, "until you have heard me. I am the Youth you have described. I am he who toiled and starved, and got savage blows and cruel curses and few kind words from my masters, yet am I also part of the sure foundation of the new, pure life so near its dawning. While by day I toiled among the unclean bristles of the shop, by night I toiled harder over borrowed books. I starved my body day and night, that I might feed my mind with the learning that now enriches you. In the miserable workshop where I wrought and slept, and where I ate my black bread and drank my cup of water, I learned patience, perseverance and self-denial—the lessons which being practiced made you what you are to-day.

"And that I have so suffered and endured," the Youth continued, "has made you the friend and helper of all who are such as I then was. Whatever you have done for them toward their advancement, whatever truths you have taught them, whatever charity, mercy or tenderness you have showed them in Christ's name, you have showed them in my name also, for I am he through whose neglect, pain and hunger of body and soul you grew to be the man you are.

"Here by your fireside," said the Youth, "in the streets, lanes and alleys, in workshops, factories and prisons, forges and mines, or wherever youth neglected were defacing the image of the good God in which they were created, there have I pleaded with you for them; and in my name, as in the name of Christ, you have helped and succored them. The schools taught in the night, the libraries and the Homes you have reared for them, were reared for me, in my name, and out of the infinite love you had for him through whom you suffered. Forget me, destroy your memory of me, if you can: destroy *me*, and you will destroy whatever is good or helpful in yourself; destroy *me*, and for you tomorrow's beautiful morning of love and recompense will never dawn."

The wind sank down into whisperings,

its old battle with sash and blind had ceased, there was a truce declared between them. The firelight grew dimmer, the gloom denser, the air colder momentarily, and yet the man sitting there in the awful mystery of the night neither by word nor motion gave any token that he heard the speaker's voice. Still he listened, heard all, and deeply pondered on the words that were spoken until the low, sweet pleadings of the voice sank into silence. And still they stood there, Child of his childhood and Youth of his youth, but growing each instant less real and tangible—growing momentarily dimmer as the shadows of the pictures on the wall, the walnut bookcases, the furniture, gathered about and enshrouded them. Yet as they faded into unreal forms they pleaded with him in voices dim and shadowy as their departing shapes for his lost Childhood and his Youth. Still they kept their faces turned toward him, and their eyes were filled with unutterable love and yearning for him. They called to him in voices fainter and farther off not to destroy their memories, not to forget them when to-morrow came; and still with bowed head and with his face hidden by his hand he pondered, pondered, till they had vanished into the impenetrable gloom.

As if in the final moment of their departure they had been corporeal substance, giving him some violent token of their going, or as if he felt a harrowing loss growing out of their absence, or a fear that if he would he could not recall them, he started up from his chair and cried out to them in a voice pleading as their own had been to stay, to give him time to think upon it. And as he called to them vainly, the angry shadows gathered again in sullen groups, with hands again upraised as if to strike him down, and in voices he could not hear they heaped upon him all vile terms and savage epithets. And only when from among them there was evolved the form and semblance of a man in the first flush and strength of his manhood did the shadows no longer threaten, but in tones piteous to hear they cried out to Owen

Conrad, "Hear him, hear him! Listen to the memory of your early manhood."

The new presence stood beside him, waiting with strange humility and tenderness in his face for a word of recognition. His large gray eyes were the saddest ever seen in that room, and out of their depths the soul of Owen Conrad shone pure, white and unsullied as a woman's, but they were sorrowful as the eyes of one damned. The firelight playing over him for a moment showed him to be dressed in a curious tight-fitting suit of gray cloth, and on the front of his cap, held furtively in one hand, was a number painted—the number 74.

With an expression of weariness and pain no words can describe, Owen Conrad looked up at this shrinking shadow of himself and addressed it. "Least of all," he said, "did I wish to see *you*. You are the third—the least welcome. Be the last. I would forget and destroy all memory of you."

"And yet," replied the young man, "the first friend you ever had I gave you. You returned him all the love that fifteen years of sorrow, loneliness and pain had nurtured in your heart: as David's love for Jonathan was your love for him. Your first slow steps upward in life I made for you, your first successes I ensured you, and I too am part of the sure foundation upon which you stand to-night."

Owen Conrad no longer hid his face in his hand. He wheeled his chair around, so that he might the more fully meet the sad eyes bent upon him. "True," he said; "and the friend you brought me betrayed me, left me to languish in a prison. The steps upward you obliterated by other, deeper steps downward: the successes were embittered by subsequent defeats. You gave me them, too."

"I did," the presence said: "at least I bore them with you. I bore with you poverty, contumely and disgrace. I suffered even as you did when your friend betrayed you. I tasted all the bitterness, I bore the burden and the shame."

As if following his own thought, Owen Conrad continued: "In the merchant's

office where I and this friend were employed we divided its labors between us, and starved upon the pittance received. At least I did, but he lived well on his, denying himself no luxury that his whim or taste craved, living in a manner equal to that of his employer, and was soon to have married when a large sum of money was missing. Some one had stolen it, and suspicion fell upon us both, and we were both arrested. He had friends who became his sureties. I had none, and was sent to prison to await the day of trial."

"You did," the shadow joined in. "I went with you there. I suffered all you suffered. I bore the hurt, the ignominy and the wrong."

Disregarding the interrupting voice, and as if addressing the fire or empty space, Owen Conrad went on in the same weary manner: "The day of trial came at last. It seemed long in coming. At first I marked the passage of each day upon the wall: then I was ill for many days and lost the count of them, but long after health returned they dragged on and I was a prisoner still. I went there in the early winter. I remember now how I watched through the crevice in the granite wall the dead leaves falling outside. I knew when it grew cold without by the hurry and the sharp ring of feet. I knew when snow had fallen in the night by the morning's hush and stillness. When it fell by day I thrust my hand out through the bars which tore my flesh, only that I might touch something of God's that was pure and—free. It was on Christmas Day that Ralston's mother and sister came to see me in my cell. They remained there for hours, beseeching me to save him, their son and brother and my friend, whom in my soul I loved and cherished with true love, better even than life."

"You did," the presence said. "He was the friend I gave you."

Again, not heeding the voice, the man continued: "They begged me to save him and them from the disgrace—to tell what I knew about the loss of the money, and so exonerate him. They besought me to be just and truthful, to confess

what I knew — to save him and them from the scorn and shame that would surely fall upon them unless I confessed the truth. The mother spoke of her age, her unsullied name, of the dead husband whose grave would have scorn cast upon it. In all forms of prayer, in all words of woe, in all terms of tenderness, she begged me to tell what I knew and save her son."

"She did," said the shadow. "I was there and heard her. I suffered with you all you suffered then. I bore the pain, deeper than that of imprisonment, of knowing that she believed me guilty of the crime and her son innocent. I bore that and all disgrace and sorrow and wrong."

"I told her," continued Owen in the same low, monotonous tones, "again and again, that I knew nothing that could benefit her son, and at last, unbelieving but hopeless, she went away."

"But only," said the figure at his side, "to come again and again, only to plead through more hours with you to confess the truth concerning the stolen money. I was there: I heard her broken voice, her sobs and prayers. I saw her bend her venerable form upon the floor before you: I saw her tears and agony. I was there, and suffered all the sorrow, shame and wrong."

Again, when the shadow left off, Owen Conrad resumed: "It was on the day before the trial that the girl Ralston loved, and who was soon to be his wife, came with his mother to my cell. She told me, with great sobs and blinding tears, that her father had withdrawn his consent to their marriage until George should be exonerated. She too used the same words, always the same—to tell what I knew about the stolen money, to clear Ralston of this crime of which he was not, could not be, guilty. She was young and fair, and full of the infinite truth and faith of girlhood. Her love was real to her as the air she breathed. Under God there was to her no nobler type of manhood than George Ralston. I was like an animal hunted to death. I do not know now exactly how it was, but I thought the dear God had deserted

me. She came to me where I sat trembling under her prayers and agony, and with her sweet face all bedabbled with tears she spoke of their two lives shattered and wasted, of her own infinite loss and wretchedness. If in that hour there were any better God than Ralston, she did not know Him: if there were any better heaven for her than to lie in his bosom, she did not care for it. So—it seemed a little thing to do—I yielded."

"You did," answered the shadow. "You were friendless and unknown: of those whose blood flowed through your veins you were ignorant. You yielded, and when the day of trial came you were taken from the prison to the dock. Against you the evidence was thin as air, and against him strong and conclusive. But when called upon to plead to the indictment, he answered to the summons, Not Guilty, then hung breathless upon your quick reply, which entered the jury-box clear and firm, above and apart from all the din and stir of the noisy room—GUILTY. In a few words you took all the crime upon yourself. You sent him out into the world, to his bride and home and happiness, free and unharmed."

Once more Owen Conrad resumed the story when the shadow paused: "As I uttered that lie, dooming my innocent self to a prison, I looked into the face of the man I loved, the friend who had betrayed me to this shame. There was no expression of pain or regret upon it, not one touch of pity for me who had saved him from infamy. The sweet summer air floated in at the open window on my hot cheeks and burning eyes: outside in the square the birds sang, the green branches waved and the sun glanced tenderly down upon newly-opened bud and spreading leaves. He walked out through it all a free man, and I went back to my cell, where for two years I had no name but No. 74—where for two years I beat hopelessly against the bars. To you I owe that too. I would forget it and you. Let it and you die with the record now and for ever."

"First," said the shadow, "hear me.

For all you suffered in my name I have brought you the recompense in the blessings of prisoners, of young men tempted and fallen; in the prayers of young men saved by you from such shame as came to you; in the blessings of mothers whose sons, and of wives whose husbands, you have comforted in their prison-life, and have helped upon a better, honester way when their prison-life was ended. Magdalens redeemed and unredeemed have blessed you with their dying breath: slaves torn by the hounds, dying of the fevers of the swamps or of hunger, have sent up your name to the gates of heaven as you bound up their wounds, fed them and started them upon their certain road to freedom. In my name you did these things: out of the shame and sorrow and wrong you bore through me have come to you all your love and pity for those who suffered as I suffered. I too am part of the sure foundation on which you stand. I too have my part in the dawning of tomorrow. Forget me, and dwindle into selfishness and moral death. Forget me, and the morrow of which you dream can never dawn."

Again they grouped about his chair—again before him, their pleading eyes reflecting the dying firelight, they stood waiting, expectant, the images of his Childhood, his Youth and his early Manhood. They waited for his answer. And while they stood expectant, silent, the night and the sombre gloom passed away, a glint of golden sunshine struck through parted shutter and curtain, and a great and exultant song pealed out from the chimes in the belfry of the old church in a neighboring street.

Owen Conrad, awakened by it, flew to the window, threw back silken curtain and oaken shutter, and in a moment the room was all aglow with the sudden glory and effulgence of the new day. The chimes continued to peal out their Christmas anthem of good-will on earth and peace to men, and the solemn meaning of the day and of the triumphal song touched him so nearly that he bowed his head upon his hands, and when he raised it again his face was wet

with tears. Then the Shadows who stood watching him, silent and invisible to his waking sight, knew that, come what might, he would not forget them; and so, in the sunshine and glow of the Christmas morning, they vanished.

If he had been a man of lighter disposition, he would have laughed away his ghostly visitants as easily as he had dismissed other dreams of other nights. But he did not laugh. His wisdom had taught him long ago that in material Nature nothing is lost, and that in God's economy all things have their place and meaning. He walked slowly from the window to the broad hearth, and there among the dying embers were the ashes of the things that had but changed their forms, and in ashes existed still. But as he leaned against the high, quaint mantelshelf, he thought that they had been changed from their original shape beyond any man's recognition, and as records of an unfortunate life they were for ever gone. She need never know. Why should he drag it all up before her on their wedding-day?

He had not much imagination. His hold on the hour was a very real one. He knew that silence would bring him the love and faith for which his very soul was hungry, and he thought, if he knew at all the woman he was about to marry, he knew she would have no part in the man of unknown birth, who, justly or not, had done the State service in the cell of a convict.

No, his secret was safe—never so safe as now—and he meant to keep it so. Ghosts might come and go, but until they could reveal to her the wretched story of his shame and wrong they should not vex his quiet.

There were sounds of passing feet upon the pavement. The early morning service in the church was concluded, and the worshipers were going home. He knew that Agnes Robson was among them, for she never missed the morning prayers on Christmas Day. He returned to the window in the hope of catching a glimpse of her strong, lithe figure and sunny face as she passed. But he did not see her, though he fancied he heard

voices on his steps, and among them that of Agnes Robson. He strained forward over the deep window-seat, but the wide balcony outside shut off the view of the steps beneath. Presently the door-bell was violently rung, and he heard upon the stairs the sound of shuffling feet, as if some one were carrying a heavy body toward his room. He went to the door and threw it wide open, shivering as he did so in the chilled air of the hall.

Owen Conrad met on the threshold two men bearing in their arms the figure of another, and behind them walked Agnes Robson, prayer-book and Bible in hand.

He spoke to her hurriedly, clasped her hand for an instant, then helped the others with the burden they bore. They laid it carefully, almost tenderly, down in the chair beside which the Shapes of his dream had stood all the night through.

She came and stood by it. "I found him," she said, "lying half buried in the snow on your steps, Owen, freezing and dying: God only knows, starving too, maybe, on this beautiful Christmas morning. These gentlemen did not know what to do with him, and I told them to bring him here. I knew you could help him, Owen, and perhaps bring him back to life. You can do it, can't you?"

The beautiful, loving eyes of the woman were filled with tears, her face was white as the snow outside, and yet scarcely as white as her lover's.

He did not answer her directly, but leaning over the man lying there stiff and cold, he gripped at his wrist, and, despite the whirl of his brain, tried to count the feeble pulse.

When he turned toward his betrothed he looked like one on whom the sorrows of a race had suddenly fallen. "The man is dying, Agnes. I cannot bring him back to life," he said.

"But you will do what you can for him, Owen? Only restore him to consciousness once more. He may have friends whom we can bring to him before he dies. He may want some one

to show him along the way he is to go. You will help him?"

"Yes, I will do what I can, but the most will not be much."

He said it so coldly, and he hesitated so curiously, gazing in a rapt sort of stupor at the man lying there with death waiting for him, that she looked after him as he walked slowly into the next room, her mind filled with wonder at the strangeness of his voice and manner.

When he entered the adjoining room he closed the door after him, and stood leaning for minutes against a case of shelves filled with vials. The man lying there in his chair he had not seen before for fifteen years, and, without any good reason for doing so, had fancied him dead long ago. He was not, he thought, much of a man now, and would be dead enough before the sun was halfway up the sky. A shattered wretch, sent by some mysterious providence to his hearth upon his wedding-day. And yet—that worthless, dying creature could by a word so change everything for him that his wedding-bells would never ring.

He took down from the shelf a small vial which held a thick, bright fluid which glowed in the sunlight like molten gold. He was a learned man in his art. He knew the subtle spirits that move to sudden or lingering death, leaving no telltale token behind. He held one of them daintily in his fingers now. "What difference," he thought, "whether he die in this or another hour of the day?"

He looked at it only a moment longer undecided: then he flung it with savage force against the bars of the grate, and the golden poison was mingled with yesterday's ashes. He had suddenly concluded it were best not to kill him whom God had stricken and laid upon his hearthstone. Supplying himself hastily with powerful and certain restoratives, he went back to the other room, that he might open for a brief while the eyes of the dying man, and, maybe, open his lips as well to his own ruin. He weighed all the chances carefully, and the exposure of his life was the foremost one among them. During his absence the men had taken their

leave, and Owen Conrad was alone with Agnes Robson and George Ralston.

He pressed open the shut teeth, forced the scorching stimulants down Ralston's throat, built up a great roaring fire upon the hearth, piled coats and wraps about the dying man, and then wheeled his chair closer to the blazing fagots.

"I can do no more now," he said to Agnes. He hoped she would go before the means he had employed for restoration had worked. But she stood at his side, holding the hand of the poor wretch, and silently praying for him. They stood there keeping watch for his returning life a long while, as it seemed to Owen. Presently Ralston's hand moved in that of Agnes, and he opened his eyes upon them.

Owen Conrad brushed the matted hair from them, and as he did so saw recognition in their bleared depths.

"Do you know me, Ralston?" he asked.

The figure in the chair tried to drag itself upward, but it could not: it would never be lifted by its own strength again. No answer came, though the thick tongue tried to form words of reply.

When Owen Conrad asked the question, Agnes Robson moved away from the men to the window. She did not desire to know that which she was not wanted to know.

After a few minutes he asked it again, adding, "My name is Owen Conrad. It is a name you ought to remember. Do you?"

"Do I know you? I am not sure," he said in a hoarse whisper that penetrated to the farthest corner of the room. "I knew a jail-bird and a bastard once named Owen Conrad. If you are the same, I know you."

A sudden Satanic fury had seized the dying wretch. His eyes were dilated, his hands clutched at his breast and the muscles of his throat were convulsed, while foam mixed with blood covered his lips.

"You have beaten me at last," he said. "Curse you! you are rich and well fed, and I'm a drunken pauper dying at your fire. I always hated you, and never

more than now. Have you told this fine lady here that you do not know your father's name, and that you are a discharged convict? Have you ——"

There was a dull, slow gurgling in his throat for a moment: an awful change came into the coarse, bloated face, and in the fullness of his impotent malice he was suddenly struck dumb. His hands wandered helplessly about the wraps that covered him, and he sank down lower into the chair, his eyes staring blindly at the wall. Owen Conrad's secret was out, and he bowed his head and hid his face from the woman he loved.

"Tell me," said a clear, cool voice above him—"tell me that this poor wretch raves in his delirium and—lies."

"I cannot. What he says is true."

Hardly had he spoken when she was down on her knees beside him. She put her two soft hands upon his bent head, she tore his own from his blanched face, she kissed it with hot, passionate kisses from crown to throat, she strained him close to her heaving bosom, and wound her arms about him tighter and tighter, not uttering one word, yet assuring him by all tokens of endearment that greater and stronger than all human pride or prejudice or circumstance was her infinite love.

Holding him so, his cheek to hers, her wealth of soft brown hair fallen about his glowing face, she asked, in half reproach of all his doubts, "Do you know now that I love you?"

"Yes, Agnes, I know it now."

That was all the harm the unburying of his secret wrought.

There by the fire lay the poor wretch whose dying hatred and malice had been forgotten by them in the wondrous joy they had found in the truer love of a nobler faith. He was nearer the end than they knew. He lay quite still, his breathing slow and labored. Owen spoke softly to him, but there was no reply. The soiled hands had almost ceased to wander about the coverings, and the weary eyelids drooped restfully upon the bleared eyes. Whatever harm

he had wrought in his miserable life against the world or himself was soon to be atoned for. The memory of it even had ceased to vex the poor spirit. So he lay for a quarter of an hour, or longer maybe, when Conrad placed his hand upon Ralston's heart and found it beating with uncertain, feeble beats.

"Is it near?" Agnes asked, and Owen nodded, "Yes."

"You are dying, Ralston," he said. "Do you care to know that I forgive the harm you did me? Do you care that this woman should hold your hand in hers and say a prayer for you? It is Christmas Day, and maybe there is some one to whom you would like to send a message?"

"No, there is no one," he said, and his voice was so faint and far away that they bent down close to him to hear what he said. "Ask her to come here."

"I am here," she replied. Then, struggling with the death at his heart, he told her in fitful gasps and painfully spoken words the truth, owning the guilt for which he had let Owen suffer. "I stole the money—he was innocent."

She stood at his side, holding the rough, soiled hands of the poor shattered wreck drifting out, unconsciously now, into the unknown sea whose shores are not of this world. Unnoticed by them, a broad, warm gleam of sunshine had crept across the floor to their feet, and had climbed upward, when they saw it fall like a benediction of the holy Christmas Day upon Ralston's stilled face.

Then the beautiful woman there, whose soul was white as the untrodden snow without, stooped and kissed the coarse lips. They were not coarse to her, for the Christ she loved and prayed to had sealed them with his wondrous miracle of death.

Heart to heart and hand in hand, never in life to be parted, they stood there in the benignant sunlight of the early Christmas morning, and though an awful tragedy had dimmed the splendor of the dawning, the evening found them at peace, for upon his hearth no shadows came, and between them no secret lay unburied.

L. CLARKE DAVIS.

OUR NEW PORT STORM-SIGNALS.

THERE is no calling which receives more of human sympathy than that of the mariner. The victims of misfortune in the ordinary pursuits of life on *terra firma* are often scarcely noticed in the hour of failure and distress. But the tale of shipwreck is fraught with a deep and romantic interest for all, and the distant sound of the minute-gun on a dangerous and storm-swept coast instantly rouses the most torpid and apathetic.

From the earliest periods of history, civilization has placed the highest value upon all that can minister to the safety and security of the seaman. The famous Pharos, built by the Ptolemies as a friend-

ly and ever-burning beacon for vessels entering the harbor of Alexandria, was accounted one of "the seven wonders of the world," and attested the high estimation in which the humble Mediterranean pilots of that age were held. In more modern times the most costly and extensive surveillance is maintained on exposed coast-lines to guard the imperiled sailor from the wrecker who would delude him on a dark and stormy lee shore; and such edifices as the Eddy-stone lighthouse, masterpieces of architectural skill, are not thought too expensive to line the immense seaboard of the maritime nations, as so many sleepless sentinels to keep watch for the

homeward-bound craft and light it safely into port.

The necessity of such a provision has never been questioned; but it has long since suggested itself to scientific men that the signal which gleams from the lighthouse is not the only one needed by the mariner. It has sometimes happened, as in the case of the powerful royal mail steamship *The Royal Charter* a few years ago, that the noblest and staunchest ship goes down in the very blaze of the lighthouse lantern and within sight of land, and disappears with hundreds of souls on board. There are historic evidences of mediæval systems of storm-warning, which in a rude and popular way aimed at the protection of the mariner and the fisherman on the coasts of Italy; but until the year 1821 the knowledge of the law of storms did not exist. It was then that the philosophic mind of Mr. William C. Redfield of New York first grasped the mysterious phenomenon of the revolving meteor so long known as the hurricane of the western tropics and the typhoon of the East Indies. It was then, for the first time, that science gained an insight into the cause and nature, the action and pathways, of these sweeping besoms of destruction, and learned the possibility of forecasting their force and velocity and of anticipating their tracks.

The first application of Mr. Redfield's great discoveries—which will ever cause him to rank as the Kepler of storm-physics—was made by himself, and was designed to meet the urgent need of the mariner far from land and left to cope alone with the hurricane on the broad and deep ocean, where the Storm King holds undisputed sway.

True to the impulses of a profound and philosophic mind, Mr. Redfield immediately set himself to work to prepare a practical rule for the guidance of vessels overtaken by the cyclone, and this rule, which was first announced by him, was simple and easily followed, and has endured to this day under the distinctive name of "the Law of Storms." To the endangered seaman, over whose head the skies have formed an impenetrable

arch of blackness, lighted only by the fitful electric flash, this law is a lamp whose light is not less faithfully to be followed than the light of the Northern Star. It has been tested on every sea that washes the globe—around the thousand islands of the Antilles, in the basin of the Gulf of Mexico, in the North Atlantic along the great highways and ship-lanes of commerce, off the coasts of South America, on the broad and majestic bosom of the Pacific, in the tempestuous China Seas, in the Bay of Bengal, and in the inky and superheated waters of the Indian Ocean, from where the monsoon begins at the northern tropic to the island of Mauritius and to the insular continent of Australia. The time would fail me to tell the names of the many noble ships and gallant naval squadrons which have been rescued from destruction by the timely application of the Redfield law of storms.

Not satisfied, however, with the splendid bequest he had made to the navigation of the deep sea, early in 1846—less than two years after Morse completed his first and experimental electric telegraph from Washington to Baltimore—Mr. Redfield conceived the idea of applying the new invention to signaling to the shipping in the exposed ports of America the approach and force of storms. In September of that year he prepared an article for the *American Journal of Science and Arts* (which was published in the ensuing November), urging the practical and beneficent nature of the idea upon the attention of the country.

It is not my purpose to go further into the history of storm-signaling now; and I have said this much with the view of bringing before the reader the great discovery upon which the science of storms—or, to coin a word, meteoric science—so much depends in all its arduous attempts to anticipate and fore-announce the march of the tempest and the tornado.

THE LAW OF STORMS.

This great physical generalization, deduced from thousands of accurate ob-

servations and from dearly-bought experience, has undergone but little modification since it was first promulgated by Mr. Redfield. Indeed, the very latest and nicest results of meteoric study discover only the rarest and most unimportant errors in Redfield's writings. Like the old seaman Dampier, whom the English still delight to call "the prince of navigators," and whose descriptions of Nature, even in the minutest signs and tokens, bear the mark of photographic fidelity, Mr. Redfield wrote as if he was in the very presence of the storm, and read off just what he saw moving in awful grandeur before his calm and unperturbed vision. The reader cannot, therefore, fail to appreciate the statement of his views in the following brief extracts from his own pen.

"It has been found, by a careful attention to the progress and phenomena of the more violent storms which have visited the western Atlantic, that they exhibit certain characteristics of great uniformity. This appears not only in the determinate course which these storms are found to pursue, but in the direction of wind and succession of changes which they exhibit while they continue in action. The following points may be considered as established :

"(1.) The storms of the greatest severity often originate in the tropical latitudes, and not unfrequently to the northward or eastward of the West India Islands.

"(2.) These storms cover at the same moment of time an extent of contiguous surface the diameter of which may vary, in different storms, from one to five hundred miles, and in some cases they have been much more extensive. They act with diminished violence toward the exterior, and with increased energy toward the interior, of the space which they occupy.

"(3.) While in tropical latitudes, or south of the parallel of 30°, these storms pursue their course, or are *drifted*, toward the west on a track which inclines gradually to the northward till it approaches the latitude of 30°, in the vicin-

ity of this parallel their course is changed somewhat abruptly to the northward and eastward, and the track continues to incline gradually to the east, toward which point, after leaving the lower latitudes, they are found to advance with an accelerated velocity.

"The rate at which these storms are found thus to advance in their course varies much in different cases, but may be estimated at from twelve to thirty miles an hour. The extent to which their course is finally pursued remains unknown, but it is probable that as they proceed they become gradually extended in their dimensions and weakened in their action, till they cease to command any peculiar notice. One of the hurricanes of August, 1830, has been traced in its daily progress from near the Caribbee Islands to the coast of Florida and the Carolinas, and from thence to the Banks of Newfoundland, *a distance of more than three thousand miles*, which was passed over by the storm in about six days.

"(4.) The barometer, whether in the higher or lower latitudes, always sinks while under the first portion or moiety of the storm on every part of its track, excepting perhaps its extreme northern margin, and thus affords us the earliest and surest indication of the approaching tempest. The mercury in the barometer always rises again during the passage of the last portion of the gale.

"(5.) It is a distinguishing characteristic of hurricanes that *the wind blows from different points of the compass during the same storm*.

"(6.) All violent gales or hurricanes are great whirlwinds, in which the wind blows in circuits around an axis either vertical or inclined: the winds do not move in horizontal circles, as the usual form of the diagram would seem to indicate, but rather in spirals toward the axis, a descending spiral movement externally, and ascending internally.

"(7.) The *direction of revolution* is always uniform, being from right to left, or against the sun, on the north side of the equator, and from left to right, or with the sun, on the south side."

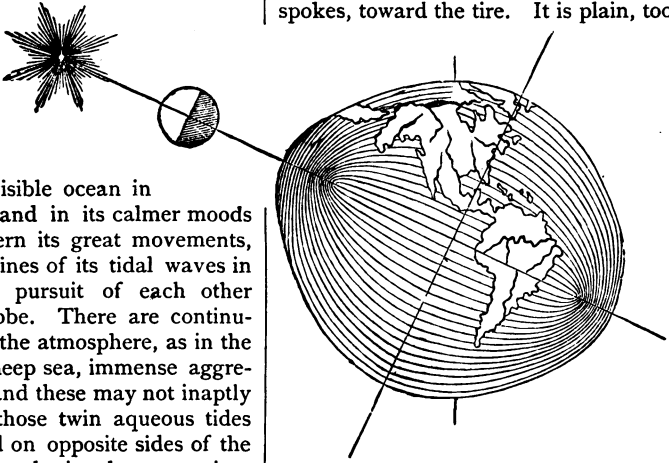
THE AERIAL OCEAN.

The deductions of which we have spoken refer mainly to those occasional and (so to speak) abnormal depressions in the great aerial ocean which mark the phenomenon of the rotatory gale.

But we must study this invisible ocean in other aspects and in its calmer moods rightly to discern its great movements, and trace the lines of its tidal waves in their ceaseless pursuit of each other around the globe. There are continually formed in the atmosphere, as in the waters of the deep sea, immense aggregations of air, and these may not inaptly be likened to those twin aqueous tides that are formed on opposite sides of the earth under the luni-solar attraction, whose crests may not be many feet above the general sea-level, but whose diameter may exceed a thousand miles. When one of these oceanic tides is arrested by the angular shore-line of the continent, or by an island rising abruptly from the floor of the Atlantic or Pacific, the roaring, surging, flood lashes itself into foamy surf, or bursts over the coral-reef that has been erected to withstand it. But when a vast atmospheric wave appears, it is noiseless, and would pass over us unobserved but for the indications of the barometer, which faithfully measures its height and the intensity of its pressure; and where observations are numerous and widely extended a comparison of barometric readings enables the meteorist to delineate on his map the boundaries of this wave, and even to detect its trembling and feeblest oscillations.

If we can suppose, for an instant, that the aqueous tidal wave which comes in all its vastness out of the deep Southern Ocean near Tasmania, and follows the moon in its course, to be suddenly arrested in mid-ocean, and every particle of its water brought to a simultaneous stand-still as if by the word of the magician, it is clear that from the centre of

the wave toward every part of the circumference the particles of water would begin to move outward in radial lines, as from the hub of the wheel, along its spokes, toward the tire. It is plain, too,



LUNI-SOLAR TIDES.

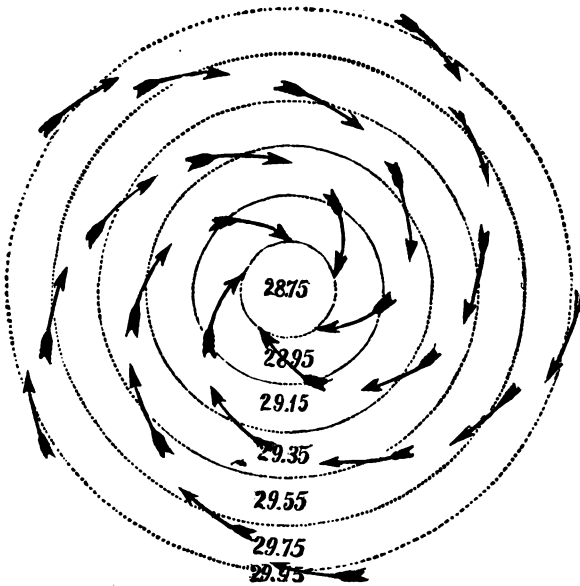
that under the supposition made the velocity of this movement in radial lines would be proportioned to the altitude of the wave-crest in its centre, or to the gradient from the outer circle of the wave toward its protuberant apex. To gain, therefore, a correct idea of the atmospheric motion in an atmospheric wave of great power and dimensions, we have only to bear in mind the aqueous motion in the tidal wave supposed. We have seen that into the depressed centre of a cyclone the winds press in a sinuous spiral from all quarters around the storm. On the contrary, in the atmospheric wave, where the barometer is high from intense pressure, there is this universal efflux of air from the centre; and it too, owing to the influence of the earth's diurnal rotation, by trending to the right, reaches the circumference of the wave in a similar sinuous spiral.

Such spirals are shown in the following diagram, in which the direction of the arrows indicates the winds which actually blew in the celebrated Rodriguez hurricane of the southern hemisphere.

Had the scene of the storm been removed north of the equator, into our hemisphere, the gyration would, of

course, have been in the opposite direction, and against the motion of the sun, and contrary to the motion of the hands of a clock. The reader can have no

difficulty in reversing the cyclonic rotation, and conceiving the arrows to fly sinuously and spirally in an anti-cyclonic circle.



THE RODRIQUEZ HURRICANE.

If the enormous waves of the atmospheric element and its corresponding depressions were stationary, the study and the calculation of the resulting phenomena would be simple enough. But the aerial ocean is like "the troubled sea, whose waters cannot rest." The areas of gaseous intumescence, and also the areas of gaseous rarefaction, are in incessant motion, and the meteorist must learn to divine their evolutions on the field of their never-ceasing conflict. Watched from day to day, they appear like two hostile but unequal armies, which never come together, but are yet perpetually influenced each by the other. It is, however, around the outskirts of both that we find most of the severe and trying storm-winds.

In all attempts at weather and storm forecasts it is highly important to keep a vigilant eye upon the anti-cyclone, as well as upon the cyclone; for, as has been justly remarked by Mr. Pliny E.

Chase, there is "reason for supposing that anti-cyclones are the usual weather-breeders even of such of our land storms as become more or less cyclonic after they are fully developed."

The problem of prognosticating the path of the areas of high and low barometric pressure is that to which the science of storm-warning is, after all, mainly reduced.

Without entering upon a discussion of the processes of weather-prognostication by means of telegraphic weather reports, isobarometric charts, weather-maps, etc., it is necessary to call attention to some few of the physical laws which affect the practical use and application of the port storm-signals.

THE SINKING BAROMETER.

The centre of the storm is the vortex of danger, which must first be ascertained whenever there is reason for alarm. The marine cyclonist bends all his

efforts to determine this point; and it was for enabling him to discover it readily that Mr. Piddington of Calcutta invented the famous transparent horn-card, which, if laid upon a chart of the threatened district, with its arrow superimposed upon the line of wind actually blowing, reveals at a glance the direction of the dreaded centre. A few examples will illustrate the method of finding the region of most intense vorticose motion.

If the wind in any harbor or at any station should be found to veer and gradually change its direction from south-east to south-west, the storm is passing by on the north and west side of the observer in our hemisphere; if it veers from north-east to north-west, the storm is passing by him on the north and east side; if it veers from south-east to north-east, it is passing on the south and east side; and if from north-east to south-east, it is moving toward the south and west. One of many hundred beautiful examples of this gyration may be selected from a typhoon in the China Seas. When three days out from Macao, not far from Hong-Kong, Captain J. V. Hall, the commander of a fine East Indiaman, observed "a most wild and uncommon-looking halo round the sun." On the afternoon of the following day the barometer began to fall rapidly, and, though the weather was fine, orders were promptly given to prepare for a heavy gale. As the sun went down the air was calm and the ocean smooth, but high aloft there was visible a small scud-cloud moving from the north-east; and now the anxious eye of the captain descried far away in the south-east a small bank of cloud. "That bank," says Captain Hall, "was the meteor (cyclone) approaching us, the north-east scud the outer portion of it; and when at night a strong gale came on about north or north-north-west, I felt certain we were on its western and south-western verge. It rapidly increased in violence, but I was pleased to see the wind veering to the north-west, as it convinced me that I had put the ship on the right tack—namely, on the star-

board tack, standing, of course, to the south-west. From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. it blew with great violence, but the ship, being well prepared, rode comparatively easy. The barometer was now very low, the centre of the storm passing to the northward of us, to which we might have been very near had we in the first place put the ship on the larboard tack." The most striking fact, however, of the account follows. This commander had gone out of his course to avoid the storm, but when the wind fell and the gale moderated, thinking it a pity to lie so far away from his course, he made sail to the north-west. The result was, that "in less than two hours the barometer again began to fall and the storm to rage in heavy gusts." He bore away again to the south-east, and the weather and sea rapidly improved. It was in these seas, or rather to the north-east of the island of Formosa, that the United States Japan Expedition was exposed to a fearful cyclone, from which it was extricated, just as was Captain Hall's vessel, by the skill of an accomplished cyclonist, Lieutenant Silas Bent. The typhoons of these Eastern waters not unfrequently throw the finest and largest vessel on her beam-ends when not showing even a thread of canvas.

The tactics which the mariner practices in making good his escape from this traveling engine of destruction will tell the intelligent landsman at least the path it will be most likely to take, and will enable him, by the cautious use of his barometer, to find his bearings from the heart of the tempest.

As the quicksilver reports the approach of the fearful meteor, and the direction and veering of the wind tell where the danger is passing, so the distance of the storm-centre may be roughly estimated by the rapidity of the fall in the barometer.

The more rapid this fall at any station or port, the more reason is there to believe that the centre of the meteor, in all its deadly violence, is approaching very closely. Thus, in the East Indian cyclone of November, 1870, the meteorological observer at Vizagapatam re-

ported to Piazzi Smith: "The fall of the barometer from 11 to 12 P. M. was .142 of an inch; at 12.20 A. M. it was 29.440; 1 A. M., 29.404; 1.30 A. M., 29.340; 2 A. M., 29.260; 2.33 A. M., 29.124; 3 A. M., 28.960; and at 3.30 A. M. the mercury had fallen to 28.800 inches." He very properly adds: "From this continued fall, and the wind keeping in the same direction up to the lull of the cyclone, but increasing in violence, one would be induced to think our geographical position was very close to the centre of the cyclone, if not almost in the centre." In the Great Bahamas hurricane of October, 1866—of which a beautiful chart was prepared and published by Mr. John H. Redfield of Philadelphia, the son of the eminent father of American meteorology, and himself no mean proficient in the same science—we have a striking verification of what has been said of the relation between a rapid fall of mercury and the proximity of the storm-centre. The report of Governor Rawson of the Bahamas graphically states: "At 9 A. M. it began to rain, and soon after the storm acquired the character and force of an undoubted hurricane, the wind continuing to blow from the north-east in terrific squalls at the maximum force of 12, accompanied with deluges of rain, intermixed with the spray of the sea, which was driven three or four miles inland, and tainted the pools and wells of New Providence. The sea was one mass of seething foam, the waves being beaten down by the wind, and the waters in the harbor were little less agitated. No boat could live in them. *From noon to 6 P. M. the hurricane raged without intermission.* About the latter hour it began to moderate. *The greatest fall of the barometer was between 4 and 6 P. M., when it fell from 29.20 inches to 28.14.*" The very centre of the furious meteor was an hour later passing over the doomed city of New Providence. "The wind moderated, a perfect calm ensued, the rain ceased, and *the stars shone out bright.*" This was only "the eye of the storm," as it is called, and the other half of the meteor was to prove as violent as the first. More than two

thousand houses, chapels, theatres, warehouses and other buildings were destroyed or seriously damaged, over a thousand persons rendered homeless, ninety-three vessels wrecked and over one hundred severely injured.

In our hemisphere the severest winds are those on the south and west side of the centre: those on the east side are more frequently "squalls." The observer, or any one interested in the storm or cautionary signal at any port or station, may thus generally ascertain the status of affairs for himself. If whilst facing the low pressure he finds the wind steady and his barometer falling, then the central area is advancing directly toward him, and so long as this continues he may expect the wind to increase until the barometer reaches its lowest: then a lull will take place, followed by strong winds from the opposite quarter, which will continue whilst the barometer is rapidly rising, but subside as it rises more slowly. The strength of the wind may be expected to be in general proportioned to the rapidity of the fall or rise of the barometer.

It may be well to remark that, in reasoning upon the direction of the winds, it is the part of wisdom not to depend upon the surface or local wind, which may be a diversion of the storm-winds, but to be guided by the direction of the winds from which the *low* clouds are moving. Neither the very high winds nor the very low or surface winds give the true storm-indications. The reader will remember the difference in the movement of the scud-cloud and the cloud-bank of the typhoon seen by Captain Hall. At the time of the Bahamas cyclone, before spoken of, "the wind for three days had been from the south-south-west to west, with a high barometer, and the scuds aloft moving quickly to the westward."

For the further guidance of the interested storm-student it may be well to add a word to what has been said of the use of the barometer, taken in connection with the winds. If it be known that a centre of low pressure is in his neighborhood, and he stands facing it,

he will find the wind blowing from some point on his left toward some point on his right; and *vice versa*, if he stand with his left hand toward the point from which the wind blows, he will face the region of lowest barometer.

But the harbor-master, the mariner in port and the private citizen are not confined, as is the sailor in mid-ocean, to the mere indications of his instruments or to the indications of the winds and skies. These are, it is true, invaluable monitors; and there is perhaps no instance on record in which the barometer has not fallen very low, and the thermometer *risen high*, and the hygrometer indicated a *moist* and *saturated* air, around the locality of the storm-desolated region.

As before intimated, one design of this paper is to assist or enable any observer to use the port cautionary signals of the government with intelligent discrimination. I shall therefore briefly give some of the general physical considerations which should be carefully borne in mind if he would make a correct forecast.

THE STORM-TRACK.

One of the great achievements of which astronomy is proud is the determination of the paths of comets, whose number is so great that Kepler compares it to that of the fish in the ocean, but whose reappearance is predicted with the greatest exactitude. It is an accomplished triumph of meteorological science not less signal, and certainly far more useful to mankind, to calculate the path of the tornado and the cyclonic meteor.

The track pursued day after day by an ordinary storm-centre is sometimes a question of the most momentous consequence, and is solved only by discovering the resultant of many varied and variable forces. Some of these forces are caused by the pressures of areas of high and low barometer, both stationary and in motion; some by the presence of large quantities of moisture or heat; some arise from temporary winds, and some from the permanent wind-bands and the earth's axial rotation, or, occasionally, from extraordinary luni-solar

tides in the air. All of these influences, and others, must receive their due share of importance in deducing and preparing every storm-warning that is issued from the Signal Office. Before explaining the details of the display and design of the national cautionary signals it will be well to follow out and finish up the discussion which is intended to enable the reader to read and apply them wisely and promptly.

When a cyclonic gale is discovered in the West Indies,* and is telegraphed at once to the seaports on our Atlantic coast, it is not always to be supposed that these places will be exempt from danger during the progress of the meteor and until its centre passes their respective parallels of latitude. It has often happened that while the heart of the storm is passing over the Carolinas, for instance, the winds in the north-eastern quadrant of the hurricane are playing havoc with the shipping on the coasts of New Jersey, and even farther north. In one memorable instance, while several staunch and powerful vessels were foundering in the south-east quadrant of a cyclone in the Gulf Stream south of Cape Hatteras, the north-easterly winds of the same storm were tearing off the roofs of warehouses in New York, and filling its streets and avenues with falling timbers and chimneys. And it is not uncommon to notice that when the storm-centre moves northward along the Atlantic coast, the circle of its influence extends westward to the upper Ohio Valley.

Bearing these facts in mind, the observer, wherever he may be, must next look out for the presence of *an area of high atmospheric pressure*; for wherever there is such an area it will exert a powerful influence upon the course of the area of low pressure, or, in other words, upon the storm-track itself. It has been discovered that the systems of cyclonic winds moving against the hands of a clock are drawn around the area of high pressure in the anti-cyclonic direction, or with those hands, very much

* It is probable that weather-telegrams will soon be received daily in Washington from the West Indies.

as in some wheelwork machinery we see a small cogged wheel revolving from right to left around a larger wheel having a contrary motion. This double motion must not be omitted in the calculation for the storm. The presence of any area of high barometer of large dimensions, by causing a system of decidedly strong winds to circulate around it in the anti-cyclonic way, may drive the storm before it, so that its path will undergo a decided change. Thus, to take our former illustration, the Bahamas hurricane, which really curved sharply to the north-east after passing the thirtieth parallel of north latitude, may have made a complete circuit around a permanent area of high barometer, now known to exist in the Atlantic Ocean near the Tropic of Cancer. And if so, we may even believe that after the lapse of a few weeks or months it returned to the very threshold in the Torrid Zone from which it originally set out. At any rate, it is unquestionable that the sunken areas of cyclones will move about the elevated areas of anti-cyclones, somewhat as eddies in a stream will move about rocks and stones rising out of the water.

It has been observed, generally, that the movement of areas of low pressure on the ocean in both hemispheres is to the eastward between the latitudes of 35° and 50° . This tendency is particularly noticeable in the routes of our transatlantic steamships, and partly explains "the heavy westerly gales and head winds" they so frequently report on their voyages from Liverpool to this country.

The controlling influences which determine the course of a given storm-centre, or of any area of stormy weather, may be briefly enumerated as follows:

1. There is a decided tendency of areas of low pressure to move northward more rapidly than southward, and the reverse for areas of high barometer. These tendencies are respectively strongest in the latitude of 45° . This principle, which is a deduction from the mathematical theory of the atmospheric currents, is confirmed by observation.

2. Storms of considerable extent disturb the atmosphere to a sufficient height to have their course determined by that of the upper currents of air—*i. e.*, the south-westerly current in the North Temperate Zone.

3. Storms of less extent—for instance, the level summer thunder-storms—are carried along by the general winds of the lower states of air: these, however, are determined by the existence of the continental and oceanic areas of high and low pressure, whose changes from month to month may be seen in the charts of monthly isobarometric lines. Thus it is that with but very few exceptions the storms that have been traced to any distance from April to October are found to move about the tropical areas of high barometer in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans in the direction corresponding to the movement of the hands of a watch, and in the contrary direction about the area of low barometer in the interior of North America: those traced during the winter months move about the area of high barometer in the interior of the continent in the direction of the movement of the watch-hands. These great areas of high pressure are, however, ever varying in outline and position, thus giving rise to changes in the storm-paths.

4. The central low pressure produces a fall in the barometer in all directions about it: wherever that fall is accompanied with a deposition of vapor, a further fall will be thereby induced; consequently the storm-centre will be drawn in that direction.

THE FUEL OF THE CYCLONE.

The enormous meteor can no more exist without aqueous vapor than can the boiler of a steamship generate steam without a supply of coal. We know, indeed, that the mechanical energy of the sun has been stored away in the coal, and that the force which really moves the ponderous and massive machinery of the steamship is shut up in the coal. So, too, the latent force shut up in the particle of vapor is an all-important agent in the generation and

maintenance of a cyclone. As the winds from all sides of the depressed centre rush inward to restore the equilibrium, they meet and form a calm, and where the calm is formed they rise upward into the central and nearly erect cylinder of the storm. The higher they ascend, the cooler and cooler they become, and finally, on reaching a great elevation, become so much chilled that they give up their vapor, which falls in the quantities and with the force of a torrent. The moment this rain-fall begins, in the incipiency of the storm, is a critical moment, because then its mechanical motion begins in earnest. There is an immense liberation of latent heat, which is another mode of saying an immense putting forth of mechanical and physical energy in the centre of the storm. We may form some conception of this force by remembering the well-known thermic formula, that for every gallon of water discharged from the clouds, heat enough has been liberated in the lofty cloud-region to boil five and two-thirds gallons of water taken at the freezing-point. As soon as the latent heat of the condensed vapor has been radiated into the storm-cylinder the latter expands, and the air within it becomes highly rarefied. In the centre of the cyclone the low barometer is made to fall lower and lower, just in proportion to the amount of rain formed; and the rain-gauge is therefore a sure measurer of the intensity of the gale. There is thus set up a series of intruding winds having an increased centripetal tendency, larger and larger areas of the encircling atmosphere become involved in the disturbance, and the violence and danger of the storm augment. There is no limit to this increase of centripetal tendency and cyclonic violence except in the amount of moisture furnished as fuel, and hence as mechanical force, to the vapor-appropriating vortex. This amount of cyclone-fuel varies with the locality in which it is present. In the tropical seas it is large, because the sun has there pumped up from the water large quantities of moisture, and the atmosphere is highly charged with aqueous vapor. In the neighborhood of the

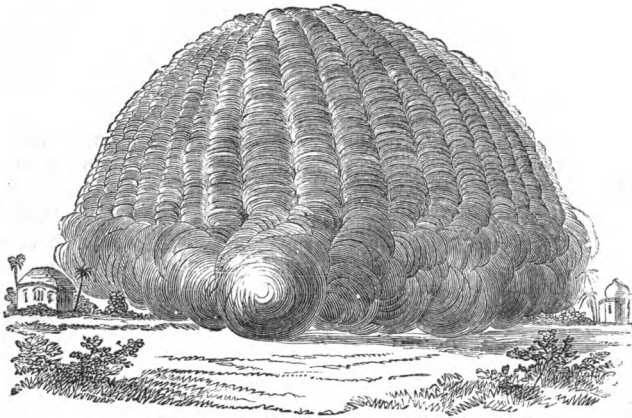
West Indies this vapor-supply is large, and as long as the hurricane lingers in the waters which wash the Antilles it has a great abundance of fuel and great violence of wind. But no region of the ocean is so much superheated as the China Seas, the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. The equatorial current which washes the Antilles has been but a few days under the fiery sun in crossing from the coast of Africa to the Windward Islands. But the equatorial current of the Pacific, which pours its fountains into the China Seas and the Indian Ocean, has been more than one hundred and fifty days in crossing from the American coasts, and is therefore able to supply much larger quantities of vapor to the typhoon than the Atlantic waters can supply to the hurricane. It is for this reason that the former is more terrific than the latter.

In passing from the tropics to the middle latitudes, even on the sea, the rotary violence of any storm must abate, although, as we might suppose, the progressive velocity is quickened. When the storm passes into the interior of a continent it invariably diminishes in intensity, and this for a very simple reason. The upper stratum of the atmosphere was cold enough to condense the ascending and vapor-laden air-currents, which blew in sinuous radials to the storm-centre—indeed, this upper stratum has always been ready to serve as condenser for the cyclonic engine—but it has no moisture in its frigid folds. It is a well-established fact that in the higher atmospheric regions it is scarcely possible that aqueous vapor can exist. This was long ago noticed by the traveler Deluc, who remarked that the head of his walking-stick fell off in high mountain ascents from the shrinking of the wood, and who pointed out the vaporless character of such alpine heights. So universal is this dryness of elevated and lofty strata of the air that during the sojourn of Piazzi Smith on the Peak of Teneriffe, a volcanic cone that lifts itself in the Canaries out of the foaming billows of the Atlantic, the aridity of the air was painful and distressing to the astronomer.

And this is all the more astonishing when we reflect that the summit of Teneriffe is perpetually swept by a south-westerly wind from the equatorial belt of constant precipitation.

By keeping this reasoning in mind the storm-student or storm-warner is enabled to form a close and correct estimate of the probable violence and danger of a storm which he sees is about to pass over any part of his country. If he observes it bearing down upon the dry and desert region, he knows that it must soon dwindle into comparative insignificance, at least while it is *in transitu*. This is beautifully illustrated in

dry parts of India, where the cyclone of the Indian Ocean at once dwindles down into the insignificant "dust-whirlwind of India," violent, but shortlived; but if the storm is passing over a country covered with forests or marshes, or sheeted with dissolving ice or snow, or if it is moving toward the valley of some great "father of waters," we may be assured that its power is not to be despised. The writer has especially noticed that a cyclone which has traveled slowly along a section of country like our eastern Appalachian slope, as soon as it nears the ocean strikes off at increased speed and intensity, and the winds in its rear,



DUST-WHIRLWIND OF INDIA.

which yesterday were light and almost zephyr-like, to-day may rage with frightful and fiendish energy. It is for this reason that sailing vessels about to leave our Atlantic ports should look well into the movement of storms yet far south of them, lest after leaving port they may be overtaken by the meteor. Nay, it is highly important that steamers of great speed should beware lest after leaving the coast they overtake the storm and get entangled in the rotating winds and high seas on its southern side, which were comparatively feeble off Sandy Hook or Cape Cod, but which, by the time the storm reaches the Gulf Stream beyond the Grand Bank, become overwhelming. I could mention many instances of this having occurred, and

some striking cases in which inattention to it has nearly proved the loss of three or four of our finest passenger transatlantic steamships. It is on the principle we have laid down that the storms on our lakes, which are not very severe on the adjacent land, become so dangerous.

As a rule, it will be safe for seamen, in calculating the velocity of cyclonic wind for the sea off the coast and for the lakes, to at least double the velocity with which they were observed to blow on the land and lake shores. On reaching the Gulf Stream such cyclonic winds would become very dangerous.

THE MOVEMENT OF STORM-CENTRES.

We have already alluded to this part of the subject, but it is necessary to be

more precise. The storm-centre, as the reader now doubtless sees, is the force-generating and potential heart of the meteor, and its movement must be attentively watched.

The citizen interested in the weather, and desirous of knowing it for himself, will of course supply himself with the daily or tri-daily government reports, which give him abundant statistical details from which, by the application of scientific principles, he may deduce the meteoric conditions ensuing.

The general tri-daily press report (to be had at observers' offices) contains always a statement of the positions and movements of the larger areas of high and low barometer, of cold and warm weather, or of stormy, cloudy and clear weather. In the absence of a weather-map, therefore, one can determine in a general way whether these are approaching to or departing from his neighborhood, and this knowledge leads to the following conclusions:

1. If the barometer is very low at the centre, very severe gales may be expected over a large area—say, within a circle of two hundred miles radius—from October to April, but within a smaller circle—less than one hundred miles—from May to September.

2. Areas of low barometer when first perceived in Minnesota may be expected to move eastward in the summer months with westerly winds on Lake Superior; and to move to the south-east and east-south-east in the fall with easterly and north-easterly winds on Superior and Michigan.

3. When perceived in Nebraska or the Indian Territory, they may be expected to move north-eastward to Lake Ontario with north-easterly winds on Superior, Michigan and Huron.

4. When perceived in Texas or anywhere on the Gulf coast, they may be expected to move northward to the latitude of 35° or 40° , and there begin to move north-eastwardly with north-easterly, northerly and north-westerly winds on the lakes, and subsequently southerly winds on the Middle and East Atlantic coasts.

5. When perceived on the coast of Florida or off the South Atlantic, they in the fall, winter and spring may be expected to move slowly up the coast, preceded by north-easterly winds and rain.

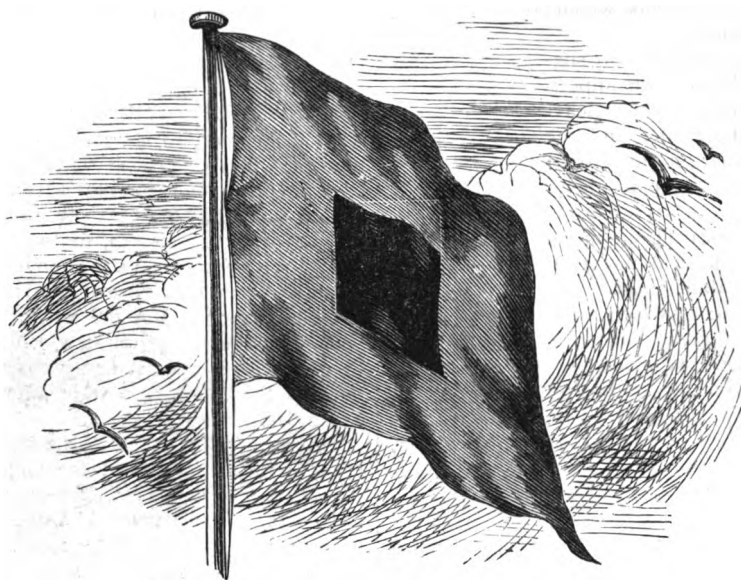
6. Whilst the preceding sentences mark out the most general average phenomena attending the movement of the disturbing areas of low pressure, it must be borne in mind that but very rarely will the ever-varying atmospherical condition allow any storm to pursue a uniform average course over the earth.

This is hardly the place to attempt, on geographical grounds, the explanation of the variations in the movement of these areas of high and low atmospheric pressure. But the writer ventures to make a suggestion which may be of service in at least fixing observed facts in the mind, and which, he believes, is a sound deduction.

Let us, for illustration, take a cyclone moving in the centre of the Gulf of Mexico to the westward. There is no reason to suppose it would leave that position unless impelled by force. In the bosom of that basin of superheated equatorial water—a basin which itself reposes over a volcanic furnace which unquestionably affects sensibly the temperature of its fluid contents from beneath—the storm-fuel, or aqueous vapor generated by heat and set free by evaporation, would amply and abundantly feed the centre of the cyclone; and it would, on theoretical grounds, tend to linger there, just as it tends to linger in the West Indian waters. This, I say, would be true on theoretical grounds, but both in the Antilles and their adjacent seas, and in the Gulf, observation confirms the theory. But we will suppose that under the impelling movement of atmospheric currents the cyclone moves from the Gulf into the Mississippi Valley and passes toward the north. On arriving near the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers it receives a double summons—on the east from the inviting moisture of the Atlantic coast, and on the north from that of the lakes. If these two calls came from an equal distance, the former, from its su-

perior attraction for the storm-centre, would undoubtedly prevail, but to reach the Atlantic the storm must cross the Appalachian chain of mountains, which is far off and forbidding. The proxim-

ity of the lakes gives the preference to the call from that quarter, and probably, as a rule, seconded by the urging-on agency of the prevailing westerly winds in middle latitudes, the storm-path is



DAY CAUTIONARY SIGNAL (RED FLAG WITH BLACK CENTRE).

determined in favor of a northerly—or, rather, a north-easterly—course.

If, however, the cyclone, when in the Gulf of Mexico, had not been borne northward by atmospheric currents into the Mississippi Valley, but had (as I believe many Gulf cyclones will hereafter be discovered to do) followed a course westward of the Gulf, along the Valley of the Rio Grande, and then, by an immense parabolic sweep, eluding the observation of all the government observers, had swept around the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains through western Kansas, and finally appeared in western Minnesota, what course might it be expected to pursue?

If we glance at a map of North America, we shall see that Hudson's Bay is to the American continent a vast Mediterranean, rivaling in magnitude that of Europe. It must be regarded, from the view-point of the physicists, as an immense warming apparatus, or hot-water-

and-vapor-furnishing furnace, for the upper portion of North America.

In winter its shores are indeed locked with ice, and at this season it furnishes little or no attraction to the cyclone. But in summer its ices are melted, and from thousands of full and noble streams, which pour into it the drainage and dissolved ices and snows of the north, from the Canadian height of land on the south and east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and the Arctic regions beyond, it is filled to overflowing, and from its evaporation an immense ocean of vapor is created. Although so far north, it is not beyond the powerful rays of the mid-summer and autumnal suns, which even fifteen hundred miles farther north, at Upernavik in West Greenland, are so hot that the explorer Sir John Ross mentions that his men at that port found them oppressive, and on account of the heat could not work without taking off their jackets. It is the presence of

this grand inland sea and its tributaries—which, if surveyed, would probably prove to be larger than the Mediterranean Sea, or than all the great lakes put together—that largely controls the movement of storms which come within its influence.

We can here only suggest the meteoric importance of this subject, leaving the reader and the practical storm-warner to follow it up for themselves.

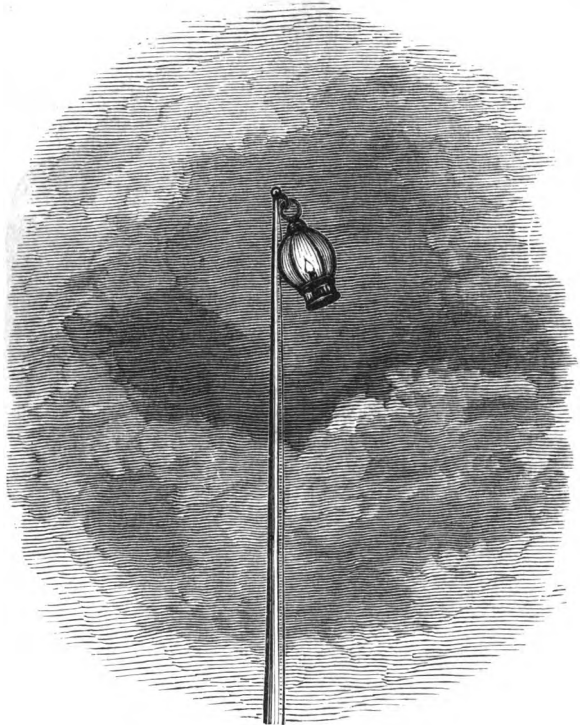
By bearing in mind such physical agencies, and balancing the various causes which influence the movement of the storm, we are enabled to arrive at a close and correct judgment of its probable path and its probable velocity.

If this branch of the science of meteorics is attended with great difficulties, and requires the most expert and experienced students of the weather, there is much consolation in the fact that the approach of a storm-centre heralds itself. In the lower and middle latitudes this is markedly observable.

At the centre of a cyclone an upward current is supposed to exist, and high above are formed the cirrus clouds, which stream far away in advance on the upper currents of air. These storms are carried to the north and west, until they pass into the meteorological temperate zone, where the prevailing south and west winds control their motions. This generally happens on or opposite the South Atlantic coast; and as the storms then pursue a course nearly parallel with the Gulf Stream, with its attendant band of warm moist air, they produce heavy easterly gales on our East Atlantic coast, and finally are lost in the northern Atlantic, but occasion-

ally, doubtless, reach Iceland and the coast of Great Britain.

The cirrus, or "cat's tail" of the old sailors, and the cirro-stratus, are almost invariably the precursors of dangerous storms, and a sharp lookout for them



NIGHT CAUTIONARY SIGNAL (RED LIGHT).

will enable any observer to keep "ahead" of the cyclone.

THE CAUTIONARY SIGNAL.

From remotest historic periods the agency of signals has played an important part in all military operations. Experience long ago demonstrated their necessity in the movement of armies over large regions of country, as in the strategic evolutions on the narrower scene of the battle-field. But a contrivance so useful has been variously applied, and made as subsidiary to the sciences of peace as to the art of war. It is not too much to say that in man's battle with the elements—the storm, the



DAY CAUTIONARY SIGNAL IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

tornado, the cyclone—the signal promises to serve a higher purpose than it has ever done in man's warfare with man.

In the display of signals it is necessary to study simplicity and clearness; and the Chief Signal Officer of the army, General Albert J. Meyer, to whom, under the Secretary of War, the whole organization and management of the Signal Service has been entrusted, has established a signal under the following conditions:

"The cautionary signal of the Signal Service United States Army—a red flag with black square in the centre by day, and a red light by night—displayed at the office of the observer and other prominent places throughout any city, signifies—

"1. That from the information had at the central office in Washington, a probability of stormy or dangerous weather

has been deduced for the port or place at which the cautionary signal is displayed, or in that vicinity.

"2. That the danger appears to be so great as to demand precaution on the part of navigators and others interested, such as an examination of vessels or other structures to be endangered by a storm, the inspection of crews, rigging, etc., and general preparation for rough weather.

"It calls for frequent examination of local barometers and other instruments by ship-captains or others interested, and the study of local signs of the weather, as clouds, etc., etc. By this means those who are expert may often be confirmed as to the need of the precaution to which the cautionary signal calls attention, or may determine that the danger is over-estimated or past."

HIGH WINDS.

If the mariner finds that high winds are blowing within two or three hundred miles of his port, he should at once ascertain what the disturbing cause is that produces these high winds. According to well-known meteoric laws, the cause is due to an elevated barometric pressure over some district, and a low pressure over some other district not too far remote to be affected. The atmospheric fluid cannot for a moment rest, but is ever pursuing and striving to attain that unattainable equilibrium which ever eludes it. Generally the observer may be guided in his inquiries by one or two general principles.

If the area of low barometer be very small, the area of violent winds will be correspondingly small and contracted, as in tornadoes on land, and especially in those which are frequently seen in the Mississippi Valley.

It sometimes happens that the barometer affords no clue to the cause of high winds. Even if no fall in the barometer be noticed, brisk winds may be experienced, owing to the fact that the air in rapid motion overhead may drag along with it that on the surface of the ground; but in general it may be stated that ninety per cent. of the winds that are dangerous to navigators are accompanied by areas of notably high and low barometer. Now, when the barometer falls over any region, the inertia of the surrounding air causes some time to elapse before it is set in motion, and similarly a large mass of air moving with rapidity preserves its motion after the exciting cause is removed. Thus it may happen that strong winds exist in regions at which no barometric disturbance exists at the moment, but has existed a short time previously.

Again, the space enclosing the partial vacuum into which the winds tend to rush, itself moves slowly over the earth, and thus the wind at any point appears still longer to delay to follow the barometric disturbance. This delay will of course vary with the motion of the central area of low pressure or that of the neighboring high pressure.

The general consequence of the preceding considerations is, that the area covered by the weather-chart presents to our view one, two or three regions of low pressure, and one or two of high, and that between these, but much nearer to the low than the high barometer, we find the strongest winds. As regards the direction of the winds, they may be described as not tending directly to the centre of the area of low pressure, but as circulating around and in upon it in a sinuous spiral, in a direction contrary to the movements of the hands of a watch (when it is laid down with its face upward): thus there are found northerly winds on the west side of the region, westerly ones on the south side, and so around. Of these winds, those from the north-west and south-west are more violent, on the average, than those from the south-east and north-east, but the latter may be more dangerous, and when they pass over smoother ground may be even stronger at the immediate surface of the earth.

DANGERS ON LAKES AND LEE SHORES.

The red flag or red light known as the Cautionary Signal is displayed when the information in the possession of the Signal Office induces the *belief* that dangerous winds are approaching. This term *dangerous* winds has a meaning that varies with the locality in which the winds blow. The gales of the stormy Atlantic, which frequently attain the hurricane velocity of fifty, sixty or seventy miles an hour, are seldom equaled on the lakes of America. But on these narrow inland seas, where the sea-room for vessels is so limited, winds that are reported from the lake stations as "brisk" (*i. e.*, from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour)—in which a ship on the ocean would carry all her canvas—frequently become very dangerous to navigation. It is a well-known fact that the waves during a heavy storm in the Mediterranean do not reach the height or magnitude of those which wash the Cape of Good Hope and are common in all the oceans, but the former are often dangerous on the coast. The con-

finer and narrower configuration of the Gulf of Lyons, on the south of France, doubtless explains the exceeding storminess of its waters.

Besides this danger from limited sea-

room, it is also necessary to remember the peculiar perils of a lee shore. Thus a storm-wave may be driven upon the lee shore or the waters of the sea piled up upon it, as was once known to be the



MONSOON IN BOMBAY HARBOR

case in Florida, and as is frequently witnessed in the harbor of Bombay during the prevalence of the south-west monsoon. This is a most important consideration, and the storm-signal might very properly be expected to be

hoisted only in case such winds are apprehended at the Signal Office for the port thus imperiled.

For inland and well-sheltered points, however, as Baltimore and Philadelphia, this distinction cannot be easily made;

and in order to avoid the confusion that might very possibly arise from the display of different signals at adjacent ports, such as Milwaukee and Grand Haven, Detroit and Toledo, etc., etc., it has been decided, for the present at least, not to put into practice the above suggestion. The cautionary signal will therefore be hoisted whenever the winds are expected to be as strong as twenty-five miles an hour, and to continue so for several hours within a radius of one hundred miles of the station. It will thus be left to the public individually to decide whether that wind will be dangerous to any special occupation. It is hoped that eventually it will be practicable to add a second signal, giving warning of severe gales. Each signal holds good for the space of about eight hours from the time at which it is hoisted. When no signal is displayed, it indicates that the office has no knowledge of any approaching danger; and as this is not only the case when there is really no danger, but also in many cases may be the consequence of the failure of the telegraphic connection of the central office at Washington with neighboring stations, it should not lead the mariner to be less watchful of the weather, nor to neglect to obtain such weather intelligence as he can from the telegraphic reports at the observer's office.* If the

* It will be important to the observer who examines his own barometer to know the following corrections for the height of his station.

The correction for altitude above the sea will vary with the annual temperature, but may be approximately made as follows:

	Alt. of Water. ft.	Alt. of Bar. in.	Add to Bar. in.
For the ocean	0	25	0.02
For Lake Champlain	95	120	0.14
For Lake Ontario	235	260	0.29
For Lake Erie	564	590	0.66
For Lake St. Clair	570	595	0.66
For Lake Huron	574	600	0.68
For Lake Michigan	574	600	0.66
For Lake Superior	600	625	0.69
For the Ohio at Pittsburg	725	750	0.80
For the Ohio at Cincinnati	450	475	0.50
For the Ohio at Louisville	400	425	0.47
For the Ohio at Cairo	300	325	0.34
For the Missouri at Omaha	950	975	1.05
For the Mississippi at St. Paul	650	675	0.74
For the Mississippi at St. Louis	425	450	0.48
For the Mississippi at Vicksburg	130	155	0.17
For the Mississippi at New Orleans	20	50	0.05

An allowance for the temperature of the barom-

eter may be made by noting the thermometer attached. When it reads 40°, subtract .03 of an inch from the barometric reading, and .03 more for every additional thermometric rise of 10°. For every fall of the quicksilver of 10° from 40°, add to the barometric reading .01 of an inch.

mariner desires more exact information as to the nature of the threatening danger, he should obtain the latest "Weather Bulletin" or "Weather Map" published by the office, as well as the general "Synopses and Probabilities," or the so-called "Press Report." These can generally be had at the office of the observer.

In conclusion, it may be well to emphasize the fact that the Chief Signal Officer employs *but one signal*, and that the danger-signal—the red flag by day and the red light by night.

When the lamented Fitzroy of England first began the display of storm-warnings on the tempestuous shores of Great Britain, the class of uneducated mariners, the old salts who had never examined a barometer, and in fact scarcely knew how to take an observation at sea, were disposed to make light of the cautionary signals. But they soon discovered their error, and in a year their opinion underwent a decided change. In 1864 it was found in England that fifty per cent., at least, of all the storm-warnings had proved correct, and in 1865 that seventy-three per cent. had been fully verified. In France, during the years 1865-'66, out of one hundred warnings sent, seventy-one were realized the first year, and seventy-six in the second year; and out of one hundred storms which occurred, eighty-nine were signaled during the first winter, and ninety-four during the second. In 1866 an interrogatory addressed by the London Board of Trade to various harbor-masters, chambers of commerce and mercantile societies on the more exposed coasts of England, elicited a large number of replies, which, with a single exception, strongly commended the signals for "their growing correctness," as "the means of saving lives and property to an immense extent," as "very generally appreciated," and "becoming more

eter may be made by noting the thermometer attached. When it reads 40°, subtract .03 of an inch from the barometric reading, and .03 more for every additional thermometric rise of 10°. For every fall of the quicksilver of 10° from 40°, add to the barometric reading .01 of an inch.

reliable and relied on by shippers." The North German Seewarte, in a late report, mentions that out of thirty storm-warnings hoisted at Hamburg, twenty-seven or twenty-eight (*i. e.*, about *ninety-four per cent.*!) were correct. The *New York Herald* lately said, in an editorial, "The most disastrous cyclones, especially those of last August and September, were predicted with marvelous precision from Washington, and our daily weather-forecasts very seldom fail to express the general atmospheric conditions, and usually fore-announce the changes to within an hour or two of their occurrence."

In all ages of the world signals have been called into extensive requisition by civilized nations. The red flag flying over the Roman consul's tent was, we are told by Plutarch, the Roman signal

for the beginning of the great battle of Cannæ. But the red flag of the ancients is to be henceforth utilized in one of those grand arts of Peace, who "hath her triumphs no less renowned than War's." As the danger-warning of the Chief Signal Officer, flying in sight of hundreds of cautious seamen in many exposed and storm-swept ports and harbors, it will be an unmistakable signal that Science has joined battle with the fierce elements of Nature—the storm, the tornado and the all-crushing and fiendish hurricane—and proclaim that if it cannot stay the deadly meteor, it can teach man the fire-sprinkled path of its gyration and advance, and thus enable him to elude its fury.

THOMPSON B. MAURY.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER I.

"And yet they think that their houses shall continue for ever, and that their dwelling-places shall endure from one generation to another."

AYTOUN lies at the very edge of Bridgeford, near enough for a pleasant walk for the young people by the hedges and under the lindens which skirt the greater part of the road. It offers a pleasant change from the dust and noise of the busy manufacturing town, and at the end of that walk a hearty welcome and a somewhat old-fashioned hospitality. For though our manners and customs have decidedly changed since our grandfathers' days, yet here and there in some corner of the land there are still traces of the old ways, and the owner of Aytoun is not the only one who prides himself on keeping up the ancient style of things.

Although busy, dirty Bridgeford is only half a mile from the gate of Aytoun, you would never suspect it, for the house is shut off from sight by a small

forest of trees, and no sound reaches it save the mill-whistle, which, robbed of its shrillness by the distance, sounds almost musical.

Originally, the house was shapely enough, but from time to time there has been added to it a wing or a bow window, as the needs or tastes of the possessor dictated, until now there is not much form or shapeliness left to the old building, though its exterior is suggestive of cozy rooms and pleasant nooks, as well as of stately drawing-rooms and chambers. A home-like house, yet with some display of elegance and ornament—such a house as our grandfathers understood how to build much better than we do now.

But one would scarcely stop to look at mere bricks and mortar when there are such grand old trees to rivet one's admiration—trees which tell plainly of the growth of centuries, and which quite dwarf their foreign connections, who are doing their best to grow tall, and not to

appear mere shrubbery under the shade of the huge oaks.

Aytoun is not kept in the perfect order it once gloried in. The hedge is no longer closely shorn to seem a vivid green wall. The turf is short and velvety, for it never needs a scythe, the trees demanding the full vigor of the soil, and permitting no superfluous growth around them. But they cannot prevent the violets and dandelions from showing themselves in the early spring, and no one has the bad taste to root them out.

Money is scarcer at Aytoun than it used to be in the old times, and the place begins to show its poverty. Perhaps the very lavish hospitality it once boasted of has helped to impoverish its present owner. It used to be said there was more corn eaten by the horses of its guests than would satisfy most farmers to send to market as the sum-total of their crop; and every one knows farmers are not easily satisfied.

Fortunately, customs have changed since those days, and Bridgeford is no longer a mere village not boasting even a well-kept tavern, so that whenever a stranger arrived, if he looked respectable, he was expected to be sent to "the house," to enjoy its hospitalities so long as his business or pleasure detained him in the neighborhood. Now, the furthest that is expected of Aytoun is to offer a hearty welcome at any hour, a plate at the dinner-table for any one who may chance to drop in at the old-fashioned hour of three, an occasional dance in the hall, a game of croquet on the lawn, and a mount for half a dozen equestrians when there is a riding-party.

Aytoun has still its pack of hounds, but they are kept more for the name of the thing than for any use that is made of them. The fox seldom shows himself in the neighborhood of noisy, dining Bridgeford, and when he does steal out the farmers grumble at the hurryscurry scamper over green wheat-fields by men on nags of every description, following the baying hounds. But in former times none had asked leave or license to follow the fox if they could jump the high worm-fence; a Philip

Dunbar had always led the way, whether through his own broad fields or those of his neighbors; and many a time had the horse been taken out of the plough and mounted by its owner to join in the pell-mell race.

Philip Dunbar, the present master of Aytoun, does not possess one half the acres his forefathers did, because of this same hospitality and fox-hunting. He is the last of his race, with the exception of his sister Hortense, a girl barely out of her teens, who does the honors of the old place for him gracefully, as she is bound to do, and who wins hearts, when she chooses, by her courtesy as well as by her beauty.

My story opens on a glorious October day, and every available hack at Aytoun is called into requisition to mount a numerous party of young people who are bent upon a ride to the rapids. These rapids are a succession of small falls in the river some miles above Bridgeford. They are not only picturesque, but have proved useful in hurrying the water down the stream, thereby furnishing a considerable water-power, which has been the means of transforming the once pretty village into that abomination of abominations, a manufacturing town. Every one seems slow to move to-day, whether because it is comfortable under the great trees, which have lost so many of their leaves that they do not keep the warm sun from diffusing its grateful rays, or because there is some trouble in deciding which of the horses can best put up with the one-sided seat and flapping skirts of the ladies. There is a good deal of noise, much laughter, some shifting of saddles and an occasional mishap in mounting, with not a few pretty fears and terrors on the ladies' parts, and needless anxieties and assurances of safety on the men's. But at last every one is ready, and Philip Dunbar, as he has the right to do, leads the way down the long avenue of oaks to the iron gate which opens on the high road.

In these days of photography, when one expects a picture of every acquaintance, it will be as well to give a slight

sketch of some of the riding-party. Philip Dunbar is the rider of that bay horse. He is evidently a good one, though there is no chance of exhibiting his horsemanship in the quiet pace at which he is going: he gives you the idea that the horse and his rider are not distinct animals, but one and the same.

He is certainly a handsome man, but of a type of beauty which is neither Saxon nor Spanish. The charm of his face consists in its coloring, for the eyes, hair, eyebrows and lashes, as well as the short curly beard, are all of the same shade of red brown, which some call chestnut, but which has more warmth in it than that nut ever shows. Exposure has darkened by many shades the naturally fair complexion, but it cannot hide the rich color which seems burnt into the skin. The nose is small and shapelessly, and the mouth is wisely hidden by the red-brown moustache—wisely, I say, for as an index of character it might be perplexing. Smiling, it might be handsome; in anger its expression would grow sinister, perhaps a little cruel.

By the side of Philip Dunbar rides a pretty blonde. Hers is a style of beauty men often rave about, but women seldom admire, unless they prefer camellias to violets. Grace Robson wins more hearts, it is said, than any girl in Bridgeford. The women say her stock-list helps her, but then women are often more keen than just in their decisions on such points.

There is no need of describing every couple riding down the avenue; so we will let the others go by, and look only at the last.

The lady is Hortense Dunbar, who, with a certain old-fashioned courtesy, keeps behind her guests until they are well out of her domain and on the public road. In her position as hostess she can see better the needs of every one by being the last in the long line of equestrians. She is not very watchful, however, but is listening to the remarks of her cavalier, as of course she should do, for every one knows she has been engaged to Bryan Bonham for two years at least—so long, indeed, that no one thinks it worth while to notice them.

Hortense is wonderfully like her brother. She has the same brown eyes and hair. Her complexion is dazzlingly fair, and the color comes and goes fitfully. There is no need to hide the mouth, for it will be tender whether it smiles or not, and there are certain curves at the corners which tell you that in prosperity or adversity Hortense may be depended upon.

Her cavalier is dark and handsome—a little too fond of his own will, possibly, both with mistress and steed, if one may judge from the way he manages to make both fall behind the rest of the party.

The road is narrowing now, winding through a long stretch of woods. Either the shadows are suggestive, or the party have wearied of making superhuman efforts to keep up a general conversation; for now the different pairs are dropping into confidential whispers, though perhaps most of them could still shout out their words and tell no secrets.

With Hortense and Bryan you can judge whether a whisper is needful. He is saying in a low voice, "I have had a letter from my grandfather which I should like to show you, only every one will be wondering at the confidential terms we have dropped into should you be seen reading my letters."

"A letter from my grandfather!" repeated Hortense. "It sounds formidable, much like Sir Walter Scott's pretty but dry history-lessons. I suppose, though, if one has a grandfather, it is natural that he should write to one."

"I suppose it is—at least that has been my experience. If those people ahead would only be sagacious enough to quicken their pace, so as to be beyond seeing as well as hearing, I should like to show you the letter."

"I wish they would then, for I should like ever so much to see it, if only as a specimen of what my own grandfather might have done. Could you not smuggle it to me under the disguise of a dropped handkerchief or riding-whip?"

"I do not want to show it as a specimen. I did not look at it critically, and it only seemed to me a commonplace, gentlemanly letter, not at all fine nor

worth examination as a curiosity. It is not the style, but the matter, of the letter that I wanted your opinion of."

"I beg pardon," replied Hortense, meekly: "I meant no disrespect. I have no kinsfolk older than Philip, no one else to write to me, and he does it but seldom. Not more than half a dozen notes has he ever written to me in his life, and they are by no means commonplace, or, I suppose, in the strict sense of the word, very gentlemanly. At least, there is some slang in them, with a good many inquiries about the horses and dogs. I take it for granted your grandfather's style is somewhat different."

"I should hope so. I can't imagine Philip writing letters such as mine is. As I can't show it to you, I must tell you the contents as well as I can. The old gentleman is very anxious that I should settle down as—"

"I hope he has not heard anything to make him anxious?" interrupted Hortense, turning a mock-serious face toward her lover.

"Nothing special, I fancy. At least he does not find any fault. Yet it is a sorry, worthless life I am leading, without a home or any one to look after me, and the old gentlemen is wise enough to see it."

"Sorry and worthless!" Don't overthrow my belief too suddenly. I thought only young women led worthless lives—young women who have nothing special to do, I mean."

"If we are both making honest confessions, it is time we should mend our ways," retorted Bryan, with a little twinkle in his eye at the prospect of tripping her on her own words. "There is but one way to improve matters for both of us, with any likelihood of success."

"But I rather like my worthlessness," Hortense maintained, coolly. "Philip is used to it, and you—"

"And I must wait Philip's pleasure. Is that what you would say, Hortense?" asked Bryan angrily.

"His *convenience* would be a better way of putting it," Hortense answered with a little nod.

"Then I tell you, plainly, I am some-

what tired of being pushed aside for this same Philip Dunbar."

"Pushed aside, indeed!" exclaimed Hortense. "I only wish I had the strength to try it actually, not figuratively. There is a great talk just now about woman's influence, but for my part I am sure you men would be much better managed by hard blows and drivings, if we women only had the power to try it."

"There is an easier way than that. But I do not intend to follow Samson's example and show you where my weakness lies. What I wish to do just now is to prove to you that there is some one in the world worth caring for besides Philip."

"And the headings of your arguments are—"

"First, that this same Philip, though known to have some influence over misguided womankind in consideration of his good looks, ought to have none whatever over *you* where one Bryan Bonham is concerned."

"But what if I don't care to argue the point?"

"You can certainly say which ought to have the most influence with you—Philip or I."

"Philip, by all means. Has he not been a mixture of grandfather, father, guardian, brother, companion and playmate these many years? and would you have me leave him in the lurch now, when he needs me most?"

"A sort of natural protector, by your own showing, but not at all better able to fill these numerous offices than I am."

"But you cannot take my place with Philip."

"He can get another housekeeper, if you are thinking of his creature comforts. Besides, he will find a wife soon if you leave him to his own devices."

"He will do that some day without my urging," said Hortense, with a little jealous feeling at her heart, "and he will not ask my leave. It is never considered hard for a woman to uproot herself. I suppose we are regarded as a species of air-plant, which can grow to whatever gives the necessary support."

"I am sure I am anxious to give you the needed support," replied Bryan. "I have not the smallest objection to your putting out as many pretty clinging tendrils as you will, if they only draw you closer to me."

"But I dislike vines and all such silly expedients in Nature," Hortense responded — "trailing, helpless things, which bear with their full weight, though they break or bend what they lean on. I would rather be a bare telegraph-pole than yonder handsome trumpet flower, which is killing the tree it seems to be beautifying with its gay flowers."

"It is well you are engaged, Hortense, and thus give contradiction to your expressed opinions; and it is well, too, you are telling them to my ear only. Most of the Bridgefords people would think the cant of the day was cropping out of your talk. Gerald Alston would have a fling at you, and your dearly beloved Philip would frown you down most certainly."

"Fate forbid such a misunderstanding of my plain meaning! Not that I fear Mr. Alston's fling or Philip's frown. I should be more apprehensive that on some bitterly cold night my ghostly kinswomen at Aytoun would turn me out of doors as an unworthy daughter of our Adam-loving race."

"I wish some of your grandmothers would punish you by turning you out, and I could find you just chilled enough to care to warm yourself by my fireside."

"You would like to pick me up as charitable people do beggars. As a class, they are said to be terribly ungrateful, and I may be no better than the worst of them."

"I would run the risk. Here we are in sight of the river, and we have come to no definite plan. You have gone round and round like a horse in a circus ring, and we are no nearer our wedding-day than we were when we began our talk. I have not an idea what answer to give my grandfather."

"He has not a thing to do with our vexed question. You can't bring in your revered relative in that way, Bryan, trying to play upon my ignorance."

"But it should not be a vexed question, and you should give me a serious answer to my serious question."

"And you frighten me at once by your serious manner. Let us drop the subject, for to-day at least."

"No, I will not drop it, but press it boldly. Hortense, when shall the wedding be?"

"Philip's, do you mean, of which you were warning me a little while ago?"

"No, certainly not: I mean our own."

"Oh, ours? Let me see: this is October and Wednesday. It shall be to-morrow year. That will give us both breathing-time."

"To-morrow year, indeed! I will take the whole matter in my own hands, and fix the day myself."

"And it shall be—"

"Let me see," Bryan said, mimicking her: "this is October and Wednesday. It shall be to-morrow month."

"November? Nonsense! Only a man could think of such barbarity as to propose such a freezing glimpse of Niagara as one would have next month."

"But a glimpse of Niagara is not necessary."

"There you show your ignorance. A veil, a ring and a trip to Niagara make a wedding now. In our grandmothers' time it used to be a vow, a blessing and a punch-drinking, but of course they are obsolete."

"The veil and the ring, by all means, but we are strong-minded enough to forego the waterworks."

"All or nothing," Hortense says, and whips her horse surreptitiously, thus forcing him to join the group, who are dismounting, with a bound which looks a little vicious to those who do not see the lash.

Bryan reins in his horse somewhat impatiently. He is not one who likes to be foiled even in trifles, but there is no help for him; so he comforts himself with the knowledge that there will be an opportunity to resume the conversation during the morning in spite of Hortense's desire to avoid it, and that there is also the ride home, when he will manage

better and keep his betrothed jogging quietly in the straight road.

If Hortense had been mounted pillion-fashion behind Philip, as in the days of her great-grandmother would have been seemly and maidenly, instead of holding the reins in her own hands, she would have listened with more patience to Bryan's entreaties to fix a day for their wedding. She might even have acceded to his own proposition, in spite of the inconvenient hurry it would entail. But, riding as she was a half mile behind, she did not catch a word of the love-making Philip was doing so bravely.

Poor Hortense! She was willing to put off her lover and the sound of her own wedding-bells until it suited Philip's convenience to part with her. She would never have dreamed of giving up her place as housekeeper at Aytoun with the month's warning which is required of the hired servants. Yet Philip, without a thought for her loyalty, was as impatient to oust her from her position, and as anxious to fix his own wedding-day for November, as was Bryan—Bryan who had been engaged, Rumor said, at least two years.

But two years, two days or two hours alike seem of long duration if we are very eager for a thing. It is the one childish feeling we never quite outgrow, and just now Philip Dunbar is very eager for a speedy wedding, and is urging it without a thought about Hortense, who is as painfully put to it to manage comfortably for her lover and brother as was the man who had to cross a river with his fox, his goose and his bag of corn. She has indeed no fear but that her woman's wit will help her through. But then she knows nothing of what Philip is saying to Grace Robson, nor how warmly he is urging his suit.

And Grace is listening to Philip's love-making with no desire to laugh it off or to avoid straight answers. She has her longing, her ambition, as well as the rest of womankind, and will be a little unscrupulous, perhaps, in attaining it. It is rather a silly one, some may think, but there is nothing more humiliating to most of us than to confess the object of

our ambition. It is such a high-sounding word, and we use it for such a poor end if we are honest enough to own it. The consummation of some women's wishes lies in making a good pudding, and Grace Robson thinks she should have all that is desirable in life if she were mistress of Aytoun.

What more could Grace Robson need than she has now? is a question most who know her will ask. She is pretty, rich in her own right, petted by the women, adored by the men. Surely there is nothing she longs for? Yes, one thing—just what Philip Dunbar can give her, and what, in her opinion, no one else can.

It is not his love: there are half a dozen men she could like just as well if there were no other consideration. Nor his money, for he is poor almost to a proverb. But to be mistress of Aytoun is her heart's desire. To have the name of Robson blotted out by the more euphonious one of Dunbar. To be no longer known as the proprietress of Blidale Mill, but as the wife of the master of Aytoun.

Grace's own home is much more costly and showy than Aytoun ever was in its young, palmy days—showy with fresh paint and new gilding, costly with upholstery and expensive knick-knacks; whilst Aytoun is rather dingy in regard to paint, and most of the furniture was brought across the sea to the colonies by the Dunbars themselves—very grand in its day, but then its day is over.

People are perverse in this world, and it is just the newness of her house and the freshness of its gilding which makes Grace dissatisfied with it. But what could she not do with her money at Aytoun? How she would reign there, bringing back by the magic of this same money the old-fashioned hospitality there were still so many pleasant traditions of in the county! And she could introduce, also, many of the gayer fashions of the present day.

Out of all the din and bustle of Bridgeford, scarcely within hearing of the shrill whistle of the Blidale Mill, too remote for any suggestion that the wife of Philip

Dunbar has any special reason to dislike the sound, Grace thinks she espies Eden through the iron gate at Aytoun, and she is as ready to listen to the whispered invitation to enter as was Eve to the temptation that was to thrust her out.

Philip Dunbar is on the winning side to-day. A handsome man on a handsome horse, which he rules with boldness and skill, has always a certain power over the woman he is riding with, especially if she be a little timid. And Grace certainly is so, perched up on her uncomfortable seat. Her reliance is that Philip is near enough and expert enough and anxious enough to manage her horse as well as his own.

Then, too, the day is delicious, and makes the match seem all the fairer. Fair in the strict sense of the word, too, for though Grace has her father's sharpness for a bargain, she is honest in the main, and she would shrink back if she were sure Philip wanted only her love, and that her money was nothing to him. If the scales do go down a little more heavily on her side, she is not to blame. There are other mill-owners in Bridgeford with pretty daughters, but there is not another family as old as the Dunbars in the county.

So Philip can make love without fear of an ungracious No, and ask the question which needs so simple an answer, and which every woman expects to answer at least once in her life. But further than this Grace will not commit herself. She has her ideas of dignity and propriety, and it will take more than half an hour for Philip to argue them away, if he ever does.

But the whole party have dismounted now, and the horses are fastened to a tree or sapling as it chanced to be found. There will be an hour spent in strolling or lounging on the cliff, in flirting and jesting—an hour in the pleasant October sunshine, which will beam down regardless of whose lives are marred or made under its warmth.

Hortense and Grace keep together as closely as the Siamese twins, though heretofore there has been no intimacy

between them. A common danger draws them together.

Bryan is gnashing his teeth, and wishing in his wrath that Grace was between her own mill-wheels rather than in his way. He little dreams that in her hands lies his future. For is she not about to push Hortense out into the cold, and had he not wished her there if he were only near to find her?

Philip is sulky, and he is blaming Hortense as much as Bryan is Grace, only not in such a bloodthirsty, impetuous way. But both the men are comforting themselves with the thought that the ride home will be a specific, and so at last they grow better tempered.

"Have you two vowed to keep together to-day, as Sisters of Mercy do, for mutual protection? or are you trying what strong contrasts will do?" asks Bryan, stretching himself at the feet of both, for the simple reason that if he would play faithful dog to Hortense he must also to Grace.

"We only wish to prove that it is a slander on the sex to say we prefer the society of men to that of each other. I do not see anything at all in bad taste if Grace and I prefer each other to you and Philip," Hortense replies.

"In the belief that you can have either of us if you please. But let any other fellow come in sight, and your pretty intimacy will not last very long."

"If you mean to hint I am here because I cannot help myself, you are mistaken. I have had an invitation to stroll in the woods, and another to go down to the river; and I can testify to Grace's having had still greater chances, though she will not speak for herself," returned Hortense, finding, for some unknown reason, Grace wonderfully silent.

"You know well enough that there is not a man here you care to exchange a word with. I never saw such a stupid party ride through the gates of Aytoun," Bryan retorts.

Hortense raises her eyes and glances around her a little disdainfully. There are a few of her acquaintances, but none who belong to her circle of intimates.

And Grace glances around too, with a

little flush on her face, for she sees many friends and some ardent admirers. She is tempted to turn on Bryan for his arrogance. But Philip answers instead, knowing the party is pretty much of Grace's own arrangement: "Hortense need not be so confoundedly proud: there are men here good enough for her—at least they are for me."

"Men who can buy us out twice over," Hortense returns, with a little shrug. And then she could have bitten her tongue out for her speech, for the flush on Grace's cheek, called up by Bryan, burns into scarlet.

Philip too notices Grace's heightened color, and he feels savagely toward Hortense, who, for the life of her, cannot see why he minds so much her little inadvertence: he at least ought to know she did not mean anything.

"Why, Gerald, where did you drop from?" Bryan cries out to a new-comer on the field, equipped with gamebag and gun, whose opportune appearance offers an opportunity for giving another turn to the conversation.

"Not from Bridgeford, certainly," the owner of the gun and gamebag answers, "or I should have known of your party, and should not have joined it so unceremoniously. I have been gunning since day-dawn, and have been fortunate in more ways than one, it seems."

"Your early start accounts for your not being one of us. I sent word to you I had a horse for you," Philip says.

"I should not have been one of you, even if I had received the message, which I did not," Gerald replies, coldly.

"I am not surprised at your preferring gunning on such a day as this," is Philip's careless rejoinder.

"Preferred not accepting the invitation," Gerald says, very distinctly.

Philip's face darkens, and there seems a likelihood of stormy words at least. But the cloud passes, and he replies indifferently, "Make your peace with Miss Robson: the invitations were hers;" and then he walks away.

"Is the party yours?" asks Gerald of Grace as he takes off his gamebag.

The girls are sitting on the cliff, on the

very edge of which Bryan is reclining. It would not be pleasant to go spinning down a hundred and fifty feet and end in the fretful waters of the rapids, or perhaps be sucked into the small whirlpool just at the foot of the cliffs. But Bryan does not seem to be apprehensive of such a tumble, nor is Gerald Alston afraid of risking his precious life, for he is about taking a position by Bryan's side at Grace's feet.

The two girls are using an old gnarled tree, which conveniently offers itself to be leaned against, as a back for their seat on the grass, and Gerald has placed his gun against the tree before he takes his leaning posture beside Bryan.

"Oh, Mr. Alston, please move your gun!" Hortense cries out in a fright.

"There is not the slightest risk."

"Of course not to you and Bryan, who are some distance off, but Grace and I are uncomfortably near."

"It will do no mischief: it is not cocked," Bryan testifies.

"I suppose guns are never cocked when they kill people accidentally. I would not sit so near the cruel thing for worlds," Hortense persists.

"But indeed there is no manner of danger," Gerald asseverates, unwilling to move from his position at Grace Robson's feet.

"I think if I am uncomfortable that is reason enough for moving the gun," Hortense says, a little haughtily; and then adds apologetically, as Gerald rises with rather a bad grace to do her bidding, "My fear is constitutional, and no amount of common sense brought to bear upon it can overcome it."

"Does your brother never hunt?" Grace asks.

"Yes, but he keeps all his firearms out of my sight, in his own special room, and if he does chance to leave one about, I give it as wide a berth as I can."

"If he would only respect all her feelings as he seems to respect her silly fears!" Gerald whispers to Grace as he resumes his seat.

The words fail to reach the ears of Bryan, about whose hearing them or not Gerald is indifferent. But they are

heard by Hortense, for whose ears they are not meant. Grace blushes a little, for she forgets that Philip's love-making has not yet been published; and Hortense blushes too with anger, but disdains to answer what was evidently not intended for her hearing.

"I tell you what, Hortense," Bryan says, unconscious that there has been any by-play going on, "you ought to be strong-minded enough to cure yourself of your nervousness about guns. You ought to learn to fire a pistol, and then you would see it isn't so wonderfully dangerous."

"It would not cure me. I should be just as much afraid the next time."

"No, you would not. And it may be necessary some time for you to handle one. I have heard of women making good fight in an emergency."

"I would rather succumb than fight if I could only use firearms. I cannot tell you the actual pain it is to me, and I cannot imagine my overcoming it."

"I suppose most of us have a fear if we were only honest enough to confess it," says Grace. "I acknowledge mine is a cat. I am in deadly terror of being in a room alone with one."

"What is your terror, Alston? I haven't found out mine yet," says Bryan.

"Yet you have one, notwithstanding," asserts Hortense.

"And it is—"

"A fear of not having your own way."

"It is one I often suffer from, then. But I am wiser than you, and am determined to get rid of it."

Hortense laughs, but does not take the threat much to heart.

"Have you been to Grafton's to-day?" Gerald asks Bryan, after a little silence which had fallen on the party.

"No, I seldom go there."

"I thought not," Gerald says, with some significance. "You have not seen Raymond nor Harwood this morning?"

"No; and, by the way, neither of them is here. Some prior engagement keeps them, I suppose."

"And yet you are here," Grace says, turning quickly to Gerald, as if surprised

he should be, since his two friends are not.

"I only stumbled on you, you know; and after Dunbar told me the party was yours it would have been rude in me to leave," Gerald answers.

"I should have excused you, as I have done the others of your set," replies Grace, curtly.

"They did not know the invitations were yours," apologizes Gerald.

"Neither are they, but Mr. Dunbar's. I cannot see that that makes any difference," says Grace, hotly.

Hortense is a little amused at Grace's evident feeling at the slight the absentees have put upon her. And that she should fight for Philip too she thinks a little unnecessary. Therefore she hears more plainly than she cares to, Gerald Alston dropping his voice into a whisper as he says, "There is a difference, though. A gentleman would not refuse your invitation, and he would scarcely accept Mr. Dunbar's."

"Come, Bryan, it is time for us to be going. It is nearing our dinner-hour, and Mr. Alston seems only up to a tête-à-tête this morning. One has a disagreeable consciousness when one hears whispering—not always merited, I suppose, but none the less unpleasant for that."

Bryan is quick enough to obey Hortense's move, for has he not been looking forward to this ride home for at least two good hours? But he seems born to disappointments to-day, for no sooner is Hortense in her saddle than she urges her horse into a mad gallop, and does not slacken her speed until she is at the gate of Aytoun. It is impossible for Bryan to remonstrate, for his words would be scattered to the wind: they would never reach Hortense's ear.

Hortense's leaving is a signal for the whole party to be on the alert, and the sound of horses' feet behind him tells Bryan there is no hope even of a last word at the gate. He consoles himself, however, in the remembrance that there is a dance to-morrow night at Aytoun, and that then Hortense must listen to him. He does not fear that his eloquence will be without effect.

Grace rises to leave as soon as Hortense does, but she has to wait until Philip comes to her and then goes for her horse. She hardly notices Gerald as she busies herself in arranging her skirt. But he keeps near her, nevertheless, until Philip brings her horse. Then Gerald comes forward to mount her, holding out his hand. But Grace draws back and will not accept the privilege of stepping on it.

"This is my right," Philip says. "Miss Robson is in my charge, and must look to me for all such courtesies."

"I suppose she can make a choice," returns Gerald with a frown on his face, and not giving way an inch.

"Of course I can," answers Grace quickly, "and I prefer Mr. Dunbar to mount me."

"You are not very wise in your choice," says Gerald coldly. "An old friend is always more worthy of your trust."

Grace opens her eyes in surprise at Gerald's speech, but fails to see anything at all suspicious-looking about Philip; and Philip flushes angrily for a moment, and then laughs as he says, carelessly, "It is hard on Gerald to see me preferred before him. But, honestly, I only insist upon my right."

And Gerald mutters a little loudly, "Honestly, you have no such right."

But no one seems to hear him, for there is much movement and merriment, and the whole party are in haste to be in the saddle again. In a few minutes Gerald Alston, having no horse to ride away on, is sole possessor of the late pleasure-grounds.

TYPES OF CASTILIAN VAGRANCY.

VAGRANT life preponderates in cities. The minority are housed, the majority are nomadic. Such, at least, is the case in Madrid, the city where I am now writing.

By vagrants I mean all those waifs of society who swarm and cluster in the open air and get a precarious subsistence by other means than legitimate labor—the guitar-twanger, the Moorish slipper-vender, the water-carrier, the newspaper crier, the sturdy beggar, the blind, halt, crippled, crazy, lazy, the street-walker, the foundling, the thief. Let us roam about the streets, noticing such types of vagrancy as are to be met there.

Starting from the Hotel Rusia at 10 A. M., we will stroll along the Carrera San Gerónimo and out into the Puerta del Sol. The Carrera is lined with stores, the upper stories being occupied as dwellings, and here and there a club-house or hotel. Just beyond the Rusia sits all day long on a doorstep a wee

little woman, handless, yet ever busy in plying the needle by means of her wrists, on one of which is tied a leathern thimble. With inconceivable effort and patience she contrives to do the most delicate, intricate embroidery and needlework under the wondering eyes of the public, and thus earn a scanty but honest livelihood by her painful, persevering industry. Let us in God's name drop a silver *real* in her lap as we go by. Children there are in plenty thronging the mouth of the street as it broadens into the square—little shoeless, hatless, scabby, scrambling wights, with just sufficient rags to hide indecency, and with shock heads of sunburnt hair, a mass of tow torn and ragged from its warfare with the weather. With hungry scan they descry a stranger in an instant, and make at him with outstretched palms, asking alms in the name of *Dios*. Getting this or failing, down they squat again upon the wayside flagging and play away at Spanish pitch-and-toss, or

jerk about a cork on a bit of string, or sling pegtops into copper coins until the latter are bent and hollowed like a cup—sometimes a whole day's job—or roll and wrestle under the feet of passers-by, unheeded and unhurt in very insignificance. How and where do they live? We shall see anon.

The Puerta is a teeming field of fiery, fierce importunacy. The stranger here is pushed, jostled, followed by every imaginable form of solicitation. A dirt-begrimed woman, with nearly all vestiges of humanity, let alone womanhood, effaced from her person, with staring, famished eyes, gaunt, gaping jaws, huge fangs for teeth, a skin of tanned leather, and knotted, vice-contorted frame, cries out in a voice like that of a hyena the daily papers for sale: "*La-a-a Igualda-a-ad! El-l-l Imparcial-l-l! La-a-a Correspondencia-a-a!*" The first is the workingman's oracle; the next that of the quality; the last a mongrel sheet, with contents culled from all the daily prints. Oh it is enough to split one's tympanum, that hoarse, quick, racking croak. Toss her a *cuarto* and let us scamper out of earshot as soon as possible.

Here—we had almost run over him in our hurry—is a huge head, with mammoth features affixed to some limp, shriveled limbs—how many or how few it is needless to count, for none of them are of any use to him—shoved along in a square box on wheels by a lad in a tattered cloak. The idiot eyes blink and water in the sunshine, and seem to wonder to themselves why they were not set in the sockets of some lively cur or donkey that trots along the square unmindful of shortcomings, instead of there in that blank, dribbling visage. How can he spend the coin we give him to advantage with those dwarfed, palsied limbs, and that worse dwarfed and palsied brain and voice? God knows, and nobody cares!

What silent, stately form is that in long, close, clinging robe, sandals and scarlet fez? A Moor from Tangier perhaps, with morocco slippers to sell. His wares are adroitly arranged in the form

of a Mohammedan crescent, the toe of one shoe inserted in the aperture of another, and each pair of a different gaudy hue—some worked with quaint designs in gold thread on the front, and all queer, broad and short in the foot, and altogether unchristian. These he bears with ease upon his arm extended high above his head, striding past with all the airs and graces of Spain's whilom infidel ruler, who, by unrighteous, inscrutable Fate, has been robbed and despoiled of his hereditary rights. And we wonder if under the dominance of his swarthy, dignified race, despotic and disdainful as they are, poor Spain would or could be any worse off than she is at present. At least she might have been spared the shame and torture of the Inquisition, which roasted thirty thousand heretics alive just outside the walls of Pope-serving, Protestant-broiling Madrid.

"*Fosforos, á dos cuartos!*" (Matches, two cuartos a box!) Here is a girl-child of about thirteen summers and a half, with a tray of wax matches in tinted boxes tied around her waist. She is pretty, has a nut-brown face, with rosy lips, white teeth, heavenly eyes and ample jet-black locks tumbling down her plump neck and shoulders, like the raven tresses of Maid Marion. Her bust, however, is remarkably developed for so young a girl, and instinctively glancing downward, we "ken the reason why." For at her feet, grubbing in the dirt and not a whit cleaner, crawls a fat, chubby, ink-eyed little urchin, all but nude, and chuckling roisterously with the delight of having just constructed with success a model mud-pie after the universal infantile receipt the wide world over, who glances up at its child-mother and glibly gabbles, "Mamita! mamita!" with roguish glee. Let us stop and speak to this child—the mother-child I mean—for an instant, and learn her story, which is that of fallen womanhood everywhere.

"Little girl, I will buy a box of your matches."

"Muchas gracias, señorito!"

"How old are you?"

"I know not, señorito—perhaps a dozen years."

"Are you married?"

"No, señorito."

"And yet that is your babe?"

"Si, señorito—mine truly."

"And its father?"

The girl, half-conscious—and only half—of her fault, flashes her eyes full in our face and drops them to the ground without a blush: "I do not know, señorito."

"Have you a lover?"

"Si, señorito—Pedro."

"What does he work at?"

"Pedro is a caballero" (with dignity), "and does no work."

"Is he rich, then?"

"Ah no, señorito!"

"Why, how does he live?"

"It is I sell matches, and earn enough for both—and the baby."

"What! Does he not support his child and you?"

"It is not his, señorito. I have known Pedro but a year, and the little one is well grown already. I was a street-girl, señorito."

"How old is your child?"

"Two years, señorito."

"And were you only eleven—" But perceiving the futility of the question, we stop and say instead, "What is its name?"

"We call him Chico, señorito."

Chico means "little one," and will answer very well. So we pat the bobbing, curly head, drop a *peseta* in the tiny palm for the little mother's sake, and move on with a heavy heart. There are many foundlings here. When they are exposed they are turned over to the sacristan or sexton of the nearest church for disposition. He stands godfather at the christening by custom, and they are often named for him, Sacristan; so that there are multitudes of Sacristans who are not sextons, but soldiers, sailors, peasants, vagrants or bandits; but how many such grace the community is unknown, for statistics, like dead men, tell no tales in Spain.

As we walk toward the Calle de Arenal, but still in the Puerta, two qua-

vering old voices break on the ear, crooning a Castilian love-song:

I love my love,
My love loves me,
For love is love
Where'er love be.

The singers are both blind and aged, even venerable in their rags and penury. Want has clasped them to her breast for many a long and tedious year, and held them fast, their closest friend. They are clad in remnants of the national peasant costume—the man in a tight blue jacket with a sleeve torn out, a woolen shirt, patched small-clothes and wretched canvas sandals, from which his gnarled toes protrude. A faded girdle encircles his waist, and his bare and blackened calves look like two straight thin sticks stuck in his shoes. The poor old woman wears a short petticoat of yellow flannel, dotted freely with holes and filth, and a sort of scant corset. Her head and feet are bare and travel-stained and torn. Together, they are about as melancholy a couple as could well be devised by the worst ingenuity, and to seal their abject misery—whether as cause or effect is immaterial—they are both stone-blind and broken in health, if either of them was ever blessed with any of that commodity.

Blindness in Spain, an apparently common infirmity among the lower classes, is thought to result in a measure from the habitual use of *garbanzos* (donkey-feed), a species of yellow pulse about the size and texture of a musket-ball. The water in which it is boiled is taken as a soup, and the pulpy bean, mashed or whole, afterward eaten unsalted. So universal is this staple article of diet that a Spaniard says in parting from his friend and neighbor, "Adios! I am going home to my garbanzos," as a Briton to his beef or a son of Erin to his darling potato.

"*Aqua fresca como los nieves!*" (Water fresh as the snows.) This cooling cry may be heard on all sides through the capital, in Prado, Calle or Plaza, and a very grateful one it is upon a sultry, seething August day. Water, such as is fit to drink, commands a price in Madrid,

as bock-bier in Berlin and soda-water at New York. As a summer beverage it is more sought after than wine, and people like it better for having to pay for it than if it cost nothing. The means of reducing its temperature is ingenious and primitive. Ice, unless artificial, is scarce in Spain, liquefying snow from the mountain-tops being about the best to be had. In place of it, a refrigerating vessel is constructed of porous clay and filled at the fountain. The gradual escape of the fluid through the sides of the jar, and its subsequent evaporation from the outside, serve to chill the remaining contents several degrees. Strange to say, water in these jars is cooler when left in the sun than if kept in the shade, for the simple reason that evaporation is so much more rapid and profuse. A water-carrier is provided with a brace of these earthen vessels and a tray of glasses. He is either stationary and permits the thirsty to look him up, or ambulatory and loud in search of customers. When called upon to exercise his vocation, he with abrupt spryness seizes a jar in one hand and a tumbler in the other, dashes some water over the glass to make a pretence of cleansing it, and with dexterous skill pours out a bumper of the pure, transparent element to the brim, presents it airily to the parched customer, and pockets his price, a couple of cuartos, while the water is quaffed. The drink is certainly "straight" and healthy, and taken with an inward consciousness of temperance and virtue that makes its chaste consumption doubly precious and sublime. Viva la Fuente de Lozoya!

After imbibing, we—if the reader is not averse to a little mild gambling in order to counteract the moral effect of the water—will try our luck at "rouleta." It can be done readily enough by hailing that frowsy fellow in a smock-frock, with a crimson handkerchief wound about his head, and making him a legal tender of a real or so in the current coin of the realm. This honest tradesman has with him a tin cylinder of the size and shape of a milk-can, on the top of which is perched a whirligig above a dial of numbers. We choose a number

(adepts in the art say that it is safest in the long run to adhere to the same figure in the face of many disappointments) and set the needle revolving. Away it goes, spinning round and round as if chasing after its own tail, till, "slowing down," it stops plumb at a number. We have lost of course, and have to fork over our venture; but, just for once, suppose we win. In that unusual case the owner of the bank has to shell out; so, lifting the lid of his machine, he gropes about within until he lights upon a parcel labeled with our fortunate number, which he forces upon us with a mighty show of ingenuousness quite affecting to contemplate, and beats a hasty retreat. Upon investigating our treasure we shall discover ourselves to be richer to the extent of a bundle of toothpicks or a packet of stale, rancid pastry, which we cheerfully relinquish in favor of the gaping populace, who straightway fall a-fighting, scold and scratch each other, and not unlikely plant a blade or two in somebody's waistcoat. A resort to the knife among the Southern races is as frequent and natural as an appeal to the fist with Anglo-Saxons. A peasant, or any man of the masses, wears wrapped about his waist a wide girdle, in the front folds of which the weapon is secreted. It is generally a curved clasp-knife some fifteen inches long, and is opened with the teeth when the decks are cleared for action. A prod from such a weapon is too often mortal. Scarce a rowdy prowler of the streets but has the scar of a gash from one of these pocket-companions, either upon the face, neck or hands. Indeed, the only common men in Spain who have few scars of any sort in particular are the soldiery, who are restrained by stringent laws from quarreling, and rarely stand long enough to receive a wound in battle. Their surface coat is unblemished except through impurities of the blood or person.

There are not a few retired or superannuated bandits among the beggars of Madrid, the civil guard having pretty well thinned their outlaw ranks during various raids among the Guadarrama

Mountains. The old bandit was an ugly customer to meet with on a dark night in a lonely pass—fierce, cruel, rapacious as any prairie wolf, and always hungry for plunder and outrage. He wore the wild dress of Andalusia, with a gun on his back and stiletto in his belt. When thwarted or cornered he fought desperately, and if mastered died hard. So ferocious indeed was his nature that the soldiers had orders to shoot him down at sight, and save the country the trouble and expense of his capture and execution, for trial he had none. Imagine one of these desperadoes turned mendicant and imploring alms in the name of humanity, with an assumed smack of pious resignation to the will of Heaven! The long moustaches are sacrificed to the manes of his old calling, and a ragged garb, torn from some wretched tramp, is donned in place of his cheap but showy garb. His *chica* keeps him company in his change of vocation, and adopts the free-and-easy garments of Mrs. Tramp. Then together the reformed couple plod on in beggary, filth and rags, drunk when they can get *aguardiente*, stealing where they can with cunning, and feeding on garlic and garbanzos, and sleeping in gutters. A "stand" by some popular church (popular on account of the peculiar efficacy of its particular Virgin) is in special demand by this sort of vagabonds, where they weep and croon with an expression of the most villainous contrition on their countenances, or maul and tear some other reformed bandits for the privilege of lifting the carpet curtain at the church door to let the worshipers in—for a consideration. Pah! a stench hangs about them of filth and crime, and blood and garlic—an *olla podrida* of felony, bad food and foulness—which all the Castile soap and holy water in the kingdom would not wash out in a lifetime.

Siesta hour approaching, we take the other and shady side of the Puerta—for the garish sunshine has swung across the way while we have been scanning—and loiter on couchward. At this moment the beggars are mostly curled up on the corners of streets or close to the

houses, and dozing away with their mouths wide open and their dogs beside them, as if their mission were quite ended and nothing else remained to do.

So let the vagrant world stagnate until the Leyden shadows of eventide galvanize it into lazy life once more.

Close upon 7 P. M., with extreme punctuality, a dense cloud sets up from the heated city, as if it had sprung afire in spontaneous combustion and was about to immolate itself in smoke and ashes. No such dire calamity, if calamity it could be called, impends, however. There is nothing more serious in progress than the diurnal holocaust of cigarettes. Come into the street again, supposing you have dined, and look around.

Every man we meet of every degree is smoking a piece of tissue paper wrapped about tobacco. Inhaling and exhaling smoke with each breath is the absorbing thing of the moment. Beggar and beggar's brat alike are fuming lustily, and Heaven knows they need it bad enough!

Down the Alcalá let us go, and out upon the Salon del Prado, and see what we shall see. That is rather a pretty ship over yonder upon wheels, drawn by a meek but sly-blinking little donkey with a shaven back and tortoise-like tail. It is for children of vivid imagination to ride in and fancy themselves at sea. The illusion would be stronger, doubtless, if the donkey-engine were more lively and shook the ship about a little. But no respectable donkey can be expected to make such an ass of himself. We are neglecting our vagrants, however, and must turn our attention to those two spruce guitar-twanglers. One is playing treble with the aid of the Italian *capo d'astro*, the other base, and they are jingling off with tolerable fluency the *jota* from *El Molinero de Subiza* to a motley group of outdoor critics. Great is the enthusiasm when the twanging is loudest and fastest—the genuine Spanish standard of musical merit. Both the performers are idle fellows, who have learned to strum an air or two, and pocket cuartos enough thereby of an

evening to admit of their droning all day. What more do they want? They live when many die; they eat while many starve; besides, they are caballeros, and work is vulgar. *Poor Richard's Almanac* has never, to my knowledge, been translated into the Spanish tongue.

A strolling band of gypsies have made their way to the capital from their savory haunts afar among the orange groves and Moorish ruins of Andalusia. They have pitched their tents just outside the Arch of Carlos III. in the vicinity of the bull-shambles, and are now fixed for at least and at most a fortnight. They came to town with one eye to business, the other to thieving. But very picturesque and comely are they here and everywhere, singing and dancing and sitting among rocks. There are men and women—children in plenty, too, but they are left at home, wherever that may be. The men are habited in breeks, shirts, jackets, leggings, sashes and round pork-pie hats, all of brilliant tints; the women in kirtles, waists, gay shawls and showy stockings, with their black, glossy tresses thrown back and decked with a bright ribbon or flower. The men have guitars and bandolins, the women castanets, which they rattle bravely. They are about to tread the mazy measures of the dance in concert. Away starts the music of guitar and castanet. Quick as lightning the women, brown and beautiful, catch up their skirts between thumb and forefinger and bound into a waltzing action sideways without turning. Those of the men who have not instruments, caught by the infection, spring forward and join the women in the same wild movement. Clang go the guitars and bandolins, click the castanets. Swaying, stooping, gracefully keeping time with head and body, twisting, ogling, making at each other, gliding coquettishly out of reach, whirling, dodging, now gently, now fiercely, with here hate, there fondness, and always the delicious rhythm of motion and music in it, those wild handsome people personate all the mad infatuation of passion in its very fruition. It is the terrible

Tarantula, the Spider-dance, full of subtle poison to the sense.

These natives of Andalusia are normal products of clime and circumstance. Born and bred among tropical scenes, where the fruit is luscious, the foliage rank, the landscape sensuous, the blood hot and red, what wonder that they partake of the character of the soil they tread and lie upon, and bask in laxity of habit, dead ripe? Is not Nature much to blame for their inertia save in the cause of levity? Put them in Lapland, and in less than a lifetime their southern mercury would fall to freezing-point incontinently.

We toss a peseta into the round hat, and turn away dizzy and dazed with the weird tune sounding in our ears to haunt us in our dreams long afterward.

Without knowing it, we are in a nest of cripples. Workshops, nurseries of deformity, are said to exist in Spain as in Paris, where children are stunted or contorted, or both, to suit the wishes of the owner for speculative purposes. At any rate, the number and variety of the maimed exceed all belief. Here is a thing without a nose, one eye out, the other goggle, the lips quite gone and a row of jagged fangs champing outside, all out of doors. Could anything be more horrible? and yet it is a solemn, ghastly fact, as any resident of Madrid will testify.

Here is a creature with withered legs, bare and bleached and twisted like a corkscrew: here another, who seems to be one huge yellow blister, watery and swollen. The sight is too loathsome to describe. If there be a worse crime than murder, is it not this, of converting the "human form divine" into a bunch of mangled misery? And yet these wretched creatures are merry among themselves when there is nobody near to beg of.

The genteel mendicant is not wanting in Madrid. Men in greasy black coats buttoned to the chin, and women in faded mourning, approach us stealthily in the open streets and beg us for the love of Jesu to help them to a meal, and they creep along beside us until in self-

defence we bestow the coveted trifle. They are the reduced, the unfortunate, the bereaved, whose means have dwindled and shrunk through fate or helplessness or worse.

Where do all these needy folk live? Some are never housed at all, unless by chance. The street is their home by day and night, and when the wind and cold are too biting in the north they migrate, like crows, toward the south. But the resident vagrants have an apology for a roof overhead, such as it is. Entering the city by the church of Atocha, where Queen Isabella was stabbed and Marshal Prim lies buried, we follow along the calle of the same name for a good half mile or more, until we pass under an old stone archway built by Philip III., where we stand within a square of squalid edifices, perhaps an acre in area. It is called the Plaza Mayor. In the middle of a patch of scanty grass stands a statue of Philip himself on horseback, and a huge, corpulent Flemish beast it is on which he sits, sceptre in rest. The buildings hereabouts are very worn and shabby, although historic: some peaks, as of an ancient palace, with curious stationary weathercocks, are still erect; and high broken balconies show signs of bygone days. In those very balconies, or at the dim, dust-covered windows, the saintly monarch, much to the delight of his monks and satellites, was wont to sit in state and watch the arraignment and listen to the plea of whole herds of heretics bitten with the deadly infection bred by Martin Luther in Germany, and carried by the pestilential air all the way across the frowning Pyrenees down into loyal, Catholic Castile. Besides the *autos de fe* and *fiestas reales* (royal bullbait), tournaments and carnivals were held in this plaza, and here Philip IV. hob-nobbed in courtly, kingly style with the Prince of Wales, afterward Charles I. of England. The square, in common with all Madrid, stands twenty-five hundred feet above the sea-level, and dates, being much younger than the city, from about 1600 A. D.

Well, in these old rat-traps and rook-

eries, now in the fourth century of their dotage, multitudes of paupers are sheltered in attic, cellar and sink among vermin, while the intermediate floors are hired out to such as are able to pay a better price. In this hole may be seen, if we choose to seek for them, clustered in crowds, those little sidewalk waifs of the morning, the pretty mamita and her naughty dimple-chin, and the shabby-genteel mendicant, male or female, who begged so humbly for a crust and received a coin. The cripples and ex-banditti and blind veterans, and all the rest of the mangy crew, may be huddled in litters in deserted dog-kennels and dry ditches, where garbage is thrown to putrefy, for aught we know to the contrary or all the local authorities care, for priestly pity or piety does not often assume the form of almshouse, asylum or hospital, *except for foundlings*; and if Religion is indifferent or insensible to misery, why should Society shoulder an unconscionable burden?

Many women in Madrid, girls of sixteen or eighteen, are simply beasts of burden—nothing more. Here is one now. She is bronzed by daily exposure to this tropical sun until her skin is like parchment. Yet she is hearty and hale, good-natured and even contented with her lot, for she knows no other. But for a living she has to carry all day long great burdens on her head—clay jars filled with water, buck-baskets and other loads. It is hopeless to disguise the fact that in Spain the women of the lower orders are little better than the beasts of the field in condition, and those of the higher classes, however gifted, creatures and ministers of pleasure. The lady *par excellence* has no ambition for culture, no home, fireside or family ties, those precious influences that make the domestic circle among Anglo-Saxons "a foretaste of heaven." "Our blessings," said an American missionary with feeling, "are the reward of well-doing and God-fearing, and, I believe, direct bounties from on high for our Christ-serving and Sabbath-keeping, imperfect as they are."

While wending homeward from our

wandering, we proceed up the Calle Esparteros, and soon re-enter the Puerta del Sol. Night has now fallen, but the dreamy drapery of cloudless moonlight clothes the sad city with a sheen of guilt. Thronged are the sidewalks as in the day, but to the vagrancy of sunlight is added at this hour the sterner vagrancy of darkness. Flaunting forms flutter, lynx-eyed, along the *pavé*, eager for prey, for vagrancy and vice go hand in hand. Perhaps Madrid is not blacker in this respect than London, Paris or New York. The system is the same, the sight as shocking, the sin-sisterhood as shameless; but this we may see, which elsewhere we do not remember to have met—mere children, girls not yet in their teens, trafficking in themselves for a bare

subsistence. Who shall say that this infernal form of vagrancy is not more disheartening than all besides?

Vagrancy seems to be a fungus growth in old places and new alike, wherever the warm rays of thrift and the gospel do not penetrate. Economists, good men of all times, have tried to grapple with it and put it down, or rather cleanse and make it other. But here and there tenaciously it stays without material abatement. In Spain, in Madrid especially, it is very ghastly and wears a brazen guise. God help it! for man must ever be at a loss just how to deal with it aright. And still it is, as hitherto, a monstrous demon thing to touch or cope with wisely. Let us leave it.

DAVID G. ADEE.

BROWN'S CHRISTMAS BUNDLE.

IN the brief history of Rattlesnake Bar no one event stood more prominently forth in the memory of its inhabitants than the advent of little Mrs. Brown. "Brown's Claim" was on the eastern end of the Bar, and had been panning out golden results to its owners. One day, Brown bade his partners good-bye in a mysterious sort of way, and disappeared over the Range amidst much speculation on the part of the community, and to the great and unconcealed dissatisfaction of the proprietor of Rattlesnake Hall; for it was darkly insinuated that Brown had taken a good deal of gold-dust with him, with a view to getting rid of the same on a "periodical Denver bust," and the proprietor of Rattlesnake Hall believed in the development of home industry and the patronage of local institutions. Brown had been acting mysteriously for some time, and had been reticent toward his partners to a degree which those gentlemen had frequently been on the point of resenting. Bunghole Pete, who was one of them,

had been heard to remark that "Brown had bin puttin' on more airs nor he could stand. The cabin wa'n't good enough for him no more; and he had sot hisself up a house on the other end of the Bar, with no end of infernal high-toned fixin's in it: he'd bin packin' more truck across the Range nor would start a meetin'-house or a fust-class bar; and durned ef he'd take a drink of whisky or touch a card, nohow!" Notwithstanding these and other unfavorable characteristics, Brown's honesty and cheerfulness, combined with his kindly manner and the general good-fellowship that otherwise distinguished him, kept him out of trouble, although his seeming exclusiveness and "airs" gave serious offence to many.

It was a warm July evening, and the valley of the Snake was buried in the dusky twilight, the Range above stood out in clear relief against the sky, and the dark and serried ranks of the pines were merged in the gloom below. Brown had been gone from his claim nearly a

week, and it was the generally-accepted opinion of the Bar that he was having a good time, and would be back soon seedy and poor. The judge and a select circle of admirers were sitting in front of the Hall on the large boulders that were half imbedded in the yellow dust of the only street the Bar could boast of: the lively click of the billiard-balls resounded from within, and the jingle of glasses and the all-pervading odor of tobacco-smoke showed that the Bar was pursuing its usual evening avocations. The sounds of horses' hoofs on the stony trail that led down to the town interrupted the judicial functionary in a peculiarly impressive discourse, and he and his audience arose and looked in the direction whence the sounds came, to see who they might be that approached the Bar in this unwonted fashion.

And then it was that Rattlesnake Bar had a revelation in the shape of little Mrs. Brown, come to live with her husband in the new house with "the infernal high-toned fixin's." The judge was speechless with astonishment, and all the loungers and idlers who were around were similarly affected. But as the smiling little woman passed by, blushing and holding down her head, her husband riding by her side, prouder, more "stuck-up and airish" than ever, the judge and the other patrons of the Hall, whom the occasion had drawn forth, by one common impulse uncovered their heads, and made such a collective and respectful bow as no one would have supposed the Bar capable of producing. Bung-hole Pete was completely overcome, and with the judge sought an explanation of the matter in an elucidatory cocktail. Miners assembled in knots and talked of it, and various pretexts were devised for going past Brown's cabin by persons who had no manner of business in that direction. Brown was at home there, sure enough, and the cheerful glow from the crackling fire on his hearth shone out into the darkness through the opened door with a novel and curious meaning for the many who looked toward it. The Bar retired to bed late that night, and the all-absorb-

ing topics of conversation were Brown and Brown's wife; for, be it understood, they never for a moment questioned her relation to Brown, because even they who disliked Brown most knew instinctively that she could be nothing else.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Brown was the only one of her sex in that vicinity: indeed, at that particular time there were two ladies who occupied a distinguished residence at a distance of a hundred yards or so from the Bar proper, and who were familiarly known in the community by the *noms-de-guerre* of "Red-headed Moll" and "Frenchy." They had been for some time tolerated as a sort of inevitable evil, and were the subjects of much ridicule at the hands of the local satirists when they paraded the one street of the Bar flaunting their faded and gaudy finery. On the advent of Mrs. Brown these tinsel ones experienced a sudden and unfavorable revulsion of public feeling, which manifested itself by such unequivocal tokens of disapprobation and positive menace that they packed up their traps and dusted in the direction of some more tolerant and progressive settlement. That the community was keenly alive to the fitness of things, as well as desirous of indicating the standard of its common morality, was evidenced by the fact that the lately-vacated cabin was next night reduced to ashes by a purely accidental but righteous firebrand, accompanied by some singularly coincidental kerosene.

Brown prospered that summer better than a great many of the gold-hunters on the Snake, but his success could not be called great. Still, when the fall closed in, and the first puffs of snow coming down from the Range told of impending winter, he found himself amply provided against the necessities of that season, and looked forward to his term of hibernation without any disagreeable anticipations. Little Mrs. Brown was as bright and cheerful and pretty as could be, and the feeling of chivalrous admiration and devotion with which she had inspired the entire community was wonderful to note. She

loved Brown—that was evident—with all the intensity and warmth of her honest and confiding little heart, and where he chose to cast his lot she was only too happy to cast hers. It was strange to see how Brown himself had improved in the eyes of the Bar, and how his disagreeable and reprehensible habit of eschewing whisky and cards had come to be looked upon with leniency, now that he was associated in their view with Mrs. Brown. He was actually esteemed now by the very men who before had affected to despise him; and all because little Mrs. Brown, by some undefined secret process of her own, had taught them that Brown was altogether a different sort of man from what they had generally supposed him to be.

Snow was falling in soft feathery flakes that flitted and danced and tossed in wild delirious whirls, playing with and chasing each other, toying coyly with the ground beneath, now dipping swiftly toward it, and now leaping high in air again, and finally, with a sudden burst of fixed determination, gently precipitating themselves on the frozen surface. The air was as still as death, and the snow came each moment thicker and thicker, until a thin carpet began to spread itself over everything, and the cold gray rocks and their lichens and the wavy yellow grass were hidden in a mantle of purest white. The tall and stately pines, that reared their red trunks stiffly up along the forest's edge, stretched forth their tawny arms to seize their winter clothing, and shrubs and shrunken chapparal alike put on their soft and glittering shroud. Thicker and thicker it fell until the air was filled with myriads of struggling, falling feathers, and the white peaks of the Great Range melted out of sight, and the deep shadows of the pine trees softened into darkened grays. The atmosphere seemed all in motion, but the stillness was deep and solemn: the branches stirred not, the mountain-grouse kept close and quiet within their forest coverts, and the deer and argals, scenting the coming storm, had already sought the shelter of the lower valleys. Down by the rocky bed

and pebbly reaches of the Snake the smothered tinkle of its waters could be heard beneath their icy covering, and now and then the harsh cry of the hungry mountain-hawk, as he changed his restless perch, startled the silent air.

Mr. William Brown paused on the divide that commanded a view of the valley of the Snake, and leaned against a sturdy and solitary pine that marked the summit and the place where the trail dipped toward the Range. He blew the snow thoughtfully from his blonde and heavy beard, laid the bundle he bore at his feet, and looked alternately at the leaden sky, the falling snow and the valley which lay dim and dark below him. From the place where he was now standing one could see in summertime one of the most glorious views that the vast wilds and fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains afford. The Snake, trickling down, cold as ice and clear as crystal, from the everlasting snows above, leaped tumultuously from rock to rock, or hid among the tangled roots of pine and cedar three hundred feet below him. Its merry song echoed sweetly from the steep and rugged cliffs of the cañon, and the sheen of its brown pools and eddies marked its precipitous course to the valley beneath. Away down, as far as the eye could reach, growing bigger and stronger and bolder as each mountain torrent brought its aid and its tribute of golden sands, in and out through the tortuous and snake-like windings of the valley, through dusky groves of pine and bending ash, the river pushed its rapid, headlong course, eager to lose itself and bury its identity for ever in the black waters of the great Rio Colorado. Ten miles from where he stood—ten miles as the raven would fly, but rendered considerably more by the exigencies of the trail—was Rattlesnake Bar, where the river-bed had been torn and furrowed and disfigured with huge piles of boulders and gravel, rows of sluice-boxes, riffles, wheels and pumps, and all the other evidences of brisk and active mining operations. Here during the summer much gold was dug with patient labor, and the Snake as it passed



assumed an angry, sullen, muddy hue, and kept it ever after. The community on the Bar was not different in any essential particular from any of the others in that region. In summer it was a crowded, lively, thriving place, its commerce being limited to general groceries, whisky, draw-poker, and rudimentary billiards on a very dilapidated and suspicious-looking billiard-table. In winter everything was extremely dull, the river, which was at once the miner's enemy and friend, being bound fast in the iron grip of frost, and all work being necessarily suspended until spring should loosen it and send it once more bounding on its way. Little could be seen of Rattlesnake Bar in summer-time from the pine tree on the divide but curling wreaths of blue smoke that rose lazily from the cabin chimneys, and which were often scarcely perceptible in the blue haze that filled the valley. Behind one were the glittering wastes and icy pinnacles of the Great Range: Gray and Irwin reared their snowclad heights and awful precipices above other and nameless giants, and the summer winds swept up great clouds of sparkling snow as they whirled in sudden gusts around these lonely sentinels. To the westward the sun sank behind an endless succession of rolling mountains, whose summits were above the timber-line, and which seemed to sink in a series of graduated steppes toward the distant shores of the Pacific.

Brown gazed attentively in the direction of Rattlesnake Bar, but never a wreath of blue smoke greeted him through the thickening snow. The look of serious meditation in his quiet blue eyes was tinged with a shade of anxiety as he apparently made a mental calculation of the time and remembered the difficulties of the trail he had to follow. But Brown was a man of action, and with his heavy pack strapped on his broad shoulders he was soon trudging steadily through the rocks and scattered pines. The snow was falling swiftly and heavily, the branches of the pines and cedars were laden down with clinging masses of it, and the path, never

very clear or well-kept, was almost obliterated. Still, he pushed resolutely on, skirting the steep walls of the cañon, and now and then pausing on some jutting crag to assure himself of his path or take a wistful survey of the lower valley of the winding Snake.

It was Christmas Eve, and patches of snow lay around in the gullies about Rattlesnake Bar, the ground was frozen as hard as iron, and the river murmured hoarsely beneath the masses of fantastic icicles that bound it down. No one seemed to be stirring through the cold and biting air, and the only outward evidence of vitality that the Bar gave was the smoke that ascended freely from the cabin chimneys and the occasional "hack-hack" of an axe replenishing some miner's supply of fuel. Near the Hall one could hear the never-ending click of the aged and dilapidated billiard-balls; and opposite, at the judge's office, a quiet and business-like party were engaged over an attractive game of draw-poker. Brown's snug little house was smoking cheerfully, and Mrs. Brown sat by the fireside and stitched peacefully and contentedly. Now and then the little woman's work would drop from her hands, and she would surprise herself dreaming and looking into the fire in a way that was highly reprehensible in a practical and busy little body like herself. But then it was Christmas Eve, and who that has ever had a home or a past of any kind will not dream and wander back a little at such a time and under such circumstances? Besides, Brown was away, and had been away for two days. There were many things, Brown said, that were wanting around the house on a Christmas Day, and so he had taken his snow-shoes and had crossed the Range to procure them. He was a hardy and cool mountaineer, and had often climbed over Gray in mid-winter. The weatherwise and experienced could generally foretell a snow-storm for a considerable period in that region, and, judging from the then prevailing tenor of the weather, he need not anticipate any difficulty in going or returning. Brown told his little wife, as

he kissed her good-bye, to look out for him on Christmas Eve, and she knew it would have to storm very badly to keep him away from her on Christmas Day. The day had opened up fine, clear and cold, and she felt glad that no unpropitious snow was falling to interfere with his journey. "Heigh-ho!" sighed little Mrs. Brown as she abruptly terminated an unusually long inspection of the fire, and broke off in the middle of an enticing but very fruitless dream. These winter days were long and lonely, and the quiet of the place was oppressive on even more elastic natures than hers.

Christmas morning dawned gloomily and slowly on the Snake. The snow lay in deep drifts all over the Bar, and was piled up to the depth of many feet around some of the cabins: the mountain-sides were covered with its heavy fall, and some few flakes still fluttered from the leaden pall that overcast the sky. With the first glimpse of daylight little Mrs. Brown, with a shawl thrown over her head, dashed forth through the heavy bank that lay piled up against her door, and ran toward the judge's office. The light was still burning in the window, and the astonished poker-players started to their feet in affright at the pale and agonized countenance that burst into the room so suddenly. The judge's good manners and gallantry did not altogether desert him, and he made a confused show of offering her a chair, while his presence of mind was evidenced by his putting his broad foot carefully over two aces which had fallen from between his knee and the table to the floor, and which to the initiated eye presented an irregular and possibly suspicious appearance. But little Mrs. Brown seized the judge's arm imploringly, and in a few words told it all: how Brown had gone across the Range (Brown's reserved, quiet way of doing things had prevented any one on the Bar from knowing of his absence); how he was to have been back last evening, sure; how she knew he must have started; and how she felt that he was lost. The little woman's eyes were red with weeping, and the tears streamed down her pale

cheeks as she convulsively sobbed out her story. Long Henderson tried to look unconcerned, and after whispering to the judge left the room with a clumsy affection of carelessness, which, once outside, gave place to energetic and excited action, as, followed by Bung-hole Peter, he rushed from cabin to cabin spreading the news. The judge had taken the trembling little figure affectionately between his two big hands, and, pushing her out of the door, had told her decisively to go home and get warm. And then, having administered all the comfort he was capable of, he struggled into his big boots and his fur cap and buckskin coat, and was soon floundering across through the snow-drifts into the Hall, where two or three were already assembled. Leaning over the bar, he helped himself to a huge glass of whisky, and then ejected himself from the house with a snort and a yell calculated to awaken the whole Bar. What with the judge's energy and the efforts of the others, about one hundred and fifty excited miners were assembled at the Hall in less than half an hour. All knew what they were there for—that Brown, the man whom of all in the community they most respected, was lost, and that it was incumbent upon them to find him that Christmas Day, dead or alive.

"Boys," said the judge, jumping on the billiard-table with amazing agility, "Brown went over to buy some fixin's for Christmas, and was due last evening. He ain't come through. I reckon he knew the trail as well as any of us, but a man will get kind o' flustered in such a h—ll of a blast as we had last evening. Boys, I'm afeard Brown's 'passed in;' but, not to be calling her"—here the judge lowered his voice and indicated the direction in which Brown's cabin might be supposed to be by a jerk of his thumb—"a widdier before her time, we'd better be huntin' up the body. Now, he's fallen into the upper end of the cañon, or he's strayed across the lower divide and got down on the Muddy or the North Fork. S'posin' Henderson and one-half of you scoot up the

cañon, while me and the rest crosses toward the Muddy and prospects the West Cañon—all meeting again on the Lower Divide?"

The judge's speech was brief and to the point: it needed no discussion, and was received with an immediate murmur of assent and a prompt division of forces. In five minutes more they were marching rapidly through the snow in different directions, Long Henderson leading one party with gigantic and practiced strides, and the judge sturdily scrambling up the mountain-side with the other. Little Mrs. Brown, on her knees at her window, watched the black specks that disappeared among the pines a thousand feet above the Snake, and prayed that they might be successful in their search.

Every rift and spur of the Great Range ends in its cañon, through which some sluggish glacier of the period of ice once ground its ponderous way, leaving ineffaceable traces of its handiwork on either side to mark its course. Now all are clad with the vigorous vegetation that came with the first man, and the iceberg's memory is kept by the striated and furrowed rocks and the smiling and babbling streams. On one side of the Great Divide was the Snake: on the other the Muddy and the North Fork fell away toward the south-west, rising and falling at similar elevations. The trail from the summit wound along the sinuous chasm of the Upper Cañon for a considerable distance, and, owing to the peculiar nature of the ground, might at various places be left for an adjoining valley without the pedestrian being aware of any particular ascent or descent being made. Indeed, were it not for the landmarks one might readily lose it in this way on a clear day. The judge's theory was that Brown had either fallen into the cañon or strayed around into the upper valley of one of the other two rivers, where, bewildered and confused, he would inevitably be lost. In either case there was not much hope for a man who had been exposed to one of those fearful storms: shelter could rarely be found on those bleak mountain-sides,

and cold and exposure soon did their work. Skirting along the timber-line two thousand feet or more above the valley, the judge and his party moved rapidly toward a point where an easy ascent would bring them out on the barren tableland above the valley of the Muddy. There was not much said by any one; and when Sam Short, who was an inveterate joker and irrepressible talker, ventured to make some facetious remark about the judge's legs, which under ordinary circumstances would have raised a yell, it was received with such a lack of encouragement and enthusiasm that he congealed into a silence that lasted all day. The level space which they had traversed terminated abruptly as they entered the timber and commenced the descent into the valley. Huge, rugged rocks and boulders, that seemed to be held in their places by the pines and cedars that grew among them, offered obstacles which it required caution and skill to overcome; but by dint of much sliding, scrambling and climbing the river-bed was reached at last without any accident. All up the valley they searched carefully and laboriously: not a snowdrift but was inspected, or a hollow cleft in the rocks but was keenly explored; but not a trace of the missing man could be found. As they toiled, half hopeful and half disappointed, across the next divide, going over toward the North Fork, they rested for a while and eagerly scanned the upper cañon of the Snake, trying to discern the Henderson party when they should cross one of the wide clearings. Finally, they saw at a distance of some five miles some very diminutive black objects traversing one of the white wastes in the valley, and seeing that they were much nearer the rendezvous at the summit, they hastened to descend the North Fork.

The North Fork joined the Muddy by a roundabout course, and the trail which led along its banks was easily followed until a heavy undergrowth was encountered in the lower timber. The judge and Peter were the best walkers, and as they followed the Fork were

ahead of the others about a hundred yards. Plodding through the snow was tedious and wearying, but the judicial legs were equal to the task, while Peter's activity and strength enabled him to keep up with ease. The stragglers were tired and blown and cold, and had begun to lose faith in the efficacy of their search, while some began to question if Brown had ever left the settlement he was visiting in the face of such weather. Discouraging remarks were made in muttered tones, and impatient climbers were heard to emit improper and forcible expressions of dissatisfaction. Suddenly the judge was heard to give an excited shout, and as they ran forward they saw him pull a snow-shoe out of a drift. They grouped around him as he held it up and pointed silently to the letters W. B. burned on its ash-wood frame. They were on the right track now, and they knew that he must be found farther down the valley: and a sort of suppressed shout went up as they all pressed forward faster than they had yet done. Soon they stumbled on the fellow of the snow-shoe they had just found, and a little farther on they entered a place where the undergrowth was thick and rank. While the miners were eagerly searching every nook and corner of this, the judge instinctively pushed up the hillside toward a group of some twenty tall and heavily-laden pines, which grew around a huge and solitary rock, and entered among their trunks. Those who were watching him saw him reappear in a moment and beckon silently to them. They knew what it meant; and some one calling out, "Boys, the judge has him!" they were all by his side in a moment.

Brown had gone to Gold Dirt in a sort of subdued ecstasy over his self-imposed mission and the pleasant results which he anticipated from its fulfillment. It is just possible that its peculiar nature, and the entire novelty of the attendant circumstances and conditions under which it was undertaken, may have caused him some slight hesitancy or given rise in his mind to doubts of his entire competence to act in the premises.

If such were the case, as subsequent developments might lead one to infer, he was not the man to back out, particularly as he was keenly alive to a sense of present or impending necessity for some such action on his part. It was with a feeling of self-satisfaction akin to positive exultation that he left Gold Dirt and its straggling log-house stores for home, so thoroughly was he convinced of the unqualified success which had attended his operations, as well as assured of their entire fitness and propriety. The distance which he had to travel and the difficulties of the journey were as nothing to a man in his frame of mind, and he set out, with a rashness that was born of his exuberant spirits, to accomplish in one day's time what should properly have occupied two.

We have seen him, with his heavy and precious bundle, struggling manfully with the storm and the arduous trail, pushing bravely forward in the consciousness of his strength and vitality, his buoyancy and enthusiasm succeeded by dogged resolution and determination. On he went, over rocks and stones, crashing through the undergrowth and stumbling over fallen trunks and awkward roots, the snow each moment falling heavier and heavier, coming down in driving and blinding squalls before the icy and freezing wind that had risen. He thought the undergrowth was thicker than it had seemed to him at any previous time. A little farther on he found a patch of fallen pines that he did not recollect having crossed before, and a prominent landmark that even in the heavy snow he could not fail to notice seemed to be a long time coming into view. Suddenly he noticed that the slope of the mountain-side toward the cañon was on his left instead of on his right, and that the snow which had hitherto fallen on his back was now pelting him in the face. He paused and looked about him: nothing could be more puzzling, more bewildering. He felt as if he had unwittingly and in some inexplicable way crossed the vast gulf of the cañon and continued his descent down its other side. That was impossible:

likewise it was impossible that he could have begun to retrace his footsteps and reascended the trail, because he had been on a steady and decided down grade all the while. Eagerly he scanned the limited view around him, looking for some familiar feature of the landscape, some tree or rock or point which should indicate his whereabouts. He looked in vain: all was strange and unfamiliar save in the monotonous similarity of the dreary pines, the dreary rocks and the still more dreary snow. On he wandered, halting at every step to view the ground for traces of a trail, and the mountain for a suggestion of a landmark. Finally he retraced his steps a little way: then in a moment of delusion he walked in an entirely new direction, endeavored to return to his starting-point, sat down, looked blankly and despairingly around him, and accepted the awful verdict of his senses—lost in the forest and the snow! Still hugging his bundle jealously, he arose to see what chance could do for him, and for an hour he plunged and floundered through the snowdrifts and the pines and the rocks and the bitter, biting storm. The new axe fell from his belt; one snowshoe dropped unheeded, and then the other; and at last, desolate and in despair, he sat down at the foot of a great pine tree in the partial shelter of a huge and solitary rock.

Through all his struggles, and in all his agony of mind, Brown had held obstinately on to his bundle; and now, as he laid it across his knees, he opened it with curious care and tenderness, and took each thing up in his numbed and frozen fingers, and contemplated and laid it down again. They were strange purchases, apparently, that Brown had made, and in a miner's pack they seemed wonderfully odd and out of place. In his dealing at the Gold Dirt stores he had been singularly equivocal and mysterious, both with regard to the nature of what he bought and his gratuitous suggestions as to its contemplated use. He had ransacked the dry-goods department of the leading store from top to bottom in a strangely indirect and

indefinite sort of search for some linen garments of suspiciously diminutive proportions. Not finding exactly what pleased him, he had taken a miscellaneous assortment of such goods as were conspicuously small and insignificant in appearance, expressing much satisfaction over a ready-made and richly-embroidered white dress which seemed to awaken most refreshing memories in his mind, and which the storekeeper had vainly endeavored to sell to one of the reigning Cyprians of the place. The mystery grew darker when, desiring to see some boots, he very decisively purchased the only pair of ladies' gaiters in the establishment, contrasting their size with that of his own and the huge ungainly gum boots on the shelves, and seeming much pleased with the result. He took various other odd and inexplicable things, and after asking for a hundred articles that no storekeeper in Gold Dirt had hitherto even heard of, brought matters to a climax and stamped himself a mild lunatic by inquiring solemnly if any one in town sold toys or dolls. At the drug-store, which was in the post-office, he was similarly wild and eccentric, and was only prevented by considerations of the difficulty of transportation from purchasing all the Soothing Syrup on the premises. What would little Mrs. Brown have said could she have seen him acting in this unpractical and suspicious manner, of the cause and purpose of all which she was densely ignorant?

And now Brown was looking over his purchases one by one with inexpressible fondness and sorrowful interest; and as the light faded out of the sky and the darkness brooded around him, his head bent forward on the neatly-folded and gayly-colored shawl that he had destined for his wife, and he wept in his helpless agony and his blank despair. The frost bit keener and keener, and the snow drifted fiercely around him, but he seemed neither to heed nor feel it, for he sat there and never stirred. He thought of the little woman that he loved so much sitting by the fireside in an agony of suspense at his absence, and he thought

of the morrow, which was to be the first Christmas Day since their marriage. The memories of former Christmases crowded around him, and he saw a home in the East, and the dear old faces that were gathered around its Christmas hearth looking out in welcome and affection toward the distant wanderer and his fair young wife. And still he sat there motionless, while the icy blast shrieked among the pines and the snow drifted higher and higher around him.

The sun, hanging low in the west, shed a cold and wintry glare on the pale and quiet face as they lifted him to a litter of rough poles and bore him on their sturdy shoulders to the trail by the Snake. In silence and with slow steps they carried him down the weary path, and the straggling line of his mourners was long and sad. The judge and Peter had been first in the search, and now, though neither was tired or exhausted, they were far in the rear.

The judge's brow was troubled, and his occasional ejaculations and muttered words betokened a perturbation of mind and general uneasiness, the cause of which was not immediately apparent: "Peter"—and in his perplexity he groaned—"durned if I can do it."

"What?" growled Peter, discouragingly.

"Break it to her," said the judge, despairingly.

Peter's sympathy was limited to a grunt, which might have meant anything, but which probably had no particular signification. The case was one which called for no little tact and diplomatic delicacy: this he felt in a general way, without understanding why it should be so, or feeling at all competent to volunteer any remark in regard to it which might be construed into an opinion. The judge appreciated and dreaded the necessities of the situation for more than one reason. It had been whispered on the Bar that the judge was a family-man

himself, whose domestic disagreements or misfortunes had affected his manner of life; and possibly to this, as much as to anything else, may be attributed the fact that he looked forward to his duties on his return with so much anxiety. With all his innate kindness and bigness of soul, he wished himself a hundred miles away, and dreaded the task he felt before him a thousand times more than the hug of a grizzly bear.

But Providence, kind as inscrutable, had solved the difficulty in its own way, and the Bar bowed its head in mute acknowledgment of its wisdom. In all the trouble and desolation of that day and night, in the bitter and lonely agony of a young and unattended mother, a little stranger came—came but to mingle for a moment its feeble cry with the whisper of the dying wind and the murmur of the rustling pines, ere it joined the tender spirit that with its coming had passed away.

Brown lay on the billiard-table beneath a rough and heavy blanket all the next day. And when night had again fallen on the Bar, and the house where mother and babe lay sleeping was wrapped in gloom, then, and not until then, did they approach it. In the deep darkness of the cabin they laid them reverently and sadly in one of the coarse pine coffins they had made, and in silence bore them side by side away. At the foot of a tall old pine, whose shadow at even-time stretches its gaunt length along the Bar, where purple summer sunsets light up the valley with their dying glory, they lie beneath a simple wooden cross. And if the rough and rugged miner who points out the spot turn to brush with brown and hairy hand the moisture from his furrowed cheek, you may know that he was one that spent that Christmas on the Snake when they brought home Brown and his Christmas bundle.

W. MACKAY LAFFAN.

A DOG OF FLANDERS:

A STORY OF NOËL.

BY OUIDA.

NELLO and Patrasche were left all alone in the world.

They were friends in a friendship closer than brotherhood. Nello was a little Ardennois—Patrasche was a big Fleming. They were both of the same age by length of years, yet one was still young, and the other was already old. They had dwelt together almost all their days: both were orphaned and destitute, and owed their lives to the same hand. It had been the beginning of the tie between them, their first bond of sympathy; and it had strengthened 'day by day, and had grown with their growth, firm and indissoluble, until they loved one another very greatly.

Their home was a little hut on the edge of a little village—a Flemish village a league from Antwerp, set amidst flat breadths of pasture and corn-lands, with long lines of poplars and of alders bending in the breeze on the edge of the great canal which ran through it. It had about a score of houses and homesteads, with shutters of bright green or sky-blue, and roofs rose-red or black and white, and walls whitewashed until they shone in the sun like snow. In the centre of the village stood a windmill, placed on a little moss-grown slope: it was a landmark to all the level country round. It had once been painted scarlet, sails and all, but that had been in its infancy, half a century or more earlier, when it had ground wheat for the soldiers of Napoleon; and it was now a ruddy brown, tanned by wind and weather. It went queerly by fits and starts, as though rheumatic and stiff in the joints from age, but it served the whole neighborhood, which would have thought it almost as impious to carry grain elsewhere as to attend any other religious service than the mass that was performed at the altar of the little

old gray church, with its conical steeple, which stood opposite to it, and whose single bell rang morning, noon and night with that strange, subdued, hollow sadness which every bell that hangs in the Low Countries seems to gain as an integral part of its melody.

Within sound of the little melancholy clock almost from their birth upward, they had dwelt together, Nello and Patrasche, in the little hut on the edge of the village, with the cathedral spire of Antwerp rising in the north-east, beyond the great green plain of seeding grass and spreading corn that stretched away from them like a tideless, changeless sea. It was the hut of a very old man, of a very poor man—of old Jehan Daas, who in his time had been a soldier, and who remembered the wars that had trampled the country as oxen tread down the furrows, and who had brought from his service nothing except a wound, which had made him a cripple.

When old Jehan Daas had reached his full eighty, his daughter had died in the Ardennes, hard by Stavelot, and had left him in legacy her two-year old son. The old man could ill contrive to support himself, but he took up the additional burden uncomplainingly, and it soon became welcome and precious to him. Little Nello—which was but a pet diminutive for Nicolas—throve with him, and the old man and the little child lived in the poor little hut contentedly.

It was a very humble little mud-hut indeed, but it was clean and white as a sea-shell, and stood in a small plot of garden-ground that yielded beans and herbs and pumpkins. They were very poor, terribly poor—many a day they had nothing at all to eat. They never by any chance had enough: to have had enough to eat would have been to

have reached paradise at once. But the old man was very gentle and good to the boy, and the boy was a beautiful, innocent, truthful, tender-natured creature; and they were happy on a crust and a few leaves of cabbage, and asked no more of earth or Heaven; save indeed that Patrasche should be always with them, since without Patrasche where would they have been?

For Patrasche was their alpha and omega; their treasury and granary; their store of gold and wand of wealth; their bread-winner and minister; their only friend and comforter. Patrasche dead or gone from them, they must have laid themselves down and died likewise. Patrasche was body, brains, hands, head and feet to both of them: Patrasche was their very life, their very soul. For Jehan Daas was old and a cripple, and Nello was but a child; and Patrasche was their dog.

A dog of Flanders—yellow of hide, large of head and limb, with wolf-like ears that stood erect, and legs bowed and feet widened in the muscular development wrought in his breed by many generations of hard service. Patrasche came of a race which had toiled hard and cruelly from sire to son in Flanders many a century—slaves of slaves, dogs of the people, beasts of the shafts and the harness, creatures that lived straining their sinews in the galls of the cart, and died breaking their hearts on the flints of the streets.

Patrasche had been born of parents who had labored hard all their days over the sharp-set stones of the various cities and the long, shadowless, weary roads of the two Flanders and of Brabant. He had been born to no other heritage than those of pain and of toil. He had been fed on curses and baptized with blows. Why not? It was a Christian country, and Patrasche was but a dog. Before he was fully grown he had known the bitter gall of the cart and the collar. Before he had entered his thirteenth month he had become the property of a hardware-dealer, who was accustomed to wander over the land north and south, from the blue sea to the green

mountains. They sold him for a small price, because he was so young.

This man was a drunkard and a brute. The life of Patrasche was a life of hell. To deal the tortures of hell on the animal creation is a way which the Christians have of showing their belief in it. His purchaser was a sullen, ill-living, brutal Brabantois, who heaped his cart full with pots and pans and flagons and buckets, and other wares of crockery and brass and tin, and left Patrasche to draw the load as best he might, whilst he himself lounged idly by the side in fat and sluggish ease, smoking his black pipe and stopping at every wineshop or café on the road.

Happily for Patrasche—or unhappily—he was very strong: he came of an iron race, long born and bred to such cruel travail; so that he did not die, but managed to drag on a wretched existence under the brutal burdens, the scari-fying lashes, the hunger, the thirst, the blows, the curses and the exhaustion which are the only wages with which the Flemings repay the most patient and laborious of all their fourfooted victims. One day, after two years of this long and deadly agony, Patrasche was going on as usual along one of the straight, dusty, unlovely roads that lead to the city of Rubens. It was full midsummer, and very warm. His cart was very heavy, piled high with goods in metal and in earthenware. His owner sauntered on without noticing him otherwise than by the crack of the whip as it curled round his quivering loins. The Brabantois had paused to drink beer himself at every wayside house, but he had forbidden Patrasche to stop a moment for a draught from the canal. Going along thus, in the full sun, on a scorching highway, having eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and, which was far worse to him, not having tasted water for nearly twelve, being blind with dust, sore with blows and stupefied with the merciless weight which dragged upon his loins, Patrasche, for once, staggered and foamed a little at the mouth, and fell.

He fell in the middle of the white, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun:



“—and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor great, quiet beast.”

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he was sick unto death, and motionless. His master gave him the only medicine in his pharmacy—kicks and oaths and blows with a cudgel of oak, which had been often the only food and drink, the only wage and reward, ever offered to him. But Patrasche was beyond the reach of any torture or of any curses. Patrasche lay, dead to all appearances, down in the white powder of the summer dust. After a while, finding it useless to assail his ribs with punishment and his ears with maledictions, the Brabantois—deeming life gone in him, or going so nearly that his carcass was for ever useless, unless indeed some one should strip it of the skin for gloves—cursed him fiercely in farewell, struck off the leathern bands of the harness, kicked his body heavily aside into the grass, and, groaning and muttering in savage wrath, pushed the cart lazily along the road up hill, and left the dying dog there for the ants to sting and for the crows to pick.

It was the last day before Kermesse away at Louvain, and the Brabantois was in haste to reach the fair and get a good place for his truck of brass wares. He was in fierce wrath, because Patrasche had been a strong and much-enduring animal, and because he himself had now the hard task of pushing his charette all the way to Louvain. But to stay to look after Patrasche never entered his thoughts: the beast was dying and useless, and he would steal, to replace him, the first large dog that he found wandering alone out of sight of its master. Patrasche had cost him nothing, or next to nothing, and for two long, cruel years had made him toil ceaselessly in his service from sunrise to sunset, through summer and winter, in fair weather and foul.

He had got a fair use and a good profit out of Patrasche: being human, he was wise, and left the dog to draw his last breath alone in the ditch, and have his bloodshot eyes plucked out as they might be by the birds, whilst he himself went on his way to beg and to steal, to eat and to drink, to dance and to sing, in the mirth at Louvain. A dying dog,

a dog of the cart—why should he waste hours over its agonies at peril of losing a handful of copper coins, at peril of a shout of laughter?

Patrasche lay there, flung in the grass-green ditch. It was a busy road that day, and hundreds of people, on foot and on mules, in wagons or in carts, went by, tramping quickly and joyously on to Louvain. Some saw him, most did not even look: all passed on. A dead dog more or less—it was nothing in Brabant: it would be nothing anywhere in the world.

After a time, amongst the holiday-makers, there came a little old man who was bent and lame, and very feeble. He was in no guise for feasting: he was very poorly and miserably clad, and he dragged his silent way slowly through the dust amongst the pleasure-seekers. He looked at Patrasche, paused, wondered, turned aside, then kneeled down in the rank grass and weeds of the ditch, and surveyed the dog with kindly eyes of pity. There was with him a little rosy, fair-haired, dark-eyed child of a few years old, who pattered in amidst the bushes, that were for him breast-high, and stood gazing with a pretty seriousness upon the poor great, quiet beast.

Thus it was that these two first met—the little Nello and the big Patrasche.

The upshot of that day was, that old Jehan Daas, with much laborious effort, drew the sufferer homeward to his own little hut, which was a stone's throw off amidst the fields, and there tended him with so much care that the sickness, which had been a brain-seizure, brought on by heat and thirst and exhaustion, with time and shade and rest passed away, and health and strength returned, and Patrasche staggered up again upon his four stout, tawny legs.

Now for many weeks he had been useless, powerless, sore, near to death; but all this time he had heard no rough word, had felt no harsh touch, but only the pitying murmurs of the little child's voice and the soothing caress of the old man's hand.

In his sickness they too had grown to care for him, this lonely old man and

the little happy child. He had a corner of the hut, with a heap of dry grass for his bed; and they had learned to listen eagerly for his breathing in the dark night, to tell them that he lived; and when he first was well enough to essay a loud, hollow, broken bay, they laughed aloud, and almost wept together for joy at such a sign of his sure restoration; and little Nello, in delighted glee, hung round his rugged neck with chains of marguerites, and kissed him with fresh and ruddy lips.

So then, when Patrasche arose, himself again, strong, big, gaunt, powerful, his great wistful eyes had a gentle astonishment in them that there were no curses to rouse him and no blows to drive him; and his heart awakened to a mighty love, which never wavered once in its fidelity whilst life abode with him.

But Patrasche, being a dog, was grateful. Patrasche lay pondering long with grave, tender, musing brown eyes, watching the movements of his friends.

Now, the old soldier, Jehan Daas, could do nothing for his living but limp about a little with a small cart, with which he carried daily the milk-cans of those happier neighbors who owned cattle away into the town of Antwerp. The villagers gave him the employment a little out of charity—more because it suited them well to send their milk into the town by so honest a carrier, and bide at home themselves to look after their gardens, their cows, their poultry or their little fields. But it was becoming hard work for the old man. He was eighty-three, and Antwerp was a good league off, or more.

Patrasche watched the milk-cans come and go that one day when he had got well and was lying in the sun with the wreath of marguerites round his tawny neck.

The next morning, Patrasche, before the old man had touched the cart, arose and walked to it and placed himself betwixt its handles, and testified as plainly as dumb show could do his desire and his ability to work in return for the bread of charity that he had eaten. Jehan Daas resisted long, for the old man was

one of those who thought it a foul shame to bind dogs to labor for which Nature never formed them. But Patrasche would not be gainsayed: finding they did not harness him, he tried to draw the cart onward with his teeth.

At length Jehan Daas gave way, vanquished by the persistence and the gratitude of this creature whom he had succored. He fashioned his cart so that Patrasche could run in it, and this he did every morning of his life thenceforward.

When the winter came, Jehan Daas thanked the blessed fortune that had brought him to the dying dog in the ditch that fair-day of Louvain; for he was very old, and he grew feebler with each year, and he would ill have known how to pull his load of milk-cans over the snows and through the deep ruts in the mud if it had not been for the strength and the industry of the animal he had befriended. As for Patrasche, it seemed heaven to him. After the frightful burdens that his old master had compelled him to strain under, at the call of the whip at every step, it seemed nothing to him but amusement to step out with this little light green cart, with its bright brass cans, by the side of the gentle old man who always paid him with a tender caress and with a kindly word. Besides, his work was over by three or four in the day, and after that time he was free to do as he would—to stretch himself, to sleep in the sun, to wander in the fields, to romp with the young child or to play with his fellow-dogs. Patrasche was very happy.

Fortunately for his peace, his former owner was killed in a drunken brawl at the kermesse of Mechlin, and so sought not after him nor disturbed him in his new and well-loved home.

A few years later, old Jehan Daas, who had always been a cripple, became so paralyzed with rheumatism that it was impossible for him to go out with the cart any more. Then little Nello, being now grown to his sixth year of age, and knowing the town well from having accompanied his grandfather so many times, took his place beside the cart, and

sold the milk and received the coins in exchange, and brought them back to their respective owners with a pretty grace and seriousness which charmed all who beheld him.

The little Ardennois was a beautiful child, with dark, grave, tender eyes, and a lovely bloom upon his face, and fair locks that clustered to his throat; and many an artist sketched the group as it went by him—the green cart with the brass flagons of Teniers and Mieris and Van Tal, and the great tawny-colored, massive dog, with his belled harness that chimed cheerily as he went, and the small figure that ran beside him which had little white feet in great wooden shoes, and a soft, grave, innocent, happy face like the little fair children of Rubens.

Nello and Patrasche did the work so well and so joyfully together that Jehan Daas himself, when the summer came and he was better again, had no need to stir out, but could sit in the doorway in the sun and see them go forth through the garden wicket, and then doze and dream and pray a little, and then awake again as the clock tolled three and watch for their return. And on their return Patrasche would shake himself free of his harness with a bay of glee, and Nello would recount with pride the doings of the day; and they would all go in together to their meal of rye bread and milk or soup, and would see the shadows lengthen over the great plain, and see the twilight veil the fair cathedral spire; and then lie down together to sleep peacefully while the old man said a prayer.

So the days and the years went on, and the lives of Nello and Patrasche were happy, innocent and healthful.

In the spring and summer especially were they glad. Flanders is not a lovely land, and around the burgh of Rubens it is perhaps least lovely of all. Corn and colza, pasture and plough, succeed each other on the characterless plain in wearying repetition, and save by some gaunt gray tower, with its peal of pathetic bells, or some figure coming athwart the fields, made picturesque by

a gleaner's bundle or a woodman's fagot, there is no change, no variety, no beauty anywhere; and he who has dwelt upon the mountains or amidst the forests feels oppressed as by imprisonment with the tedium and the endlessness of that vast and dreary level. But it is green and very fertile, and it has wide horizons that have a certain charm of their own even in their dullness and monotony; and amongst the rushes by the water-side the flowers grow, and the trees rise tall and fresh where the barges glide with their great hulks black against the sun, and their little green barrels and vari-colored flags gay against the leaves. Anyway, there is greenery and breadth of space enough to be as good as beauty to a child and a dog; and these two asked no better, when their work was done, than to lie buried in the lush grasses on the side of the canal, and watch the cumbrous vessels drifting by and bringing the crisp salt smell of the sea amongst the blossoming scents of the country summer.

True, in the winter it was harder, and they had to rise in the darkness and the bitter cold, and they had seldom as much as they could have eaten any day, and the hut was scarce better than a shed when the nights were cold, although it looked so pretty in warm weather, buried in a great kindly-clambering vine, that never bore fruit, indeed, but which covered it with luxuriant green tracery all through the months of blossom and harvest. In winter the winds found many holes in the walls of the poor little hut, and the vine was black and leafless, and the bare lands looked very bleak and drear without, and sometimes within the floor was flooded and then frozen. In winter it was hard, and the snow numbed the little white limbs of Nello, and the icicles cut the brave, untiring feet of Patrasche.

But even then they were never heard to lament, either of them. The child's wooden shoes and the dog's four legs would trot manfully together over the frozen fields to the chime of the bells on the harness; and then sometimes, in the streets of Antwerp, some housewife

would bring them a bowl of soup and a handful of bread, or some kindly trader would throw some billets of fuel into the little cart as it went homeward, or some woman in their own village would bid them keep some share of the milk they carried for their own food; and then they would run over the white lands, through the early darkness, bright and happy, and burst with a shout of joy into their home.

So, on the whole, it was well with them, very well; and Patrasche, meeting on the highway or in the public streets the many dogs who toiled from daybreak into nightfall, paid only with blows and curses, and loosened from the shafts with a kick to starve and freeze as best they might,—Patrasche in his heart was very grateful to his fate, and thought it the fairest and the kindest the world could hold. Though he was often very hungry indeed when he lay down at night; though he had to work in the heats of summer noons and the rasping chills of winter dawns; though his feet were often tender with wounds from the sharp edges of the jagged pavement; though he had to perform tasks beyond his strength and against his nature,—yet he was grateful and content: he did his duty with each day, and the eyes that he loved smiled down on him. It was sufficient for Patrasche.

There was only one thing which caused Patrasche any uneasiness in his life, and it was this. Antwerp, as all the world knows, is full at every turn of old piles of stones, dark and ancient and majestic, standing in crooked courts, jammed against gateways and taverns, rising by the water's edge, with bells ringing above them in the air, and ever and again out of their arched doors a swell of music pealing. There they remain, the grand old sanctuaries of the past, shut in amidst the squalor, the hurry, the crowds, the unloveliness and the commerce of the modern world, and all day long the clouds drift and the birds circle and the winds sigh around them, and beneath the earth at their feet there sleeps—RUBENS.

And the greatness of the mighty

Master still rests upon Antwerp, and wherever we turn in its narrow streets his glory lies therein, so that all mean things are thereby transfigured; and as we pace slowly through the winding ways, and by the edge of the stagnant water, and through the noisome courts, his spirit abides with us, and the heroic beauty of his visions is about us, and the stones that once felt his footsteps and bore his shadow seem to arise and speak of him with living voices. For the city which is the tomb of Rubens still lives to us through him, and him alone.

It is so quiet there by that great white sepulchre—so quiet, save only when the organ peals and the choir cries aloud the *Salve Regina* or the *Kyrie Eleison*. Sure no artist ever had a greater grave-stone than that pure marble sanctuary gives to him in the heart of his birth-place in the chancel of St. Jacques.

Without Rubens, what were Antwerp? A dirty, dusky, bustling mart, which no man would ever care to look upon save the traders who do business on its wharves. With Rubens, to the whole world of men it is a sacred name, a sacred soil, a Bethlehem where a god of Art saw light, a Golgotha where a god of Art lies dead.

O nations! closely should you treasure your great men, for by them alone will the future know of you. Flanders in her generations has been wise. In his life she glorified this greatest of her sons, and in his death she magnifies his name. But her wisdom is very rare.

Now, the trouble of Patrasche was this. Into these great, sad piles of stones, that reared their melancholy majesty above the crowded roofs, the child Nello would many and many a time enter, and disappear through their dark, arched portals, whilst Patrasche, left without upon the pavement, would wearily and vainly ponder on what could be the charm which thus allured from him his inseparable and beloved companion. Once or twice he did essay to see for himself, clattering up the steps with his milk-cart behind him; but thereon he had been always sent back again sum-

marily by a tall custodian in black clothes and silver chains of office; and fearful of bringing his little master into trouble, he desisted, and remained couched patiently before the churches until such time as the boy reappeared. It was not the fact of his going into them which disturbed Patrasche: he knew that people went to church: all the village went to the small, tumbledown, gray pile opposite the red windmill. What troubled him was that little Nello always looked strangely when he came out, always very flushed or very pale; and whenever he returned home after such visitations would sit silent and dreaming, not caring to play, but gazing out at the evening skies beyond the line of the canal, very subdued and almost sad.

What was it? wondered Patrasche. He thought it could not be good or natural for the little lad to be so grave, and in his dumb fashion he tried all he could to keep Nello by him in the sunny fields or in the busy market-place. But to the churches Nello would go: most often of all would he go to the great cathedral; and Patrasche, left without on the stones by the iron fragments of Quentin Matsy's gate, would stretch himself and yawn and sigh, and even howl now and then, all in vain, until the doors closed and the child perforce came forth again, and winding his arms about the dog's neck would kiss him on his broad, tawny-colored forehead, and murmur always the same words: "If I could only see them, Patrasche!—if I could only see them!"

What were they? pondered Patrasche, looking up with large, wistful, sympathetic eyes.

One day, when the custodian was out of the way and the doors left ajar, he got in for a moment after his little friend and saw. "They" were two great covered pictures on either side of the choir.

Nello was kneeling, rapt as in an ecstasy, before the altar-picture of the Assumption, and when he noticed Patrasche, and rose and drew the dog gently out into the air, his face was wet with tears, and he looked up at the

veiled places as he passed them, and murmured to his companion, "It is so terrible not to see them, Patrasche, just because one is poor and cannot pay! He never meant that the poor should not see them when he painted them, I am sure. He would have had us see them any day, every day: that I am sure. And they keep them shrouded there—shrouded in the dark, the beautiful things!—and they never feel the light, and no eyes look on them, unless rich people come and pay. If I could only see them, I would be content to die."

But he could not see them, and Patrasche could not help him, for to gain the silver piece that the church exacts as the price for looking on the glories of the Elevation of the Cross and the Descent of the Cross was a thing as utterly beyond the powers of either of them as it would have been to scale the heights of the cathedral spire. They had never so much as a sou to spare: if they cleared enough to get a little wood for the stove, a little broth for the pot, it was the utmost they could do. And yet the heart of the child was set in sore and endless longing upon beholding the greatness of the two veiled Rubens.

The whole soul of the little Ardennois thrilled and stirred with an absorbing passion for Art. Going on his ways through the old city in the early days before the sun or the people had risen, Nello, who looked only a little peasant-boy, with a great dog drawing milk to sell from door to door, was in a heaven of dreams whereof Rubens was the god. Nello, cold and hungry, with stockingless feet in wooden shoes, and the winter winds blowing amongst his curls and lifting his poor thin garments, was in a rapture of meditation, wherein all that he saw was the beautiful fair face of the Mary of the Assumption, with the waves of her golden hair lying upon her shoulders, and the light of an eternal sun shining down upon her brow. Nello, reared in poverty, and buffeted by fortune, and untaught in letters, and unheeded by men, had the compensation or the curse which is called Genius.

No one knew it. He as little as any.

No one knew it. Only indeed Patrasche, who, being with him always, saw him draw with chalk upon the stones any and every thing that grew or breathed, heard him on his little bed of hay murmur all manner of timid, pathetic prayers to the spirit of the great Master; watched his gaze darken and his face radiate at the evening glow of sunset or the rosy rising of the dawn; and felt many and many a time the tears of a strange, nameless pain and joy, mingled together, fall hotly from the bright young eyes upon his own wrinkled, yellow forehead.

"I should go to my grave quite content if I thought, Nello, that when thou growest a man thou couldst own this hut and the little plot of ground, and labor for thyself, and be called Baas by thy neighbors," said the old man Jehan many an hour from his bed. For to own a bit of soil, and to be called Baas—master—by the hamlet round, is to have achieved the highest ideal of a Flemish peasant; and the old soldier, who had wandered over all the earth in his youth, and had brought nothing back, deemed in his old age that to live and die on one spot in contented humility was the fairest fate he could desire for his darling. But Nello said nothing.

The same leaven was working in him that in other times begat Rubens and Jordaens and the Van Eycks, and all their wondrous tribe, and in times more recent begat in the green country of the Ardennes, where the Meuse washes the old walls of Dijon, the great artist of the Patroclus, whose genius is too near us for us aright to measure its divinity.

Nello dreamed of other things in the future than of tilling the little rood of earth, and living under the wattle roof, and being called Baas by neighbors a little poorer or a little less poor than himself. The cathedral spire, where it rose beyond the fields in the ruddy evening skies or in the dim, gray, misty mornings, said other things to him than this. But these he told only to Patrasche, whispering, childlike, his fancies in the dog's ear when they went together at their work through the fogs of the day-

break, or lay together at their rest amongst the rustling rushes by the water's side.

For such dreams are not easily shaped into speech to awake the slow sympathies of human auditors; and they would only have sorely perplexed and troubled the poor old man bedridden in his corner, who, for his part, whenever he had trodden the streets of Antwerp, had thought the daub of blue and red that they called a Madonna, on the walls of the wine-shop where he drank his sou's worth of black beer, quite as good as any of the famous altar-pieces for which the stranger folk traveled far and wide into Flanders from every land on which the good sun shone.

There was only one other beside Patrasche to whom Nello could talk at all of his daring fantasies. This other was little Alois, who lived at the old red mill on the grassy mound, and whose father, the miller, was the best-to-do husbandman in all the village. Little Alois was only a pretty baby with soft round, rosy features, made lovely by those sweet dark eyes that the Spanish rule has left in so many a Flemish face, in testimony of the Alvan dominion, as Spanish art has left broadsown throughout the country majestic palaces and stately courts, gilded house-fronts and sculptured lintels—histories in blazonry and poems in stone.

Little Alois was often with Nello and Patrasche. They played in the fields, they ran in the snow, they gathered the daisies and bilberries, they went up to the old gray church together, and they often sat together by the broad wood-fire in the mill-house. Little Alois, indeed, was the richest child in the hamlet. She had neither brother nor sister; her blue serge dress had never a hole in it; at kermesse she had as many gilded nuts and Agni Dei in sugar as her hands could hold; and when she went up for her first communion her flaxen curls were covered with a cap of richest Mechlin lace, which had been her mother's and her grandmother's before it came to her. Men spoke already, though she had but twelve years, of the good wife

she would be for their sons to woo and win; but she herself was a little gay, simple child, in nowise conscious of her heritage, and she loved no playfellows so well as Jehan Daas' grandson and his dog.

One day her father, Baas Coge, a good man, but somewhat stern, came on a pretty group in the long meadow behind the mill, where the aftermath had that day been cut. It was his little daughter sitting amidst the hay, with the great tawny head of Patrasche on her lap, and many wreaths of poppies and blue cornflowers round them both: on a clean smooth slab of pine wood the boy Nello drew their likeness with a stick of charcoal.

The miller stood and looked at the portrait with tears in his eyes, it was so strangely like, and he loved his only child closely and well. Then he roughly chid the little girl for idling there whilst her mother needed her within, and sent her indoors crying and afraid: then, turning, he snatched the wood from Nello's hands. "Dost do much of such folly?" he asked, but there was a tremble in his voice.

Nello colored and hung his head. "I draw everything I see," he murmured.

The miller was silent: then he stretched his hand out with a franc in it. "It is folly, as I say, and evil waste of time: nevertheless, it is like Alois, and will please the house-mother. Take this silver bit for it and leave it for me."

The color died out of the face of the young Ardennois: he lifted his head and put his hands behind his back. "Keep your money and the portrait both, Baas Coge," he said simply. "You have been often good to me." Then he called Patrasche to him, and walked away across the fields.

"I could have seen them with that franc," he murmured to Patrasche, "but I could not sell her picture—not even for them."

Baas Coge went into his mill-house sore troubled in his mind. "That lad must not be so much with Alois," he said to his wife that night. "Trouble

may come of it hereafter: he is fifteen now, and she is twelve; and the boy is comely of face and form."

"And he is a good lad and a loyal," said the housewife, feasting her eyes on the piece of pine wood where it was throned above the chimney with a cuckoo clock in oak and a Calvary in wax.

"Yea, I do not gainsay that," said the miller, draining his pewter flagon.

"Then, if what you think of were ever to come to pass," said the wife, hesitatingly, "would it matter so much? She will have enough for both, and one cannot be better than happy."

"You are a woman, and therefore a fool," said the miller harshly, striking his pipe on the table. "The lad is naught but a beggar, and, with these painter's fancies, worse than a beggar. Have a care that they are not together in the future, or I will send the child to the surer keeping of the nuns of the Sacred Heart."

The poor mother was terrified, and promised humbly to do his will. Not that she could bring herself altogether to separate the child from her favorite playmate, nor did the miller even desire that extreme of cruelty to a young lad who was guilty of nothing except poverty. But there were many ways in which little Alois was kept away from her chosen companion; and Nello being a boy proud and quiet and sensitive, was quickly wounded, and ceased to turn his own steps and those of Patrasche, as he had been used to do with every moment of leisure, to the old red mill upon the slope. What his offence was he did not know: he supposed he had in some manner angered Baas Coge by taking the portrait of Alois in the meadow; and when the child who loved him would run to him and nestle her hand in his, he would smile at her very sadly and say with a tender concern for her before himself, "Nay, Alois, do not anger your father. He thinks that I make you idle, dear, and he is not pleased that you should be with me. He is a good man and loves you well: we will not anger him, Alois."

But it was with a sad heart that he said it, and the earth did not look so bright to him as it had used to do when he went out at sunrise under the poplars down the straight roads with Patrasche. The old red mill had been a landmark to him, and he had been used to pause by it, going and coming, for a cheery greeting with its people as her little flaxen head rose above the low mill-wicket, and her little rosy hands had held out a bone or a crust to Patrasche. Now the dog looked wistfully at a closed door, and the boy went on without pausing, with a pang at his heart, and the child sat within with tears dropping slowly on the knitting to which she was set on her little stool by the stove; and Baas Cogez, working among his sacks and his mill-gear, would harden his will and say to himself, "It is best so. The lad is all but a beggar, and full of idle, dreaming fooleries. Who knows what mischief might not come of it in the future?" So he was wise in his generation, and would not have the door unbarred, except upon rare and formal occasions, which seemed to have neither warmth nor mirth in them to the two children, who had been accustomed so long to a daily gleeful, careless, happy interchange of greeting, speech and pastime, with no other watcher of their sports or auditor of their fancies than Patrasche, sagely shaking the brazen bells of his collar and responding with all a dog's swift sympathies to their every change of mood.

All this while the little panel of pine wood remained over the chimney in the mill-kitchen with the cuckoo clock and the waxen Calvary, and sometimes it seemed to Nello a little hard that whilst his gift was accepted he himself should be denied.

But he did not complain: it was his habit to be quiet: old Jehan Daas had said ever to him, "We are poor: we must take what God sends—the ill with the good: the poor cannot choose."

To which the boy had always listened in silence, being reverent of his old grandfather; but nevertheless a certain vague, sweet hope, such as beguiles the

children of genius, had whispered in his heart, "Yet the poor do choose sometimes—choose to be great, so that men cannot say them nay." And he thought so still in his innocence; and one day, when the little Alois, finding him by chance alone amongst the corn-fields by the canal, ran to him and held him close, and sobbed piteously because the morrow would be her saint's day, and for the first time in all her life her parents had failed to bid him to the little supper and romp in the great barns with which her feast-day was always celebrated, Nello had kissed her and murmured to her in firm faith, "It shall be different one day, Alois. One day that little bit of pine wood that your father has of mine shall be worth its weight in silver; and he will not shut the door against me then. Only love me always, dear little Alois, only love me always, and I will be great."

"And if I do not love you?" the pretty child asked, pouting a little through her tears, and moved by the instinctive coquetries of her sex.

Nello's eyes left her face and wandered to the distance, where in the red and gold of the Flemish night the cathedral spire rose. There was a smile on his face so sweet and yet so sad that little Alois was awed by it. "I will be great still," he said under his breath—"great still, or die, Alois."

"You do not love me," said the little spoilt child, pushing him away; but the boy shook his head and smiled, and went on his way through the tall yellow corn, seeing as in a vision some day in a fair future when he should come into that old familiar land and ask Alois of her people, and be not refused or denied, but received in honor, whilst the village folk should throng to look upon him and say in one another's ears, "Dost see him? He is a king among men, for he is a great artist and the world speaks his name; and yet he was only our poor little Nello, who was a beggar, as one may say, and only got his bread by the help of his dog." And he thought how he would fold his grandsire in furs and purples, and portray him as the old man

is portrayed in the Family in the chapel of St. Jacques; and of how he would hang the throat of Patrasche with a collar of gold, and place him on his right hand, and say to the people, "This was once my only friend;" and of how he would build himself a great white marble palace, and make to himself luxuriant gardens of pleasure, on the slope looking outward to where the cathedral spire rose, and not dwell in it himself, but summon to it, as to a home, all men young and poor and friendless, but of the will to do mighty things; and of how he would say to them always, if they sought to bless his name, "Nay, do not thank me—thank Rubens. Without him, what should I have been?" And these dreams, beautiful, impossible, innocent, free of all selfishness, full of heroic worship, were so closely about him as he went that he was happy—happy even on this sad anniversary of Alois' saint's day, when he and Patrasche went home by themselves to the little dark hut and the meal of black bread, whilst in the mill-house all the children of the village sang and laughed, and ate the big round cakes of Dijon and the almond gingerbread of Brabant, and danced in the great barn to the light of the stars and the music of flute and fiddle.

"Never mind, Patrasche," he said, with his arms round the dog's neck as they both sat in the door of the hut, where the sounds of the mirth at the mill came down to them on the night air—"never mind. It shall all be changed by and by."

He believed in the future: Patrasche, of more experience and of more philosophy, thought that the loss of the mill supper in the present was ill compensated by dreams of milk and honey in some vague hereafter. And Patrasche growled whenever he passed by Baas Cogez.

"This is Alois' name-day, is it not?" said the old man Daas that night from the corner where he was stretched upon his bed of sacking.

The boy gave a gesture of assent: he wished that the old man's memory had erred a little, instead of keeping such sure account.

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"And why not there?" his grandfather pursued. "Thou hast never missed a year before, Nello."

"Thou art too sick to leave," murmured the lad, bending his handsome young head over the bed.

"Tut! tut! Mother Nulette would have come and sat with me, as she does scores of times. What is the cause, Nello?" the old man persisted. "Thou surely hast not had ill words with the little one?"

"Nay, grandfather—never," said the boy quickly, with a hot color in his bent face. "Simply and truly, Baas Cogez did not have me asked this year. He has taken some whim against me."

"But thou hast done nothing wrong?"

"That I know—nothing. I took the portrait of Alois on a piece of pine: that is all."

"Ah!" The old man was silent: the truth suggested itself to him with the boy's innocent answer. He was tied to a bed of dried leaves in the corner of a wattle hut, but he had not wholly forgotten what the ways of the world were like.

He drew Nello's fair head fondly to his breast with a tenderer gesture. "Thou art very poor, my child," he said with a quiver the more in his aged, trembling voice—"so poor! It is very hard for thee."

"Nay, I am rich," murmured Nello; and in his innocence he thought so—rich with the imperishable powers that are mightier than the might of kings. And he went and stood by the door of the hut in the quiet autumn night, and watched the stars troop by and the tall poplars bend and shiver in the wind. All the casements of the mill-house were lighted, and every now and then the notes of the flute came to him. The tears fell down his cheeks, for he was but a child, yet he smiled, for he said to himself, "In the future!" He stayed there until all was quite still and dark, then he and Patrasche went within and slept together, long and deeply, side by side.

Now he had a secret which only Patrasche knew. There was a little out-

house to the hut, which no one entered but himself—a dreary place, but with abundant clear light from the north. Here he had fashioned himself rudely an easel in rough lumber, and here on a great gray sea of stretched paper he had given shape to one of the innumerable fancies which possessed his brain. No one had ever taught him anything; colors he had no means to buy; he had gone without bread many a time to procure even the few rude vehicles that he had here; and it was only in black or white that he could fashion the things he saw. This great figure which he had drawn here in chalk was only an old man sitting on a fallen tree—only that. He had seen old Michel the woodman sitting so at evening many a time. He had never had a soul to tell him of outline or perspective, of anatomy or of shadow, and yet he had given all the weary, wornout age, all the sad, quiet patience, all the rugged, careworn pathos of his original, and given them so that the old lonely figure was a poem, sitting there, meditative and alone, on the dead tree, with the darkness of the descending night behind him.

It was rude, of course, in a way, and had many faults, no doubt; and yet it was real, true in Nature, true in Art, and very mournful, and in a manner beautiful.

Patrasche had lain quiet countless hours watching its gradual creation after the labor of each day was done, and he knew that Nello had a hope—vain and wild perhaps, but strongly cherished—of sending this great drawing to compete for a prize of two hundred francs a year which it was announced in Antwerp would be open to every lad of talent, scholar or peasant, under eighteen, who would attempt to win it with some unaided work of chalk or pencil. Three of the foremost artists in the town of Rubens were to be the judges and elect the victor according to his merits.

All the spring and summer and autumn Nello had been at work upon this treasure, which, if triumphant, would build him his first step toward independence and the mysteries of the art which he

blindly, ignorantly and yet passionately adored.

He said nothing to any one: his grandfather would not have understood, and little Alois was lost to him. Only to Patrasche he told all, and whispered, "Rubens would give it me, I think, if he knew."

Patrasche thought so too, for he knew that Rubens had loved dogs or he had never painted them with such exquisite fidelity; and men who loved dogs were, as Patrasche knew, always pitiful.

The drawings were to go in on the first day of December, and the decision be given on the twenty-fourth, so that he who should win might rejoice with all his people at the Christmas season.

In the twilight of a bitter wintry day, and with a beating heart, now quick with hope, now faint with fear, Nello placed the great picture on his little green milk-cart, and took it, with the help of Patrasche, into the town, and there left it, as enjoined, at the doors of a public building.

"Perhaps it is worth nothing at all. How can I tell?" he thought, with the heart-sickness of a great timidity. Now that he had left it there, it seemed to him so hazardous, so vain, so foolish, to dream that he, a little lad with bare feet, who barely knew his letters, could do anything at which great painters, real artists, could ever deign to look. Yet he took heart as he went by the cathedral: the lordly form of Rubens seemed to rise from the fog and the darkness, and to loom in its magnificence before him, whilst the lips, with their kindly smile, seemed to him to murmur, "Nay, have courage! It was not by a weak heart and by faint fears that I wrote my name for all time upon Antwerp."

Nello ran home through the cold night, comforted. He had done his best: the rest must be as God willed, he thought, in that innocent, unquestioning faith which had been taught him in the little gray chapel amongst the willows and the poplar trees.

The winter was very sharp already. That night, after they reached the hut, snow fell; and fell for very many days

after that, so that the paths and the divisions in the fields were all obliterated, and all the smaller streams were frozen over, and the cold was intense upon the plains. Then, indeed, it became hard work to go round for the milk while the world was all dark, and carry it through the darkness to the silent town. Hard work, especially for Patrasche, for the passage of the years, that were only bringing Nello a stronger youth, were bringing him old age, and his joints were stiff and his bones ached often. But he would never give up his share of the labor. Nello would fain have spared him and drawn the cart himself, but Patrasche would not allow it. All he would ever permit or accept was the help of a thrust from behind to the truck as it lumbered along through the ice-ruts. Patrasche had lived in harness, and he was proud of it. He suffered a great deal sometimes from frost, and the terrible roads, and the rheumatic pains of his limbs, but he only drew his breath hard and bent his stout neck, and trod onward with steady patience.

"Rest thee at home, Patrasche—it is time thou didst rest—and I can quite well push in the cart by myself," urged Nello many a morning; but Patrasche, who understood him aright, would no more have consented to stay at home than a veteran soldier to shirk when the charge was sounding; and every day he would rise and place himself in his shafts, and plod along over the snow through the fields that his four round feet had left their print upon so many, many years.

"One must never rest till one dies," thought Patrasche; and sometimes it seemed to him that that time of rest for him was not very far off. His sight was less clear than it had been, and it gave him pain to rise after the night's sleep, though he would never lie a moment in his straw when once the bell of the chapel tolling five let him know that the daybreak of labor had begun.

"My poor Patrasche, we shall soon lie quiet together, you and I," said old Jehan Daas, stretching out to stroke the

head of Patrasche with the old withered hand which had always shared with him its one poor crust of bread; and the hearts of the old man and the old dog ached together with one thought: When they were gone who would care for their darling?

One afternoon, as they came back from Antwerp over the snow, which had become hard and smooth as marble over all the Flemish plains, they found dropped in the road a pretty little puppet, a tambourine-player, all scarlet and gold, about six inches high, and, unlike greater personages when Fortune lets them drop, quite unspoiled and unhurt by its fall. It was a pretty toy. Nello tried to find its owner, and, failing, thought that it was just the thing to please Alois.

It was quite night when he passed the mill-house: he knew the little window of her room. It could be no harm, he thought, if he gave her his little piece of treasure-trove, they had been play-fellows so long. There was a shed with a sloping roof beneath her casement: he climbed it and tapped softly at the lattice: there was a little light within. The child opened it and looked out, half frightened.

Nello put the tambourine-player into her hands. "Here is a doll I found in the snow, Alois. Take it," he whispered—"take it, and God bless thee, dear!"

He slid down from the shed-roof before she had time to thank him, and ran off through the darkness.

That night there was a fire at the mill. Out-buildings and much corn were destroyed, although the mill itself and the dwelling-house were unharmed. All the village was out in terror, and engines came tearing through the snow from Antwerp. The miller was insured, and would lose nothing: nevertheless, he was in furious wrath, and declared aloud that the fire was due to no accident, but to some foul intent.

Nello, awakened from his sleep, ran to help with the rest: Baas Cogeze thrust him angrily aside. "Thou wert loitering here after dark," he said roughly. "I believe, on my soul, that thou dost know more of the fire than any one."

Nello heard him in silence, stupefied, not supposing that any one could say such things except in jest, and not comprehending how any one could pass a jest at such a time.

Nevertheless, the miller said the brutal thing openly to many of his neighbors in the day that followed; and though no serious charge was ever preferred against the lad, it got bruited about that Nello had been seen in the mill-yard after dark on some unspoken errand, and that he bore Baas Cogez a grudge for forbidding his intercourse with little Alois; and so the hamlet, which followed the sayings of its richest landowner servilely, and whose families all hoped to secure the riches of Alois in some future time for their sons, took the hint to give grave looks and cold words to old Jehan Daas' grandson. No one said anything to him openly, but all the village agreed together to humor the miller's prejudice, and at the cottages and farms where Nello and Patrasche called every morning for the milk for Antwerp, downcast glances and brief phrases replaced to them the broad smiles and cheerful greetings to which they had been always used. No one really credited the miller's absurd suspicion, nor the outrageous accusations born of them, but the people were all very poor and very ignorant, and the one rich man of the place had pronounced against him. Nello, in his innocence and his friendlessness, had no strength to stem the popular tide.

"Thou art very cruel to the lad," the miller's wife dared to say, weeping, to her lord. "Sure he is an innocent lad and a faithful, and would never dream of any such wickedness, however sore his heart might be."

But Baas Cogez being an obstinate man, having once said a thing held to it doggedly, though in his inmost soul he knew well the injustice that he was committing.

Meanwhile, Nello endured the injury done against him with a certain proud patience that disdained to complain: he only gave way a little when he was quite alone with old Patrasche. Besides, he

thought, "If it should win! They will be sorry then, perhaps."

Still, to a boy not quite sixteen, and who had dwelt in one little world all his short life, and in his childhood had been caressed and applauded on all sides, it was a hard trial to have the whole of that little world turn against him for naught. Especially hard in that bleak, snow-bound, famine-stricken winter-time, when the only light and warmth there could be found abode beside the village hearths and in the kindly greetings of neighbors. In the winter-time all drew nearer to each other, all to all, except to Nello and Patrasche, with whom none now would have anything to do, and who were left to fare as they might with the old paralyzed, bedridden man in the little cabin, whose fire was often low, and whose board was often without bread, for there was a buyer from Antwerp who had taken to drive his mule in of a day for the milk of the various dairies, and there were only three or four of the people who had refused his terms of purchase and remained faithful to the little green cart. So that the burden which Patrasche drew had become very light, and the centime-pieces in Nello's pouch had become, alas! very small likewise.

The dog would stop, as usual, at all the familiar gates which were now closed to him, and look up at them with wistful, mute appeal; and it cost the neighbors a pang to shut their doors and their hearts, and let Patrasche draw his cart on again, empty. Nevertheless, they did it, for they desired to please Baas Cogez.

Noël was close at hand.

The weather was very wild and cold. The snow was six feet deep, and the ice was firm enough to bear oxen and men upon it everywhere. At this season the little village was always gay and cheerful. At the poorest dwelling there were possets and cakes, joking and dancing, sugared saints and gilded Jésus. The merry Flemish bells jingled everywhere on the horses; everywhere within doors some well-filled soup-pot sang and smoked over the stove; and everywhere

over the snow without laughing maidens pattered in bright kerchiefs and stout kirtles, going to and from the mass. Only in the little hut it was very dark and very cold.

Nello and Patrasche were left utterly alone, for one night in the week before the Christmas Day, Death entered there, and took away from life for ever old Jehan Daas, who had never known of life aught save its poverty and its pains. He had long been half dead, incapable of any movement except a feeble gesture, and powerless for anything beyond a gentle word; and yet his loss fell on them both with a great horror in it: they mourned him passionately. He had passed away from them in his sleep, and when in the gray dawn they learned their bereavement, unutterable solitude and desolation seemed to close around them. He had long been only a poor, feeble, paralyzed old man, who could not raise a hand in their defence, but he had loved them well: his smile had always welcomed their return. They mourned for him unceasingly, refusing to be comforted, as in the white winter day they followed the deal shell that held his body to the nameless grave by the little gray church. They were his only mourners, these two whom he had left friendless upon earth—the young boy and the old dog.

"Surely, he will relent now and let the poor lad come hither?" thought the miller's wife, glancing at her husband where he smoked by the hearth.

Baas Cogeze knew her thought, but he hardened his heart, and would not unbar his door as the little, humble funeral went by. "The boy is a beggar," he said to himself: "he shall not be about Alois."

The woman dared not say anything aloud, but when the grave was closed and the mourners had gone, she put a wreath of immortelles into Alois' hands and bade her go and lay it reverently on the dark, unmarked mound where the snow was displaced.

Nello and Patrasche went home with broken hearts. But even of that poor, melancholy, cheerless home they were

denied the consolation. There was a month's rent over-due for their little home, and when Nello had paid the last sad service to the dead he had not a coin left. He went and begged grace of the owner of the hut, a cobbler who went every Sunday night to drink his pint of wine and smoke with Baas Cogeze. The cobbler would grant no mercy. He was a harsh, miserly man, and loved money. He claimed in default of his rent every stick and stone, every pot and pan, in the hut, and bade Nello and Patrasche be out of it on the morrow.

Now, the cabin was lowly enough, and in some sense miserable enough, and yet their hearts clove to it with a great affection. They had been so happy there, and in the summer, with its clambering vine and its flowering beans, it was so pretty and bright in the midst of the sun-lighted fields! Their life in it had been full of labor and privation, and yet they had been so well content, so gay of heart, running together to meet the old man's never-failing smile of welcome!

All night long the boy and the dog sat by the fireless hearth in the darkness, drawn close together for warmth and sorrow. Their bodies were insensible to the cold, but their hearts seemed frozen in them.

When the morning broke over the white, chill earth it was the morning of Christmas Eve. With a shudder, Nello clasped close to him his only friend, while his tears fell hot and fast on the dog's frank forehead. "Let us go, Patrasche—dear, dear Patrasche," he murmured. "We will not wait to be kicked out: let us go."

Patrasche had no will but his, and they went sadly, side by side, out from the little place which was so dear to them both, and in which every humble, homely thing was to them precious and beloved. Patrasche drooped his head wearily as he passed by his own green cart: it was no longer his—it had to go with the rest to pay the rent, and his brass harness lay idle and glittering on the snow. The dog could have lain down beside it and died for very heart-sickness as he went, but whilst the lad

lived and needed him Patrasche would not yield and give way.

They took the old accustomed road into Antwerp. The day had yet scarce more than dawned, most of the shutters were still closed, but some of the villagers were about. They took no notice whilst the dog and the boy passed by them. At one door Nello paused and looked wistfully within: his grandfather had done many a kindly turn in neighbor's service to the people who dwelt there.

"Would you give Patrasche a crust?" he said, timidly. "He is old, and he has had nothing since last forenoon."

The woman shut the door hastily, murmuring some vague saying about wheat and rye being very dear that season. The boy and the dog went on again wearily: they asked no more.

By slow and painful ways they reached Antwerp as the chimes tolled ten.

"If I had anything about me I could sell to get him bread!" thought Nello, but he had nothing except the wisp of linen and serge that covered him, and his pair of wooden shoes.

Patrasche understood, and nestled his nose into the lad's hand, as though to pray him not to be disquieted for any woe or want of his.

The winner of the drawing-prize was to be proclaimed at noon, and to the public building where he had left his treasure Nello made his way. On the steps and in the entrance-hall there was a crowd of youths—some of his age, some older, all with parents or relatives or friends. His heart was sick with fear as he went amongst them, holding Patrasche close to him. The great bells of the city clashed out the hour of noon with brazen clamor. The doors of the inner hall were opened; the eager, panting throng rushed in: it was known that the selected picture would be raised above the rest upon a wooden dais.

A mist obscured Nello's sight, his head swam, his limbs almost failed him. When his vision cleared he saw the drawing raised on high: it was not his own! A slow, sonorous voice was proclaiming aloud that victory had been adjudged to Stephan Kiesslinger, born

in the burgh of Antwerp, son of a wharfinger in that town.

When Nello recovered his consciousness he was lying on the stones without, and Patrasche was trying with every art he knew to call him back to life. In the distance a throng of the youths of Antwerp were shouting around their successful comrade, and escorting him with acclamations to his home upon the quay.

The boy staggered to his feet and drew the dog into his embrace. "It is all over, dear Patrasche," he murmured—"all over!"

He rallied himself as best he could, for he was weak from fasting, and retraced his steps to the village. Patrasche paced by his side with his head drooping and his old limbs feeble from hunger and sorrow.

The snow was falling fast: a keen hurricane blew from the north: it was bitter as death on the plains. It took them long to traverse the familiar path, and the bells were sounding four of the clock as they approached the hamlet. Suddenly Patrasche paused, arrested by a scent in the snow, scratched, whined, and draw out with his teeth a small case of brown leather. He held it up to Nello in the darkness. Where they were there stood a little Calvary, and a lamp burned dully under the cross: the boy mechanically turned the case to the light: on it was the name of Baas Cogez, and within it were notes for two thousand francs.

The sight roused the lad a little from his stupor. He thrust it in his shirt, and stroked Patrasche and drew him onward. The dog looked up wistfully in his face.

Nello made straight for the mill-house, and went to the house-door and struck on its panels. The miller's wife opened it weeping, with little Alois clinging close to her skirts. "Is it thee, thou poor lad?" she said kindly through her tears. "Get thee gone ere the Baas see thee. We are in sore trouble to-night. He is out seeking for a power of money that he has let fall riding homeward, and in this snow he never will find it; and God knows it will go nigh to ruin us. It

is Heaven's own judgment for the things we have done to thee."

Nello put the note-case in her hand and called Patrasche within the house. "Patrasche found the money to-night," he said quickly. "Tell Baas Coge so: I think he will not deny the dog shelter and food in his old age. Keep him from pursuing me, and I pray of you to be good to him."

Ere either woman or dog knew what he meant he had stooped and kissed Patrasche: then closed the door hurriedly, and disappeared in the gloom of the fast-falling night.

The woman and the child stood speechless with joy and fear: Patrasche vainly spent the fury of his anguish against the iron-bound oak of the barred house-door. They did not dare unbar the door and let him forth: they tried all they could to solace him. They brought him sweet cakes and juicy meats; they tempted him with the best they had; they tried to lure him to abide by the warmth of the hearth; but it was of no avail. Patrasche refused to be comforted or to stir from the barred portal.

It was six o'clock when from an opposite entrance the miller at last came, jaded and broken, into his wife's presence. "It is lost for ever," he said with an ashen cheek and a quiver in his stern voice. "We have looked with lanterns everywhere: it is gone—the little maiden's portion and all!"

His wife put the money into his hand, and told him how it had come to her. The strong man sank trembling into a seat and covered his face, ashamed and almost afraid. "I have been cruel to the lad," he muttered at length: "I deserved not to have good at his hands."

Little Alois, taking courage, crept close to her father and nestled against him her fair curly head. "Nello may come here again, father?" she whispered. "He may come to-morrow as he used to do?"

The miller pressed her in his arms: his hard, sun-burned face was very pale and his mouth trembled. "Surely, surely," he answered his child, "He shall bide here on Christmas Day, and any other day he will. God helping me, I

will make amends to the boy — I will make amends."

Little Alois kissed him in gratitude and joy, then slid from his knees and ran to where the dog kept watch by the door. "And to-night I may feast Patrasche?" she cried in a child's thoughtless glee.

Her father bent his head gravely: "Ay, ay: let the dog have the best;" for the stern old man was moved and shaken to his heart's depths.

It was Christmas Eve, and the mill-house was filled with oak logs and squares of turf, with cream and honey, with meat and bread, and the rafters were hung with wreaths of evergreen, and the Calvary and the cuckoo clock looked out from a mass of holly. There were little paper lanterns too for Alois, and toys of various fashions and sweet-meats in bright-pictured papers. There were light and warmth and abundance everywhere, and the child would fain have made the dog a guest honored and feasted.

But Patrasche would neither lie in the warmth nor share in the cheer. Famished he was and very cold, but without Nello he would partake neither of comfort nor food. Against all temptation he was proof, and close against the door he leaned always, watching only for a means of escape.

"He wants the lad," said Baas Coge. "Good dog! good dog! I will go over to the lad the first thing at day-dawn." For no one but Patrasche knew that Nello had left the hut, and no one but Patrasche divined that Nello had gone to face starvation and misery alone.

The mill-kitchen was very warm; great logs crackled and flamed on the hearth; neighbors came in for a glass of wine and a slice of the fat goose baking for supper. Alois, gleeful and sure of her playmate back on the morrow, bounded and sang and tossed back her yellow hair. Baas Coge, in the fullness of his heart, smiled on her through moistened eyes, and spoke of the way in which he would befriend her favorite companion; the house-mother sat with calm, contented face at the spinning-wheel; the cuckoo in the clock chirped

mirthful hours. Amidst it all Patrasche was bidden with a thousand words of welcome to tarry there a cherished guest. But neither peace nor plenty could allure him where Nello was not.

When the supper smoked on the board, and the voices were loudest and gladdest, and the Christ-child brought choicest gifts to Alois, Patrasche, watching always an occasion, glided out when the door was unlatched by a careless new-comer, and as swiftly as his weak and tired limbs would bear him sped over the snow in the bitter, black night. He had only one thought — to follow Nello. A human friend might have paused for the pleasant meal, the cheery warmth, the cozy slumber; but that was not the friendship of Patrasche. He remembered a bygone time, when an old man and a little child had found him sick unto death in the wayside ditch.

Snow had fallen freshly all the evening long; it was now nearly ten; the trail of the boy's footsteps was almost obliterated. It took Patrasche long to discover any scent. When at last he found it, it was lost again quickly, and lost and recovered, and again lost and again recovered, a hundred times or more.

The night was very wild. The lamps under the wayside crosses were blown out; the roads were sheets of ice; the impenetrable darkness hid every trace of habitations; there was no living thing abroad. All the cattle were housed, and in all the huts and homesteads men and women rejoiced and feasted. There was only Patrasche out in the cruel cold—old and famished and full of pain, but with the strength and the patience of a great love to sustain him in his search.

The trail of Nello's steps, faint and obscure as it was under the new snow, went straightly along the accustomed tracks into Antwerp. It was past midnight when Patrasche traced it over the boundaries of the town and into the narrow, tortuous, gloomy streets. It was all quite dark in the town, save where some light gleamed ruddily through the crevices of house-shutters, or some group went homeward with lanterns chanting drinking-songs. The streets

were all white with ice: the high walls and roofs loomed black against them. There was scarce a sound save the riot of the winds down the passages as they tossed the creaking signs and shook the tall lamp-irons.

So many passers-by had trodden through and through the snow, so many diverse paths had crossed and recrossed each other, that the dog had a hard task to retain any hold on the track he followed. But he kept on his way, though the cold pierced him to the bone, and the jagged ice cut his feet, and the hunger in his body gnawed like a rat's teeth. He kept on his way, a poor gaunt, shivering thing, and by long patience traced the steps he loved into the very heart of the burgh and up to the steps of the great cathedral.

"He is gone to the things that he loved," thought Patrasche: he could not understand, but he was full of sorrow and of pity for the art-passion that to him was so incomprehensible and yet so sacred.

The portals of the cathedral were unclosed after the midnight mass. Some heedlessness in the custodians, too eager to go home and feast or sleep, or too drowsy to know whether they turned the keys aright, had left one of the doors unlocked. By that accident the footfalls Patrasche sought had passed through into the building, leaving the white marks of snow upon the dark stone floor. By that slender white thread, frozen as it fell, he was guided through the intense silence, through the immensity of the vaulted space—guided straight to the gates of the chancel, and, stretched there upon the stones, he found Nello. He crept up and touched the face of the boy. "Didst thou dream that I should be faithless and forsake thee? I—a dog?" said that mute caress.

The lad raised himself with a low cry and clasped him close. "Let us lie down and die together," he murmured. "Men have no need of us, and we are all alone."

In answer, Patrasche crept closer yet, and laid his head upon the young boy's breast. The great tears stood in his

brown, sad eyes: not for himself—for himself he was happy.

They lay close together in the piercing cold. The blasts that blew over the Flemish dikes from the northern seas were like waves of ice, which froze every living thing they touched. The interior of the immense vault of stone in which they were was even more bitterly chill than the snow-covered plains without. Now and then a bat moved in the shadows—now and then a gleam of light came on the ranks of carven figures. Under the Rubens they lay together quite still, and soothed almost into a dreaming slumber by the numbing narcotic of the cold. Together they dreamed of the old glad days when they had chased each other through the flowering grasses of the summer meadows, or sat hidden in the tall bulrushes by the water's side, watching the boats go seaward in the sun.

Suddenly through the darkness a great white radiance streamed through the vastness of the aisles; the moon, that was at her height, had broken through the clouds, the snow had ceased to fall, the light reflected from the snow without was clear as the light of dawn. It fell through the arches full upon the two pictures above, from which the boy on his entrance had flung back the veil: the Elevation and the Descent of the Cross were for one instant visible.

Nello rose to his feet and stretched his arms to them: the tears of a passionate ecstasy glistened on the paleness of his face. "I have seen them at last!" he cried aloud. "O God, it is enough!"

His limbs failed under him, and he sank upon his knees, still gazing upward at the majesty that he adored. For a few brief moments the light illumined the divine visions that had been denied to him so long—light clear and sweet and strong as though it streamed from the throne of Heaven. Then suddenly it passed away: once more a great darkness covered the face of Christ.

The arms of the boy drew close again the body of the dog. "We shall see His face—*there*," he murmured; "and He will not part us, I think."

On the morrow, by the chancel of the cathedral, the people of Antwerp found them both. They were both dead: the cold of the night had frozen into stillness alike the young life and the old. When the Christmas morning broke and the priests came to the temple, they saw them lying thus on the stones together. Above, the veils were drawn back from the great visions of Rubens, and the fresh rays of the sunrise touched the thorn-crowned head of the Christ.

As the day grew on there came an old, hard-featured man who wept as women weep. "I was cruel to the lad," he muttered, "and now I would have made amends—yea, to the half of my substance—and he should have been to me as a son."

There came also, as the day grew apace, a painter who had fame in the world, and who was liberal of hand and of spirit. "I seek one who should have had the prize yesterday had worth won," he said to the people—"a boy of rare promise and genius. An old wood-cutter on a fallen tree at eventide—that was all his theme. But there was greatness for the future in it. I would fain find him, and take him with me and teach him Art."

And a little child with curling fair hair, sobbing bitterly as she clung to her father's arm, cried aloud, "Oh, Nello, come! We have all ready for thee. The Christ-child's hands are full of gifts, and the old piper will play for us; and the mother says thou shalt stay by the hearth and burn nuts with us all the Noël week long—yes, even to the Feast of the Kings! And Patrasche will be so happy! Oh, Nello, wake and come!"

But the young pale face, turned upward to the light of the great Rubens with a smile upon its mouth, answered them all, "It is too late."

For the sweet, sonorous bells went ringing through the frost, and the sunlight shone upon the plains of snow, and the populace trooped gay and glad through the streets, but Nello and Patrasche no more asked charity at their hands. All they needed now Antwerp gave unbidden.

Death had been more pitiful to them than longer life would have been. It had taken the one in the loyalty of love, and the other in the innocence of faith, from a world which for love has no recompense and for faith no fulfillment.

All their lives they had been together, and in their deaths they were not di-

vided; for when they were found the arms of the boy were folded too closely around the dog to be severed without violence, and the people of their little village, contrite and ashamed, implored a special grace for them, and, making them one grave, laid them to rest there side by side—for ever!

THE HERALD'S CRY.

THROUGH the frost, through the ice, through the snow-flakes,
 Through the blackness of darkness on high,
 Borne along on the wings of the north wind,
 In the midnight there cometh a cry:
 "Waken, world! waken, world! from thy dreaming—
 Mount and ride, mount and ride toward the gleaming,
 Where the first tints of morning are beaming
 On the cold, hopeless gloom of the sky."

Out beyond the dim realms of the midnight,
 On the border where shadows lie curled,
 Comes the King with his shining attendants—
 Comes the King with his banners unfurled:
 Above him new perfumes are shedding,
 Before him new glory is spreading,
 Around him new millions are treading,
 Thronging in, thronging in to the world.

Bid them hail, bid them hail as they enter,
 Wide open your heart-portals fling:
 The new souls, the new hopes, the new trials,
 New strength and new blessings will bring:
 Give thy cares to the past, dim and hoary,
 Turn the page on the Old Year's sad story:
 He is dead, he is dead, and the glory
 Shines now on the incoming King.

Ride away, ride away toward the eastward,
 O'er the hilltop the banners appear:
 Linger not, linger not in the shadow
 Where the Past seeks its sepulchre drear:
 Leave behind thee, O sinner, thy madness,
 Leave behind thee, O mourner, thy sadness,
 Look beyond, look above, and with gladness
 Welcome in, welcome in the New Year.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

A RUSSIAN FAMILY WOLF-HUNT.

WE were all comfortably seated at breakfast in the long oak-wainscoted dining-room, where the fire blazed cheerfully at the lowest end. This was not a half-starved fire in a fashionable grate—a fire all smoke and dust and black coal, without either warmth or glow. Oh no! none of your fashionable fires for us—fires that make your eyes red, your throats sore, your hands and faces smutty, your clothes and furniture black; fires that make you cough and sneeze and cry; fires, in one word, that do anything and everything but cheer and warm you. Our fire was of an entirely different kind. From one corner of the room projected a triangular fireplace five feet deep, and ten feet wide at the open side of the triangle. The hearth was raised a few inches above the floor, and paved with a large, peculiarly hard stone; and there, on two quaintly-shaped andirons (salamanders twisted into most impossible positions), reposed in glory a veteran oak log, a patriarch of the forest, surrounded by his merry, chattering children, a whole bevy of smaller birch-wood logs, that crackled and sputtered and sang, making all the noise they could, and apparently enjoying the frolic. The smooth, silky, silvery bark of these merry little logs formed a striking contrast with the dark-brown color of the solemn oak log at the back, who submitted to his fate with a dignified resignation in unbroken silence, leaving all the noise and all the sparkle to his thoughtless companions.

The fireplace was about five feet high, and on the white marble roof, supported on each side by two marble columns, rose a perfect wilderness of blooming exotics on a background of glossy green leaves. Plants would thrive wonderfully in this nook, where the sun smiled upon them through six lofty windows, and the glorious fire underneath so thoroughly warmed the rich, moist

soil in which they grew. No wonder that we thought a great deal of this fireplace, and that it was generally surrounded by a bevy of courtiers, young and old, big and small, all devoted fire-worshippers.

But on the present occasion the fire was deserted, though a variety of low seats and cushions scattered before it still attested its attractions. The whole family was now assembled at the long table in the middle of the room. A bonny family it was, and pleasant to look at, with so many children, all so curly and so rosy, and in general, it must be confessed, rather noisy, but now so absorbed in their bowls of bread and milk as to be *almost* silent. The number of olive branches gathered round the table fully warranted the rather bountiful sprinkling of governesses and teachers between them.

Behold Herr Gruebel, in whose particular charge are the two healthy boys at his right and left. Their eyes are sparkling with mischief, even now when the little mouths are wholly occupied with the consumption of bread and milk. Poor Herr Gruebel! he has rather a hard time of it. He is a stout, tall, red-haired, smoothly-shaven bachelor, on the shady side of forty; has studied theology at Erlangen, preached occasionally, and now, lacking a parish to manage, has undertaken the management of these two curly-headed little boys. He has learned a great deal, and remembers it all, but has forgotten that he was once a little boy himself, climbing fences, hunting for birds' nests, knocking apples off the trees, sailing boats in puddles, tearing clothes and losing caps, always on the move from morning to night, and never accomplishing anything but mischief.

As for Miss Emma, the English governess, she certainly never knew what mischief was: she must have been born as stiff and as prim as she is now, her

hair in corkscrew ringlets, and her white teeth protruding even when her mouth is shut. She is chronically shocked at Mademoiselle Louise, the French governess, whose wavy hair, graceful manner and lively talk give Miss Emma constant offence. Not so Fräulein Caroline, the elderly German lady, who has lived so long in the family, who loves everybody, smiles at everybody, and thinks that all are exactly what they ought to be. She is constantly pouring oil on the troubled waters that so hopelessly divide the representatives of France and England, now gathered under a Russian roof.

Herr Vogel, the family physician, is a fair specimen of a country doctor—short, and stout, middle-aged and bald, needing four meals a day, inclined to be lazy, and thoroughly enjoying his pipe, and also his afternoon nap whenever he has a chance to get it.

The silver samovar (a Russian tea-urn filled with live coals) at the end of the table sends up a cloud of steam, through which you can catch a glimpse of the mother's face smiling on the double row of children before her. At the other end, Fräulein Caroline presides over the huge silver coffee-pot, and two liveried footmen, hurrying to and fro from the fountain-heads with cups of steaming tea and coffee on small silver salvers, keep the company well supplied.

The table groans under an incredible amount of bread—black, brown and white—brioches, bretzels, butter, eggs, meat fried, roasted and stewed—such a display as can only be found on a Russian table, in a country where estates are large, where labor costs nothing and where an old-fashioned abundance still prevails.

It is a wintry day: out of the windows we see a broad expanse of fields, woods and frozen river, all covered with pure white snow that glitters in the sun like the jewels in Aladdin's cave. I like the Russian winter: it is cold, very cold, I confess, but it is truly glorious, the air so pure, the snow so crisp and clean, the sky so blue, the sun so bright, and the trees so powdered all over with the glittering snow, like fashionable beauties

with diamond-powder. And then our houses are so warm that we can thoroughly enjoy a prolonged glance *at*, and even a short drive *through*, a wintry landscape, as we carry with us an amount of inner warmth sufficient to supply us for some time.

But hark! The door softly opens and a footman, gliding in, respectfully announces to his mistress that the steward, Mr. Berg, wishes to see her.

"Call him in."

Out goes the footman: in comes Mr. Berg, a tall, square-shouldered, ruddy-looking German, with a fierce moustache and a pair of rather mild-looking blue eyes under shaggy eyebrows. Mr. Berg is a desperate huntsman, a very Nimrod, and in the hunting-season never walks or rides across the fields without a double-barreled gun slung over his shoulder by an embroidered strap, a love-gift of pretty Jennie, the nurse, whom he is soon to marry. Stopping as near the door as possible, so as not to soil the carpet with his heavy, wet boots, he, with a deep bow, begs permission to state that Ivan, the starosta, has sent word that he has six wolves safely entrapped in a small wood about two miles below the park. Nets have been spread between the bushes on the outskirts of the wood, men armed with guns stationed round, and in short every measure taken to keep the wolves in strict confinement until such hunters on the estate as may feel inclined to join the sport shall graciously condescend to shoot them. Mr. Berg is going of course, with his two clerks, and so are Doctor Vogel and Herr Gruebel, and every available gun in the neighborhood. *Les loups avant tout!*

The hunters beg permission to rise and leave the table, but just then Mr. Berg suggests that the weather being mild—*only* eight degrees below zero—and the roads so smooth, he thought that his mistress and the children might possibly like to witness the sport. A general clamor is heard: the children rise in the wildest confusion, upsetting chairs and plates and cups as they scramble up to their mother, surround her, kiss, beg, talk, laugh all together,

till there is nothing to do but grant a general holiday and prepare for the wolf-hunt.

Mr. Berg, always eminently practical, has foreseen all this, and the merry bells of the sleighs he has ordered beforehand are heard approaching. A general rush to the windows as the broad, low sleighs, covered with bright-colored carpets, briskly drive round the lawn up to the front portico, where the sleek horses are brought to a sudden stop by the long-bearded coachmen in red velvet, fur-bound caps, dark blue coats trimmed and lined with fur, and confined round their bulky waists by broad red silk sashes. The coal-black horses toss their heads and the bells jingle as if impatient to start: so are the children, and after another rush and a good deal of confusion the dining-room is empty and the sun shines over the ruins of what was once a well-ordered table. Miss Emma is the last to leave the room: she looks before her, she looks behind her, she looks around her, and finds it all very improper indeed, and is very much shocked, but very curious too, and so she concludes that she will dress and go.

A few minutes later there is a third rush along the broad passage on the bedroom floor, then the sound of many little feet pattering down the dark oak staircase, and one after another the children appear, fur-capped, fur-clothed, furl-gloved and fur-shod, like so many diminutive Esquimaux. Herr Gruebel follows, wrapped in a dark cloak lined throughout with black Astrakhan, a cap to match, and a many-hued knitted scarf wound round his long throat. Next comes the doctor, at the sight of whom the children send forth a loud peal of laughter, which is echoed by Mademoiselle Louise on the steps above, and in which Herr Gruebel, on second thoughts, heartily joins also. The doctor, a rather funny-looking man at the best, is now enveloped in such an unshapely bundle of nondescript clothing as hardly leaves him a human appearance at all. His short legs and clumsy feet are encased in huge white felt boots, such as are worn by the Russian peasantry in winter.

These boots, though very warm and eminently adapted to the winter's cold, look nevertheless quite out of place on the polished floor of the elegant vestibule. They are, besides, much too large, having been borrowed for the occasion; so the doctor has fastened them on with strips of blue and red cloth, picked up somewhere and tied around like garters. Above the boots a white sheepskin coat, above the coat a peaked fur cap, and between the coat and the cap, bound up in a red-and-yellow silk handkerchief, the faintest possible glimpse of the doctor's fat face.

The doctor grunts, and thinks he would almost like to swear if he only knew how, the children laugh louder, and Mademoiselle Louise, tripping lightly down, begs leave to inquire whether this is the full gala hunting-costume in which Monsieur le Docteur expects to start for the happy hunting-grounds of his forefathers. A little paint across the cheeks and forehead might be an improvement, the blue and red stripes would look so well, and Mademoiselle Louise offers her services most cordially if Monsieur le Docteur will just open the handkerchief *un petit peu, rien qu'un peu*, so that she may find a place to insert the paint-brush between its folds. The doctor wheels round with a kind of snort or snap, but the sight of Mademoiselle Louise's pretty face pacifies him immediately, and in broken French he tries to induce her to wrap up warmly, sacrificing appearance to comfort. This she does not seem inclined to do, and stretching forth a diminutive foot, most emphatically asserts that her fur-lined slippers, which she terms *grosses bottes*, are warm enough to allow of a journey to Siberia, or even to the North Pole. Miss Emma, who has now joined the company, smiles disdainfully, and proceeds to adjust two or three green veils over her dark-colored hood. Fräulein Caroline, appearing next with the smallest of the Esquimaux clinging to her skirts, declares that the doctor's boots are just the thing for a hunter, who may have to wade through the deep snow, whereas Mademoiselle Louise's slippers are ad-

mirably adapted for a drive in the family sleigh, where fur bags, hot-water bottles and bear robes are plentiful. This settles the question, and peace being restored, the children begin to wonder why mamma does not come. "There she is at last!" The children cluster round her, the hall doors open wide, and with the assistance of the silver-haired butler she is soon safely seated in the family sleigh. This is a rather clumsy but very comfortable vehicle—low, broad, with a seat at the back and another in front, besides plenty of room on the coachman's seat. No lack of fur robes, rugs and bags here, and we can safely defy even a Russian frost. The old coachman, Constantine, doffs his cap with a smile as mamma bids him good-morning. He then makes room beside him for his favorite little master, the privileged one, who can venture to smooth his gray beard and handle fearlessly his whip and reins without incurring his displeasure. Mamma and Miss Emma on the back seat with a little girl between them, Mademoiselle Louise with two little girls and a little boy in front, Fräulein Caroline edged in somehow with a little boy on her lap, and another little boy on mamma's lap, complete the freight of the good ship about to start across the snowy waves. The rest of the company place themselves as they choose, and four well-filled sleighs start in single file, Mr. Berg heading the expedition in a small sleigh drawn by a fiery gray, his master's pride, and, next to Jennie, his best love.

Up hill and down hill, through the park, by the lodge, through the park gates, across the fields, we go at a brisk pace: the horses proudly toss their heads, the children laugh, and before we know it the river is crossed and the wood in view wherein the doomed wolves await their destiny. Here we are: stop the horses, let the hunters alight.

Mr. Berg is the first to jump out of his sleigh. Herr Gruebel slowly follows, and the doctor would like to do the same, but after sundry vain attempts to get out as other people do, he has to

give it up in despair. So he concludes to roll out, and, accomplishing this successfully, is picked up by two moujiks and stuck on his feet again amidst the laughter of all spectators.

The family sleigh is deserted: mother, children and governesses settle under a group of trees on a little eminence, from which they can have a full view of the particular point where the wolves are expected to come out. Fur robes, carpets and cushions of every description are borrowed from the sleighs and turned into comfortable seats for the ladies, while a liberal supply of soft hay covered with more rugs preserves their feet from the cold. The small Esquimaux tribe, in a high state of glee, squat around in different positions, while half a dozen hunters, selected from among the best shots, form a sort of body-guard, Mr. Berg himself commanding this squad.

The outskirts of the wood, on the side facing us, are hedged in by a heavy undergrowth of brushwood, with scarcely an opening here and there through which you may catch a glimpse of a colonnade of slender silvery birches, with now and then a dark oak. Now and then behind the bushes the fur caps of the hunters may be seen cautiously rising, and as cautiously disappearing again. These are the hunters stationed along the nets spread from bush to bush to prevent the wolves' escape.

On the other side of the wood, and perhaps a mile distant, is assembled the most promiscuous crowd you can imagine. Wolf-trapping (*oblava*) is a favorite winter sport of all classes, and as soon as there is a chance of it all the neighboring villagers come pouring down in crowds, bringing with them such instruments as will make the greatest noise. The best time for the *oblava* is after a fresh snow-fall. When the snow has fallen steadily and softly through the night, it often happens that a person going to the woods in search of fuel will notice the footprints of one or several wolves that have entered a thicket. If this happens in the morning, the chance is that the wolves will stay where they are till night. The discoverer then,

summoning such help as may be at hand, walks along the outward edge of the wood, carefully spying for the well-known footprints. If none are found, he has a certain proof that the wolves are there, and no doubt as anxious to be shot as the hunters will be to shoot them.

Messengers start forth in every direction, and especially toward the court (*dvor*), as they term the residence of the lord or lady of the estate, and in a short time, perhaps within an hour or two, a goodly number of hunters is on hand. These assemble on one side of the enclosed thicket, while the scarers—or shriekers, as they are called—gather on the opposite side. Stout nets, of which each village has its supply, have meanwhile been spread from bush to bush, and the hunters having taken position in a semicircle in front of the nets, behind trees, stumps and bushes, the sport may begin.

The crowd of shriekers, whom we as yet cannot see, is composed of old men, women and children, with here and there an armed huntsman, who is needed in case a strong-minded wolf should think proper to turn round and escape the wrong way, notwithstanding the terrible noise made by all to prevent this. The shriekers carry with them whistles, drums, trumpets, horns, kettles with sticks to rap upon them, pans filled with dried peas, broken chains that rattle as they go, and above all an unlimited supply of powerful lungs and healthy throats, from which the most appalling and unearthly sounds are ready to break forth at a given signal. The shriekers form an unbroken line in a semicircle, facing the one formed by the hunters, and almost touching it at the outward ends. The expected signal is given by the *starosta*, who acts as master of the ceremonies. Hark! A terrific yell arises—such a yell as to the inexperienced ear would be suggestive of some frightful disaster, fire or earthquake, when perishing hundreds clamor loud in their agony. But here it is merely a war-cry, the signal for a contest between man and brute, in which the two-legged animal will first outwit and then kill his

four-legged adversary. As this clamor shakes the air, Mademoiselle Louise has wildly risen to her feet, and throwing up her arms, utters a desperate "Oh, mon Dieu! les malheureux, ils sont attaqués par les loups!" We try to pacify her, to explain that the object of these appalling cries is to scare the wolves and make them start toward the end of the wood where the hunters stand, and where silence ought to prevail, and that her shrieking in the wrong direction may have a contrary effect. After a while she seems to understand, and becoming composed feels equal to the task of taking up her opera-glass and directing it toward a certain point from where she feels sure "les loups" will come.

Miss Emma, whom fright has almost stupefied, and who for once forgets to be shocked, sits perfectly motionless, with clasped hands, rigid ringlets, and white teeth protruding like advanced sentinels on the lookout for coming danger. The children are perfectly happy, and enjoy the noise even more than the small biscuits with which mamma supplies them out of a basket that must always be at hand whenever and wherever the children go. So the little ones munch and crunch, and laugh and talk in whispers, and are very much excited—all but the youngest, who by this time is fast asleep in *Fräulein* Caroline's lap.

The noise comes nearer: the yet distant crackling of the dry branches proclaims that the wood is alive and that the current of its life flows fast toward us. As this becomes more and more apparent, a bulky white form emerges from under the trees, and, stumbling more than running, makes its way toward us. On reaching the foot of our elevated position, this bundle of fur and clothing, which we have already recognized as our worthy doctor, comes to a dead stop in a snowdrift, and in heart-rending accents begs to be rescued. The heartless hunters heed him not: this is the most exciting moment of the sport, and when it is a question of quadrupeds, and wild ones too, such a tame biped as poor Vogel runs but a poor chance of attracting notice. So in the

snow he is left struggling and rolling and calling piteously for help, until Fräulein Caroline, whose heart is always overflowing with the milk of human kindness, rises to her feet, deposits her small bundle on mamma's lap and rushes to the rescue. Poor, dear Caroline! what can *you* do? Will is strong, but flesh is feeble, and the doctor weighs two hundred and twenty pounds to your one hundred and twelve. Her persevering though useless struggles in behalf of the victim finally move the heart of a gigantic moujik (peasant), who strides up, waves her back, stoops, takes hold of the doctor's leg and pulls him along as a child might a sleigh, until he safely lands him on the top of the hill and almost at mamma's feet. Here he carefully picks him up, gives him a shake by way of adjusting his clothing, stands him on his feet, and, patting him on the shoulder in a patronizing way, utters a few words of comfort and then departs.

The doctor is not exactly sure how he ought to feel, whether grateful or angry, so he ignores entirely his bearded deliverer, the laughing children, mischievous Mademoiselle Louise, shocked Miss Emma, and even benevolent Fräulein Caroline, and turning to mamma, with a wave of his hand intended to be graceful he most gallantly declares that the sight of the ladies and children, so exposed to danger in their elevated position, made him feel it was his duty to hurry up and prove himself their devoted protector. He is *very* fond of field-sports, and would eminently enjoy a close proximity to the wolves, but is always ready cheerfully to sacrifice his own pursuits and tastes to the welfare of the gentler sex and of helpless childhood. This is the tenor of his speech.

Mamma, striving hard to conceal a smile, gratefully acknowledges her sense of obligation, while the children whisper that had the doctor not been afraid of the wolves he certainly would have stayed where he was. Fräulein Caroline hushes them, and peace and silence once more reign in our quarters.

Meanwhile, the noise in the wood has become perfectly deafening, the crack-

ling of the branches is heard at different points, the hunters listen in breathless suspense with guns all ready to shoot. Hark! The first shot is fired, then several in rapid succession: a shaggy gray form bounds over the nets into the open field, falls, rises again, staggers, and rolls over in the agony of death, reddening with blood the pure white snow beneath. This is right before us, but now numerous shots are heard at different points of the semicircle, then loud hurrahs, and as the noise and confusion have reached their acmé, the forms of the shriekers emerge from under the trees behind the nets, heavily wading through the deep snow, breathless, voiceless, but elated with success, and pleasantly excited at the thought of the refreshment of vodka (brandy) and kalatchi (a peculiar kind of white bread) that awaits them on this side of their journey, together with griveniki (small silver coins worth about twelve cents of American money). This latter distribution the children beg leave to make: they like to handle the pretty silver coins, and like to give them away.

The hunters leave their places, hurry to where the dead wolves lie, four in number, and each hunter claims the honor of having fired a deadly shot. The contest is loud and lively, and not likely to be settled soon, when loud cries are heard to the left, and there, in the direction of the nets, half hidden by the bushes, a dozen women scramble together on the soft snow. The gay-colored kerchiefs on their heads alone testify that they belong to the gentler sex, the rest of their costume being similar to that worn by their lords. The old *babi* (women) are very busy, seem confused and excited, and make a great deal of noise. What can it be? The hunters rush to the spot, confusion ensues, a shot is fired, and one more wolf is added to the list of fallen heroes. This particular wolf was a youthful subject, and, going through this ceremony for the first time, did not exactly know what he ought to do; so that instead of clearing the nets at one bound, or breaking through them in a weak place

to escape, he had run straight into the net, got twisted in the meshes, was knocked down by one of the shriekers with a wooden pole, beaten by others with kettles, chains and pans, rolled over and over in the net, and there kept to die by the hand of Wlas the footman, who discharged the contents of his gun into the fallen enemy's head.

A broad, low sleigh comes up, drawn by a horse that snorts, paws the snow and seems repelled by the pungent odor emanating from the wolves. Wlas leads him, and puts his neck by way of encouraging and soothing him. The dead wolves are piled on the sleigh, covered by a ragoja (a mat made of bark), and driven to the court, where, after having been duly exhibited, they will be skinned, and then thought of no more.

Meanwhile, another sleigh drives up, laden with a barrel of vodka and baskets full of kalatchi. The shriekers, men, women and children, are ranged in a double semicircle and the refreshments handed round. The women seem to enjoy their cups of vodka fully as much as the men, and it is an exception when a young baba (married woman) will decline the proffered cup with a laughing "Spasibo, ia vodki ne pew." (Thanks! I drink no brandy.) The kalatchi are eagerly discussed by all, but the climax of the enjoyment is reached when our children, coming up with their leather bags full of griveniki, bountifully distribute them among the crowd.

Picturesque as is the dress of the Russian peasantry in summer in its variety of bright colors, in winter it is most uncouth. The dublenka is a white sheepskin coat, and, though clumsy, looks well enough when new and clean. It is not covered, and the skin of the animal, with the wool turned inside, is cleaned and scraped, sometimes tanned, and colored of a light reddish brown, and sometimes rubbed with some chalky compound that makes it look very white indeed. Thus it is when quite new, but being constantly worn by day and used as a blanket at night, coming in contact with every variety of dirt and mud and smoke and grease, it

soon changes its color, and as months go by settles into a nondescript grayish-brown, covered with a coating of grease and redolent with a peculiarly nauseous odor. These dublenki are treasured by the family, and when torn beyond repair and heavy with clotted mud, pass from the father to the child. You often see a small boy or girl dragged down by a dublenka fastened at the throat by a huge hook, with sleeves twice as long as the little arms therein contained, skirts trailing in the mud and all fringed out at the bottom.

The Marquis de Custine, a celebrated French traveler who journeyed through Russia and made his observations with the thoroughness and discrimination so peculiar to the French character, remarks that most children in Russia have their arms frozen in consequence of the bitter cold, and that it is a truly piteous sight to meet the little creatures by the roadside with their empty sleeves dangling on each side of their armless bodies. What I have said above may help to explain the extraordinary mutilation that so worked upon the feelings of Custine's readers.

The dublenki, indiscriminately worn by all ages and sexes, are fastened round the waist by long sashes or scarfs, originally bright-hued, but partaking after a while of the general greasy appearance of the garments they encircle. Reaching just below the knee, the dublenka allows you to discern the high leather boots or the felt valenki in which the lower limbs are encased. A low fur cap, with or without earlaps, for the men, a bright woolen shawl or handkerchief, crossed under the chin and knotted at the back of the neck, for the women, and clumsy felt or leather mittens (roukavitzi) for both sexes, complete the street costume of the Russian villagers on a week-day in winter, their Sunday costume being more elaborate. All this clothing is very comfortable, very warm, and perhaps even picturesque when seen sparingly and in the distance, but a whole crowd of Russian peasants thus clad is a very ugly and unpicturesque sight indeed.

Our children did not think so: they enjoyed it all thoroughly, interchanging smiles and pleasant words with these people, who seemed delighted to see them; and it was not without difficulty that we extricated our small Esquimaux tribe from the uncouth Northerners with whom they so cordially fraternized.

But here they are at last, all safe, I think: count them over—all right, not one is missing. The sleighs come up, we are all safely stowed back again, and

home we go at a brisk trot, over the fields and over the river, and through the park gates, by the lodge, through the park, the bells jingling, the children laughing, Mademoiselle Louise lively, Miss Emma shocked, Fräulein Caroline benevolent, and mamma rather cold in spite of her furs. All back again to our pet fire and the well-ordered lunch now waiting for us. And so closes the record of a Russian Family Wolf-Hunt.

VÉRA GOETZ.

IN GOOD TIME.

SOME of God's truest friends do dread to die:
 Their faith but props the weight of daily need,
 And in confusion oft they question why
 Beneath the thought of death it turns a reed.

Beside dear graves God's friends do often weep,
 Conning His revelation with a pain:
 The promise seems too marvelous to keep,
 That dust shall rise and claim its soul again.

The changing chrysalis, the springing seed,
 And every miracle that Nature shows
 To help weak man hold firmly to his creed,
 In some fierce agony for nothing goes.

And though the creed be firm, a pang lies here:
 Can what was once so precious to the sight
 In any other form be quite so dear?
 The human dreads the resurrection-light.

O struggling hearts! in such a mood as this
 Not too severely tax your souls with sin:
 Doubt not your heirship to eternal bliss,
 Because the future throws faint light within.

God sees that some would never be content
 To work their work if faith should trench on sight:
 The inner eye, on morning's glory bent,
 Would make some souls impatient for the night.

God lets faith lend His glory as we need
 To do life's duty—rarely for its ease;
 But when the hands have wrought their last good deed,
 Faith shines in fullness till the spirit sees.

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

THE COMING WOMAN.

THE main object in life for the Coming Woman will be not so much the mating as the making of herself. She will aim possibly at position, possibly at wealth—surely at independence. One thing she will never be content to remain, and that is the mere marital appendage of a man.

If progressiveness masculine as to ability, talent and influence shine, progressiveness feminine will aspire to light as brilliant a candle in her walk of life. She will repudiate shining altogether by reflected brilliancy.

The Coming Woman will protect herself. The "big brother" will be rid of his responsibility: he may go about his business. She is to be a markswoman: she will send the ball to its mark with the same unerring precision as now she does the end of a thread through the eye of a fine cambric needle. She will alone in the darkness safely traverse the highways and byways of the city. Bloody corpses of imprudently forward men, young and old, will occasionally be found in her track. The Coming Woman will be dangerous by night. It is time. Man to the single woman has been dangerous long enough. Not that we admire or endorse the female desperado, or "Girl of the Period," but there are still extant many masculine natures only to be coerced into a proper respect for female honor and purity by fear of personal consequences.

She will not be deficient in nerve or weak in muscle. She will be a skillful driver, a daring rider, a hardy walker. Four miles per hour, up hill and down, will be her pace. Male adoration weak in the knees will do penance. The idea of woman as the weaker sex will become old-fashioned, and finally obsolete. Physical strength in the matter of agility and endurance is not for man alone. The South Sea Island women are better swimmers than the men. What woman ever tired of dancing? A washerwo-

man's daily toil might lay up a dry-goods clerk for a week, and perhaps tire a ploughman. Male muscle may lift more pounds, but put that of the female in training, and it runs, leaps and climbs, as the female mind jumps at conclusions, as quickly as, if not quicker than, that of the male.

She will not spend her days cooped up in any house. At forty she intends being fair, healthy, vigorous, symmetrically adipose, and at the climax of life's attractiveness and enjoyment. At twenty she will be beautifully unfolding; at thirty, charming; at forty, magnificent. This because she puts sun, pure air and water to legitimate, plentiful and frequent use. No pent-up, hermetically-sealed, lathed-and-plastered, stove-heated cavern, its walls, its floors, its atmosphere permeated by the emanations of past generations, will be her den of life immurement.

Will she dress? Yes, and as woman never dressed before. The fitting adornment of the body has its part in the mosaic of life with all other action and enjoyment. Nature has implanted the instinct and set the example. Since the world's birth, in the myriad forms of animal, bird, insect, plant and flower, has she beautified herself. It is she who changes the fashions. Are all birds of the same plumage? Are all flowers of the same hue and form, and are not through cultivation their colors deepened, varied, and their shape made more complicate? Would we that woman from year to year, from generation to generation, should attire herself in the garb of the Quakeress or the nun? Where, then, would be the sparkle of the promenade? In all things this in-born desire for change is the preventive to monotony. The principle extends to dress. Our Coming Woman will give to outward adornment its *place*. It is not to monopolize all her time and attention. She is to be fitted by that

modiste still rare, Good Taste, and whoever shall run a muck through palatial dry-goods establishments and on the street make her appearance, having on her body whatever apparel happens thereunto to cling on such frantic passage, shall be shunned as a case of garmental leprosy.

She is to have her own house, her own hours, her own liberty, her own company. If she prefer female company to male, female company she will have. Possibly she may not. Couples were created male and female. He who desires to stand first in the heart of the Coming Woman, and is jealous, will lead a life of perturbation. For variety of association, male association—and attractive association at that—she will have. Not fops, not pretty men, nor military dandies, whose mission in this world is to ornament the front entrances of fashionable hotels. The Coming Woman will seek to cluster about her men distinguished in every department of intellect—literature, painting, poetry, sculpture, the drama, the platform—philosophers, inventors and discoverers. Aiming at culture of self, she will realize that personal association is the best of educators.

An able effort in any department of mind is well—the study of the man performing it is better. Her lunch-parties will comprise galaxies of intellect. We speak now of the Coming Woman single, with an establishment all her own—the poor author's home, the wearied poet's refuge, at all times open for them so long as with her they fall not too desperately in love; for that raving love, that all-absorbing passion, which leaves its victim no room nor power to think or treat aught else, she will deem a mania, a species of insanity. Her chosen love must be preceded by friendship. True friendship, like charity, suffereth long and is kind. True friendship is a plant of most delicate texture, and to maintain it in all its purity, to hold the substance and not the mere form, to so stand in the hearts of others that the thought of us when absent shall bring only gentle remembrance of past pleasure and a

softened fragrance of past association, requires care, study, consideration, and often self-denial. Coming men and women will aim not to be burdensome to each other.

Her love will not be demanded or exacted by the Coming Man. Better than to-day will it be realized that love in birth and growth is spontaneous; that it is not a quality subject to will, that it may be given or withheld at pleasure; that exaction often causes the death of love, or turns the pure gold of affection into a base counterfeit.

All Nature is varied, and the maximum of variability belongs to feminine human nature. That Coming Woman, the most charming and piquant, may be subject to variability. Even perpetual sunshine becomes tiresome. Possibly the warm reception of to-day may be clouded by a shadow of frigidity to-morrow. This will not trouble the Coming Man. He will be wise enough and strong enough to accept the woman as Nature made her.

There will be in the Coming Woman that refined species of coquetry developing itself in the desire to please all. Such coquetry is the ever-renewed sparkle of the brilliant, and makes whosoever would wear it the more aspiring that he may deserve its wearing. The man will not be alarmed, remembering that the sense of justice, fitness and propriety is not exclusively a masculine inheritance, and that is not freedom which is enslaved in any bond of sin.

This, you may say, argues too much feminine independence. You dislike these independent women, ever shouting, "I am a free woman! I will be free! I will love whom I please, what I please, when I please and as often as I please! Will some tyrant tread on the skirt of *me* gown?" We are not surprised at this disgust. But there is a truer feminine independence, reposing under the veil of modesty, not appearing uncalled for, and this shall disarm your prejudice.

There is great use for man in the truest feminine independence. If our life is lived by that of an upright man or wo-

man, we are more strongly influenced by such life than by all other admonition or precept. We may see but fragments of it, but we feel its whole. And not the outwardly manifested life merely, but the inward ideal of that man or woman concerning life acts on us from them like a strong, subtle, unseen yet powerful emanation, which controls and influences us without our knowing it.

And so association with the independent, self-contained woman, who resents our tyranny with indignation and our weaknesses with contempt, renders the man more independent and courageous in life's battle. It is the masculine instinct to delight in the display of its bravery in the presence of timorous and shrinking beauty; but when that beauty snatches the battle-flag and imperils its own life in the van of conflict, the masculine admiration and emulation force the cowards to become the heroes.

The Coming Man will hold congenial female association as the greatest help, the most refreshing rest, the highest enjoyment. But on this he will not allow his happiness, his internal peace, to be entirely dependent. On no means of happiness outside of himself will he lean exclusively, knowing well that by such act is lost half the pleasure and benefit such happiness may be capable of conferring. His life will emulate the mountain-chains of the Sierras, sustaining and rejoicing in their covering of verdure, but based only on their own granite foundation; rising perhaps to cold, stormy, barren heights of loneliness, only that they may shed more fertility, more water, more soil, to nourish the tender vines and flowers on the plain below.

All this, you may say, is very easy to preach, but quite another thing to practice. We agree. Doctors, and even preachers, are among the last to take their own medicines. But Progressiveness is inevitable for the Future, and Progressiveness means Strength.

The Coming Man will never imagine that he can permanently remain the idol of a woman, supposing that he become such. If at first she take him for

china, he will hold himself in readiness for her to detect in him the more common clay of which brickbats are made. With such detection he knows he must fall in her estimation—for him a most painful tumble, unless previously anticipated. But from this fall he must rise equal to, and even above, the Coming Woman's aspiration.

Idolization often means worship. Humanity seems ever searching for a divinity among its own ranks. It imagines frequently it has found one, and is as frequently mistaken. Idolization frequently means the surrender on one side of individuality—the surrender on one side, and the reception on another, of heart, soul, body and intellect. The idolization is generally on one side, and is never at rest. In secret it is ever demanding the worship it gives. It is constantly bowing to an ideal which is constantly being defaced by the real.

And how does the little earthly god or goddess so adored receive this worship? You imagine, madame, that you have made a complete conquest of some man, or you, sir, of some poor woman. Now the human heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately mean. It is often a neglected house, with many unswept, untidy chambers. Roaming about this heart-house of yours, we will open some of these untidy apartments. You deem yourself to have made a conquest. Some man lives on your smiles, his happiness is all dependent on your association. What are your feelings for him? Look narrowly into those chambers. You find a little love, a good deal of exultation, pride and gratification, a little pity, and, if you will own it, a something else which hovers on the confines of contempt. Now, neither Coming Men nor Coming Women will care to so involve themselves in another's estimation. They will shrink in terror and disgust from the possibility of being merely *endured*.

God means that we shall do exact justice to ourselves, as well as to others. If we do not, he punishes by making us see ourselves as prisoners dragged behind some male or female conqueror's

chariot-wheels. He says, Love, but preserve your independence; love, but do not worship; love, but let all men and women recollect that they govern their own empire of soul, heart and intellect, and that in no excess of devotion is any portion of this empire's power and territory to be foolishly granted away.

The Coming Man will know, also, that he must earn love. It is the oak, not the sapling, among whose branches birds come to build their nests and make melody. Ere the sapling be favored with such company it must grow—it must have height, shade, strength and security to tempt the warblers.

There will also in his day be less complaint from struggling genius concerning the lack of appreciation and recognition; for he will to a certainty know that just so fast as in the cultivation of his talent he makes himself a power, just so fast will he attract to him whatever he needs. We reap not only as we sow, but the harvest is rich in proportion to the care with which we cultivate. We believe it a law that intellectual power and moral worth attract their own just as surely and certainly as the iron grains are drawn toward the magnet. If the magnet aspire to draw to itself a larger piece of metal, it must make itself sufficiently strong so to do.

It is common to symbolize the masculine element as the oak, the feminine as the vine. The comparison in actual life seems not always to hold good, for on looking around we find masculine vines and violets. The real backbone of the family is not always encased in a masculine envelope. There are men who seem born to be petted and cared for by women: you need not envy them. Which picture is most pleasing to the masculine aspiration—to be the protective oak or the delicate violet?

The Coming Woman will hold office. Through the spectacles of futurity I behold her installed the collectress of the port. She sits in her office. Her face is pleasing, her manner calm, dignified, self-possessed. She is surrounded by gentleman on business, and business with the collectress is always interesting.

She is attired in the female maritime costume of the period—dark blue blouse belted about the waist, wide, turn-over linen collar, jaunty glazed tarpaulin hat, moderately tilted in front, with a tasty length of black streamer behind, hair loose, and, thanks to her healthy, vigorous organization, luxuriant trowsers, similar in material to the blouse, and gathered at the ankle *à la* Bloomer. She has just returned from an early morning's trip outside the harbor in her private yacht. Being a practical sailor, she takes the helm herself on these excursions. She boasts that her vessel "lays nearer the wind" than any other owned by the club. The breeze and spray have freshened her complexion, for to her an occasional fillip of salt water in the face is only Neptune tossing his kiss to Juno.

But she is collectress of the port not in form merely, but in substance. She has executive capacity, and her eye is all vigilant, all supervising. Beauty and vigilance, grace and business, may go hand in hand.

As to-day, intrigue and cabal are at work to oust her. But she fights fire with fire. She wields a pungent, ready, logical pen, and her articles are read and known. Not a shrieker, she can still grace the platform, and is there in forensic tilt a ready, even a dangerous, combatant.

She is not to sink under varying and perhaps trying conditions of life. If her lot be poverty, she will accept and live it gracefully. If necessary, she will not hesitate to carry a broom newly purchased, or even a tin tea-kettle, through the streets. It is not so much what we do as our manner of doing it that tells. There is room for grace and beauty of action even in handling a broom.

But we accord not to the Coming Woman any elevation higher than man's. Perfect equality, perfect interdependence—woman's aspiration, man's strength: this is our platform of masculine and feminine union. God did not in his own image create man that he should stand below any other being. Between the masculine and the feminine

the scales of moral and intellectual equality must be evenly balanced. Where is the beauty of their union if one is ever kicking the beam?

It is the woman that designs the model of a true manhood: it is the masculine will and strength which chisels such design from the rugged block. Both emulate and strive to be worthy of each other.

Will love be the episode or the life of the Coming Woman? Occupation will be given to her of an artistic kind. In this will she live, for Art is the first and greatest love with us all. It proves the strongest refuge when we are disappointed in any other. Other shrines may be beautiful, but they are inferior. To cultivate ourselves, to bring out the fullest expression of the divinity within us, seems the great aim of existence and the most fitting worship of the Infinite Spirit. This, actuated by the largest spirit of benevolence and good-will, proves the greatest source of pleasure to ourselves and our fellows. The genius that bases *all* aspiration and effort on the hope of winning some one exclusive human love, deserts the grand altar of the Infinite and bows to the inferior shrine of the Finite.

In the time of the Coming Woman more of her talent, power and capacity implanted by Nature will be known and used. To-day it is not alone the unfathomed caves of ocean in which are uselessly hidden all "gems of purest ray."

Will love then be the episode or the life? We answer, The life. But her first love will be for the gem of Art within, and the development of its brilliancy, the second for him who may best aid in such development.

Do we point toward a cold creature, all intellect, no heart—no wifely, no mother love? Not so. There will be heart enough, and an ounce of the Coming Woman's affection, controlled by wisdom, is worth a ton of that shadow love so common to-day—shadow love bought and accepted for dress,

money, position, desire for something like a home, for female sympathy. Better the glance of affectionate regard once a month than a daily experience of indifference or passive endurance.

The Coming Woman will have much to do. External attraction in form, feature and adornment will not altogether answer. Behind these must be an intellect—a cultivated intellect, and an intellect ever increasing in cultivation. She will be much alone, that her knowledge, gathered from books and observation, from men and women, may in solitude be drilled to its place and use. Intellect, beauty, grace and tact combined form a power unequaled by any other. Such power will be her aspiration. Its possession in no degree detracts from the charm of true womanliness. Such womanliness is an armor wholly enveloping her, and most powerful to protect in all conditions and circumstances.

We essay no prediction of feminine perfection. It is not desirable. Perfection by either sex once attained, and nothing remaining to be improved, life would stagnate in monotony. No one desires to encounter a perfect man or woman. Such a presence would prove a constant irritation and reproach. The Coming Woman in private *shall* have her spurts of ebullition, as the man entrusted with her errands and not bringing home the exact shade of Berlin worsted will discover. Such "tantrums" are pleasant for variety's sake, and the woman entirely free from them is the lake without a breeze, the ocean without a gale.

She will grow old not only gracefully, but beautifully. Age for her will be mellowness, not decay. Our grandmothers of the future are not to be as forlorn, decayed, useless tenements, regarded half in pity, half in ridicule: rather as the Pyramids, grand still in their strength, interesting through association, imposing through antiquity.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

EXTRACTS FROM FORSTER'S LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Hard Experiences in Boyhood.

THE incidents to be told now would probably never have been known to me, or indeed any of the occurrences of his childhood and youth, but for the accident of a question which I put to him one day in the March or April of 1847.

I asked if he remembered ever having seen in his boyhood our friend the elder Mr. Dilke, his father's acquaintance and contemporary, who had been a clerk in the same office in Somerset House to which Mr. John Dickens belonged. Yes, he said, he recollected seeing him at a house in Gerrard street, where his uncle Barrow lodged during an illness, and Mr. Dilke had visited him. Never at any other time. Upon which I told him that some one else had been intended in the mention made to me, for that the reference implied not merely his being met accidentally, but his having had some juvenile employment in a warehouse near the Strand; at which place Mr. Dilke, being with the elder Dickens one day, had noticed him, and received, in return for the gift of a half crown, a very low bow. He was silent for several minutes: I felt that I had unintentionally touched a painful place in his memory; and to Mr. Dilke I never spoke of the subject again. It was not, however, then, but some weeks later, that Dickens made further allusion to my thus having struck unconsciously upon a time of which he never could lose the remembrance while he remembered anything, and the recollection of which, at intervals, haunted him and made him miserable, even to that hour. . . . The husband of a sister of his (of the same name as himself, being indeed his cousin, George Lamert), a man of some property, had recently embarked in an odd sort of commercial speculation, and had taken him into his office and his house

to assist in it. I give now the fragment of the autobiography of Dickens:

"This speculation was a rivalry of 'Warren's Blacking, 30, Strand,'—at that time very famous. One Jonathan Warren (the famous one was Robert), living at 30, Hungerford Stairs, or Market, Strand (for I forget which it was called then), claimed to have been the original inventor or proprietor of the blacking recipe, and to have been deposed and ill used by his renowned relation. At last he put himself in the way of selling his recipe, and his name, and his 30, Hungerford Stairs, Strand (30, Strand, very large, and the intermediate direction very small), for an annuity; and he set forth by his agents that a little capital would make a great business of it. The man of some property was found in George Lamert, the cousin and brother-in-law of James. He bought this right and title, and went into the blacking business and the blacking premises.

"—In an evil hour for me, as I often bitterly thought. Its chief manager, James Lamert, the relative who had lived with us in Bayham street, seeing how I was employed from day to day, and knowing what our domestic circumstances then were, proposed that I should go into the blacking warehouse, to be as useful as I could, at a salary, I think, of six shillings a week. I am not clear whether it was six or seven. I am inclined to believe, from my uncertainty on this head, that it was six at first, and seven afterward. At any rate, the offer was accepted very willingly by my father and mother, and on a Monday morning I went down to the blacking warehouse to begin my business life.

"It is wonderful to me how I could have been so easily cast away at such an age. It is wonderful to me that even after my descent into the poor little drudge I had been since we came to

London, no one had compassion enough on me—a child of singular abilities, quick, eager, delicate, and soon hurt, bodily or mentally—to suggest that something might have been spared, as certainly it might have been, to place me at any common school. Our friends, I take it, were tired out. No one made any sign. My father and mother were quite satisfied. They could hardly have been more so if I had been twenty years of age, distinguished at a grammar-school and going to Cambridge.

“The blacking warehouse was the last house on the left-hand side of the way, at old Hungerford Stairs. It was a crazy, tumble-down old house, abutting of course on the river, and literally overrun with rats. Its wainscoted rooms, and its rotten floors and staircase, and the old gray rats swarming down in the cellars, and the sound of their squeaking and scuffling coming up the stairs at all times, and the dirt and decay of the place, rise up visibly before me as if I were there again. The counting-house was on the first floor, looking over the coal-barges and the river. There was a recess in it, in which I was to sit and work. My work was to cover the pots of paste-blackening; first with a piece of oil paper, and then with a piece of blue paper; to tie them round with a string; and then to clip the paper close and neat all round, until it looked as smart as a pot of ointment from an apothecary’s shop. When a certain number of grosses of pots had attained this pitch of perfection, I was to paste on each a printed label, and then go on again with more pots. Two or three other boys were kept at similar duty down stairs on similar wages. One of them came up, in a ragged apron and a paper cap, on the first Monday morning to show me the trick of using the string and tying the knot. His name was Bob Fagin, and I took the liberty of using his name, long afterward, in *Oliver Twist*.

“Our relative had kindly arranged to teach me something in the dinner-hour—from twelve to one, I think it was—every day. But an arrangement so incompat-

ible with counting-house business soon died away, from no fault of his or mine; and, for the same reason, my small work-table and my grosses of pots, my papers, string, scissors, paste-pot and labels, by little and little, vanished out of the recess in the counting-house, and kept company with the other small work-tables, grosses of pots, papers, string, scissors and paste-pots down stairs. It was not long before Bob Fagin and I, and another boy whose name was Paul Green, but who was currently believed to have been christened Poll (a belief which I transferred, long afterward again, to Mr. Sweedlepipe in *Martin Chuzzlewit*), worked generally side by side. Bob Fagin was an orphan, and lived with his brother-in-law, a waterman. Poll Green’s father had the additional distinction of being a fireman, and was employed at Drury Lane Theatre, where another relation of Poll’s—I think his little sister—did imps in the pantomimes.

“No words can express the secret agony of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, compared these everyday associates with those of my happier childhood, and felt my early hopes of growing up to be a learned and distinguished man crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of the sense I had of being utterly neglected and hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of the misery it was to my young heart to believe that, day by day, what I had learned, and thought, and delighted in, and raised my fancy and my emulation up by, was passing away from me, never to be brought back any more,—cannot be written. My whole nature was so penetrated with the grief and humiliation of such considerations that even now, famous and caressed and happy, I often forget in my dreams that I have a dear wife and children, even that I am a man, and wander desolately back to that time of my life.

“My mother and my brothers and sisters (excepting Fanny in the Royal Academy of Music) were still encamped, with a young servant-girl from Chatham workhouse, in the two parlors in the

emptied house in Gower street north. It was a long way to go and return within the dinner-hour, and usually I either carried my dinner with me, or went and bought it at some neighboring shop. In the latter case it was commonly a saveloy and a penny loaf; sometimes, a fourpenny plate of beef from a cook's shop; sometimes, a plate of bread and cheese and a glass of beer from a miserable old public-house over the way—the Swan, if I remember right, or the Swan and something else that I have forgotten. Once I remember tucking my own bread (which I had brought from home in the morning) under my arm, wrapped up in a piece of paper like a book, and going into the best dining-room in Johnson's alamode beef-house in Charles court, Drury lane, and magnificently ordering a small plate of alamode beef to eat with it. What the waiter thought of such a strange little apparition, coming in all alone, I don't know; but I can see him now, staring at me as I ate my dinner, and bringing up the other waiter to look. I gave him a halfpenny, and I wish now that he hadn't taken it." . . .

"I was so young and childish, and so little qualified—how could I be otherwise?—to undertake the whole charge of my existence, that, in going to Hungerford Stairs of a morning, I could not resist the stale pastry put out at half-price on trays at the confectioners' doors in Tottenham court road; and I often spent in that the money I should have kept for my dinner. Then I went without my dinner, or bought a roll or a slice of pudding. There were two pudding-shops between which I was divided, according to my finances. One was in a court close to St. Martin's Church (at the back of the church), which is now removed altogether. The pudding at that shop was made with currants, and was rather a special pudding, but was dear, two penn'orth not being larger than a penn'orth of more ordinary pudding. A good shop for the latter was in the Strand, somewhere near where the Lowther Arcade is now. It was a stout, hale pudding, heavy and flabby, with

great raisins in it, stuck in whole, at great distances apart. It came up hot at about noon every day, and many and many a day did I dine off it.

"We had half an hour, I think, for tea. When I had money enough, I used to go to a coffee-shop and have half a pint of coffee and a slice of bread and butter. When I had no money, I took a turn in Covent Garden market and stared at the pineapples. The coffee-shops to which I most resorted were, one in Maiden lane; one in a court (non-existent now) close to Hungerford market; and one in St. Martin's lane, of which I only recollect that it stood near the church, and that in the door there was an oval glass plate, with COFFEE-ROOM painted on it, addressed toward the street. If I ever find myself in a very different kind of coffee-room now, but where there is such an inscription on glass, and read it backward on the wrong side MOOR-EFFOC (as I often used to do then, in a dismal reverie), a shock goes through my blood.

"I know I do not exaggerate unconsciously and unintentionally the scantiness of my resources and the difficulties of my life. I know that if a shilling or so were given me by any one, I spent it in a dinner or a tea. I know that I worked from morning to night with common men and boys, a shabby child. I know that I tried, but ineffectually, not to anticipate my money, and to make it last the week through by putting it away in a drawer I had in the counting-house, wrapped into six little parcels, each parcel containing the same amount and labeled with a different day. I know that I have lounged about the streets insufficiently and unsatisfactorily fed. I know that, but for the mercy of God, I might easily have been, for any care that was taken of me, a little robber or a little vagabond.

"But I held some station at the blacking warehouse too. Besides that my relative at the counting-house did what a man so occupied, and dealing with a thing so anomalous, could, to treat me as one upon a different footing from the rest, I never said to man or boy how it

was that I came to be there, or gave the least indication of being sorry that I was there. That I suffered in secret, and that I suffered exquisitely, no one ever knew but I. How much I suffered it is, as I have said already, utterly beyond my power to tell. No man's imagination can overstep the reality. But I kept my own counsel, and I did my work. I knew from the first that if I could not do my work as well as any of the rest, I could not hold myself above slight and contempt. I soon became at least as expeditious and as skillful with my hands as either of the other boys. Though perfectly familiar with them, my conduct and manners were different enough from theirs to place a space between us. They and the men always spoke of me as 'the young gentleman.' A certain man (a soldier once) named Thomas, who was the foreman, and another named Harry, who was the carman and wore a red jacket, used to call me 'Charles' sometimes, in speaking to me, but I think it was mostly when we were very confidential, and when I had made some efforts to entertain them over our work with the results of some of the old readings, which were fast perishing out of my mind. Poll Green uprose once and rebelled against the 'young gentleman' usage, but Bob Fagin settled him speedily.

"My rescue from this kind of existence I considered quite hopeless, and abandoned as such altogether, though I am solemnly convinced that I never, for one hour, was reconciled to it, or was otherwise than miserably unhappy. I felt keenly, however, the being so cut off from my parents, my brothers and sisters, and when my day's work was done going home to such a miserable blank; and *that*, I thought, might be corrected. One Sunday night I remonstrated with my father on this head so pathetically and with so many tears that his kind nature gave way. He began to think that it was not quite right. I do believe he had never thought so before, or thought about it. It was the first remonstrance I had ever made about my lot, and perhaps it opened up

a little more than I intended. A back attic was found for me at the house of an insolvent-court agent, who lived in Lant street in the Borough, where Bob Sawyer lodged many years afterward. A bed and bedding were sent over for me, and made up on the floor. The little window had a pleasant prospect of a timber-yard, and when I took possession of my new abode I thought it was a Paradise."

First Impressions of America.

"'Well,' I can fancy you saying, 'but about his impressions of Boston and the Americans?'—Of the latter I will not say a word until I have seen more of them and have gone into the interior. I will only say now, that we have never yet been required to dine at a table d'hôte; that, thus far, our rooms are as much our own here as they would be at the Clarendon; that but for an odd phrase now and then—such as *Snap of cold weather*; a *tongue-y man* for a talkative fellow; *Possible?* as a solitary interrogation; and *Yes?* for 'Indeed!'—I should have marked, so far, no difference whatever between the parties here and those I have left behind. The women are very beautiful, but they soon fade: the general breeding is neither stiff nor forward—the good-nature universal. If you ask the way to a place—of some common water-side man who don't know you from Adam—he turns and goes with you. Universal deference is paid to ladies, and they walk about at all seasons wholly unprotected. . . . This hotel is a trifle smaller than Finsbury Square, and is made so infernally hot (I use the expression advisedly), by means of a furnace with pipes running through the passages, that we can hardly bear it. There are no curtains to the beds or to the bedroom windows. I am told there never are, hardly, all through America. The bedrooms are indeed very bare of furniture. Ours is nearly as large as your great room, and has a wardrobe in it of painted wood, not larger (I appeal to K.) than an English watch-box. I slept in this room for two nights, quite satisfied

with the belief that it was a shower-bath." . . .

"I have come at last, and it is time I did, to my life here and intentions for the future. I can do nothing that I want to do, go nowhere where I want to go, and see nothing that I want to see. If I turn into the street, I am followed by a multitude. If I stay at home, the house becomes, with callers, like a fair. If I visit a public institution with only one friend, the directors come down incessantly, waylay me in the yard and address me in a long speech. I go to a party in the evening, and am so enclosed and hemmed about by people, stand where I will, that I am exhausted for want of air. I dine out, and have to talk about everything to everybody. I go to church for quiet, and there is a violent rush to the neighborhood of the pew I sit in, and the clergyman preaches *at* me. I take my seat in a railroad-car, and the very conductor won't leave me alone. I get out at a station, and can't drink a glass of water without having a hundred people looking down my throat when I open my mouth to swallow. Conceive what all this is! Then by every post letters on letters arrive, all about nothing, and all demanding an immediate answer. This man is offended because I won't live in his house, and that man is thoroughly disgusted because I won't go out more than four times in one evening. I have no rest or peace, and am in a perpetual worry."

THE CALIFORNIA FAMILY CAT.

LAST Christmas morning the children awoke, and Johnny found himself the owner of a box of tools, with which he proceeded immediately to cut, punch, bore, saw and hammer at everything about the house and barn, and so damage the estate at the rate of twenty dollars per month. Jimmy found a drum, a fife, a harmonicon and a tin toot-horn. His mother next day was sick, and all from that toot-horn. Mr. Crab had sent it to Jimmy: Mr. Crab is an old suitor of Jimmy's mother: she refused him. Now he never neglects an opportunity of tormenting that family.

Jane found for herself two goldfish and a canary.

Everybody found Christmas presents save the Family Cat. He rubbed and purred around, wishing to show that he took part in the general rejoicing, and wondering why he did not receive his usual share of attention. He was a large, portly cat, in color gray streaked with black, with large yellow eyes and English whiskers.

He sat silently by the fire all the morning thus neglected, the rest of the family being in joyous commotion. Inside, he grew wrathful and more wrathful. They forgot even to give him breakfast. Once he did step into the kitchen and gently intimate that he was hungry. The cook, hurried with preparations for the Christmas dinner, insulted him with a spiteful "Scat!" an expletive only applicable to common street-cats. He sat there, occasionally stroking his whiskers with his right paw, yet he looked none of the rage which boiled inside. There was an occasional opening of the two yellow slits where were his eyes: it was a sort of lazy, self-satisfied, reflective closing and shutting, as if agreeable, soothing thoughts were passing through his mind. If you had watched him very closely, however, you would have seen that head once in a while turn very quickly in the direction of the canary bird and the goldfish, and the two yellow orbs would widen to their utmost and glare with all the fury of his race. He was laying plans.

To have seen him there, you would have said that no more correct or respectable cat lived in the city. But he was not. There came not a night but this demure Family Cat was scrambling over barn and housetop long after honest people were abed, screeching, howling and rioting with all manner of disreputable cats. Not only was he vicious, but even among vicious and degraded cats he was held a dangerous and troublesome character. He had clawed out his first wife's eyes. Many respectable families had forbidden him their houses. Still, he was very foppish, and at the Royal Back Yard Catalan Opera he

lounge about the dress-circle and ogled young creatures just entering cathood.

The Christmas dinner was over. The turkey, the pie and the pudding made everybody sleepy. Every one was glad when it was bed-time: everybody went early to bed.

And still the Family Cat seemingly dozed by the smouldering sea-coal fire. The house became silent. Only the nibblings of midnight mice were heard, and the crackings and settlings which come to all houses at night. Then the Family Cat roused himself. He was a different cat. He was no longer a good-natured, fawning, caress-begging cat, as when, with arched back and tail erect, he rubbed about your ankles. He looked mischief and business. His tail had settled to the floor; his whiskers were pointed at a different angle; his eyes very wide open.

"So," said he, "I am to have no Christmas, am I? We'll see. Do they take me for a fool?"

The mice were heard nibbling in the dark corners. "Nibble away to-night," said the Family Cat. "They may eat rats and mice in Paris—and cats too—if they like: I'm after a game supper. Let's see: what shall I have—fish or fowl? Fish, of course. That always comes first on the bill of fare. Where's the soup, though? Hum—chowder! I'll drink my soup out of the goldfish basin. It's weak, but fresh."

The canary bird and the goldfish! It was for them the Family Cat had been laying his plans.

We will not describe the tragedy. When all was over the goldfish globe lay shivered on the floor: the bird-cage was there also, upset and empty. Empty? No, not quite. In it, against the wires, lay a little yellow head, torn from the body. Not a soul in the house had woke amid the racket—the cries and flutterings of Tip, the crash of glass, the fall of the cage. Turkey and plum-pudding had brought deep slumber on that household. This the Family Cat knew well: to this he had trusted.

And there, by the dying, dull red gleam of the coal-fire, was seen the room

just as the family had left it—the dinner-table, the fruit-dessert not removed, the chairs irregularly huddled together, inanimately sociable—and in his accustomed corner sat the Family Cat cleaning his whiskers. By him were scattered feathers and a few fish-bones.

"Well," said he, "I feel refreshed. This feels like Christmas. I think I'll go down to the club." The Family Cat went out by a door near the roof. All aristocratic cats have private doors made for them.

Just as he was descending from the roof to the yard, who should come along but old Black Dick? Black Dick was a vagrant, a pauper cat. He had but one eye and a stub tail. He lived in a miserable manner, begging from other cats and prowling about people's kitchens at night.

"Say," said Dick, "give me something to eat, won't you? I haven't had a meal to-day."

The Family Cat was about to snub Black Dick, as usual. Cats are not generous to their own kind. They save much of their affection for the human race.

Suddenly an idea came to the Family Cat. "Somebody," said he to himself, "must be punished for this scrape of mine. The majesty of the law must be vindicated. The victim might as well be Black Dick as any one else. Juries of late have been very lax about convicting. There *must* be a reaction soon. They organized a Vigilance Committee t'other day at Los Angeles. They may do the same here, and hang or shoot me without trial. In the regular courts there might not be so much to fear. I'll fix it!"

"Black Dick," said the Family Cat, "there's my private door. You've been in the house before. You know the road to the dining-room. Dinner's still on the table: cold leavings—turkey, chicken, wine, fresh fish, bloody canary. 'Scat!"

Black Dick rushed for the private door. The Family Cat sneaked softly after him and turned a bolt: Black Dick was a prisoner inside.

There was next morning an execution without judge or jury. A bloody, limpy corpse was flung into the highway. It was Black Dick's.

About nine o'clock of the same day the Family Cat again made his appearance, clean, newly shaved, his hair "puffed." He sits demurely by the sea-coal fire. The yellow eye-slits lazily, good-humoredly open and close. Occasionally they glance upward toward an empty bird-cage on the wall. "Poor Tip!" the children mourn. The Family Cat draws down the corners of his mouth. "My poor goldfish!" says Jane. The lower jaw of the Family Cat drops lower still. "That wicked, wicked Black Dick!" say they all. And the Family Cat murmurs, "Verily, the way of the wicked cat is hard." P. M.

A RUSSIAN PRINCE.

THE arrival of the Grand Duke Alexis reminds me of the visit of another Russian prince to this country in the summer of 1867. General Hoffman, then commanding at Fort Leavenworth, received one inauspicious morning a letter from General Hancock, the head of his military department, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, announcing that Prince Gortchakoff, son of the minister of that name, was traveling incog. in this country, and, having been accredited to him from Washington, was then on a visit at his house, and would shortly present himself at Leavenworth, where it would be incumbent upon General Hoffman to entertain him. However much we may esteem ourselves sovereigns, and regard princes from a philosophical height at a distance, a live prince in our individual castle is not by any means to be sneezed at; and so, not without sundry misgivings, the worthy general betook himself to the bosom of his family to consult with wife and daughter upon making the necessary arrangements for entertaining this scion of nobility. Mrs. H. was not at all elated at the prospect, seeing in imagination an unlimited number of attendants and servants to be provided for; and she seriously expressed the wish that General Hancock would

keep his princes to himself. However, she was determined her housekeeping should not be at fault; so the country was scoured for supplies, extra servants were secured, a squad of soldiers was detailed to assist about the grounds, and some young officers were moved out of their quarters to make room for Prince Gortchakoff's suite. Several days passed without his making his appearance—a week, two weeks, finally a month. At last, after all idea of his coming had been abandoned, in walked a young gentleman of nineteen to General Hoffman's office, carrying his portmanteau, who turned out to be the exalted stranger for whom such vast preparations had been made. He was tall and light, with light-brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion and pleasing manners and address. He spoke English fluently, but not always with a clear comprehension of its meaning; as, for instance, when on the race-course at St. Louis he told Mrs. Hancock that "American ladies had no sense;" and when she resented this wholesale condemnation of her sex by turning her back on him, he attempted to explain the rudeness by saying he meant sensibility. General Hoffman received him cordially, and took him into his residence, where his family were so relieved to find they were not expected to entertain his "following" that they overwhelmed him with hospitality. Prince G. did the "gay and festive" for some weeks at this post. He made love to the young ladies and borrowed money from the gentlemen, until the latter, seeing there was no immediate prospect of these debts being discharged by the Russian government, nor of the prince desisting from the practice, suggested to him the delights of a buffalo-hunt on the Plains. The bait took, and in consequence of a small loan extracted from General Hoffman himself, who had a chronic objection to parting with his loose cash, he willingly furnished an escort of ten men under the command of Captain B— of the Sixth Infantry, and, providing them with all necessaries, started them off. About ten days after their departure the ten men and Captain

B— returned, minus the prince, and to frequent inquiries as to what they had done with him, replied, laconically, "Left him." Captain B— was a plain man, who hadn't a bit of regard for princes, but the very highest respect for his own position as captain. From the moment the party started the prince wanted to take command of the escort, and a continual controversy was the result. Besides this, he insisted upon the captain following him, to which the captain very naturally objected. Finally, they fell in with two French officers, who were also hunting, and Prince G. invited them to sup out of the captain's mess-chest, without requesting the pleasure of his company on the occasion. "This," said the captain, "was enough to make me mad, but when he talked to them all the time in French, which I didn't understand, it was more than a man from the brown forests of Missouri could stand; so I marched off my men, and let him get back to *Roosia* the best way he could." General Hoffman was at first very much alarmed for the safety of the prince, left thus alone in the heart of the Indian country with only a portmanteau and the society of two strangers. A party was sent out in search of him, and an active correspondence with Washington ensued, from which it appeared that this sprig of nobility was a black sheep, who had been sent to this country to see if there was reformation to be found in the influence of republican manners and simplicity. What the result was as regarded the youth himself it is impossible to say, as he has not since reappeared. Nor have his noble relatives burdened themselves with the repayment of the cash he borrowed. E. S. B.

NOTES.

THOSE who are interested in the questions of education which are at present in process of discussion and experiment will be delighted with the description of the educational methods in use in the *Familistere* at Guise, France. The founder of this institution, M. Godin, who is now a member of the *Assemblée Nationale*, has recently issued a work

entitled *Solutions Sociales*, in which he describes the educational influences which surround the children in the institution from their cradles until they have arrived at an age to take part in the productive industry of the establishment. With a clear-headed and large-hearted comprehension of the social questions of this era, and with a human sympathy for those who have not the conditions needed for development, M. Godin, recognizing the obligations devolving upon the possessor of wealth to employ it properly, has built the *Familistere* for the habitation of his workmen. Knowing the value of our surroundings, he has avoided in its design and construction all appearance of a tenement-house, and given to it quite a palatial air. The house and grounds occupy about eighteen acres, and the three large buildings forming three sides of a square have a capacity for accommodating the thousand workmen, with their families, who find constant employment in the foundry. In the building is always an average of from two to three hundred children of all ages. In the nursery there is an average of from forty to fifty babies, whose social education commences from this time. Here together, under tender, loving and constant supervision, they amuse and educate each other, and the universal testimony of visitors is that these fifty babies cry less and are less of a nuisance than any one child is in the ordinary household. A child's social instincts are exceedingly strong. Nature has implanted them in him, in order that by their gratification he shall be stimulated to acquiring the control of his faculties. From infancy to maturity the spirit of emulation is relied upon for keeping up the enthusiasm of the young. Children do not generally desire to imitate adults: they cannot comprehend fully the methods of maturity; but the child of six is eager to imitate the child of eight, and he the child of ten, and so on. The description M. Godin gives of the organization by which the educational process is continued in the *Familistere* is most interesting; and as the institution has been in operation now

over ten years, he is right in claiming that it affords a solution of the educational question, as it does that of other social questions which are pressing for solution.

THE little attention given to bibliography in this country, even among those whose pursuits, it might be supposed, would naturally lead them to such studies, is evident to any one who has investigated the matter. We are too young a nation, and our occupations have heretofore been of too practical a character, to afford the leisure or foster the taste for such pursuits. The nomadic character of our society has also led us to neglect the preservation of our own historical records. As is well known to collectors, no class of books is rarer than old American books. In the colonial times such volumes as were published were most generally destroyed by reading. Their binding was poor, and the paper upon which they were printed was of the flimsiest kind, while the number was so small that each volume had a constant supply of readers as long as it lasted. It is most singular to notice the difference between England and this country in the matter of the preservation of books. In no single respect is England entitled to the epithet of the "all-preserving isle" more than in the care with which even ephemeral literature is there preserved. Nothing is scarcer in the United States than old newspapers, street-songs, placards and old customs, but in England, as the yearly search for Guy Fawkes is kept up in a solemn procession through the vaults of the new houses of Parliament, as the lord chancellor still sits on a woosack, and lawyers dress in gowns, with powdered wigs and pigtails, so it is wonderful to see how many of the ephemeral publications of centuries ago are still to be found on the bookstalls and at the book-auctions. Our attention was called to this distinction between the two countries by a notice of a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society by Professor Salisbury of New Haven, upon the original form of Addison's *Spectator*

(which was really Steele's). In this paper the statement was made that only one complete set of the original issue is known, and that is in the British Museum. It is very questionable whether this is so. Portions of the *Spectator* are by no means scarce. Thackeray, in his ragged collection, which was sold at auction after his death, had a volume containing two hundred of the original issues, and the writer of this has himself seen in the old-book market of London other portions of it for sale. The amount of literary wealth of this kind preserved in England seems almost inexhaustible. The United States and Australia have been draining from it steadily for years, and yet the supply seems to be in no way diminished. In bibliography the claim of uniqueness is a most dangerous one to make. It was made a few years ago by some college professor for so common a thing as a complete set of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, when there are dozens of them in New York City alone. It would be interesting to find out whether there is a complete set of the original issue of the *Spectator* in this country, nor would it be a very great surprise to find that there is.

THERE is, of course, a great deal of loose talk and ill-considered bragging about the influence of the railroad and the telegraph in this age of the world's civilization. But, despite all this, there is no question but that the educational influence of these new forces is most important, and is exercised in the direction of enlarging our sympathies. The spontaneous celebrations which spread all over the country to commemorate the successful completion of the Atlantic Cable were a proof of this. Every one of us felt that there was greater cause of congratulation at being men, and in being thus able to enter into immediate communication with our fellow-men, even though we were separated from them by thousands of miles. It was an extension of our powers, and the feeling of exultation thus naturally produced was a repetition of what a child feels when it can first by

articulate speech make itself understood, or gains such control of its limbs that it can walk toward the objects which attract it. Since that day the telegraph has become a part of our daily lives, and the influence it had during the recent war in Europe and in the terrible conflagration in Chicago, in stimulating international sympathy and enlarging the circle of human interests, shows that our instinctive feeling of rejoicing at its successful completion was neither premature nor unwise. Now we are in a fair way to encircle the globe with telegraphic wires, while the inauguration of this system of instantaneous communication, applied to the study of the weather, has for the first time in the history of the world given us the ability to comprehend that this synonym for fickleness is really subject to the steady operation of constant law. The wind, we see, does not blow where it lists, and the daily weather-prognostications tell us with accuracy whence it cometh and whither it goeth.

Perhaps as striking an evidence of the new social conditions which the telegraph has inaugurated for the world is the project to utilize the Pyramids—those dreary records of the enslavement of labor in antiquity to gratify the lust of pride—into stations for weather-observations; Ismail Pasha being, it is said, greatly in favor of the proposition. Nor is the telegraph the only modern appliance which is pushing the vivacity of our modern life into the inanimate stagnation of the East. The completion of the Mont Cenis tunnel has given rise to various propositions for railways to India, putting London in communication by rail with Bombay. When we shall be able to buy a first-class ticket to Babylon, and be whisked through the valley of the Euphrates by steam, who can say that Hawthorne's description of the railway to the Celestial City shall not cease to be simply an imaginative sketch, and shall not be quoted by the bibliographers of the next century as a curious piece of forecast, such as many of the dicta of the alchemists, which are found to be mere foreshadowings of the processes of modern chemistry?

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THE civilized world seems to be passing through an era of "ring examination." The process inaugurated in New York City appears to be spreading like some infectious disease all through the country, and city after city is having its committees of inquiry and investigation. As is usual in such cases, where public morality becomes dissatisfied with existing phases of organization which were formerly satisfactory, public opinion becomes divided into two classes—those who consider the matter with a method, and those who do not. The first of these are chiefly interested in such evidences of the ill working of the political machine as a means of indicating the faults in its construction, and their efforts would be turned toward remedying these. To the second class, however, such a logical method of procedure is an unaccustomed one. They are like a person who, having been in a railway accident, would advocate, as a means of preventing another such, the total abolition of the use of steam. They are members of the large class of persons whose cerebral development disqualifies them from comprehending a principle, and in all matters of generalization have a logical force similar to that of the masculine old lady who objected to the statement that all cats have long tails, with the reply: "Oh dear, no! I knew a cat once which had a very short one: somebody had cut it off."

With a similar astuteness this class of persons see in the developments of corruption only a proof that a republican government is incompetent for honesty. To them the recent developments of the corruption in the imperial ring which ruled in France must be singularly uncomfortable; while the recent exhibition by Sir Charles Dilke, the editor of the *Athenæum*—a paper which has for years been noted for its distrust of and contempt for anything American—of the cost to the British nation of its royalty ring, must be actually disheartening. Sir Charles, in a public speech at Newcastle-on-Tyne, said: "You may say that the positive and direct cost of royalty is about a million a year." This,

translated into American currency, means about five millions of dollars yearly: and for this the British public gets a lot of "Life Guards," those gorgeous play-soldiers who spend their time in flirting with the nursery-maids in the parks of London; a royal household consisting of chamberlains, comptrollers, masters of ceremonies, marshals of the household, grooms of the robes, lords in waiting, grooms in waiting, gentlemen-ushers, some thirty-two physicians, surgeons, dentists and apothecaries, both extraordinary and ordinary, with a lord high almoner, sub-almoner, hereditary grand almoner, clerk of the check, clerk of the closet, exons in waiting, ushers of the golden rod, an hereditary grand falconer, together with any quantity of other important personages upon whom the prosperity and existence of English society absolutely depend; and with, last, a queen and a prince of Wales. Compared with the cost of five millions of dollars a year for this, New York should be satisfied with the cheapness of its "ring." At least, it would seem to furnish a more amusing set of officials, and one whose peculiarities are more interesting as a subject of study.

THE recent discussion in England concerning international copyright has been unexpectedly enlivened by personal criminations and recriminations among the authors themselves. Charges and counter-charges of plagiarism—which is certainly a disrespect for an author's copyright on the part of authors themselves—have been freely made and denied. In the interest thus excited attention has been distracted from the chief point at issue. It is generally claimed by authors that they have a right to their own productions. "What," it is confidently asked, "can be more peculiarly a man's own than the product of his brain?" In fact, it is difficult to say that there is anything, unless we grant that nothing is a man's own in the sense that he should have the exclusive use of it, since every one of us is the result of

conditions precedent, in the making of which we had no hand. If an author's claim to his works should be strictly limited to only such as he produced, independently of all outside aid, from the "interior depths of his moral consciousness," as the phrase goes, there would be so little claim to copyright, either national or international, that, like all infinitely small quantities, it might be disregarded in working out the problem of our best social relations.

The question is a greater one than any international copyright can settle, for it concerns the proper relation of the literary man, the thinker, the artist, the scientist to society, and the just appreciation and valuation which should be placed upon their contributions to the common stock of the world's knowledge. That they have never yet had it, is manifest from all biography, and that the time has not yet come when the general culture of the world has attained a sufficient degree of development to gladly accord it to them, is equally manifest to any one who will methodically investigate the matter. And one of the chief evidences of this is the fact which is shown when occasion arises, as in this very instance, that men of letters do not themselves appreciate the position which they should hold, and do not sufficiently respect each other to expect that the public should hold them in due honor. In this era of commerce, adulteration is in the ascendency, and to be smart in trade rather than honest in dealing is the road to wealth and the consideration it brings. How far the present literature of the time is free from the same spirit let each one judge for himself, but while its votaries condescend to the same plane, let them not be indignant that they are overreached and defrauded. The workers all over the world are becoming conscious of their rights, and it is only when labor of all kinds has secured the recognition it deserves that those who labor with their brains can expect sympathetic justice.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A Handbook of Legendary and Mythological Art. By Clara Erskine Clement. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

This little work, which in most of its features is a tourist's *vade mecum* for the art-galleries, is an interpreter so pat and so long needed that it seems strange no English or Continental writer should long ago have supplied it to the literature of the traveling world. From England, especially, we might have looked for such a book, for with her people the habit of taking possession of the south of Europe, armed with an apparatus of thought-saving printed cicerones in red binding, is a much older one than it is with us. "Go travel in England," says Spark to Fantasio in Musset's comedy. "That is just where I am. Have the English a country? I see them here as well as if I were in the midst of them." The nasal language of America is beginning to be heard, however, in foreign capitals as pervadingly as the old-accustomed English tongue with its upward-cadenced periods and short vowels. And it is for the swarm of American tourists, in a language only too indulgent for Americanisms—our sole quarrel with the author is about her occasional syntax, which in most instances the proof-reader should himself have been able to set right—that a task has been well performed and easily performed by a woman of the West, when no scholar of the older civilizations was ready to do it. The *Handbook* of Mrs. Clement has a precision, an appositeness, a concentration and a sense of limits which nothing by Mrs. Jameson or the rest of the art-guides possesses. In the compass of five hundred plain and pocketable pages she contrives to include about all that it is necessary for the promenader of the Vatican to know about mythology, for the pacer of the Louvre to recall of the lives of the saints, or for the curious examiner of Germany to remember of its strange and poetic legend-lore. We cannot pretend to give an idea of the wide and various usefulness of this knowing little work, which is the essence of many books. We open it at random, and we learn all about the sole American saint ever canonized, Saint Rosa of Lima, whom Murillo painted, but whom

Pope Clement X. had blasphemed. "*India y Santa!*" he exclaimed: "canonize *her*, a saint of India? As likely that it should rain roses!" and Heaven instantly deluged the Vatican with a shower of real roses, and the patroness of Indian Spain was acknowledged. The lives of Saints Francis, Dominic, Augustin and Benedict are neatly condensed. The patrons of localities, such as Saints George, James and Denis, are described, with the symbols and attributes by which they may be recognized in art. We are advertised how, among the apostles, John wears a blue tunic, Peter a yellow, while the Madonna appears in blue before the crucifixion, and violet, signifying suffering, after it. The erudition of symbols, though not exhaustive, is full and curious. The Greek cross has its four arms of equal length; the Latin cross has only its two lateral arms equal, the upper and lower members being respectively shorter and longer; the St. Andrew's cross is oblique, like an X; the Egyptian cross has but three branches, like a T. The saints who promenade through so many old pictures solemnly producing their heads, or their skins, or their clubs and arrows, have each a good word from Mrs. Clement, and the significance of such attributes in their martyrdom or miracles is made clear. We learn how St. Cecilia died singing, and how her body lay in perfection and grace within the coffin until the sixteenth century, when it was exposed and her figure imitated in the lovely statue to be seen at St. Cecilia-in-Trastevere; from which image, by the by, our cunning compatriot, Miss Hosmer, has cribbed more than one beauty for her delicate work called Beatrice Cenci. We learn how St. Methodius converted the Sclavonic tribes by setting up his easel on the borders of the Danube and painting Last Judgments, which St. Cyril explained. Among the illustrations is a copy of St. Dunstan's portrait of himself at the feet of Christ, from his own pen-and-ink drawing; and the text recites how the brave and chaste saint seized the Devil, who at the moment wore the form of a beautiful woman, by the nose with his red-hot tongs. St. Denis, marching from the Coliseum in Paris to Montmartre with his head in his hands, is of course not

absent. St. Eustace, chasing the white stag, suddenly sees the crucifix between its horns. St. Hubert of Liège sees the same holy creature, or its counterpart, in the forest of Ardennes: bread consecrated at his shrine cures hydrophobia. The Irish saint Livin, poet and hymnist, has his tongue pulled out with tongs, as painted by Rubens with terrible truthfulness. St. Lucia sends her eyes in a dish to the pagan lover who had been fascinated by their beauty. St. Mary Magdalene, at Marseilles in Gallia, raises to life both a princess and her infant. St. Mercurius, on the contrary, rising from his tomb, mounts a pale and ghostly charger, and kills Julian the Apostate with a phantom spear. But St. Nicholas, a pattern of disinterestedness, brings to life three little children whom the landlord of his inn had salted down in a pickle-tub, and whose flesh was to have been served to the saint for dinner. St. Philip Neri is answered in conversation by the corpse of a young prince of the Massimi. At the obsequies of St. Ranieri the church-organ, played by invisible angels, bursts into tunes borrowed from the choirs of heaven. St. Sebald, whose shrine by Peter Vischer is a wonder of Nuremberg, feeds the cartwright's fire effectually with icicles. St. Swithin, buried by desire under the dropping eaves of the church at Winchester, provokes a forty days' tempest when they attempt to bring him in for pompous burial inside. St. Vitus dances in his dungeon with seven beautiful angels. St. Ursula, a sort of Miss Rye of the Middle Ages, takes her eleven thousand virgins to Cologne, and shows them how to die, undishonored, by the swords of the Cologne barbarians. These multi-colored legends, some of which the tourist half remembers, some of which he remembers not at all, and some of which his memory ruinously mutilates, are set down by Mrs. Clement with admirable terseness. Little pieces of ecclesiastic lore, hardly retainable by the ordinary tourist mind—such as the varieties of ordeal, the attributes of the evangelists, the true form and original institution of the rosary, the names and predictions of the sibyls, the Virgin's Seven Joys and Seven Sorrows, and many other such matters—are carefully and precisely noted. Excellent sketches from the most recondite paintings are interspersed to illustrate these anecdotes, items and biographies. The Virgin Mary, for example, is depicted in seventeen differ-

ent engravings, distributed in an account occupying twenty-six pages. The Sacred Legends form a division of the work amounting to considerably more than half its substance. There follow some Legends of Place, which disappointingly turn out, on examination, to be almost exclusively devoted to German localities: they are very good, but are there no localized stories, inspirations of art, to be picked up in Italy, Spain and France? The book is finished out with a pinch of pages containing the Greek mythology, in the very densest form of which it is capable, illustrated, like the *Saintly Lives*, with a quantity of excellent outlines from ancient art. The myths are neatly written, but the Italian tourist will be dissatisfied at not learning where the Isles of the Sirens are located (they are, of course, the Galli, near Sorrento), and not finding mention of any Antinous but the suitor of Penelope slain by Ulysses, although replications of the beautiful friend of Hadrian fill the galleries of Europe. In praising the neat and convenient illustration of the volume, we must not omit to state that it wears for frontispiece a fine trophy of American art, Washington Alston's "Spalatro," engraved in the most palpitating quality of light and shadow by W. F. Linton. The *Handbook*, altogether, is a merciful visitation to the traveler heretofore compelled to rely on the grudging or imperfect erudition of his *Murray*, or plunge unfathomably into Lanzi or Crowe and Cavalcaselle, or else veil his ignorance with the traditional, "Pooh, pooh, my dear! don't you know?" E. S.

Left to Herself. By Jennie Woodville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

While awaiting the arrival of the great national work so long expected, and now fully due—the American *Odyssey* or *Comédie Humaine*—which is to exhibit and elucidate all the types and characteristics of a social life that absorbs and assimilates so many different elements, we need not turn away wholly dissatisfied from the partial glimpses, the fragmentary reflections, which the old-fashioned novel is competent to furnish. We say the old-fashioned novel, in distinction not only from the illustrious unborn, but from the new-fangled thing, with its moral purpose leading to a moral puddle, its problems and its platitudes, its rant and its rigmarole, so little representing any real phase of human existence that

it cannot be said to give even distorted views, but must be ruled out altogether in any discussion of what falls within the domain of art. The *proper* purpose of the novel, as of the drama, is simply to *hold up* the mirror, to be the obsequious handmaiden, not the costumer or the posture-master, the tutor or the guide. Show us the image, if you have the skill or luck to catch it, but do not ask us to accept as substitutes the waxen figures you have moulded to illustrate your vapid and wearisome lecture.

The book before us, though it falls short of the standard dimensions, is a novel in the old and enduring sense of the term. It is a genuine product of the imaginative faculty, and a picture of life stamped with the impress of reality. The men and women whom it introduces to us are veritable beings of flesh and blood. The incidents and scenes are naturally evolved and artistically-interlinked, resembling neither the intricate combinations of a puzzle nor the disjointed action of a puppet-show. The dialogue—justly considered the test of an innate capacity for novel-writing—has the easy flow, the characteristic tone and the sparkling vivacity of sentiment and wit, which give the chief and constant charm to this species of composition, and it is accompanied by that by-play which serves better than comment or description to express the hidden mood, to indicate the situation and to call up the entire scene before the mental vision.

Nearly all the characters belong to that class of society which is essentially the same in all communities, and which partakes least of the peculiarities of any particular community. Consequently, though the story is one of Southern life, the more salient features of that life, or what are commonly portrayed—perhaps as often travestied—as such, are altogether absent. Yet that fainter local coloring which still adheres when the stronger tints have been washed away is preserved with a fidelity that can come only of unconscious insight and skill. Frank Muncair, Charles Shelley, Edward Bertnord, John Lockhart and Sam Kemper are all men of breeding, intelligence and culture, and they are just as distinctly all Southerners. With these points of resemblance the lines of diversity are necessarily slight, yet they are drawn with as much clearness and vigor as if they separated opposite types. Every form is individualized, and scarcely a phrase

is put into the mouth of one speaker which would be equally appropriate in that of another. It is true that Muncair is much more prominent than the others, none of whom are depicted with the same completeness. But the merest outline has its characteristic traits, and whatever obscurity may fall upon the background, the figures are nowhere blurred or confused.

The two chief female characters are more strongly opposed, for here there are wider differences both of nature and education. But the contrast, though finely marked, is never so sharpened as to unbalance our judgment or our feelings. Florence Lockhart wins her way to our hearts, as she did to that of Muncair; but we never cease to feel that the character of Edith Shelley, with all its perversions, is of a nobler strain, and it is no disturbance of the moral sentiment which strengthens our sympathy as she falls in our esteem.

We should like, in confirmation of the opinion we have expressed, to extract some of the longer and more striking conversations—those especially between Muncair and Bertnord, and between the latter and Edith, in the nineteenth and twentieth chapters, which in all the nice minutæ of characterization and naturalness seem to us unsurpassed—we will say boldly, unequaled—by anything of the kind in American fiction. For anything better in the same way we should have to go to *Shirley* or *The Initials*. But we must confine our citations to passages less closely inwoven with the plot. In one of the opening chapters the hero, who has lingered long enough at a country house in Virginia to lose his heart to the daughter of his host, makes that declaration which novelists now-a-days, unlike the maidens of the period, seem much inclined to evade:

“Florence and Mr. Muncair checked their horses as they attained the summit of an elevation which anywhere, except in or about Lorburg, would have been called a hill.

“I am sorry they did not select a spring day for their ride. I should like to tell how beautiful are those old woods, rich in flowers, redolent of honeysuckle, dotted with dogwood trees, the branches of which look like outstretched arms, offering their all of white blossoms; later still, decked with laurel or the plumelike blossoms of the ash.

“As it was, they saw millions of green leaves, a good deal of sumac and the Ten-

nessee train crossing a bridge. The smoke from the engine floated away; the whistle was heard no more; frogs were croaking; insects chirping lullabies to their little ones; and above, a belated crow flapped hurriedly homeward, cawing as it went 'for want of words.' For almost the first time in his life, Frank Muncair wanted to speak and was at a loss what to say. He had made love to other women, but always with a due sense of his own advantages, and a corresponding degree of confidence. Now, he respected and admired, as much as he loved, the girl by his side, and hesitated longer because he risked more. At last, taking off his hat and pushing the hair from his brow, he said, abruptly,

"I shall not go to-morrow. I am superstitious. I asked myself a moment ago, 'Shall I ever be here again?—or, being here, be as happy as now?'" And a thousand voices there among the trees whispered back the raven's sad refrain, "Never more."

"You mistook the voice," said Florence, with a laugh and a blush. "It is that cow-bell you should have been listening to—saying, 'Seven o'clock! seven o'clock!' Come."

"But it is not seven o'clock."

"Oh yes, it is. The bell says so. And see that Irishman throwing his coat and pickaxe over his shoulder. That is preparatory to leaving."

"Is he a part of the scenery? Will there be nothing worth remaining for after his pickaxe shall have disappeared?"

"Mr. Muncair addressed the man as he went by: 'My watch has run down, and this lady and I differ about the hour. Can you tell what it is?'"

"No, sir; an', bedad, I'm afther doubtin' how ye'll find out, barrin' you look at the clock this time to-morrow."

"Humph! would it not answer to find out what time it was this time yesterday?"

"Don't know, indade, sir. I was at work in the field beyant, an' left at twelve o'clock yisterday."

"Mr. Muncair turned to Florence: 'Why shorten our last ride? Do not insist on going.'

"But see how late it is."

"A pause; then he said, 'I love you. I love you dearly. Will—'"

"A quick stroke of the little riding-whip,

and her horse made a sudden start homeward, but was checked by a stronger hand than had held the reins that evening.

"Excuse me. Answer my question first."

"But it is so late."

"Do not be afraid. I shall take good care of the one who is dearest to me. Do you—"

"But I prefer riding. See what a smooth road is before us."

"May that be prophecy! Do you, will you, can you love me?"

"I want to go home."

"You shall. Tell me."

"Loose my bridle! See those people staring at you."

"You must answer me."

"Must?"

"Yes."

"Oh, loose the bridle!"

"If you say that again I shall think it means yes. Shall I let it go?"

"Yes," she whispered; but he retained it long enough to add an ejaculation 'appropriate to the occasion.'"

As a pendant to this scene we must quote that in which the shortlived engagement is broken off, for reasons, good though not sufficient, which scarcely require explanation:

"That evening a gay boating-party was en route toward Julep Font, a pretty glen, about two miles above Lorburg. It was a charming picture. On one side, the expanse of emerald water—the background of willows; on the other, a level road crowning the grassy slope which led to the river's edge; jutting over that, immense cliffs, alive with trees and wild flowers; the boat, with its gayly-dressed ladies and their cavaliers; and all—hills, rocks, trees, willows, boat and rosy clouds—reflected in the water.

Florence sat leaning over the side of the boat, that the water might flow against her hand. One of the company was playing on the guitar, another on the flute; the rest were singing.

"Frank said, in an undertone, to Florence, 'You are silent this evening. Whither have your thoughts flown?'"

"She replied that her thoughts were of the place, but not with the party—that she had been there many times with her cousin, Charles Shelley: had Mr. Muncair ever heard her speak of him? Mr. Muncair believed he had: by the way, he had sometimes met with him in New Orleans: he

seemed very much of a gentleman, and quite popular.

“Do you know his sister?” asked Florence.

“Frank remembered Dr. Thornton’s allusion of the night before, and determined to ward off suspicion if Florence were disposed to entertain any. He answered, carelessly, ‘Oh, pretty well, I suppose. That is, I dance with her occasionally, and may have sent her a bouquet.’

“Why have you never told me of her? You forget she is my cousin.”

“I never think of other women when you are present.”

“Where are they now—she and Charles?”

“I think they proposed going to Niagara or the North Pole. As my thoughts were all of Virginia, you will excuse—”

“Hush, please!” she exclaimed; and an expression of pain crossed her features.

“What is the matter? Are you ill?”

“Thank you, I am well—only disappointed. I tried to grasp that star that trembles in the water like a bright hope in the heart; but reality exists in heaven alone. The thought pained me for a moment as I held the handful of water cold and dull.”

“He looked intently at her: ‘What is the thought behind that speech? What induces moralizing just now, my lady Florence?’

“There were two *arrière-pensées*. I was reflecting, in the first place, on Joe’s eminent fitness for the office of carrier-dove; and, in the second, on the shortness of your memory. Why, even I have not forgotten since this morning that Edith Shelley is at Saratoga.”

“A crimson tide rushed up into his face, and for a moment he was silent.

“‘List to the pensive croaking of the twilight frog,’ laughed some one, and for a few seconds all were quiet, while shadows grew thick among the cliffs, and the willows swayed to the soft, sweet breeze, and the stream grew cool and dark, and the boat fled swiftly on.

“Never in his life had Frank Muncair been so mortified or so angry—mortified at seeming to have acted treacherously, and angry, inexpressibly angry, with himself, with Florence, with Edith and with Joe—with everybody and with everything. But the silence gave him time for reflection.

“Never in her life had Florence been so unhappy. Every moment of silence seemed to bring fresh condemnation, and bitter

thoughts thronged fast into her heart. Had he, then, amused himself with her while the world of real feeling was filled with the image of one more beautiful, more accomplished, in every way her superior? And—oh, most bitter thought!—had she lavished the deepest and purest and holiest feelings of a lifetime on one who was either too vacillating to be true, or too deceitful to be trusted?

“‘Music! music!’ urged some one.

“At length he said, ‘How that letter came into your possession I cannot tell. What induced—how you excused to yourself the unworthy act of reading it, I am at a loss even to imagine; but I will not speak of that. I have loved, I do love you most dearly and tenderly. Edith Shelley has no share in my affection, though my attentions and correspondence may have seemed to sanction the impression.’

“Having sent her a bouquet and danced with her occasionally.”

“‘This tone—these words to me? Oh, Florence! Florence! who has taught you this? Who has stabbed me in the dark? What if I have admired Edith Shelley? Was—’”

“‘It is not that. If you had loved her, and told me so, I should, at least, have esteemed you honest. I have neither right nor inclination to prevent your paying attention to other women; but concealment implies wrong and involves deceit, and you have deceived me about Edith Shelley.’

“‘Florence, you are unjust and harsh. What if I did make love to your cousin? What if I did flatter and affect to think of her to the exclusion of all others? Can it be possible that you do not know how little I care for her or any woman living save yourself? Can you doubt the spirit in which that letter was written? Can you believe that, from me, words of love spoken to her bear the same significance—’

“‘Stop a moment, if you please,’ she said.

“It was growing dark. City lights were becoming visible in the distance, and a soberer mood had fallen upon the party. Five minutes before, Florence Lockhart’s face had been full of struggling emotions—pain and hope, jealousy and love: now she looked pale, and proud, and cold. Nothing more.

“‘Stop a moment, if you please, while I correct an error into which you have fallen. I did not read that letter. You have your-

self informed me of its nature. You are deceiving one of us. It may be myself. Our engagement can exist no longer.'

"'Florence!' he exclaimed, leaning eagerly forward. At the moment she drew from her finger their engagement ring and dropped it into the river. Down, down it sank through the dark water, never more to touch the hand that had worn it so proudly, never more to say, with its gentle pressure, 'love, trust, hope:' down it sank with its burden of memories, to rest for ever among the desolate river-stones."

The pervading tone of *Left to Herself* is one of thorough earnestness. The sentiment and the thought, the humor and the passion, all have the ring of genuineness. There is no padding in the book, no weakness or redundancy either in the matter or the diction. If it has defects in point of art, it is absolutely free from the tricks and devices which are the ordinary novelist's substitutes for art—the means by which he seeks to conceal his deficiency in this respect. Its faults are, in fact, of an opposite kind. The stage is somewhat too crowded, the story is sometimes too hurried, the transitions are too frequent and abrupt, the style is marked by occasional asperities or undue vehemence. Greater elaboration would have heightened the effect and intensified the interest, giving a deeper infusion of power, and leaving upon the mind a stronger impression of smoothness and finish. But whatever the imperfections of the setting, the purity and rarity of the gem seem to us unquestionable.

At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies. By Charles Kingsley. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It was, we are inclined to think, an untoward fate which made Mr. Kingsley a clergyman, a novelist and a professor of history, instead of an African explorer or South Sea discoverer. His intense interest in all natural objects, and his power of depicting them graphically, his enthusiasm kindled afresh by every novel aspect or striking phenomenon, the restless and impatient spirit which has no proper scope in his stories and lectures, and which too often makes the reading of them an infliction, would all have found an admirable field in tropical travel, productive alike of spirited adventure, contributions to knowledge and vivid descriptions. Unfortunately, his travels began too

late and ended too soon. To see the West Indies and the Spanish Main had been "the dream of forty years" before he set forth to realize it, and he had only gone far enough to have "the hunger for travel aroused" when he was compelled to turn homeward after skirting the Lesser Antilles and spending seven weeks in Trinidad. Such a trip could furnish no sufficient exercise for the qualities with which Mr. Kingsley is endued, and though his own ardent spirit seems to have taken no chill from the disappointment, he satisfies the reader less than a lower faculty might have done if confined within the same limits. From the ordinary tourist we could have expected at the most some amusing pictures of West Indian life. Mr. Kingsley gives us much more: he explores every cove and mountain recess, examines every indigenous plant and animal, paints every characteristic scene, investigates and discusses every fact of social or scientific interest, with a curiosity that never tires of details and a sympathy for which nothing in Nature is too minute or too mean. His book is consequently full of information as well as of lively writing. And yet, as we have already intimated, the general reader will scarcely find in it the entertainment he expects, and will lay it down with a feeling of regret that the author's opportunities as a traveler should have been so far below his powers.

Books Received.

Route for a Month's Tour through the Alps of Switzerland. By James D. Dana, LL.D., Silliman Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Yale College. New York: Chas. C. Chatfield & Co.

The History of Rome. By Titus Livius. Literally Translated, with Notes and Illustrations, by D. Spillan, A. M., M. D. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Hans Breitmann in Europe, with other New Ballads. By Charles G. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Till the Doctor Comes; and How to Help Him. By George H. Hope, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.

Sophocles. Ex Novissima Recensione Gulielmi Dindorfii. New York: Harper & Bros.

Olive: A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Meditation: The Function of Thought. Andover: Warren F. Draper.





"WE SAW A TOE—IT SEEMED TO BELONG TO MOORE—WE SAW REYNAUD A FLYING BODY."

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FEBRUARY, 1872.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

CHAPTER X.

FROM VAL LOUISE TO LA BÉRARDE BY
THE COL DE PILATTE.

FROM Ailefroide to Claux, but for the path, travel would be scarcely more easy than over the Pré de Madame Carle. The valley is strewn with immense masses of gneiss, from the size of a large house downward, and it is only occasionally that rock *in situ* is seen, so covered up is it by the débris, which seems to have been derived almost entirely from the neighboring cliffs.

It was Sunday, a day most calm and bright. Golden sunlight had dispersed the clouds and was glorifying the heights, and we forgot hunger through the brilliancy of the morning and beauty of the mountains.

We meant the 26th to be a day of rest, but it was little that we found in the cabaret of Claude Giraud, and we fled before the babel of sound which rose in intensity as men descended to a depth which is unattainable by the beasts of the field, and found at the chalets of Entraigues the peace that had been denied to us at Val Louise.

Again we were received with the most cordial hospitality. Everything that was eatable or drinkable was brought out

and pressed upon us; very little curiosity was exhibited; all information that could be afforded was given; and when we retired to our clean straw we again congratulated each other that we had escaped from the foul den which is where a good inn should be, and had cast in our lot with those who dwell in chalets. Very luxurious that straw seemed after two nights upon quartz pebbles and glacier mud, and I felt quite aggrieved (expecting it was the summons for departure) when, about midnight, the heavy wooden door creaked on its hinges, and a man hem'd and ha'd to attract attention; but when it whispered, "Monsieur Edvard," I perceived my mistake: it was our Pelvoux companion, Monsieur Reynaud, the excellent *agent-voyer* of La Bessée.

Monsieur Reynaud had been invited to accompany us on the excursion that is described in this chapter, but had arrived at Val Louise after we had left, and had energetically pursued us during the night. Our idea was, that a pass might be made over the high ridge called (on the French map) Crête de Bœufs Rouges, near to the peak named Les Bans, which might be the shortest route in time (as it certainly would be in dis-

tance) from Val Louise across the central Dauphiné Alps. We had seen the northern (or Pilatte) side from the Brèche de la Meije, and it seemed to be practicable at one place near the above-mentioned mountain. More than that could not be told at a distance of eleven miles. We intended to try to hit a point on the ridge immediately above the part where it seemed to be easiest.

We left Entraigues at 3.30 on the morning of June 27, and proceeded, over very gently-inclined ground, toward the foot of the Pic de Bonvoisin (following, in fact, the route of the Col de Sellar, which leads from the Val Louise into the Val Godemar),* and at 5 A. M., finding that there was no chance of obtaining a view from the bottom of the valley of the ridge over which our route was to be taken, sent Almer up the lower slopes of the Bonvoisin to reconnoitre. He telegraphed that we might proceed, and at 5.45 we quitted the snow-beds at the bottom of the valley for the slopes which rose toward the north.

The course was north-north-west, and was prodigiously steep. *In less than two miles' difference of latitude we rose one mile of absolute height.* But the route was so far from being an exceptionally difficult one that at 10.45 we stood on the summit of the pass, having made an ascent of more than five thousand feet in five hours, inclusive of halts.

Upon the French map a glacier is laid down on the south of the Crête des Bœufs Rouges, extending along the entire length of the ridge, at its foot, from east to west. In 1864 this glacier did not exist as *one* glacier, but in the place where it should have been there were several small ones, all of which were, I believe, separated from each other.†

We commenced the ascent from the

* The height of Col de Sellar (or de Celar) is 10,073 feet (Forbes). I was told by peasants at Entraigues that sheep and goats can be easily taken across it.

† It is perhaps just possible, although improbable, that these little glaciers were united together at the time that the survey was made. Since then the glaciers of Dauphiné (as throughout the Alps generally) have shrunk very considerably. A notable diminution took place in their size in 1869, which was attributed by the natives to the very heavy rains of that year.

Val d'Entraigues to the west of the most western of these small glaciers, and quitted the valley by the first great gap in its cliffs after that glacier was passed. We did not take to the ice until it afforded an easier route than the rocks: then (at 8.30) Croz went to the front, and led with admirable skill through a maze of crevasses up to the foot of a great snow-couloir that rose from the head of the glacier to the summit of the ridge over which we had to pass.

We had settled beforehand in London, without knowing anything whatever about the place, that such a couloir as this should be in this angle; but when we got into the Val d'Entraigues, and found that it was not possible to see into the corner, our faith in its existence became less and less, until the telegraphing of Almer, who was sent up the opposite slopes to search for it, assured us that we were true prophets.

Snow-couloirs are nothing more or less than gullies partly filled by snow. They are most useful institutions, and may be considered as natural highways placed, by a kind Providence, in convenient situations for getting over places which would otherwise be inaccessible. They are a joy to the mountaineer, and, from afar, assure him of a path when all besides is uncertain; but they are grief to novices, who, when upon steep snow, are usually seized with two notions—first, that the snow will slip, and, secondly, that those who are upon it must slip too.

Nothing, perhaps, could look much more unpromising to those who do not know the virtues of couloirs than such a place as the engraving represents,‡ and if persons inexperienced in mountain-craft had occasion to cross a ridge or to climb rocks in which there were such couloirs, they would instinctively avoid them. But practiced mountaineers would naturally look to them for a path, and would follow them almost as a matter of course, unless they turned out to be filled with ice or too much swept by

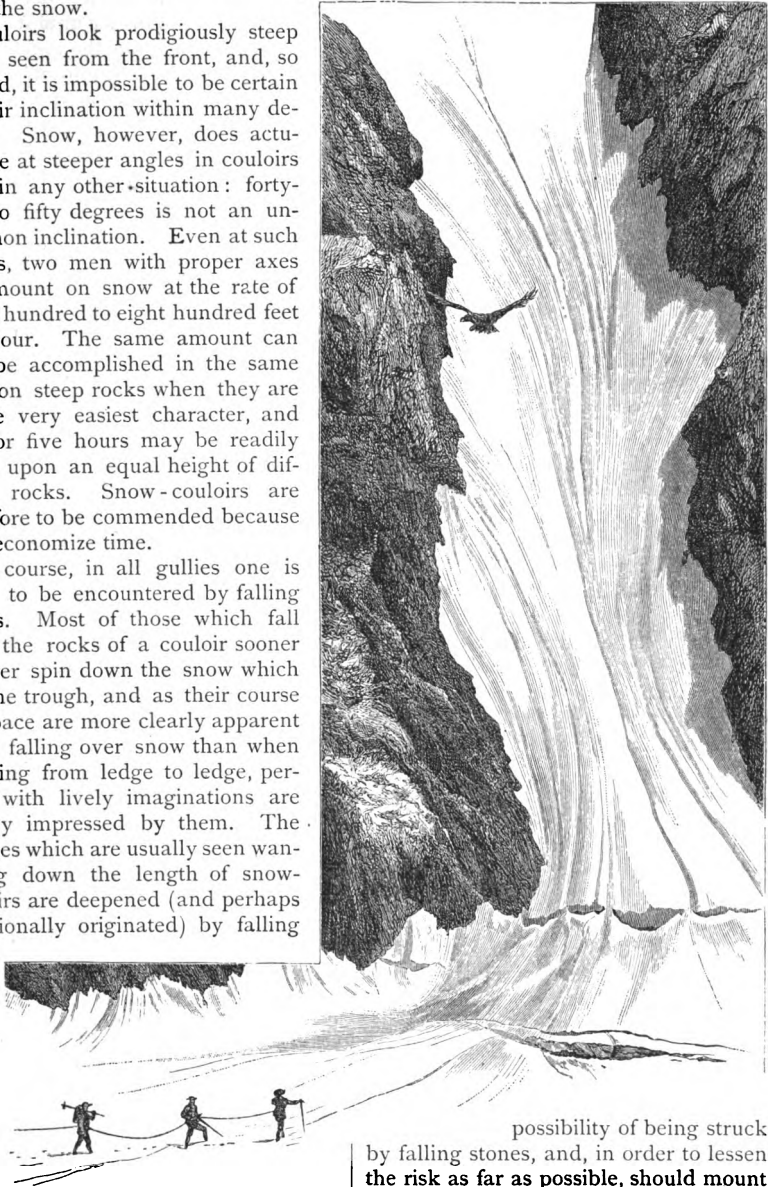
‡ This drawing was made to illustrate the remarks which follow. It does not represent any particular couloir, but it would serve, tolerably well, as a portrait of the one which we ascended when crossing the Col de Pilatte.

falling stones, or the rock at the sides, proved to be of such an exceptional character as to afford an easier path than the snow.

Couloirs look prodigiously steep when seen from the front, and, so viewed, it is impossible to be certain of their inclination within many degrees. Snow, however, does actually lie at steeper angles in couloirs than in any other situation: forty-five to fifty degrees is not an uncommon inclination. Even at such angles, two men with proper axes can mount on snow at the rate of seven hundred to eight hundred feet per hour. The same amount can only be accomplished in the same time on steep rocks when they are of the very easiest character, and four or five hours may be readily spent upon an equal height of difficult rocks. Snow-couloirs are therefore to be commended because they economize time.

Of course, in all gullies one is liable to be encountered by falling stones. Most of those which fall from the rocks of a couloir sooner or later spin down the snow which fills the trough, and as their course and pace are more clearly apparent when falling over snow than when jumping from ledge to ledge, persons with lively imaginations are readily impressed by them. The grooves which are usually seen wandering down the length of snow-couloirs are deepened (and perhaps occasionally originated) by falling

ly only gutters, caused by water trickling off the rocks. Whether this is so or not, one should always consider the



stones, and they are sometimes pointed out by cautious men as reasons why couloirs should not be followed. I think they are very frequent-

possibility of being struck by falling stones, and, in order to lessen the risk as far as possible, should mount upon the sides of the snow and not up their centre. Stones that come off the rocks then fly over one's head or bound down the middle of the trough at safe distance.

At 9.30 A. M. we commenced the ascent of the couloir leading from the nameless glacier to a point in the ridge, just to the east of Mont Bans. So far, the route had been nothing more than a steep grind in an angle where little could be seen, but now views opened out in several directions, and the way began to be interesting. It was more so, perhaps, to us than to our companion, M. Reynaud, who had no rest in the last night. He was, moreover, heavily laden. Science was to be regarded—his pockets were stuffed with books; heights and angles were to be observed—his knapsack was filled with instruments; hunger was to be guarded against—his shoulders were ornamented with a huge nimbus of bread, and a leg of mutton swung behind from his knapsack, looking like an overgrown tail. Like a good-hearted fellow, he had brought this food, thinking we might be in need of it. As it happened, we were well provided for, and, having our own packs to carry, could not relieve him of his superfluous burdens, which, naturally, he did not like to throw away. As the angles steepened the strain on his strength became more and more apparent. At last he began to groan. At first a most gentle and mellow groan, but as we rose so did his groans, till at last the cliffs were groaning in echo and we were moved to laughter.

Croz cut the way with unflagging energy throughout the whole of the ascent, and at 10.45 we stood on the summit of our pass, intending to refresh ourselves with a good halt; but just at that moment a mist, which had been playing about the ridge, swooped down and blotted out the whole of the view on the northern side. Croz was the only one who caught a glimpse of the descent, and it was deemed advisable to push on immediately while its recollection was fresh in his memory. We are consequently unable to tell anything about the summit of the pass, except that it lies immediately to the east of Mont Bans, and is elevated about eleven thousand three hundred feet above the level of the sea. It is the highest pass in Dauphiné. We called it the Col de Pilatte.

We commenced to descend toward the Glacier de Pilatte by a slope of smooth ice, the face of which, according to the measurement of Mr. Moore, had an inclination of 54°! Croz still led, and the others followed at intervals of about fifteen feet, all being tied together, and Almer occupying the responsible position of last man: the two guides were therefore about seventy feet apart. They were quite invisible to each other from the mist, and looked spectral even to us. But the strong man could be heard by all hewing out the steps below, while every now and then the voice of the steady man pierced the cloud: "Slip not, dear sirs: place well your feet: stir not until you are certain."

For three-quarters of an hour we progressed in this fashion. The axe of Croz all at once stopped. "What is the matter, Croz?" "Bergschrund, gentlemen." "Can we get over?" "Upon my word, I don't know: I think we must jump." The clouds rolled away right and left as he spoke. The effect was dramatic. It was a *coup de théâtre*, preparatory to the "great sensation leap" which was about to be executed by the entire company.

Some unseen cause, some cliff or obstruction in the rocks underneath, had caused our wall of ice to split into two portions, and the huge fissure which had thus been formed extended on each hand as far as could be seen. We, on the slope above, were separated from the slope below by a mighty crevasse. No running up and down to look for an easier place to cross could be done on an ice-slope of 54°: the chasm had to be passed then and there.

A downward jump of fifteen or sixteen feet, and a forward leap of seven or eight feet, had to be made at the same time. That is not much, you will say. It was not much: it was not the quantity, but it was the quality of the jump which gave to it its particular flavor. You had to hit a narrow ridge of ice. If that was passed, it seemed as if you might roll down for ever and ever. If it was not attained, you dropped into the crevasse below, which al-

though partly choked by icicles and snow that had fallen from above, was still gaping in many places, ready to receive an erratic body.

Croz untied Walker in order to get rope enough, and, warning us to hold fast, sprang over the chasm. He alighted cleverly on his feet, untied himself and sent up the rope to Walker, who followed his example. It was then my turn, and I advanced to the edge of the ice. The second which followed was what is called a supreme moment. That is to say, I felt supremely ridiculous. The world seemed to revolve at a frightful pace and my stomach to fly away. The next moment I found myself sprawling in the snow, and then, of course, vowed that it was nothing, and prepared to encourage my friend Reynaud.

He came to the edge and made declarations. I do not believe that he was a whit more reluctant to pass the place than we others, but he was infinitely more demonstrative: in a word, he was French. He wrung his hands: "Oh what a *diable* of a place!" "It is nothing, Reynaud," I said, "it is nothing." "Jump!" cried the others, "jump!" But he turned round, as far as one can do such a thing in an ice-step, and covered his face with his hands, ejaculating, "Upon my word, it is not possible. No, no, no! it is not possible."

How he came over I do not know. We saw a toe—it seemed to belong to Moore; we saw Reynaud, a flying body, coming down as if taking a header into water, with arms and legs all abroad, his leg of mutton flying in the air, his bâton escaped from his grasp; and then we heard a thud as if a bundle of carpets had been pitched out of a window. When set upon his feet he was a sorry spectacle: his head was a great snow-ball, brandy was trickling out of one side of the knapsack, Chartreuse out of the other. We bemoaned its loss, but we roared with laughter.

I cannot close this chapter without paying a tribute to the ability with which Croz led us through a dense mist down the remainder of the Glacier de Pilatte.

As an exhibition of strength and skill it has probably never been surpassed in the Alps or elsewhere. On this almost unknown and very steep glacier he was perfectly at home, even in the mists. Never able to see fifty feet ahead, he still went on with the utmost certainty and without having to retrace a single step, and displayed from first to last consummate knowledge of the materials with which he was dealing. Now he cut steps down one side of a *sérac*, went with a dash at the other side, and hauled us up after him; then cut away along a ridge until a point was gained from which we could jump on to another ridge; then, doubling back, found a snow-bridge, across which he crawled on hands and knees, towed us across by the legs, ridiculing our apprehensions, mimicking our awkwardness, declining all help, bidding us only to follow him.

About 1 P. M. we emerged from the mist, and found ourselves just arrived upon the level portion of the glacier, having, as Reynaud properly remarked, come down as quickly as if there had not been any mist at all. Then we attacked the leg of mutton which my friend had so thoughtfully brought with him, and afterward raced down, with renewed energy, to La Béarde.

Reynaud and I walked together to St. Christophe, where we parted. Since then we have talked over the doings of this momentous day, and I know that he would not, for a good deal, have missed the passage of the Col de Pilatte, although we failed to make it an easier or a shorter route than the Col du Selé. I rejoined Moore and Walker the same evening at Venos, and on the next day went with them over the Lautaret road to the hospice on its summit, where we slept.

So our little campaign in Dauphiné came to an end. It was remarkable for the absence of failures, and for the ease and precision with which all our plans were carried out. This was due very much to the spirit of my companions, but it was also owing to the fine weather which we were fortunate enough to enjoy, and to our making a very early start

every morning. By beginning our work at or before the break of day on the longest days in the year, we were not only able to avoid hurrying when deliberation was desirable, but could afford to spend several hours in delightful ease whenever the fancy seized us.

I cannot too strongly recommend tourists in search of amusement to avoid the inns of Dauphiné. Sleep in the chalets. Get what food you can from the inns, but by no means attempt to pass a night in them. *Sleep* in them you cannot. M. Joanne says that the inventor of the insecticide powder was a native of Dauphiné. I can well believe it. He must have often felt the necessity of such an invention in his infancy and childhood.

CHAPTER XI.

PASSAGE OF THE COL DE TRIOLET, AND ASCENTS OF MONT DOLENT, AIGUILLE DE TRÉLATÊTE AND AIGUILLE D'ARGENTIÈRE.

TEN years ago very few people knew from personal knowledge how extremely inaccurately the chain of Mont Blanc was delineated. During the previous half century thousands had made the tour of the chain, and in that time at least a thousand individuals had stood upon its highest summit; but out of all this number there was not one capable, willing or able to map the mountain which, until recently, was regarded as the highest in Europe.

Many persons knew that great blunders had been perpetrated, and it was notorious that even Mont Blanc itself was represented in a ludicrously incorrect manner on all sides excepting the north; but there was not, perhaps, a single individual who knew, at the time to which I refer, that errors of no less than one thousand feet had been committed in the determination of heights at each end of the chain, that some glaciers were represented of double their real dimensions, and that ridges and mountains were laid down which actually had no existence.

One portion alone of the entire chain had been surveyed, at the time of which

I speak, with anything like accuracy. It was not done (as one would have expected) by a government, but by a private individual—by the British De Saussure, the late J. D. Forbes. In the year 1842 he "made a special survey of the Mer de Glace of Chamounix and its tributaries, which in some of the following years he extended by further observations, so as to include the Glacier des Bossons." The map produced from this survey was worthy of its author, and subsequent explorers of the region he investigated have been able to detect only trivial inaccuracies in his work.

The district surveyed by Forbes remained a solitary bright spot in a region where all besides was darkness until the year 1861. Praiseworthy attempts were made by different hands to throw light upon the gloom, but these efforts were ineffectual, and showed how labor may be thrown away by a number of observers working independently without the direction of a single head.

In 1861, Sheet xxii. of Dufour's Map of Switzerland appeared. It included the section of the chain of Mont Blanc that belonged to Switzerland, and this portion of the sheet was executed with the admirable fidelity and thoroughness which characterizes the whole of Dufour's unique map. The remainder of the chain (amounting to about four-fifths of the whole) was laid down after the work of previous topographers, and its wretchedness was made more apparent by contrast with the finished work of the Swiss surveyors.

Strong hands were needed to complete the survey, and it was not long before the right men appeared.

In 1863, Mr. Adams-Reilly, who had been traveling in the Alps during several years, resolved to attempt a survey of the unsurveyed portions of the chain of Mont Blanc. He provided himself with a good theodolite, and, starting from a base-line measured by Forbes in the valley of Chamounix, determined the positions of no less than two hundred points. The accuracy of his work may be judged from the fact that, after having turned many corners and carried

his observations over a distance of fifty miles, his Col Ferret "fell within two hundred yards of the position assigned to it by General Dufour!"

In the winter of 1863 and the spring of 1864, Mr. Reilly constructed an entirely original map from his newly-acquired data. The spaces between his trigonometrically-determined points he filled in after photographs and a series of panoramic sketches which he made from his different stations. The map so produced was an immense advance upon those already in existence, and it was the first which exhibited the great peaks in their proper positions.

This extraordinary piece of work revealed Mr. Reilly to me as a man of wonderful determination and perseverance. With very small hope that my proposal would be accepted, I invited him to take part in renewed attacks on the Matterhorn. He entered heartily into my plans, and met me with a counter-proposition—namely, that I should accompany him on some expeditions which he had projected in the chain of Mont Blanc. The unwritten contract took this form: I will help you to carry out your desires, and you shall assist me to carry out mine. I eagerly closed with an arrangement in which all the advantages were upon my side.

Before I pass on to these expeditions it will be convenient to devote a few paragraphs to the topography of the chain of Mont Blanc.

At the present time the chain is divided betwixt France, Switzerland and Italy. France has the lion's share, Switzerland the most fertile portion, and Italy the steepest side. It has acquired a reputation which is not extraordinary, but which is not wholly merited. It has neither the beauty of the Oberland nor the sublimity of Dauphiné. But it attracts the vulgar by the possession of the highest summit in the Alps. If that is removed, the elevation of the chain is in nowise remarkable. In fact, excluding Mont Blanc itself, the mountains of which the chain is made up are *less* important than those of the Oberland and the central Pennine groups.

The ascent of Mont Blanc has been made from several directions, and perhaps there is no single point of the compass from which the mountain cannot be ascended. But there is not the least probability that any one will discover easier ways to the summit than those already known.

I believe it is correct to say that the Aiguille du Midi and the Aiguille de Miage were the only two summits in the chain of Mont Blanc which had been ascended at the beginning of 1864.* The latter of these two is a perfectly insignificant point, and the former is only a portion of one of the ridges just now mentioned, and can hardly be regarded as a mountain separate and distinct from Mont Blanc. The really great peaks of the chain were considered inaccessible, and, I think, with the exception of the Aiguille Verte, had never been assailed.

The finest as well as the highest peak in the chain (after Mont Blanc itself) is the Grandes Jorasses. The next, without a doubt, is the Aiguille Verte. The Aiguille de Bionnassay, which in actual height follows the Verte, should be considered as a part of Mont Blanc; and in the same way the summit called Les Droites is only a part of the ridge which culminates in the Verte. The Aiguille de Trélatête is the next on the list that is entitled to be considered a separate mountain, and is by far the most important peak (as well as the highest) at the south-west end of the chain. Then comes the Aiguille d'Argentière, which occupies the same rank at the north-east end as the last-mentioned mountain does in the south-west. The rest of the aiguilles are comparatively insignificant; and although some of them (such as the Mont Dolent) look well from low elevations, and seem to possess a certain importance, they sink into their proper places directly one arrives at a considerable altitude.

The summit of the Aiguille Verte would have been one of the best stations out of all these mountains for the purposes of my friend. Its great height and its iso-

* Besides Mont Blanc itself.

lated and commanding position make it a most admirable point for viewing the intricacies of the chain, but he exercised a wise discretion in passing it by, and in selecting as our first excursion the passage of the Col de Triolet.

We slept under some big rocks on the Couvercle on the night of July 7, with the thermometer at 26.5° Fahr., and at 4.30 on the 8th made a straight track to the north of the Jardin, and thence went in zigzags, to break the ascent, over the upper slopes of the Glacier de Talèfre toward the foot of the Aiguille de Triolet. Croz was still my guide; Reilly was accompanied by one of the Michel Payots of Chamounix; and Henri Charlet, of the same place, was our porter.

The way was over an undulating plain of glacier of moderate inclination until the corner leading to the col, from whence a steep secondary glacier led down into the basin of the Talèfre. We experienced no difficulty in making the ascent of this secondary glacier with such ice-men as Croz and Payot, and at 7.50 A. M. arrived on the top of the so-called pass, at a height, according to Mieulet, of 12,162 feet, and 4530 above our camp on the Couvercle.

The descent was commenced by very steep, firm rocks, and then by a branch of the Glacier de Triolet. Schrunnds* were abundant: there were no less than five extending completely across the glacier, all of which had to be jumped. Not one was equal in dimensions to the extraordinary chasm on the Col de Pilatte, but in the aggregate they far surpassed it. "Our lives," so Reilly expressed it, "were made a burden to us with schrunnds."

Several spurs run out toward the south-east from the ridge at the head of the Glacier de Triolet, and divide it into a number of bays. We descended the most northern of these, and when we emerged from it on to the open glacier, just at the junction of our bay with the next one, we came across a most beautiful ice-arch festooned with icicles, the decaying remnant of an old sérac,

* Great crevasses. A bergschrund is a schrund, but something more.

which stood isolated full thirty feet above the surface of the glacier! It was an accident, and I have not seen its like elsewhere. When I passed the spot in 1865 no vestige of it remained.

We flattered ourselves that we should arrive at the chalets of Pré du Bar very early in the day, but, owing to much time being lost on the slopes of Mont Rouge, it was nearly 4 P. M. before we got to them. There were no bridges across the torrent nearer than Gruetta, and rather than descend so far we preferred to round the base of Mont Rouge and to cross the snout of the Glacier du Mont Dolent.

We occupied the 9th with the ascent of the Mont Dolent. This was a miniature ascent. It contained a little of everything. First we went up to the Col Ferret (No. 1), and had a little grind over shaly banks; then there was a little walk over grass; then a little tramp over a moraine (which, strange to say, gave a pleasant path); then a little zig-zagging over the snow-covered glacier of Mont Dolent. Then there was a little bergschrund; then a little wall of snow, which we mounted by the side of a little buttress; and when we struck the ridge descending south-east from the summit, we found a little arête of snow leading to the highest point. The summit itself was little—very small indeed: it was the loveliest little cone of snow that was ever piled up on mountain-top; so soft, so pure, it seemed a crime to defile it. It was a miniature Jungfrau, a toy summit: you could cover it with the hand.

But there was nothing little about the view from the Mont Dolent. [Situated at the junction of three mountain-ridges, it rises in a positive steeple far above anything in its immediate neighborhood, and certain gaps in the surrounding ridges, which seem contrived for that especial purpose, extend the view in almost every direction. The precipices which descend to the Glacier d'Argentière I can only compare to those of the Jungfrau, and the ridges on both sides of that glacier, especially the steep rocks of Les Droites and Les Courtes, sur-

mounted by the sharp snow-peak of the Aiguille Verte, have almost the effect of the Grandes Jorasses. Then, framed as it were between the massive tower of the Aiguille de Triolet and the more distant Jorasses, lies, without exception, the most delicately beautiful picture I have ever seen—the whole *massif* of Mont Blanc, raising its great head of snow far above the tangled series of flying buttresses which uphold the Monts Maudits, supported on the left by Mont Peuteret and by the mass of ragged aiguilles which overhangs the Brenva. This aspect of Mont Blanc is not new, but from this point its *pose* is unrivaled, and it has all the superiority of a picture grouped by the hand of a master. . . . The view is as extensive as, and far more lovely than, that from Mont Blanc itself.]*

We went down to Cormayeur, and on the afternoon of July 10 started from that place to camp on Mont Suc, for the ascent of the Aiguille de Trélatête, hopeful that the mists which were hanging about would clear away. They did not, so we deposited ourselves and a vast load of straw on the moraine of the Miage Glacier, just above the Lac de Combal, in a charming little hole which some solitary shepherd had excavated beneath a great slab of rock. We spent the night there and the whole of the next day, unwilling to run away, and equally so to get into difficulties by venturing into the mist. It was a dull time, and I grew restless. Reilly read to me a lecture on the excellence of patience, and composed himself in an easy attitude to pore over the pages of a yellow-covered book. "Patience," I said to him viciously, "comes very easy to fellows who have shilling novels, but I have not got one. I have picked all the mud out of the nails of my boots, and have skinned my face: what shall I do?" "Go and study the moraine of the Miage," said he. I went, and came back after an hour. "What news?" cried Reilly, raising himself on his elbow. "Very little: it's a big moraine, bigger than I thought, with ridge outside ridge, like a fortified camp;

*The bracketed paragraphs in this chapter are extracted from the notes of Mr. Reilly.

and there are walls upon it which have been built and loopholed, as if for defence." "Try again," he said as he threw himself on his back.

But I went to Croz, who was asleep, and tickled his nose with a straw until he awoke; and then, as that amusement was played out, watched Reilly, who was getting numbed, and shifted uneasily from side to side, and threw himself on his stomach, and rested his head on his elbows, and lighted his pipe and puffed at it savagely. When I looked again, how was Reilly? An indistinguishable heap—arms, legs, head, stones and straw, all mixed together, his hat flung on one side, his novel tossed far away! Then I went to him and read him a lecture on the excellence of patience.

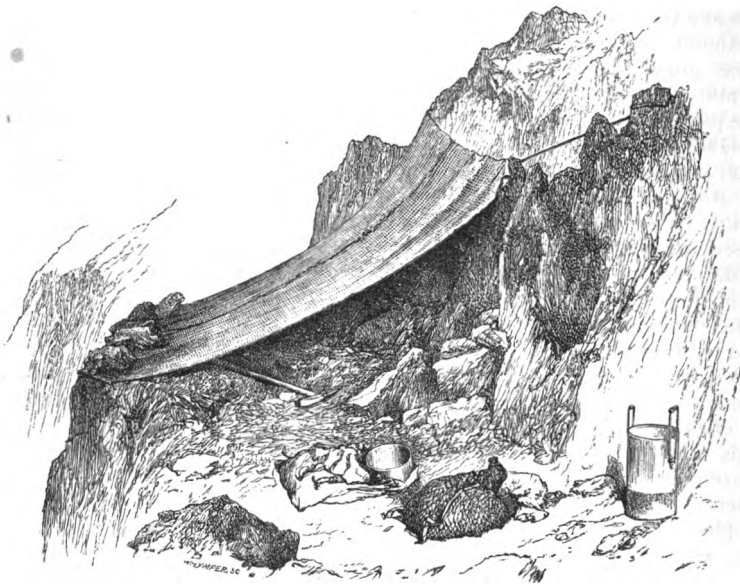
Bah! it was a dull time. Our mountain, like a beautiful coquette, sometimes unveiled herself for a moment and looked charming above, although very mysterious below. It was not until eventide she allowed us to approach her: then, as darkness came on,



the curtains were withdrawn, the light drapery was lifted, and we stole up on tiptoe through the grand portal framed by Mont Suc. But night advanced rapidly, and we found ourselves left out in the cold, without a hole to creep into or shelter from overhanging rock. We might have fared badly except for our good plaids. But when they were sewn together down their long edges, and one end tossed over our rope (which was passed round some rocks), and the other secured by stones, there was sufficient

protection; and we slept on this exposed ridge, ninety-seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, more soundly perhaps than if we had been lying on feather beds.

We left our bivouac at 4.45 A. M., and at 9.40 arrived upon the highest of the three summits of the Trélatête by passing over the lowest one. It was well above everything at this end of the chain, and the view from it was extraordinarily magnificent. The whole of the western face of Mont Blanc was



OUR CAMP ON MONT SUC.

spread out before us: we were the first by whom it had been ever seen. I cede the description of this view to my comrade, to whom it rightfully belongs.

[For four years I had felt great interest in the geography of the chain: the year before I had mapped, more or less successfully, all but this spot, and this spot had always eluded my grasp. The praises, undeserved as they were, which my map had received, were as gall and wormwood to me when I thought of that great slope which I had been obliged to leave a blank, speckled over with unmeaning dots of rock, gathered from

previous maps, for I had consulted them all without meeting an intelligible representation of it. From the surface of the Miage glacier I had gained nothing, for I could only see the feet of magnificent ice-streams, but no more; but now, from the top of the dead wall of rock which had so long closed my view, I saw those fine glaciers from top to bottom, pouring down their streams, nearly as large as the Bossons, from Mont Blanc, from the Bosse and from the Dôme.

The head of Mont Blanc is supported on this side by two buttresses, between which vast glaciers descend. Of these

the most southern takes its rise at the foot of the precipices which fall steeply down from the Calotte,* and its stream, as it joins that of the Miage, is cut in two by an enormous *rognon* of rock. Next, to the left, comes the largest of the buttresses of which I have spoken, almost forming an aiguille in itself. The next glacier (Glacier du Dôme) descends from a large basin which receives the snows of the summit-ridge between the Bosse and the Dôme, and it is divided from the third and last glacier by another buttress, which joins the summit-ridge at a point between the Dôme and the Aiguille de Bionnassay.]

The great buttresses betwixt these magnificent ice-streams have supplied a large portion of the enormous masses of débris which are disposed in ridges round about, and are strewn over, the termination of the Glacier de Miage in the Val Vény. These moraines† used to be classed amongst the wonders of the world. They are very large for a glacier of the size of the Miage.

The dimensions of moraines are not ruled by those of glaciers. Many small glaciers have large moraines, and many large ones have small moraines. The size of the moraines of any glacier depends mainly upon the area of rock-surface that is exposed to atmospheric influences within the basin drained by the glacier, upon the nature of such rock, whether it is friable or resistant, and upon the dip of strata. Moraines most likely will be small if little rock-surface is exposed; but when large ones are seen, then, in all probability, large areas of rock, uncovered by snow or ice, will be found in immediate contiguity to the glacier. The Miage glacier has large ones, because it receives detritus from many great cliffs and ridges. But if this glacier, instead of lying, as it does, at the bottom of a trough, were to

fill that trough, if it were to completely envelop the Aiguille de Trélatête and the other mountains which border it, and were to descend from Mont Blanc unbroken by rock or ridge, it would be as destitute of morainic matter as the great Mer de Glace of Greenland. For if a country or district is *completely* covered up by glacier, the moraines may be of the very smallest dimensions.

The contributions that are supplied to moraines by glaciers themselves, from the abrasion of the rocks over which their ice passes, are minute compared with the accumulations which are furnished from other sources. These great rubbish-heaps are formed—one may say almost entirely—from débris which falls or is washed down the flanks of mountains, or from cliffs bordering glaciers; and are composed, to a very limited extent only, of matter that is ground, rasped or filed off by the friction of the ice.

If the contrary view were to be adopted, if it could be maintained that "glaciers, by their motion, break off masses of rock from the sides and bottoms of their valley-courses, and crowd along everything that is movable, so as to form large accumulations of débris in front and along their sides,"‡ the conclusion could not be resisted, the greater the glacier the greater should be the moraine.

This doctrine does not find much favor with those who have personal knowledge of what glaciers do at the present time. From De Saussure§ downward it has been pointed out, time after time, that moraines are chiefly formed from débris coming from rocks or soil *above* the ice, not from the bed over which it passes. But amongst the writings of modern speculators upon glaciers and glacier-action in bygone times it is not uncommon to find the

*The Calotte is the name given to the dome of snow at the summit of Mont Blanc.

†I do not know the origin of the term *moraine*. De Saussure says (vol. i. p. 380, § 536), "The peasants of Chamounix call these heaps of débris *the moraine* of the glacier." It may be inferred from this that the term was a local one, peculiar to Chamounix.

‡*Atlas of Physical Geography*, by Augustus Peterman and the Rev. T. Milner. The italics are not in the original.

§"The stones that are found upon the upper extremities of glaciers are of the same nature as the mountains which rise above; but, as the ice carries them down into the valleys, they arrive between rocks of a totally different nature from their own."—DE SAUSSURE, § 536

notions entertained that moraines represent the amount of *excavation* (such is the term employed) performed by glaciers, or at least are comprised of matter which has been excavated by glaciers; that vast moraines have necessarily been produced by vast glaciers; and that a great extension of glaciers—a glacial period—necessarily causes the production of vast moraines. It is needless to cite more than one or two examples to show that such generalizations cannot be sustained. Innumerable illustrations might be quoted.

In the chain of Mont Blanc one may compare the moraines of the Miage with those of the Glacier d'Argentière. The latter glacier drains a basin equal to or exceeding that of the former, but its moraines are small compared with those of the former. More notable still is the disparity of the moraines of the Görner glacier (that which receives so many branches from the neighborhood of Monte Rosa) and of the Z'Muttgletscher. The area drained by the Görner greatly exceeds the basin of the Z'Mutt, yet the moraines of the Z'Mutt are incomparably larger than those of the Görner. No one is likely to say that the Z'Mutt and Miage glaciers have existed for a far greater length of time than the other pair: an explanation must be sought amongst the causes to which reference has been made.

More striking still is it to see the great interior Mer de Glace of Greenland almost without moraines. This vast ice-plateau, although smaller than it was in former times, is still so extensive that the whole of the glaciers of the Alps might be merged into it without its bulk being perceptibly increased. If the size of moraines bore any sort of relation to the size of glaciers, the moraines of Greenland should be far greater than those of the Alps.

This interior ice-reservoir of Greenland, enormous as it is, must be considered as but the remnant of a mass which was incalculably greater, and which is unparalleled at the present time outside the Antarctic Circle. With the exception of localities where the rocks

are easy of disintegration, and the traces of glacier-action have been to a great extent destroyed, the whole country bears the marks of the grinding and polishing of ice; and, judging by the flatness of the curves of the *roches moutonnées*, and by the perfection of the polish which still remains upon the rocks after they have sustained (through many centuries) extreme variations of temperature, the period during which such effects were produced must have widely exceeded in duration the "glacial period" of Europe. If moraines were built from matter excavated by glaciers, the moraines of Greenland should be the greatest in the world!

The absence of moraines upon and at the termination of this great Mer de Glace is due to the want of rocks rising above the ice.* On two occasions in 1867 I saw, at a glance, at least six hundred square miles of it from the summits of small mountains on its outskirts. Not a single peak or ridge was to be seen rising above, nor a single rock reposing upon, the ice. The country was *completely* covered up by glacier: all was ice as far as the eye could see.†

There is evidence, then, that considerable areas of exposed rock-surface are essential to the production of large moraines, and that glacial periods do not necessarily produce vast moraines—that moraines are not built up of matter which is excavated by glaciers, but simply illustrate the powers of glaciers for transportation and arrangement.

We descended in our track to the Lac de Combal, and from thence went over the Col de la Seigne to Les Motets, where we slept: on July 13 crossed the Col du Mont Tondu to Contamines (in a sharp thunderstorm), and the Col de Voza to

* I refer to those portions of it which I have seen in the neighborhood of Disco Bay. There are moraines in this district, but they were formed when the great Mer de Glace stretched nearer to the sea—when it sent arms down through the valleys in the belt of land which now intervenes between sea and glacier.

† The interior of Greenland appears to be absolutely covered by glacier between 68° 30' and 70° N. lat. Others speak of peaks peeping through the ice to the north and south of this district, but I suspect that these peaks are upon the outskirts of the great Mer de Glace.

Chamounix. Two days only remained for excursions in this neighborhood, and we resolved to employ them in another attempt to ascend the Aiguille d'Argentière, upon which mountain we had been cruelly defeated just eight days before.

It happened in this way: Reilly had a notion that the ascent of the aiguille could be accomplished by following the ridge leading to its summit from the Col du Chardonnet. At half-past six on the morning of the 6th we found ourselves accordingly on the top of that pass, which is about eleven thousand or eleven thousand one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The party consisted of our friend Moore and his guide Almer, Reilly and his guide François Couttet, myself and Michel Croz. So far, the weather had been calm and the way easy, but immediately we arrived on the summit of the pass we got into a furious wind. Five minutes earlier we were warm—now we were frozen. Fine snow, whirled up into the air, penetrated every crack in our harness, and assailed our skins as painfully as if it had been red hot instead of freezing cold. The teeth chattered involuntarily; talking was laborious; the breath froze instantaneously; eating was disagreeable; sitting was impossible.

We looked toward our mountain: its aspect was not encouraging. The ridge that led upward had a spiked arête, palisaded with miniature aiguilles, banked up at their bases by heavy snow-beds, which led down at considerable angles, on one side toward the Glacier de Saleinoz, on the other toward the Glacier du Chardonnet. Under any circumstances it would have been a stiff piece of work to clamber up that way. Prudence and comfort counseled, "Give it up." Discretion overruled valor. Moore and Almer crossed the Col du Chardonnet to go to Orsières, and we others returned toward Chamounix.

But when we got some distance down, the evil spirit which prompts men to ascend mountains tempted us to stop and to look back at the Aiguille d'Argentière. The sky was cloudless; no wind could be felt, nor sign of it perceived; it was

only eight o'clock in the morning; and there, right before us, we saw another branch of the glacier leading high up into the mountain—far above the Col du Chardonnet—and a little couloir rising from its head almost to the top of the peak. This was clearly the right route to take. We turned back and went at it.

The glacier was steep, and the snow-gully rising out of it was steeper. Seven hundred steps were cut. Then the couloir became *too* steep. We took to the rocks on its left, and at last gained the ridge, at a point about fifteen hundred feet above the col. We faced about to the right and went along the ridge, keeping on some snow a little below its crest, on the Saleinoz side. Then we got the wind again, but no one thought of turning, for we were within two hundred and fifty feet of the summit.

The axes of Croz and Couttet went to work once more, for the slope was about as steep as snow could be. Its surface was covered with a loose, granular crust, dry and utterly incoherent, which slipped away in streaks directly it was meddled with. The men had to cut through this into the old beds underneath, and to pause incessantly to rake away the powdery stuff, which poured down in hissing streams over the hard substratum. Ugh! how cold it was! How the wind blew! Couttet's hat was torn from its fastenings and went on a tour in Switzerland. The flour-like snow, swept off the ridge above, was tossed spirally upward, eddying in *tourmentes*, then, dropped in lulls or caught by other gusts, was flung far and wide to feed the Saleinoz.

"My feet are getting suspiciously numbed," cried Reilly: "how about frost-bites?" "Kick hard, sir," shouted the men: "it's the only way." *Their* fingers were kept alive by their work, but it was cold for their feet, and they kicked and hewed simultaneously. I followed their example, but was too violent, and made a hole clean through my footing. A clatter followed as if crockery had been thrown down a well.

I went down a step or two, and discovered in a second that all were stand-

ing over a cavern (not a crevasse, speaking properly) that was bridged over by a thin vault of ice, from which great icicles hung in grooves. Almost in the same minute Reilly pushed one of his hands right through the roof. The whole party might have tumbled through at any moment. "Go ahead, Croz: we are over a chasm!" "We know it," he answered, "and we can't find a firm place."

In the blindest manner my comrade inquired if to persevere would not be to do that which is called "tempting Providence." My reply being in the affirmative, he further observed, "Suppose we go down?" "Very willingly." "Ask the guides." They had not the least objection; so we went down, and slept that night at the Montanvert.

Off the ridge we were out of the wind. In fact, a hundred feet down to *windward*, on the slope fronting the Glacier du Chardonnet, we were broiling hot: there was not a suspicion of a breeze. Upon that side there was nothing to tell that a hurricane was raging a hundred feet higher; the cloudless sky looked tranquillity itself; whilst to leeward the only sign of a disturbed atmosphere was the friskiness of the snow upon the crests of the ridges.

We set out on the 14th, with Croz, Payot and Charlet, to finish off the work which had been cut short so abruptly, and slept, as before, at the Chalets de Lognan. On the 15th, about midday, we arrived upon the summit of the aiguille, and found that we had actually been within one hundred feet of it when we turned back upon the first attempt.

It was a triumph to Reilly. In this neighborhood he had performed the feat (in 1863) of joining together "two mountains, each about thirteen thousand feet high, standing on the map about a mile and a half apart." Long before we made the ascent he had procured evidence which could not be impugned that the Pointe des Plines, a fictitious summit which had figured on other

maps as a distinct mountain, could be no other than the Aiguille d'Argentière, and he had accordingly obliterated it from the preliminary draft of his map. We saw that it was right to do so. The Pointe des Plines did not exist. We had ocular demonstration of the accuracy of his previous observations.

I do not know which to admire most, the fidelity of Mr. Reilly's map or the indefatigable industry by which the materials were accumulated from which it was constructed. To men who are sound in limb it may be amusing to arrive on a summit (as we did upon the top of Mont Dolent), sitting astride a ridge too narrow to stand upon, or to do battle with a ferocious wind (as we did on the top of the Aiguille de Trélatête), or to feel half frozen in midsummer (as we did on the Aiguille d'Argentière). But there is extremely little amusement in making sketches and notes under such conditions. Yet upon all these expeditions, under the most adverse circumstances and in the most trying situations, Mr. Reilly's brain and fingers were always at work. Throughout all he was ever alike—the same genial, equable-tempered companion, whether victorious or whether defeated; always ready to sacrifice his own desires to suit our comfort and convenience. By a most happy union of audacity and prudence, combined with untiring perseverance, he eventually completed his self-imposed task—a work which would have been intolerable except as a labor of love, and which, for a single individual, may wellnigh be termed herculean.

We separated upon the level part of the Glacier d'Argentière, Reilly going with Payot and Charlet *viâ* the chalets of Lognan and de la Pendant, whilst I, with Croz, followed the right bank of the glacier to the village of Argentière. At 7 P. M. we entered the humble inn, and ten minutes afterward heard the echoes of the cannon which were fired upon the arrival of our comrades at Chamounix.

THE FIRST AMERICAN ART ACADEMY.

FIRST PAPER.

CERTAIN months ago there tumbled away from the sight of men a silent pale building in the Greek style, apparently dedicated to the powers of seclusion and reserve, and only exceptionally approached by the passengers of Chestnut street in Philadelphia, where it was situated. Though studiously quiet, and indeed only half visible from the footway, this edifice looked by no means trivial, but had a personality distinct enough. You could pass back from the street over the flags of a deep, spacious blank court: then, reaching a little reserved close or garden, you would halt at a broad flight of level marbles, blinking in the sun. These led up to a portico, simple enough, but perfectly dignified, and masking the complete height of the building. A pair of Ionic columns, of very just model and impressively tall, supported the pediment: through the softening stucco, threaded with long zigzag cracks like black lightning, you could see the checkered brick and mortar of which the shafts were built interiorly. The stairway had a few severe ornaments: on the cheek-blocks were a couple of square terms, finished with marble heads—one a colossal Napoleon, after Canova, set up by Mr. John Moss; the other a Franklin, by Ceracchi. Then there were the big classic vases of Malta stone, which Mr. Henry Morris, exploring the Mediterranean, had picked up and given, and over whose lips the round geranium leaves and circles of honeysuckle buds were embossed as crisp as on a Roman sarcophagus. On the platform of these dazzling steps, it might be noted, used to appear daily Mr. —, a white-headed connoisseur and virtuoso, to procure his noontday sneeze. The sun, at its zenith, would always find him in this favored focus, where it would touch him off as surely, and almost as regularly, as the cannon in the garden of the Palais Royal. The

courtyard in which these milky stairs were planted was cool, flowery and mossy, producing myrtles, toads and other more memorable surprises: from one corner, the shadiest, rose a female colossus, a Ceres brought from a Greek temple. She was headless, but the mien and gesture were all that is noble, the draperies expressive and of the royalest fall, and she recalled that Farnese Flora kept at Naples, of which the large elegance and posture contradict the round, insipid plaster head which they have put upon it. Over this unexpected goddess rose an astonishment of the vegetable kind, the greatest hawthorn tree in America. From a trunk as big as a man's body rushed a prodigious explosion of the tufted parsley-like foliage, throwing over the marble chlamys of the statue, when the sun shone, a fine dappled and leoparded overcoat, and sweeping the whole portico and its approaches with leaping fringes and tassels of shadow. In the spring this hawthorn would seem to be changed into marble, and a marble mountain: it became a dome of milk-white blossom rising high above the building, and sifting scented petals thick over the ample shoulders of the goddess, and over the whole Academy of Fine Arts, whose exterior we have been sketching.

Of its interior, a hoard of various and costly treasures, we will proceed to make some notes, mentioning a part of the contents in the order in which they were acquired, and outlining, prefatorily, the simple history and politics of the institution.

Before the corner-stone is laid of any building there must be a moral corner-stone and reason of existence. That of the Pennsylvania Art Academy was fixed, we find, in Independence Hall itself, at a meeting of Philadelphians of consideration held in 1805.

In the quaint and handsome Hall,

which is tapestried with canvases portraying the ancestors of several of them, assembled seventy of the more intellectual and progressive citizens of the time: mostly lawyers, they had free access to the room, which was then, and for many years after, occupied by the Supreme Court; they met, and subscribed to articles of agreement providing for the creation of an Art Academy. The compact exists, as a horny brown sheepskin. The signers, comprising the élite of that time's society, have passed away, all save one. That survivor, who helped to elect the Revolutionary worthy George Clymer as first president of the nascent Academy, has recently been able, with hand and eye and memory unimpaired, to indite to the actual president his recollections concerning the assemblage and subscription under the Bell of Independence. It is the venerable Horace Binney, a nonagenarian and a kind of canonized saint of the Philadelphia Bar, stainless, wise and elevated amidst the democratization of modern forensics. This gentleman, on an examination of the articles in question, expresses himself in a manner quite fresh, vivid, happy and colloquial, and not without a charm culled from an extinct social order, so that anybody may be delighted to read his remarks. Odd voice, as if one of the painted immortals of Independence Hall should speak!—

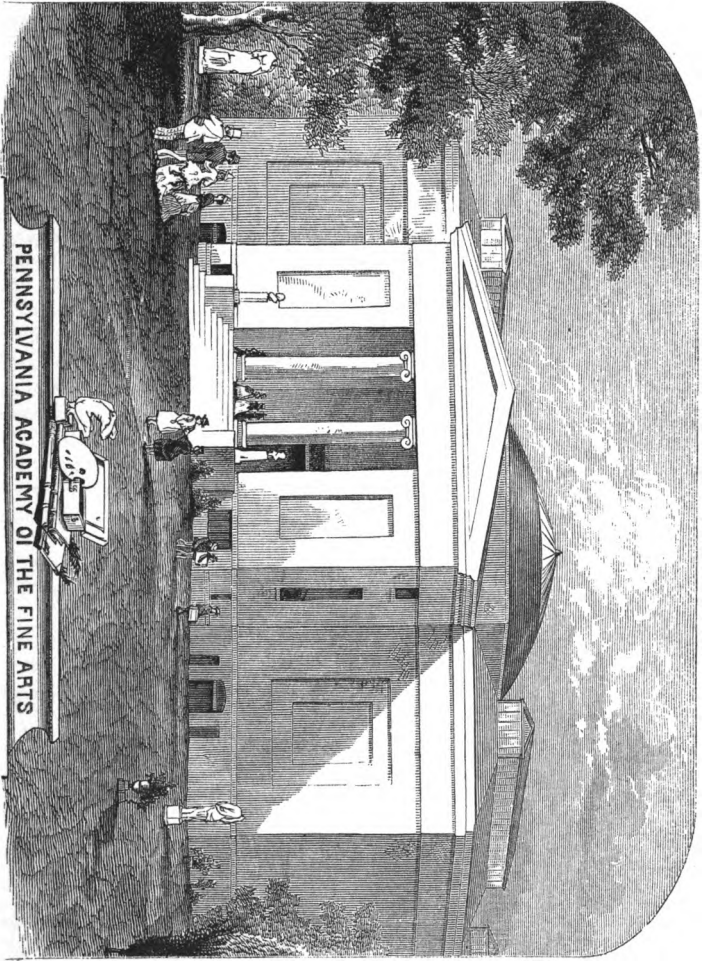
"MY DEAR MR. COPE" (writes Mr. Binney, under date of May 18, 1870): "I thank you for a sight of the old parchment of December, 1805, which has probably not greeted my eyes since I signed it; but all the circumstances of its preparation and signature are as fresh to me as if of yesterday. Let the Bar of this city be praised for at least some good. The initiatory movement of the Academy of the Fine Arts came from the Bar, and, I believe, the germinating thought; liberally promoted, however, by some of every profession and calling. Of the seventy who have signed the parchment, forty-one were lawyers at that day: Lewis the oldest; W. Tilghman, the president of the Common Pleas,

in the next month chief-justice, the highest in dignity; and your humble servant, the youngest and least significant member of the Bar. Yet I was within a few days of twenty-six, the father of at least one child, and a resident in Walnut street, within half a stone's throw of my present residence of now fifty-eight years last past.

"And you tell me—and I believe that you are right—I am the only survivor of this mass! Here is no room for thoughts to break in, for they are so many as to choke the utterance; but there is plenty of both room and occasion for thankfulness—by me at least, and by the Academy, and no doubt by a great many more. Much change in the living—considerable fixity in one who has lived more than long enough to do more good; great changes in academies of art, savings fund societies, and such good things, and some changes which are not good things. Change is not always progress, though progress is always change. But what all men have most to be thankful for, is the unchanging rule of the Great Supreme, who governs us, whether we will or no, so much better than we can govern ourselves, though so few of us seem to think so! With thanks for your kind greeting to an old man, and with perfect reciprocation of all good wishes, I remain, my dear Mr. Cope, faithfully yours,

"HORACE BINNEY."

The pledge of the seventy patrons engages the new association "to promote the cultivation of the Fine Arts in the United States of America, by introducing correct and elegant copies from works of the first masters in Sculpture and Painting;" and accordingly to select a building-plot, which it shall buy or else take "on ground-rent"—then, as now, an institution and mode of prolonged payment by usury on the soil peculiar to Philadelphia. The sketch of a full-furnished corporate society, with president and twelve directors, is embodied in the "old parchment," and among the signers, besides Mr. Binney's, are the best family names of the city—George



Clymer, Joseph Hopkinson, Simon Gratz, A. J. Dallas, Richard and William Rush, Edward Penington, Charles and W. S. Biddle, Charles Wilson Peale and Rembrandt Peale, John Redman Coxe, William Tilghman, Jacob S. Waln, W. Lewis.

A good deal of pleasant gossip might be gathered about almost all the names signed to this old document: one name, that of Peale, cannot be omitted from a history of organized Art on these shores. Charles Wilson Peale, captain of volunteers, member of legislature, saddler, clockmaker, silversmith, painter, modeler, engraver, glass-moulder, taxidermist, dentist, was a sort of industrial Crichton of the day. In the adjacent Philosophical Hall, where his museum of rarities was amassed, Peale was himself by far the most memorable curiosity, not even excepting the mammoth's skeleton mounted by him and noticed by Cuvier, within whose stony ribs the brave old artist had recently given a party of thirteen, with dinner-table and portable piano complete. To overpraise this Protean gentleman's ingenuity would be impossible: of his original taste and erudition the mention of his son's baptismal name among the signers recalls the indication that he denominated his successive children Raphael, Angelica Kauffman, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Rubens, Sophonisba, Linnæus, Franklin, Sibylla and Elizabeth. At the date of the meeting, Charles Wilson Peale was sixty-four years of age, and the Quixote of two or three abortive Academies, from whose failure he had come off with determination undamped. Some fifteen or sixteen years before — about 1789, we believe — he had attempted to form a collection and a school, his associates being the ingenious wood-carver William Rush, and Giuseppe Ceracchi, the liberty-mad sculptor from Rome, subsequently put to death for attempting the assassination of Napoleon I. These coadjutors, being exquisitely incongruous, naturally did not agree in forming a plan for their Academy, and they separated. Again, in 1794, Peale's talent for forlorn hopes came to the surface.

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He projected what he called the Columbianum. He gathered a few plaster casts: Pine, the engraver, had, in 1783, introduced the Venus de Medici to the Quaker City, where she was kept bashfully shut up in a case, and only divulged to the cognoscenti; and a few others of the bright immortals had probably followed. He attempted a school for study from the living figure: Philadelphia had no Piazza di Spagna with groups of professional models, and Peale, finding nobody who would exhibit his person for hire to the students, whipped off his frills and ruffles and bared his own handsome torso for the class. An exhibition was opened in Independence Hall of pictures lent by the citizens. And all failed together—gallery of bustos, collection of paintings and scholastic exposure by the intrepid gymnosophist. But still, we have warrant for saying, this busy intellect was the force which butted forward the ultimate project, collected the meeting of 1805, and must have received from the aristocrats that amused respect which is accorded to a forcible talent that cannot be ignored. Joseph Hopkinson, however, the accomplished author of "Hail Columbia," was the influence that appeared on the surface and conferred the executive and cementing strength. The election of officers held in the State-House constituted George Clymer, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, president of the new association, and as directors, William Tilghman, William Rawle, Moses Levy, Joseph Hopkinson, Joseph B. McKean, William Meredith, William Rush, John R. Coxe, M. D., John Dorsey, William Poyntell, Thomas C. James, M. D., and Charles Wilson Peale. Two, Rush and Peale, were artists by profession: seven were members of the Bar.

Our connoisseurs had, in fact, been stimulated by the knowledge of what their acquaintance in New York were doing or had set out to do. It is an old Quakerly trick of Philadelphia, repeated incalculable times, to watch furtively the liberal schemes of other communities, and then, when the originals have done their best, to come forward, like a rich

comedy uncle, and better the instruction with a more plethoric purse or a more numerous contribution.

The art-school of New York had been erect upon its legs for two or three years, though it soon began to languish, during a period when its southern sister was steadily aggregating into permanence. It began with the following history: The inaugural meeting, with Dr. Peter Irving for secretary, was held in 1802, and the "New York Academy of Fine Arts" resolved upon. Chancellor Robert R. Livingston—afterward (on the issue of a charter, February 12, 1808) the first president—being American ambassador at Paris, soon sent out a dozen plaster-casts from the statuary then assembled at the Louvre, with as many portrait busts. These works of art were exposed on their arrival in a circus-building on Greenwich street, but failed as an exhibition, and were packed. On the chartering of the New York Academy, in 1808, the casts were removed to the Custom-House, exhibited there a short time, then re-cased, and thus dreamed in quiet until in 1816 the Academy was again recollected as an existence, and its name used to distinguish an art-exhibition held at a vacated almshouse on Chambers street. The school was re-opened, but intermittently. The pupils who complained to President Trumbull that they had to wait for hours for the keeper to open the building and give them access to the models, were answered by the painter of "Bunker Hill" that students had no property in these importations, and that beggars must not be choosers. The urbanity of which this was an exhibition decimated the classes, and the Academy dwindled to imperceptibility, to be replaced by the Academy called "National," founded by Professor Morse on his return from art-study in England, and dating from a successful exhibition held in 1826.

The art-clique in New York had no very good lion. The Philadelphians had a first-rate one—Benjamin West—and he was exploited immediately. At a meeting of the Philadelphia directors, held in Judge Hopkinson's house, July

1, 1805, it was "Resolved, That from a high respect entertained for the genius, talents and distinguished fame of our countryman, Benjamin West, he be elected an honorary member of this Academy." The prodigy of Pennsylvania was now sixty-seven years of age, his royal Mæcenæus was an occasional idiot, the prince had withdrawn the commission for the decoration of Windsor Chapel with pictures of Revealed Religion, and a cloud was beginning to fall upon one of the sunniest and happiest careers in art-history. West could no longer defend American independence to the throne, put aside an offered baronetcy, or walk through the Louvre with all the great French statesmen at his heels. He was touched by the attention from his native commonwealth, where he was still a king. His reply came along in a few weeks, prolix, graceful and stately. He begins: "Be assured, gentlemen, that that election I shall ever retain as an honor from a relative;" he predicts that the next great school of the Fine Arts, after Greece, Italy and Flanders, will be in the United States; and wishes that Philadelphia may be "as much celebrated for her galleries of paintings by the native genius of the country as she is distinguished by the virtues of her people, and that she may be looked up to as the Athens of the Western World in all that can give polish to the human mind." The court-painter speaks of the Arts in England as being in a period of decline, but still alludes to his stricken Majesty's "zeal" for them as their principal sustenance. He is especially solicitous that America shall follow the great kingdoms of Europe in filling her galleries with works of painters native, not foreign. In a sly corner of his letter he recites a fact that was partly an encouragement for the young institution, and partly a transaction admitting a construction of agreeable homage to himself. On the breaking up of Alderman Boydell's great Shakespeare Gallery in London, Robert Fulton, inventor and artist, remembering his Pennsylvania birth, had bought, along with other paintings which he im-

mediately deposited in the Academy, West's only two contributions to the Boydell collection, being figures larger than life of "Lear in the Storm" and "Ophelia before the King and Queen." The fine old painter's acknowledgments are accompanied with a polite little note, "by favor of Colonel Williamson," to the members of the committee who had corresponded with him. West, in these missives, which still exist, writes a very good round hand, almost as clerkly as Washington's. He invariably spells the name of his own State *Pensylvania*, erases a good deal, and expresses himself with a noble cumbrous formality, mitigated by liberties taken with the king's English. After West, the next honorary members were Robert Fulton and Bushrod Washington.

Another little convocation at Judge Hopkinson's, held July 8, 1805, authorized the building committee to rent at their choice the ground of Mr. Miller, on the upper side of Chestnut street, between Tenth and Eleventh streets, or otherwise either of Mr. Dunlap's properties—one on Eleventh street, north of Chestnut; the other on Chestnut, above Eleventh. Mr. Miller's ground, of seventy-five feet frontage, was selected, and twenty-five feet additional purchased from Thomas Leiper. Messrs. Rush, Poyntell and Dorsey were the original building committee, and to their number Dr. Coxe and President Clymer were added. Architect Latrobe, the designer of the old Philadelphia Water-works and Pennsylvania Bank—an impassioned lover of the classics of architecture, and an assiduous student of Stuart's *Greece*—may have sketched the plan. The eldest Academe to enshrine the American muses was well proportioned and aristocratically simple. Early in 1806 the first loan was procured for "finishing" the building, divided into thirty shares of one hundred dollars, to be refunded out of the earliest receipts.

Before securing a repository, however, steps were taken for providing the contents. Hopkinson and Peale had heard, with pricked-up ears, of Napoleon's pat-

ronage of the association in New York, and the casts sent thither from Paris. At that time, and for a year or two longer, Nicholas Biddle, the future financier, was in Europe. At Paris he was with our minister, General Armstrong, as secretary of legation—eighteen years old, with early honors from two colleges, certainly the most dazzling young diplomat in Europe, dancing with the sisters of the just-crowned emperor, and astonishing gray ambassadors with his knowledge of modern Greek. The Philadelphians wrote a very curt application to Minister Armstrong, and enclosed a very full explanation, with lists of selections, to his precocious secretary. An allusion was not omitted to the "similar establishment in New York," which had received the patronage of "Bonaparte" himself. The lad replied with ease and intelligence, replacing the directors' catalogue of wants with a list of the statues in his opinion worthiest copying—a selection made with the "advice of the best statuary" (Houdon) "in this city"—and directing the exportation with capital judgment. He joined the Board on his return to America, and was secretary *pro tempore* at a meeting in 1807.

How curious for a modern tourist, lounging through the Louvre of the present, to imagine the Louvre of 1805, and try to resuscitate the grandest congress of works of art ever sheltered by a roof! One cannot think of the naughtiness of the Napoleonic method with patience, yet one feels that if the violence *must* have been committed, it would have been well to be there and see. The correspondence of young Biddle names the marbles—Italy's choicest jewels, torn from her bosom to stud the Louvre—which then gleamed amid walls flashing from the palettes of Titian and Veronese. It is appetizing to try and repopulate the palace with the marble people enumerated in his correspondence by Nicholas Biddle. True, its present censure, the unapproached Venus, was not there: she was lying in Grecian earth at Melos, and the world of beauty still waited for its queen; but the Venus of

Medici, who has yielded the palm to her, had come over from Florence, and attracted the warmest worship from the devout Frenchmen. Other masterpieces, mentioned as being assiduously moulded in the Louvre "under the superintendence of a distinguished Italian artist," had until lately been precious ornaments of the Vatican at Rome—the Apollo, the Antinous of the Belvidere, the Laocoon (without its modern arms, and so copied for America), the Torso Belvidere, and the Meleager. From the Campidoglia in the same metropolis had been taken the great Venus of the Capitol, the Dying Gladiator, and the Capitoline Antinous. The antiques which Mr. Biddle notes as then present in the Louvre, and which still remain there (a clear statement of the right by which France retains a title to some of those statues is highly desirable), include the Fighting Gladiator, Hermaphroditus, Silenus with Bacchus, Jason, and Germanicus. Besides these there were innumerable busts and smaller figures, assembled by the insolent dictator at whose word the stones had lost their ponderosity, and passed from shore to shore with the alacrity of breath. Napoleon, on receiving these statues, took prudent pains to have them moulded: the time was soon to come when the matrices should be all that France would have of her beautiful guests. The emperor was glad enough to facilitate the publication of these types in different countries, and the two applications from America were piquant; the Philadelphia order was filled with promptness. The French bill of lading accompanying the invoices, from "Getti, Mouleur du Louvre," particularizes over fifty objects, including the large statues we have named, an *écorché*, or anatomical figure, by Houdon, and many busts and fragments. It is dated the "20. Primaire, an 14." The expense, undelivered, based upon the reasonable rates established by the administration of the Louvre, amounted to 2887 francs 30 centimes, including "pourboires des cordeurs et chargeurs, 6 francs;" the amount sent from Philadelphia had been 3300 francs. In Feb-

ruary, 1806, before the Academy had a corporate existence, the cases were shipped from Bordeaux, accompanied by curiously minute directions* for taking out and mounting the pieces.

The Academy of New York received its charter, as has been seen, February 12, 1808: that of the Pennsylvania Academy is dated some two years earlier—March 28, 1806. It recites the erection of a building as then in progress. The incorporators, connoisseurs and not artists, had evidently very pliable notions of the term Academy, and their charter has no word to say about the functions of a school. The prominence is somewhat curiously given to statuary: the recital speaks of the want of an edifice for the display of "sculpture and other works of art."

By the close of this year the edifice was nearly complete. The main feature was a handsome domed circular room, called by the name the Romans give to their Pantheon, the "Rotunda;" and Signor Ceracchi, whose carvings form a large part of the decorations of that original Rotunda by the Tiber, was to have more than one of his works enshrined with honor under the American cupola. In April, 1807, the Academy, having obtained her charter, completed her dome and received her copied antiques, with the Shakespearian paintings by West, and some other European canvases, felt strong enough to open an exhibition. President Clymer delivered the address. The public paid twenty-five cents a head to enter, and the Mondays, in consideration of the unblushing plastercasts from the Louvre, were set apart with tender gallantry for ladies exclusively.

Having committed itself by a public exhibition, the Academy now struck the attitude of a fixed friend of Art, and was not unnaturally so looked to by practitioners. Sully, thirsting at the age of twenty-four for European culture,

* Something like this: "Toujours les zéros en l'air, ôtez les couvercles du haut, déclouez les planches de devant et derrière qui traversent, toujours en descendant, et dégagez la paille à mesure pour enlever les morceaux qu'elles renferment, de crainte qu'ils ne tombent," etc.

thought it not unreasonable to apply for a commission to copy old masters for it in the London galleries. It is a handsome habit of the English and Continental Academies to maintain their cleverer pupils in Italy for a while, to study the relics of antiquity and the blossoming of the Renaissance. This was the first good opportunity to justify its title to the name, by exercising the functions, of an Academy. Unhappily, it had no endowment, perhaps did not want the copies; and the reasonable plea of the brightest artist in its group was declined. Sully's demand in 1809 was for two thousand dollars, for which he thought he could copy six paintings in the space of a twelvemonth. "I hope, gentlemen," wrote the youth, "you will not think the sum I demand extravagant. My view in regard to this business is not pecuniary emolument, having calculated what will merely defray my expenses. Improvement in my profession is the chief motive of this undertaking." Emolument certainly was not the painter's object, as his conduct immediately proved. Having procured a trifle from his friends, Sully, a slave of Art, dared the voyage, and lived nine months in London on four hundred dollars, feeding on potatoes and milk, copying all day till he fainted in his chair, and at night, with a candle, cramming away at osteology and the muscular system—an abuse of Nature which the dear old man's dim and kindly eyes still show the effects of. A helping hand from Alma Mater would have done much, but that hand was for the present bound and supine.

The art-stores grew by slow but permanent accretions: it became a custom to give or bequeath works of art to be displayed in the elegant halls on Chestnut street. Not all the gifts were graces, however, and the lumber-rooms sometimes had to receive the well-meant and valueless offerings. The first present acknowledged was the silver-gilt medal of Commodore Preble, executed by order of Congress—a copy presented by Tench Coxe in 1807. In the same year, Mr. Joseph Allen Smith presented a valuable part of his large European collections.

A little after, in 1809, Mr. Salomon gave an antique mosaic, picked up in Florence at the sale of a nobleman's bric-à-brac. About the same time, Richard Bache hung upon the wall a portrait of William Penn's father, the admiral: Dr. Franklin had noticed it at Lord Kames' residence in Scotland, and on his return to London found it awaiting him at his lodgings, his lordship having sent it on for a surprise. Professor Benjamin Smith Barton, of the Pennsylvania University, bequeathed a portrait of John Locke, after Kneller, and one of Franklin. In 1810, General Armstrong, late minister to France, presented some valuable books, and a further collection of the splendid official Louvre casts, received from the emperor. A few of these specimens, gradually reduced in number to a bust or two—the "Bonaparte casts," as the students call them—have survived the chances of fire and breakage; and they rank much higher, on account of their sharpness and precision, than the later mouldings, the best now attainable, by which the destroyed specimens have been replaced. In 1814 the institution buys half a dozen more antique casts from Mr. Miller, at monstrous prices which show that such plaster idols were by no means common shop-commodities at the date. In 1816, Mr. Samuel Hazard, the historian, traveling in Asia Minor, notices a beautifully-chiseled marble foot of a colossal Minerva in a ruined Greek temple, and saves it for the Academy. Coming back with it to Smyrna, he observes a gigantic stone Hercules built into a vineyard wall, and hears a French tourist tell how he has seen a Turk lighting his pipe with a spark from a fine engraved amethyst. He mentions longingly the sale of six thousand ancient medals in Smyrna, with fond hopes that they might reach the collections in his native city. The Academy, *en effet*, possesses no jewels, but has fine impressions of near two thousand antique gems from the Italian museums. In 1816—by which time the storm of Waterloo has blown the whole marble Olympus from Paris back into Italy—it is a little curious to

find a young Philadelphia traveler, Mr. Montgomery, struck with the Venus de Medici, once more established in her tribune at Florence, and sending home an Italian casting of her to Philadelphia, where the traveled goddess already lived and loved in real plaster of Paris. Mr. Wykoff presently gave marble copies, in small, of the same Venus and of the finest Antinous. Clodion's graceful bacchantes, of the Louvre, were repeated for the Academy in good small marble duplicates. A rich bronze or two, a few genuine old ceramics and curiosities, gravitated soon into the corners of the galleries, and the Academy became a suggestive and stimulating museum, with a series of antiques unparalleled in the New World, some genuine old masters and plenty of decorations and rarities.

The year 1811 was one of emphatic prosperity to the institution. In conjunction with the Society of Artists—a body a few months old and numbering a hundred members—it gave a prosperous exhibition, reckoned as Number 1 in the long annual series held afterward. Judge Hopkinson delivered the opening oration. Wernmüller, the painter, contributed a figure of Ceres: Krimmel had several subjects; a street, by Strickland the architect, country scenes by Guy, and views on the Schuylkill River by Thomas Birch, were among the landscapes. The receipts, in the stated period of six weeks, amounted to eighteen hundred and sixty dollars.

The town of Newburyport, in Massachusetts, had then just been laid in ashes by the conflagration so picturesquely described in Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's *Legends of the New England Coast*. The story is but paltry if compared with the breadth of destruction by fires during the last year, but the blow then was crushing and terrible. The Philadelphia Academy continued the exhibition just named a week beyond its term, and sent the receipts, four hundred and ten dollars, to Newburyport. The selectmen of the town, acknowledging the contribution "for the use of the most needy sufferers by the late calamitous fire in this place," remark

with gratified surprise: "It was, indeed, expected by us that in a ruin so extensive our wealthy neighbors would contribute to our necessities; but that an infant institution so remote should appropriate a part of its funds for the relief of our unfortunate people was, indeed, unexpected." The New England ediles close "with fervent prayers that your distinguished societies of the Fine Arts may long continue an ornament to your city and an honor to the country."

The directors who resolved upon this charity, at the same meeting, held during the progress of the exhibition, agreed to another act of liberality, hardly so generous, but decidedly more legitimate. We have seen the Academy compelled to refuse acting as an Academy in the case of Sully; but in two years, owing perhaps to union with the artists, it was prepared to come forward with grace and promptness to help young Leslie off to Europe. This lad, a clockmaker's son, had had his boyish enthusiasm stirred to its depths by the acting of George Frederick Cooke. He had seen the theatresteps covered, on a Sunday night, with servants and porters, who exchanged their hats for night-caps, and patiently waited for the opening of the box-offices next day. He had seen a man raise himself and scramble over the heads of these crowds to the ticket-window. The magnetism of a furor so universal had possessed him completely, and it found a vent in his pencils, while it prepared him an audience exceptionally prepossessed to admire his work. At the directors' meeting, then, Mr. S. F. Bradford, of the bookselling firm of Bradford & Inskeep, exhibited some theatrical drawings in water-color as the work of an apprentice of sixteen in his employ. The aquarelles in question represent Cooke, Cooper and Warren in their most striking poses as Othello, Falstaff and Richard: they are still kept in the collection, and are indeed odd memoranda of the stage costume and strut of that time. The specimens of young Leslie's talent had a success of enthusiasm: his masters volunteered to forego five unexpired years of his time, and one of them,

Mr. Inskip, accompanied him to England, where he entered upon that cheery and charming career that has closed all too soon. The Academy contributed to his outfit one hundred dollars; and the following resolution does credit to the hearts of the gentlemen of the Board: "*Resolved*, That Master Leslie be an élève of this Academy, and that we will afford all the facilities in our power toward forwarding the views of his friends, in giving him an education calculated to call forth the powers of his mind, and raise him to that rank among artists to which we are informed he ardently aspires, and to which, in our opinion, he must attain should a munificent patronage foster and protect the laudable ambition which at present stimulates his genius to exertions so extraordinary."

The second regular exhibition, in 1812, would appear to have been particularly noticeable in American work. Rembrandt Peale contributed "The Roman Daughter," a composition good enough to earn from the resident vice-consul of Russia the accusation of being a copy from the French painter Gerard. An artist named Wright exposed six pieces. Bass Otis sent some portraits: this man, who emerged from a scythemaker's shop to enter the portals of Academe, is represented in the permanent collection by a presented work, a study of the interior of his late master's premises, with its flaming forges and violent chiaroscuro. There was also a most characteristic work by Krimmel, a young wonder from Germany, living in Germantown. He had arrived from Würtemberg two years before. With sable pencils the size of pins, this genius of twenty-four executed *genre* pictures perhaps excelling those of Hogarth done at the same age. His keen eye was now fresh for American character, and his four pictures hung in the previous year's exhibition included one bit peculiarly Philadelphian—the "Pepper-pot Woman," as she offered in the drab Quaker streets her lacerating draught of spices and burnings imported from the West Indian cuisine. In the 1812 exposition Krimmel inserted a little chef d'œuvre. It represents the water-

works and garden at Penn Square. Seldom has the age and body of a time been more pointedly set down. It is a sun-painted crowd of idlers and dandies. The *incroyables* of 1812 are ogling the silken belles: in the centre, decorating the fountain, is seen Rush's statue of Leda with the Swan, of which the original had been the beauty and toast, Miss Vanuxen. A family of Friends are pacing the half-forbidden paradise consecrated to art and frivolity: the little boy stares open-mouthed at the nymph's pearly limbs, and is dolefully rebuked for his curiosity by the sour-mouthed devotee his father; which exercise on the part of the sire permits the mother, as she clings to the marital arm, to turn aside her brown poke-bonnet and command an oblique view of the figure's soft contour. This inestimable morceau and photograph of history is retained by the institution, as well as another work of the artist presented by Paul Beck—a wedding-scene, at which officiates Bishop White, with his saintly visage and silver hair. Shortly after this early éclat the young satirist and character-painter—in his own personality unstained, frank and amiable—was drowned while swimming in the Wissahickon, thus losing to the Art of our country one of the brightest promises that ever dawned upon it.

The stripling association continued to receive welcome successions of manna and nourishment. We have named Mr. Joseph Allen Smith as a liberal contributor. Among the paintings given by him are several of great value—a head of Ganymede, by Guido, a landscape with Mercury and Argus, by Salvator, Cupid Musing, by Schidone, a Christ and Saint John, of the Umbrian school, etc. About this time was despatched from Italy the remnant of his collections made in Europe for the express purpose of assisting the formation of the Academy. Twenty-one paintings and fifty-two engravings were put on an American ship, The Marquis de Someruelas. The vessel was captured by a British cruiser, and steered into port at Halifax. The treatment of the Academy's application to recover its consign-

ment, at a time when swarms of American privateers were driving the English merchantmen, gutted and lamed, into every port of Britain, is a creditable bit of magnanimity, and a rather bright little episode of the War of 1812. The judgment delivered, in the court of vice-admiralty at Halifax, by the Honorable Alexander Croke, Doctor of Laws, is not only a handsome piece of justice liberally interpreted, but is a most delicious revelation of provincial eloquence making the most of its opportunity. It is a rather long decision. Mr. Croke, in liberal periods, defends the rights of Art and Science to protection in time of war. "Heaven forbid that such an application to the generosity of Great Britain should ever be ineffectual!" The Corsican tyrant himself, Mr. Croke remembers, has recognized the exceptional privilege of the Arts: "Not to mention innumerable cases of the mutual exercise of this courtesy between nations in former wars, even the present Governor of France, under whose controul that Country has fallen back whole Centuries in Barbarism, whilst he has trampled on justice and humanity, has attended to the claims of Science." And the judge will give an instance: "A Gentleman, a Fellow of the Royal Society, was unfortunately one of the persons so unjustly detained at Paris at the commencement of the war. Considerable interest was excited through the medium of the British Government to procure his release, but without effect. Yet to an application from Sir Joseph Banks, as the president of the Royal Society, in favor of a member of that useful institution, Bonaparte paid immediate attention, and in the handsomest manner permitted him to return to England. If such cases were unheard of, every Briton would be anxious that his Country should set the honorable example; but I trust that every British Bosom would blush with shame if his country should be found inferior to the lawless Government of France." In which fine posture, with his hand upon his blushing British Bosom, we might take leave of the honest Croke, but that

his succeeding paternal lecture is too pleasant to be lost. He steps out with a compliment for the "very eminent" American president of the Royal Academy in London, and thinks the day may shortly come when the Pennsylvania Academy's influence will turn out "new Wests to revive the School of Raffaele in the wilds of America." This influence of amenity is expected to do its work until, by "a corresponding improvement in moral feeling, the public taste may be too highly cultivated to bear with such hideous deformities as the Picture of a Country priding itself upon its liberty and independence, yet submitting to be the tool of a foreign despot; so cowed by faction that no man is bold enough to stand up and avow himself the friend of the land of his forefathers; so destitute of all sense of honor and generosity as to spurn with indignity the hand of fraternal benevolence repeatedly held out to it, and to throw itself into the embraces of the common enemy, who despises and insults it." The judge confidently foresees a time when England and America shall know "no other enmity than a liberal rivalry in every elegant and manly accomplishment;" and then decrees restitution.

The date of this decision—1813—is also the date signed upon Washington Allston's great painting of "The Dead Man Revived by touching the Relics of Elisha." Horace Binney, Esq., the venerated correspondent before quoted, had been in the Senior class at Cambridge when Allston was a Freshman, and was watching his life of art and belles-lettres in Europe. Another Philadelphian, Mr. James McMurtrie, traveling in England and cognizant of the picture's claims, was also a friend of the artist, and persuaded the latter to put it in his charge to convey to Philadelphia, feeling sure the Academy would purchase it. In 1816 the institution hung up the painting, having become its owner for the sum of three thousand five hundred dollars. This, one of the state-liest pictures of the American school, is of heroic size, covering a canvas thirteen

feet high by eleven in breadth. It obtained honor and reward (a first prize of a hundred guineas at the British Gallery) in London, where it was painted. "Why, sir," West said to the artist, "this reminds me of the fifteenth century!" It is an awe-compelling work, carrying the mind back to the days of cave-burial among the courageous Hebrew invaders of Asia Minor. A cavern is crowded with

mourning figures: silhouettes of the sentinels who watch for the prowling Moabites darken its mouth; in the foreground crumble the phosphoric bones, and a nightmare figure in a shroud stretches up toward the light and air with its new impulse of life. Our art has produced no conception so simply grand and so nobly terrible. E. S.

PIDGIE BRANT.

A DOZEN heated mowers sheathed their scythes in the fallen grass, pocketed their whetstones and came into the shade of the biggest elm tree in Jake Thorndike's meadow. Thorndike marched back to clip a straggling stalk of timothy where Brant had failed to point out properly in turning a double swath. Then he wiped his scythe with a wisp of red-top, fixed the end of the snath in a crawfish-hole, and began to keep time to the music of his whetstone by a sympathetic motion of his red head and his right leg.

"Hurry up that drink!" he shouted to a creeping speck on the distant hillside, as the creeping speck grew into the semblance of his son, Joe Thorndike. Instantly Joe responded by sitting down on a stone, ostensibly to pick a stubble from his bare foot, but really to admire a fat cricket he had found, and to consider how many pumpkin-seed fishes he could pull out with that melancholy insect for bait.

Under the tree Brant dexterously passed the whisky twice before his employer came up, and then met him with the unaffected proposition that they should take one drink before the molasses and ginger arrived. Again the corpulent stone jug, with its stopple of red corn-cob, rolled like a ruby-nosed old toper from under the sweet grass and gurgled drunkenly around the circle.

Brant was the life of the meadow. An elderly man, but hale, strong and active as the youngest, his face, always grave, was ever gravest when strong drink had made him most hilarious, and when he was quite drunk it was solemn as a tragedian's. His hat was plaited of wheat straw and lined with green cambric. His coat and waistcoat were a red blouse, and the tying of this in a knot on his stomach rendered buttons superfluous. His greatest accomplishment was the dancing of hornpipes, and jumping was his next greatest.

Mary Brant, who was now twelve years old, had long been called Pidgie, probably because she was so plump and innocent and pretty as to remind one of a pigeon. When Thorndike yelled at his son she too was approaching the meadow. She hastened when she saw Joe, that she might not meet him, and he hastened when he saw her, that she might not escape him. She had dallied to wonder at the scarlet parasites under the wings of aged grasshoppers, to breathe the fragrance of the mown grass, to watch the yellow breasts and black collars of the larks bowing low among the swaths, and to hear their carols as they fluttered up into the golden air. She fancied they were conscious of their awkward flights and felt humiliated by their clumsiness of wing. She sympathized in a vague way with their per-

petual impulse to rise singing, although unable to sustain themselves above the earth.

One of the haymakers rolled over on the grass, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "Look a-here, old Brant," said he: "I'll bet half a plug o' tobacker you can't jump nine foot."

Brant cut short the most ecstatic step in his hornpipe to accept the wager. And the sly twinkle extended to several eyes as Thorndike led him a few steps from the tree and laid a mark for him to spring from. This was placed so nicely that he would alight just beside a little handful of hay which Thorndike did not disturb nor approach too near. In fact, Brant was advised to plant his feet, if possible, exactly on that particular spot. He did so, and found in a moment that he had taken great pains to jump into a nest of bumblebees. These bees had been sufficiently exasperated by Joe's rake that morning, and Brant now executed the rest of his ecstatic hornpipe.

"But didn't he hop and scabble like a toad on a hot stove!" roared one of the amused mowers as they filed toward their scythes, leaving Brant under the tree with Pidgie, who was pinning the torn green cambric again into his straw hat. She had come up just in time to see her father jump into the nest of bumblebees.

"Ma sent me to tell you that she's got another spell. She got mad at Missus Thorndike to-day, and she's doing up her head in vinegar, and says she won't live till morning if you don't quit working for 'em. And oh, pa! don't jump and dance any more—they laugh at you so."

Brant's face became more solemn than ever. "Pidgie," said he, "you're all right. You're like me. But what can a man do when he's got a wife that has spells?"

Pidgie didn't know. Her errand was done, and she turned away. The lines of her face would have satisfied a conventional sculptor, yet so clearly did her soul shine through it that they were perpetually transfused. No sun or wind could destroy the pure lily-and-rose of her complexion.

Joe walked up, under the pretence of giving her two daisies and a buttercup: "Mary"—he never called her Pidgie—"goin' to the show?"

"Haven't thought anything about it, Joe;" and she blushed at the falsehood. "Go with me?"

She couldn't say—perhaps she would; and she blushed again. She could not admire Joe, who was a little younger than herself, and she detested his parents. She expected to feel more or less ashamed of him in public. But he never called her Pidgie, he never laughed at her father, he never listened when his mother talked about the Brants. She remembered all this.

On the board fences of the village were groups of Roman Brothers—bearing as striking a family likeness as did the handsome young men lithographed in the tailor's window, though clad with more simplicity—and in such tangled attitudes that it was difficult to tell where one brother ended and another began. On the bar-room wall of the tavern was Mademoiselle Marie, the gem of the arena, the delight of the crowned heads of Europe, whose foreign travels had extended from Jersey City to Niblo's, in her great living personation of Cleopatra, in which she touched the flank of a black horse with one toe while shaking five others in the face of Mark Antony, who was after her on a white horse. On a barn door was the golden chariot of Darius, in the form of a dragon, the driver sitting comfortably on the dragon's head, while a brass drum was in the place where Darius should have been.

Thorndike's double team was early on the road, but Joe was missing. After breakfast Mrs. Brant tied up her head and bathed her temples in vinegar, at which ominous action her husband vanished, remarking that if she would tie up her tongue also, he would stay at home. The dame was displeased when Joe came and waited at the gate until Pidgie, without a word, went off with him. Mrs. Thorndike was equally displeased when she passed the young couple on the road. The dust was thick in the hair

and whiskers of the men, and the two grease-spots that Joe thought were gone for ever from his black coat now came out round and large, as if a pair of brownish eyes in his back were assisting his blue ones to see all the sights.

It was Pidgie's first circus. The great cool tent rose before her like a cloud against the blue sky. The sweet scent of trampled grass, and of that newly mown which the piebald horses ate, reminded her of the hay-field. The venerable jokes of the erasive-soap man, the spangled cap of the razor-strop seller, and the barbarous jargon of the lemonade-venders, were all new to her. The shouts of very bad but very happy boys, the exchange of Hello! for Hello! as friends met and passed, the whinnying of horses, the chattering, buzzing, hustling, elbowing of the happy crowd,—these brought fresh color to Pidgie's cheek and sparkles to her eye. Forgotten was the fact that that night she would be called upon by her father to rattle and bang the chairs, so as to drown her mother's voice and enable him to sleep.

Joe left Pidgie in a safe place on the edge of the crowd, while he plunged among the tossing hats, lifted arms, yawning mouths and struggling legs that pressed around the ticket-wagon. In another direction a circle of men and boys was forming about some one she could not see. Peal after peal of laughter rose from them, amid a continued clapping of hands. The circle parted slightly, and instantly the color vanished from her cheek and the light from her eye. Then she saw a sturdy boy—Joe—edge through the crowd. She saw him stoop, after some opposition, and untie a string from each of her father's ankles, when down into his cowhide shoes and out upon the ground rolled half a bushel of white beans.

Brant had been early on the ground, and was soon in his usual circus-day condition. He had fallen asleep near a farmer's wagon, underneath which a crack was opened, and while his unre-sisting body was held upright, a tobacco-chewing boy tied the bottom of each

trowsers leg, and poured the pilfered beans within his waistband, filling up his trowsers like a bag. A ring was formed, and he was then induced to dance a hornpipe, the tobacco-chewing boy insisting, very reasonably, that the beans were necessary to steady his legs.

Joe hurried Pidgie into the tent and to the highest seat. Below them sat several of his acquaintances. Her spirits were now depressed, but his were buoyant, and he tried to amuse her, not knowing she had seen her father.

"See that pink bunnet down there?"

"Yes, Joe."

"Look at me take it now;" and a well-aimed bean lodged among the ribbons. The good-natured face occupying the bonnet turned with a frown, but smiled when it met Joe's. He thought this a good opportunity for saying something humorous. So he inquired of the young lady whether she were lost.

"Not quite so loud, Joe," whispered Pidgie, looking away over the heads about her.

Now, all that marred his happiness that day was her unaccountable desire, whenever he had a particularly good thing to say, that he should speak so low no one could hear. But for her sake he was willing to suppress his choicest wit, and so asked no more young ladies if they were lost.

This circus was different from any other in this respect: Jack Doran was one of the non-professional men. As a boy he had actually worked on Thorn-dike's farm. He remembered nearly everybody in town, which was thought something marvelous in a young man who had experienced the wonders of New York. He had been a friend of Brant's, knew all about his domestic relations, and in days of obscurity had often seated little Pidgie on his knee. Coming back among his old rural acquaintances fully initiated into the wonderful life of a showman, on speaking terms with the great proprietor himself, an extensive traveler necessarily, he was to-day an object of interest second only to the clown. With what an easy swing of superiority he went about his

work! With what masterly nonchalance he unrolled the canvas and drove the stakes and pulled the ropes! With what impressive indifference he unpacked the brilliant wardrobes! With what calmness he sprinkled sawdust round the ring!

He was aware that on the morrow, in the next town, he would be no more than any of the other workmen; so it did not make him vain to hear his name on every side, and to find the boldest of the farmers' boys stepping forward to renew acquaintance and shake his hand. But he had duties, and when the tent was up, the ring in order, the band striking up a very quick and jerky air, like the cantering of a horse, and a red-faced man had shouted from the doorway, "Gentlemen, performance commenced!" Jack withdrew like any tired mortal to the shady side of the tent, threw down his coat for a pillow and fell asleep on the cool grass, knowing that by midnight, in the light of smoking flambeaux, the pavilion would be struck, the luggage packed, his wagon loaded, and he driving away through the dark, damp, silent night.

Imprudence when she was heated had suddenly brought down Mademoiselle Marie with rheumatism. The great proprietor, J. C. Prescott Cunningham, muttered profanely and wiped his florid face. She had been left behind at Jonesboro', would probably never be able to perform again, yet was advertised as one of his chief attractions for a month ahead. His establishment would be called a "red dog." He was many hundred miles from New York. The season was half done, and the market would be empty there even if he sent back immediately for a substitute. The beauty of Marie was of more consequence than her feats. Having at best a meagre complement of ladies, he could ill spare the youngest and prettiest. Again the great proprietor doubted, muttered and wiped his orange face.

The company on this day did its best to make good the loss of Marie. Mr. Merryman painted an extra spot above each eye, followed the ring-master un-

tiringly round the centre-pole, twisted his steeple-crown of white felt into shapes it had not known before, and even meditated a new joke. And the Wild Indian took an additional number of imaginary scalps, paddled a whole fleet of imperceptible canoes, all on horseback, and yelled twice as horribly as usual.

Pidgie strangely declined to enter the smaller tent, where a serpent became the charmed party, laying his beguiled head confidently on the bosom of Eve's daughter, but insisted that Joe should go in, while she remained outside to talk with her father.

Her pulse was unsteady, the flush brighter on her cheek, the light more fitful in her eye. Joe obeyed with reluctance, but the two brown eyes of dust in the back of his black coat were scarcely turned upon her ere she was at the side of Jack Doran. Her eyes grew moist, the words came fast and low, her gestures were impassioned, and Jack was seen to rub his eyes in sleepy bewilderment as he listened.

He rose, looked hastily about, and relieved his embarrassment by putting half a package of tobacco into his mouth, unconsciously taking in a quid of tin-foil with it.

"Old Slybacon's coming," said Jack, "and we'll talk to him."

"Slybacon? Oh, you mean Mr. Cunningham."

That person bustled up, still wiping the shining great orange that served him for a face. He listened a moment. He frowned. He muttered, "Devil of an idea!" Pidgie, with a loudly-beating heart, clung to a tent-rope for support. Turning to her, he said, but not unkindly, "Where's your father?" She fetched him quickly. Steadied between a taut rope and his daughter, old Brant stood without difficulty. His solemn face appeared to be that of a man shockingly sober.

"Do you know what your child wants?" growled J. C. Prescott Cunningham.

"Sir," replied Brant, with an effort that was taken as evidence of excessive paternal feeling—"Sir, what can a man

do when he's got a wife that has spells? Pidgie's all right. She's like me."

"Handsomeness—Marie's wardrobe would fit—no use—do nothing—damn nonsense!" Thus was the great proprietor muttering when Pidgie interrupted him by saying she would help sell lemonade and fans if necessary.

While she was saying this he was called away. The side-show broke up. Joe came rushing toward her. She turned an inquiring look at Jack. He shook his head, as if to say there was no hope.

Brant in five minutes had forgotten the whole scene. It so troubled Jack, however, that he got but half his usual sleep that day. Pidgie now hung nervously on Joe's arm, and was eager to see everything.

She never before seemed so beautiful as when they parted at the gate in the early twilight of that evening. She plucked a rose there and fastened it in Joe's buttonhole. There was a momentary tenderness in her good-bye to which he was not accustomed.

A few hours later, when there was no light to guide her but that from Venus and the far-off stars and the bewildering fireflies, when Joe's dreams of her were transforming his straw bed into one of roses, she was touching for the last time the string of woodchuck skin that raised the wooden latch of her father's door, and closing it behind her for ever.

The dog Ponto licked her hand in the darkness as she stooped to lay her cheek again upon his dear old pate. She brushed through the dewy plaintains of the dooryard, took another rose at the gate, and was in the road. Her white heifer, like a ghost, rose up from the dust to stare at her through the gloom, and for the first time they passed without a mutual caress.

It is sad beyond all language to turn one's back on home, however humble it may be, and go away in doubt and fear as to whither Fate may lead, even when followed by the prayers and blessings and farewells of those behind. Here was a sensitive and loving girl, for no wrong done, stealing like a criminal at

night from the only hearth and kindred she had ever known.

Choking back the sobs that rose in her throat, she walked down the still road, not looking back to see the dark outline of Ponto, who was whining at the gate. She waited at the cross-road, on the steps of the brown schoolhouse where she had learned to read and write. The bay of a distant house-dog came at length to her ear. Then barked another nearer. She listened eagerly. But besides the dogs she heard only a night-hawk whimpering overhead in search of some unsheltered bird, the dew dropping from the poisonous sumach, a lost lamb bleating in the foggy meadow.

At last she recognized Jack Doran's wagon coming slowly up. Clambering over the rolls of canvas, she reached the seat beside him. He remonstrated. She replied by nestling closer, bowing her head upon his arm and wetting it with tears. This silenced him, and when he had made her a comfortable seat at his elbow, speaking but a few words, they went on and on through the still summer night. She sank into uneasy sleep. She dreamed she was flying through the air, while Joe's eyes, full of fear and wonder, followed her from the ground. She woke suddenly with the thought that she was falling, and saw but the dark forms of the horses plodding before her, and the white fence and headstones of a graveyard gliding by.

Again her head descended in deeper slumber. Jack put his arm about her, looked up long at the stars and whispered to himself, "By the Holy Pokers, nobody shall hurt Pidgie! But what in the world *can* I do with her?" Then in a dream she was wandering in a fruitless search for gold hidden in secret places—through gloomy woods, in deep ravines, by tangled thickets. Months, years, a lifetime passed. At last her dangerous path brightened; each vale and nook and covert shone; pure gold was all about her, and diamonds in profusion were glittering on either hand. She awoke again, with a thought of flying through the air, and the risen sun was flooding with golden light the woods and

fields and shadowy places; a million dewdrops flashed beside the road; sunlight far off touched the white spire in a village, where the foremost teams had already halted to pitch the great tent for another day.

The amiable Mrs. Brant had no direct evidence of the manner of Pidgie's flight, but would have accepted the correct theory had not Mrs. Thorndike done so first. The former insisted that her husband knew all about it, but without any actual belief that he did know. He defended himself by stating that Pidgie was all right—she was like him. And since she had evidently gone to the bad, his wife now coincided as to their resemblance, adding her regret that it could not be perfected by his running away too.

Brant remembered, but very dimly, that at the show his daughter's proposed departure had struck him as eminently proper, and that he had been understood to say so. He could not decide to go after her. He would himself like to be perpetually at a circus: hence would it be the part of an indulgent parent to restrict her? He felt that if he brought her back, his own good example and moral influence would still be lost upon her, as they had been in the past—all neutralized by her mother. Taking a more selfish view, he was so illogical as to reason that his wife's tongue, losing the target against which it had been half the time employed, would lose half its sharpness by a proportionate disuse. It had long seemed that the sarcasm he received each evening could never be so exquisitely venomous did not the author practice it all day on a more tender object. It occurred to him, in a moment of his deepest affliction, that it might be proper to stop drinking, but on reflection he held that no man whose wife had spells could be expected to do that.

For six years more his life went on as usual. Pidgie's heifer he swapped for a colt—useless without a harness and wagon, which he had no hope of being able to buy. Her old dog, Ponto, died with violent symptoms. The evening preceding his death, before a candle was

lighted, he pawed open the door and came in noisily. Mrs. Brant, without deigning a look, and mistaking one brute for another, as she said, addressed a few remarks to him. Brant thought those remarks, intended for himself, were what killed the dog. The rose bush which had yielded Pidgie the only sweet memento that she took from home, and the only favor Joe's coat ever knew, having grown to obstruct the gateway, was dug up and thrown carelessly into the road. One branch, however, falling inside the fence, alighted on Ponto's grave and grew again.

This time the acrobatic brothers were Corsicans, and the chariot of Darius was now the Golden Car of the Goddess of Morn, with a row of roaring saxhorns in the place where Aurora should be. The circus had become simply a Concentrated European Aggregation. But none the less it gave to multitudes of American sovereigns and their families the best and most aesthetic entertainment they obtained. The Concentrated European Aggregation was at Jonesboro', where, six years before, Marie's professional career had closed. The day was sultry. Thorndike, still assisted by old Brant, was at the end of his long meadow, and the last loads of hay were fast disappearing within the doorway of the red barn, like morsels in the yawning mouth of an insatiate monster couched upon the hillside. Visions of a carouse that night at Ketchum's grocery, and of a continuation of it the next day at the approaching circus, lent spirit and vigor to the movements of the men.

Brant, tired and bilious, went at dusk to his unpleasant home, and sat down to his ill-cooked supper. Jack Doran, twenty miles away, was at that moment superintending multitudinous little lamps set in their square frames, and swinging them up in a burning pyramid around the centre-pole to light the evening performance. Brant had heard nothing of him or of Pidgie since she went away, and had never expressed any opinion as to what had become of them. He ate his pork and potatoes in silence.

His wife made a few remarks in her usual amiable manner, from which it appeared that he was not fit to live, and that she was already an angel of remarkable meekness and fortitude.

He tied his blouse over his stomach, drew the end of his red sleeve across the end of his red nose, and muttered from the doorway, "You don't take care o' things when you git 'em. If I give you money, it goes fer flummediddles. If I spend it myself, you grunt and grumble and growl and snap and snivel and snarl. You're worse 'n a hedgehog."

Darkness was gathering fast ahead of him as he passed down the road toward Ketchum's. Far about him, under the lowering sky, lay the farms for whose prosperous owners he had toiled through many years. Yet he had no shelter that he could call his own. He thought bitterly of his wife, and tenderly perhaps of his lost child. There was reluctance in his steps, even though they bent toward Ketchum's, where he knew would assemble—in the persons of several whole-souled drunkards—the dearest friends he had. There would also assemble others, who would drink at his expense all night, and then for their amusement torment him without mercy: others still who would entangle him in foolish bargains and swindle him of his labor. He paused, but there was nowhere else to go.

At the dirty doorway he smelt the mingled odors of tobacco-smoke and cheese and whisky and dried herrings. A porch much cut by jack-knives, and furnished with hams, brooms, whisky barrels and salted mackerel, sheltered the front door and window. Several loafers, whose very trowsers' legs appeared too lazy or too drunk to overcome their boot-straps, sat there with elbows on their knees and in the general position of frogs, whittling, chewing plug tobacco, and stretching their filthy mouths at times in a general grin. Brant alarmed them by refusing to drink. But this caused them to inquire so tenderly after his health that he had to yield.

On the sloppy counter lay a very young man in a drunken sleep, his straw

hat falling over his flaming face like an extinguisher. A box of packed herrings, another of cigars, a jar of painted candy and a few oyster-shells might have been seen behind the counter. Barrels, kegs, bottles, glasses, demijohns, quart cups, pint cups, spigots, sleepy flies and the fumes of sour ale were in every part of the low room.

Late that evening, in Jonesboro', while the dusty arena was clearing for the last scene, while the pyramid of little lamps above was growing smoky, while the boys were no longer driven back as they left the lowest seats to press about the ring, the leading equestrienne, Madame Celeste, with the rouge still on her cheeks and the white paint still on neck and forehead, sprang unobserved upon her favorite horse, and shot from the sheltering tent out under the turbulent sky. A horseman joined her, and

Into the midnight they galloped abreast.

The beautiful young woman sat her trained horse superbly, light as a feather yet firm as a rock, while the clouds thickened, and thunder rumbled, and the snaky lightning played hither and thither above their heads. Their horses closed shoulder to shoulder, as they did in the ring when one rider rode both, scarcely missing a step, neither failing an inch. She doubted the road: her companion was sure. Neither paused to discuss it. He saw little sense in such a madcap stampede. Thus expressing himself, he peered into her face just at the instant a flash of lightning fired the diamond at her throat. He saw, or thought he saw, that her eyes were wet, and considerably kept his own to the front in the flashes that followed. At length she replied, "I can't tell why I feel so determined to go on to-night. But it is so long, so very long, so like a lifetime, since I saw him—and—mother too! Ponto—how I want to take him with the company and never leave him again! Dear old Ponto! will he know me? How I'll hug and kiss him, if he is a dog! We would have so little time to-morrow, and I must perform the same as ever, you know. I couldn't have

rested to-night. Oh you don't know how I've looked forward every day, as we got nearer and nearer!"

No more was said. And the hoofs beat faster, faster, faster, while baffling winds kept back the rain—past farms and houses and pleasant fields, all muffled and lost in the thick darkness, by woods that roared wildly, near streams that flowed and sang unseen.

At last a once-familiar cross-road was recognized by Madame Celeste. For the first time she paused to look sharply aside. There was the uncertain shape of a schoolhouse. Ah, how many of the little feet that played about its threshold had ever wandered so boldly and so far as hers?

"One mile more!" cried the cheery voice at her side, and again she used her whip. But a third of the distance was not passed when big drops fell, and far behind came the steady, increasing, heavy roar of rain. A dim light was just ahead. The heart of Madame Celeste jumped to her throat on seeing it: she fancied, in her excitement, that it shone from the low old house three-fourths of a mile beyond, where nothing but sickness or calamity would cause it to burn at such an hour, where a watcher might then be sitting by the dead body of one who had given her life. The faintness stealing over her was quickly dispelled by the cheery voice: "Ketchum's gin-mill! No use getting wet. Porch in front, or used to be. We'll dodge under it. They needn't see you inside, and you needn't care if they do."

Brant's spirits had risen slowly that evening. It was only after many glasses that his face assumed the sepulchral aspect which marked his highest exhilaration. Then louder grew the laughter at his odd antics; the bedeviling whisky sent the blood faster through his dizzy brain; deeper his eyes retreated under their brows; higher, closer swelled the veins upon his temples, and firmer closed his lips, like a steel-trap, after every draught. Ketchum eyed him coldly from his seat on the head of a barrel, for while Brant made the place attractive to some good customers, and called about

him those who were profitable, his own account was running too high. Brant on such occasions invariably considered himself a very wealthy man, ordering drinks, making verbal bargains for whole townships of real estate, and negotiating for horses as a very wealthy man might be expected to do.

He had just thrust his hand into the bottomless pocket of his blouse, and insisted on buying the establishment of Mr. Ketchum, provided that gentleman would permit him to pay for it on the spot.

"Better pay your debts here first," was the forcible reply he received.

But Brant, anticipating such an answer, was conveniently engaged, when it came, in listening to the idle drumming of the young man on the counter, and trying to convince the others that it was the clatter of horses' hoofs they heard.

"A hundred 'n fifty dollars you owe me," continued Ketchum, sulkily.

The young man on the counter removed the extinguishing hat from his face and sat upright. He could now be recognized as Joe Thorndike, who retorted that he wouldn't see Brant insulted, nohow. Brant and he were then told to leave.

"You may cut me all up in pieces, you may mash me," cried Joe, "but you can't put us out!"

Whizz! kling! crash! went a glass at somebody's head. Ketchum had Brant by the collar. Bang! went the door before Jack Doran's arm, and Madame Celeste stood between them.

Had an angel from heaven alighted in the place, the drunken crew could not have been more astounded. No one could possibly have recognized her. In that dim light the pearl-powder and rouge upon her face and neck looked like the pure red and white of Nature. Just a few raindrops glistened in her heavy hair. Her rich black riding-habit was gathered with exquisite grace in one hand, as with the other she raised her whip above Ketchum's bewildered head.

Scarcely a word was spoken as she and Jack led Brant quickly to the door

and closed it after them. While they were loosing their horses and mounting, it opened again, and Brant marched back among his petrified comrades with the air of a strictly temperate person accustomed to the handling of vast sums of money, and from a crowded pocket-book counted a hundred and fifty dollars, which he flung scornfully in the direction of Mr. Ketchum.

"Well, I swear!" was all that gentleman could say.

Laying five dollars more on the counter, Brant said in a low voice, "Boys, swaller it," and again was gone.

Madame Celeste noticed, notwithstanding the darkness, that the rose bush she had planted so long ago no longer grew by the gate. Pausing on the wet doorstep, she looked eagerly for Ponto. Brant informed her that a dose of her mother's tongue had killed him. The door was opened slowly, and the three suppressed their voices, wishing to give Mrs. Brant a surprise when they were all once inside. The old house was still. It was the first time Brant had ever come in at night without awaking her. And for the first time he expressed, in a whisper, some curiosity to know what she would say.

Trembling from head to foot, the magnificent Madame Celeste leaned on Jack for support, while her father managed to light a candle. It flickered in a sickly way, and snapped spitefully and sputtered angrily, but yet illumined, however imperfectly, the old chairs and table and fireplace. For a moment it seemed she had been dreaming ever since she saw them last. The wind had risen again, and the rain rattled against the window. Brant's old wheat-straw hat, or what remained of it, with some of his gray hairs clinging to the crown, with its lining of faded green cambric pinned just as Pidgie had fixed it after the fight with the bumblebees, and which was now filling a broken pane, was suddenly blown in upon the floor and rolled to her feet, while the gust that sent it there put out the miserable light.

A strange fancy seized Brant when the light went out that it was he who

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had unmeaningly extinguished it, and not the breath of heaven, and that it would be useless for him to attempt to rekindle it. While Jack's forefinger was pursuing a match into the lowest depths of his vest pocket, Brant passed cautiously toward the bed-room door. On the threshold he waited till the candle burned again. Still, not a creature stirred in the house but themselves. His night's debauch and its exciting termination had shaken his nerves: his face was at last an index of his leading thoughts, and showed more human feeling than Pidgie had ever before seen there.

Brant entered the bed-room, but came out in a moment. For the first time in many years his face was white. The three crowded in together, and let the light fall on the bed, the pieced coverlet, the pillow of chickens' feathers, the face of Mrs. Brant.

"Murder!" exclaimed Madame Celeste, as she sank beside the bed. "Heart disease," suggested Jack, as he laid his fingers on the cold wrist. "Must 'a' had a spell," remarked Brant, as he gazed blankly at his dead wife.

Brant's education, his misfortunes, his surroundings, the thousand little incidents and influences that for fifty years had wrought unceasingly to make his character just what it was,—these could not be recalled: the result of them could never be undone in this world. So, as daylight was creeping upon them, he mechanically turned the candle upside down, blew it out, and asked Jack if he didn't think something ought to be done.

Madame Celeste rose up from the bedside, fastened the bottom of her long skirt round her waist, and went bravely about the little duties that lay nearest. Night and day, for years, how she had thought of home and of seeing it again at some time! And this was it. She forgot that once before it had been unbearable. Her mother dying alone, her father snatched from a grogshop brawl, Ponto dead, her white heifer gone, her rose bush dug up and thrown away,—these were enough to remember.

Jack, after calling the neighbors to set

on foot the funeral, had to care for the horses and hasten on to the show-ground. That afternoon, as usual, under the tent of the Concentrated European Aggregation, the loud music began, the vast crowd hushed itself in breathless expectation, the canvas door swung aside, the resplendent cavalcade shot forward in the Grande Entrée, and leading the whole rode Madame Celeste. A madder, merrier chase than ever she seemed to lead the glittering cavaliers, who wheeled and spurred and mingled in many a curious maze for the honor of galloping at her side. Her hands, that yet thrilled beneath their gauntlets at the touch of Death, never held the jeweled reins more lightly. Her black habit, from sweeping like a pall beside her mother's corpse, flowed proudly as ever amid the brilliant caparisons. Her face had risen from its bath of tears to bow as low in smiles. Then she appeared in a daring act that made the tent re-echo with applause; her stricken heart forgot itself a little in the business of performing; the iron discipline of the company was maintained.

She performed in the evening, but passed the night afterward beside her mother's body, in the place she had always called home, about which all her childish recollections clustered, and which she wished now to see no more for ever. Mrs. Brant was buried the next morning, and no sooner was the ceremony over than Madame Celeste was once more in the saddle. At half-past two that day, in the next town, she again led the Grande Entrée.

Jack Doran was permitted to stay behind two days, in which time he disposed of all Brant possessed, paid his debts, put him into a new suit of clothes, and on the third day was hurrying him forward to overtake the Concentrated European Aggregation.

The sudden advent of Jack, the recognition of little lost Pidgie Brant in the splendid Madame Celeste, the startling death of her mother, the whisking off of Brant himself, and, above all, the payment of his debts,—these events paralyzed the community. So quickly did

they follow each other, so rapidly did everything move, so unexpected was it all, that a week passed before people were able to talk coherently about the Brants. Joe Thorndike had very little to say, but he overhauled his trunk immediately, fishing from out the bottom of it a faded rose, entirely uncontaminated by hair-oil, which had been placed in his buttonhole about six years before, and which he did not preserve any longer. But perhaps he would have kept it yet had he known that even then, in a locket on her bosom, Madame Celeste was wearing the faded leaves of just such another rose, taken on the same evening from the same bush by the same little hand. The locket had been hers a year, and within it was inscribed, "Mrs. Mary Brant Doran. From her Affectionate Husband John."

It would be another story as long as this to tell how Jack managed to shield and provide for her from that night when she first clambered into his wagon until he set her down safe and sound in New York, and gave her over, at her request, to the tender mercies of the professional trainer. Once she rebelled against the terrible ordeal: it did seem more than she could bear. But Jack grimly told her she must do or die; and there is no end to her gratitude now for his firmness then.

Brant certainly mourned on the day following his wife's death, but whether because of that event, or because he missed the circus, there was some doubt among those who knew him best. But he was soon comforted. For weeks he traveled far away across the pleasant country. The freedom, the excitement, the endless succession of new scenes and happy faces, the nominal work given him, the renown of his daughter in the profession which he ranked above all others,—in these he was happy as a child. There was nothing now, excepting the clown's wit, to make him sad. At first he frequently mistook himself for the director or proprietor of the establishment, but it did not impair his enjoyment to be reminded that he had charge only of certain

tar-buckets and a few kindred articles. Although he had left nothing undone that could make Pidgie's life miserable, she now left nothing undone to make

his pleasant. And he explained her goodness by still insisting, more solemnly than ever, that she was like him.

CHAUNCEY HICKOX.

THE CASE OF MARTIN GUERRE.

IN the year 1539, in the town of Artigat, or Artigues, diocese of Rieux, France (now embraced in the department of the Haute-Garonne), was celebrated the marriage of Martin Guerre with Bertrande de Roltz. The bridegroom was but eleven years of age—the bride had not yet completed her tenth year.

The ancient laws of European countries permitted these unnatural unions, ending, in the great majority of cases, in misery and wretchedness. Royal families and the nobles, from motives of convenience or ambition, set the example, which was followed by the bourgeoisie, and even by the people. Yet the system was even then known to be wrong. "I shall marry at the age of thirty-three," says Montaigne, who gave his testimony against too early marriages; but they soon became common, and were sanctioned by the Church. Thus it happened that the holy and honorable institution of marriage was travestied between these two children. There came from this union the usual harvest of troubles.

The families of Guerre and De Roltz were both in tolerable positions in life, above that of the peasants around them. They had some property—were demi-bourgeois, or, as La Fontaine says, "half-countrymen." Martin Guerre was a native of Andaye, in the Basque province, and had some land in his own right. Small, dark, and marked by the cicatrix of an ulcer upon the right cheek, he could not pass for a handsome child. On the other hand, the bride gave promise of a beautiful girl: she was a pretty

maiden—discreet, moreover, though a little wanting in brightness.

It must not be supposed that this precocious marriage was merely an apparent ceremony, or that the parents and guardians had the good sense to separate the boy from his companion until the age of puberty came to legitimize their marriage. On the contrary, they carried to the end this sacrilegious parody. According to the custom of the country, the two children were ostentatiously led to the same bed, and the little Bertrande was not even spared the vulgar ceremony of the *reveil*. Precisely upon the stroke of midnight the guests broke into the marriage-chamber, carrying to the newly-married pair the collation *de media nocte*, consisting of cakes, spices and wine.

Nine years rolled away, and there was no issue to the marriage. Martin was twenty years of age, Bertrande now grown to womanhood. The relatives had fears for the succession, and began to threaten resort to a law which permitted divorce after three years of sterile marriage. But the consent of both parties was required, and neither could be induced to consent. Their mutual attachment, indeed, appeared to be strengthened by the efforts made to separate them—efforts which proved as unnecessary as they were unavailing, for before another summer came a child was born to the young couple, and named Sanxi.

Some time afterward, and when it seemed that a union badly begun would turn out happily in the end, Martin Guerre suddenly disappeared. Not a

word had he ever dropped to give a clue to the mystery: suspicions of foul play were excited, but at length several persons testified to having seen him on the day of his departure, stick in hand and a pack upon his shoulder, taking the road to Toulouse. He had spoken to them, had asked a few questions about their affairs, and had then passed on. Such was the report. But why this furtive disappearance at a time when the true joys of his home-life were but new? Some surmised that Martin had angered his father, an irritable man at times; some thought he had taken a few measures of wheat to supply his own purse, and had fled from the paternal wrath; some saw in this sudden flight the sure mark of a wandering humor, the disposition toward vagabondage—in fine, the natural emancipation of a boy married too early in life.

Whatever the cause, nothing was heard of Martin Guerre. Eight years passed. During that time the father died, the little Sanxi grew like a weed, and Bertrande de Roltz maintained, in her demi-widowhood, an irreproachable name.

At the end of these eight years, Martin Guerre suddenly came back. With upright mien and firm tread he entered Artigat, passed gayly through the streets, calling the neighbors by name, embracing ancient comrades, inquiring after the babies of eight years before, and walking resolutely toward his former home. He had left without a hair upon his chin—he returned with beard and moustache, hale and hearty, solid in body, but recognizable by his features, his voice, his bearing, the cicatrix upon the right side of his face, and marks which left no manner of doubt that the Martin Guerre of former times had returned. The disconsolate Bertrande received him with open arms. He asked at once for his little Sanxi, whom he tossed aloft and covered with ardent, loving kisses. He gazed with a fatherly pride upon his little boy. Pierre Guerre, his uncle, two brothers-in-law of that uncle, his four sisters and his own two brothers-in-law, all welcomed him as one from the dead,

and cried with joy as they fell into his arms. While they were killing the fatted calf, wife, relatives and friends from all quarters of the town gathered around Martin Guerre and began to press questions upon him. Where had he been for so long a time? Of reproaches there were none. Bertrande herself had pardoned him, and the best excuse for the wanderer's absence was that he had returned.

In answer to their numerous questions he related what a distaste he had taken to his quiet, monotonous home, and said that at the age of one-and-twenty he was suddenly seized with shame at his own ignorance, at having seen so little of the world, and at finding himself good for nothing. A body of infantry had passed through Artigat and inspired him with a desire to enter a company: he had taken service under the banners of the king (Henri II.), who was then about to begin a war against the emperor (Charles V.). Martin had borne a part in the sieges of Metz, Toul and Verdun; and he modestly narrated episodes which added to his glory. After the truce of Vaucelles, in 1556, he had grown tired of peace, and, being anxious to visit that country, had taken service in Spain. But after some months he was seized with a desire to see all that he had left behind him—wife, child, relatives, his native soil.

Such was the story of Martin Guerre, and he added a mass of details which cannot be given here. To all, neighbors, friends, relatives, connexions, he recalled facts of their former life which had almost passed from memory. "Twenty years ago to-day we were in such a place: do you remember? It was here we robbed the chaffinch's nest; it was there we killed the stag; and that pleasure-party upon the banks of the Arize which ended in a forced battle; and that fight with Jean; that time André and I ran away from school,"—such were the souvenirs which he recalled that evening sitting in the midst of the circle around the happy fireside. And later, alone with Bertrande, there were other souvenirs. What a world of old

recollections were brought up! The silly follies of their early love, the joys of their more serious union, the first timid caresses, the first suspicions of maternity which led to their firmer union of heart and hand! And in the morning, after all of this past had been called up and passed in review, when Martin was preparing to rise, "Go, dear," said he to Bertrande, "and look for my white breeches, lined with white taffeta. You will find them at the very bottom of the beech-wood chest, folded in linen."

For eight years Bertrande had forgotten both chest and breeches, but Martin had forgotten nothing. She found the chest, also the breeches. In all this there was not a perceptible error—not the shadow of a fault. Penelope herself had been content with fewer proofs. To doubt that this was Martin Guerre never entered the head of any one.

For a long time all went on well at Artigat. His travels had made Martin Guerre an amusing talker, a devoted husband, a good father. Never a word of complaint against him: always love at home, the true *bonheur*, and abroad the respect and confidence of friends. When Martin walked about in the evening, the little Sanxi by his side or upon his shoulder, the neighbors came out to salute him, to give him a word of cheer or to recall some incident of the past. Surely, among all these friends and neighbors there ought to have been one to detect an imposture; but no suspicion was breathed or entertained. In three years Bertrande was twice a mother. One of the children died soon after birth, the other was a pretty little girl, in good condition.

Three years of this peaceful life had calmly rolled away, when there came a few clouds between Martin Guerre and Uncle Pierre. After the sudden departure of Martin, Pierre Guerre, by the death of his brother, had become the head of the family. He was the administrator of the estate, and Bertrande had accepted his tutelage, but all this time she had received a bare living for herself and child. For eight years she had

lived as if dependent upon Uncle Pierre, and during the past three years Martin had been content to live with the family, drawing but little money from the estate. All things went on passably well until Martin and Bertrande determined upon having a home of their own. They were very happy, never a cloud between them, but there were too many in the house: the four sisters could manage the place very well. Martin and Bertrande would make a snug little home for themselves and their children. There was a fortune large for the country and the time—a fortune amounting to no less than seven thousand pounds, equal, at least, to sixty thousand dollars in our day.

Let us recall the fact that up to this time all had been serene; but one day Martin told Uncle Pierre that he was determined to have a home of his own, and he spoke of the accounts, he asked for the details of the stewardship.

The words were badly received. Uncle Pierre had become so accustomed to the management of his nephew's property that he, had come, little by little, to regard it as his own. The two brothers-in-law also, who hoped to inherit from Uncle Pierre, and who had long counted upon the perpetual absence of Martin, were greatly discontented with this reclamation of the property. But Martin remained firm: he only demanded his own. The property was clearly the property of Martin Guerre, and if he demanded a settlement after three years' time, after Uncle Pierre had been ten years in the enjoyment of the estate, he was only exercising a legitimate right. At the same time Martin disavowed any intention of taking from the family its means of living. One searches in vain for an unreasonable demand on his part. He was generosity itself, but generosity should begin at home: he had a wife and two children, and, while willing to leave the greater part of the property to the rest, he maintained the indisputable rights of his position. By this arrangement there would have been enough for the four sisters and Uncle Pierre—enough for a comfortable home, as that had

always been; but Martin very properly thought that the able-bodied brothers-in-law of Uncle Pierre could take care of themselves. When the dispute began, Martin went so far as to offer them a helping hand, but they had had a conference with Uncle Pierre, and preferred to take the chances of inheriting from him.

Then, one fine morning, the storm burst in all its fury. Uncle Pierre and his two brothers-in-law marched ostentatiously through the village from one end to the other, saying, "You know this Martin Guerre who has come back to us? He is no more Martin Guerre than you are. The rascal has deceived us all, and *now wants to rob us.*"

Mark well the latter words! "What!" cried the villagers, "Martin Guerre not Martin Guerre? Impossible!" They could not credit it after having believed in him for three years, after all of those souvenirs of the past without an error. Never man had given more complete evidences of his identity. The three relatives found no sympathizer in their first attempt, and, piqued at the perversity of their friends, they responded sharply. For a long time they had doubted, they declared, but *within the past few days* things had occurred: in fine, they had doubts no longer—it was not Martin Guerre.

Well, the next day an innkeeper and his wife, friends of Uncle Pierre, rendered their testimony. A traveling soldier from Rochefort had passed a night with them. Having caught the name of Martin Guerre, the soldier demanded who was called by that name, and when the man in question was pointed out to him, cried, "But that is not Martin Guerre of Artigat: it is an impostor. I left the real Martin Guerre in Flanders. It will be hard to deceive me thus, for this man has two legs, while the true Martin Guerre has a wooden leg, his own having been carried away by a ball before the walls of Saint Quentin, at the battle of Saint Laurent."

But what said the wife? Bertrande de Roltz, although severely rebuked by Uncle Pierre and his worthy relatives, would not regard as an impostor this

husband so long regretted, so happily recovered.

"It is indeed Martin Guerre," she repeatedly told them, "my true and tender husband. Who should know better than I? It is my husband, or some devil in his skin."

However, by force of constant rebukes, constant family scenes, they finally managed to throw a shade of doubt into the mind of Bertrande. One by one the sisters had followed Uncle Pierre—Bertrande was the last—and they finally told her that her persistence in clinging to this man was an evidence of a disposition which the austere virtuous sisters could only regard with horror; that all the world would regard her as no better than she ought to be; that her soul was endangered by this willing infamy. Poor Bertrande! It has been already said that she was not overbright as a child: as a woman she had a feeble head and a tender heart—a mind easily influenced. "If you have no fears for your own soul," said they, sternly, "what will you answer when your real husband returns?" Under these threats and remonstrances the poor woman became bewildered: she did not know what to believe, but she had still firmness enough to refuse to take any active steps until positive proofs of imposture were given. This led to renewed threats, to further remonstrances. They dragged her before a notary—secretly, be it understood—where were taken the depositions of those who had heard the story of the soldier from Rochefort. The solemnity of this scene impressed the weak woman, for in those times an oath was a thing of terrible importance. Bertrande wept in secret. Often, indeed, Martin found her in tears, and with his usual tenderness tried to drive away her grief: he never had an angry word for her—he knew her weakness, he knew the pressure brought to bear upon her. With passionate tears and kisses the unhappy wife would throw herself into the arms of her husband. But all this was in secret. Not to embarrass her, Martin refrained from all show of tenderness before the family.

But the first step had been taken; the rack was kept in use; every hour was a torture to Bertrande de Roltz; and at last she resigned herself into the hands of the family. A charge of imposture was entered against Martin Guerre.

Those who are here disposed to blame Bertrande for her vacillation and feebleness should reflect upon the effect of a systematic course of "nagging" upon a weak mind. She had been for so many years entirely in the hands of her relatives, she had been so dependent upon them in her distress! And, moreover, during this time new causes for doubt had arisen. The hue and cry once started, others joined in the chase. Men were found—were they disinterested witnesses or the friends of Uncle Pierre?—who swore that they recognized in the impostor one Arnauld du Tilh, called Pansette, who had long disappeared from his native town, Sagias.

At last the warrant was issued. The petition demanded that the aforesaid Arnauld du Tilh should ask pardon of God, the king and the Guerres—that, bareheaded and barefooted, a lighted torch in his hand, he should be made to kneel in the public place and confess his crime, beg for mercy, and pay two thousand pounds to cover all expenses of the suit, with damages and interest. Martin Guerre was arrested and taken before the justice of Rieux. Before all, wife, family, friends and neighbors, he was submitted to a long and searching examination, and he came off victorious in every contest. Infinite details about his youth, about his near relations, about his early marriage, the persons who were present, the priest who published the banns, the costumes worn by the various guests—circumstances the most minute—nothing was wanting. He gave the day, the very hour, of his departure: he named the persons he had met on the road, even giving the purpose which had taken them from home on that day; all of which was verified by the persons themselves. With these proofs, given with a sure and abundant memory, it was impossible to find a single fault—there was not a flaw. When

the witnesses themselves failed to remember a fact, he recalled accompanying incidents until the light broke upon their minds; and he added that if, today, after having been recognized by so many, after having proved, not for an hour only, but for more than three years, his right to the name, one would contest his rights, that ingratitude was solely due to the cupidity of his uncle and the two brothers-in-law of his uncle. They had acknowledged him as Martin Guerre so long as he sacrificed his interests to domestic peace; and he called attention to the strong point in his favor that he became an impostor upon the very day that he had demanded a settlement. Then, and then only, had there been a whisper of suspicion.

If Martin made charges against his uncle, they were all supported by incontestable proof. No means of getting rid of him had been left untried, not even that of compassing his death. Uncle Pierre, after trying in vain to entrap him, after spying upon him a long time, had finished by an assault. He had been taken unawares: Uncle Pierre had knocked him down with a bar of iron, and would have killed him then and there had not Bertrande thrown herself upon his body to intercept the blows of the assassin. All this was true to the letter.

He said, further, that his poor wife was more than half influenced by the fact that his life was in danger; that if his enemies had triumphed over her, he was happy to believe that they had not won away her heart; and he demanded to be confronted with her in open court, feeling sure that, away from the evil influence of her relatives, she would listen to nothing but the voice of truth and of Nature. He concluded by saying that if the truth could prevail, his enemies would be in his place; that Bertrande was sequestered in a house under forcible subordination; and he confidently demanded to be absolved from the charge without expense of damages or interest.

The justice of Rieux heard *some* of the witnesses named by the accused, and among them Bertrande herself. Ques-

tioned apart, the wife agreed perfectly with the accused in numberless private details. The confrontation of Martin and Bertrande was a new triumph for the prisoner. On the other hand, the justice heard *all* of the witnesses named by Uncle Pierre. Also, time was given the latter to bring forward other witnesses. When the trial reopened one hundred and fifty were called upon the stand. They were brought in to witness against the prisoner, but more than forty recognized in him, by signs they could not mistake, by souvenirs incontrovertible, the real Martin Guerre. Between sixty and seventy hesitated: there was a striking resemblance, they confessed, but they could not swear that it was or was not Martin Guerre. About forty were positive that the accused was Arnauld du Tilh, called Pansette. But among the latter forty there were a few who gave their testimony with confusion and embarrassment.

So far all had gone well for the prisoner, but at this stage of the trial the justice of Rieux was suddenly seized by an idea. He ordered a new proof, of which the result must be, in his eyes, conclusive: he ordered an inquiry to see if the little Sanxi resembled the accused. Luminous idea! as if it never happened that a child did not resemble, at an early age, his mature sire! This well-considered proof was taken: Sanxi did not resemble the prisoner, but had a strong likeness to the Guerre family, especially the two younger sisters.

Up to this time the evidence had been contradictory, but strongly in favor of the accused; but now the clouds were cleared away—the justice was satisfied that he had laid bare the imposture. Sentence was rendered—that the prisoner be declared Arnauld du Tilh, *dit* Pansette, and as such an impostor; in consequence condemned to lose his head, and after death his body to be cut into four pieces.

The condemned appealed to the Parliament of Toulouse. It is here that the real trial commences, with this unfavorable circumstance—that the accused had been once convicted and sentenced to

death. Moreover, he had been declared to be Arnauld du Tilh.

For a long time the prisoner was in close confinement, in irons, while Uncle Pierre was gathering up testimony from all quarters. To meet these extraordinary expenses he tried to borrow money of a rich connexion, but the latter refused in terms which left no doubt that he considered his relative a rascal. At Toulouse other questions were brought forward, and among them the culpability of Bertrande herself. The legitimacy of the little girl was called in question at the suggestion of the brothers-in-law of Uncle Pierre; and the following questions (or the gist of them, for they used plain language in those days) were propounded:

"1. By his long absence was not the true Martin Guerre responsible for all that had happened? had he not given license to his wife? and could he not be punished for deserting her?"

"2. Ought not Bertrande de Roltz to be condemned for allowing herself to be imposed upon so easily?"

These are interesting items, and show us something of the kind of justice they had three hundred years ago. One sees that Shakespeare had living examples for Dogberry and his associates.

But let us leave this grave child's-play and push on to the trial at Toulouse. To begin, the court ordered that Pierre Guerre and Bertrande de Roltz should be confronted in open chamber, one after the other, with the accused. The latter showed here, as at Rieux, a calm face, a perfect assurance, a gentle, generous manner; so much so that Uncle Pierre and Bertrande were confused, embarrassed, disconcerted, and ended by seeming like two calumniators. As the process went on, only doubt and uncertainty were developed. Of thirty new witnesses heard, nine or ten positively declared that the accused was Martin Guerre; seven recognized as positively Arnauld du Tilh; the rest floundered about in a sea of uncertainty.

"All this," says Coras, who records the case in the Latin of his time, "threw the judges into the greatest perplexity.

They inclined toward an opinion contrary to that of the justice of Rieux, and were disposed to give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."

Up to this moment the prisoner had confounded all who were confidently brought forward to convict him of imposture. He was still calm, confident, thoughtful, and managed his case well. But now new witnesses were brought forward, and the judges of Toulouse found, out of near two hundred, forty-five who recognized Arnauld du Tilh, or who swore that he was not Martin Guerre. And among this number there were three or four whose testimony had great weight. Martin Guerre, said one, was taller than the prisoner, was lank in body and in legs, a little stooping, carrying his head between his shoulders, had a chin greatly dimpled, upper lip pendent, the nose large, somewhat flat, and a cicatrix upon the right cheek. The accused seemed shorter, stronger in body, had larger legs and an upright carriage; and the nose—well, they thought it more pointed: the cicatrix was there, it was true, and as for the other traits, they were concealed by hair. Now came the damaging testimony. The uncle of Arnauld du Tilh was summoned, and, recognizing at once his nephew with shackles upon his legs, set to crying—a fact which had great weight with the judges. Again, the shoemaker who had supplied Martin Guerre and all the Guerres swore that the true Martin required a number twelve, while the prisoner was comfortably shod with a number nine. One witness remarked that the accused, although born in the Basque province if he was Martin Guerre, did not understand the Basque language. He only spoke a few scattered words, which he used with affectation in his discourse. This point had great weight.

The evidence of the innkeeper and his wife, who had heard the soldier's story, was here taken; that of Valentine Rougie, who swore that the accused, seeing that he was recognized as Pansette, made him a sign to keep silent; and of one Pelegrin, who made a simi-

lar deposition, adding that the prisoner had given him two handkerchiefs, one of which was for Jean du Tilh, his brother. The accused denied these statements.

Thus it will be seen that there were some strong facts against the prisoner, but how many equally strong in his favor! Near fifty witnesses were positive, by the recollections of his boyhood, that this was Martin Guerre. Among those whose testimony went in his favor were the four sisters, and the husbands of two of them. There were friends also who had known Martin Guerre from his birth. Catherine Boete was the one who had carried the *reveil* to the two children on the wedding-night, and not for an instant did she or would she admit of the possibility of a mistake on her part: it was indeed Martin Guerre.

The mass of testimony was decidedly in favor of the prisoner, and the best, it must be seen, was that rendered by himself. During all these examinations and confrontations he had nonplused judge and witnesses alike by that astonishing and happy memory which traced trifling, unimportant events through twenty years; that confidence which resolutely cleared away doubts; that clearness of explanation upon disputed points; that abundance of detail, always near the truth, generally recognized as the truth itself; that attitude of sincerity; that loyal accent. All this, as Coras says, might well throw the judges "into a great perplexity." They tried every means to entrap him, but they could gain nothing—absolutely nothing. If this was not Martin Guerre, it certainly seemed that it must be "some devil in his skin."

But suddenly an important witness appeared. A new Martin Guerre entered Artigat! This one also had been in the wars. He had a wooden leg, as the soldier from Rochefort had declared. He also recognized the home of his infancy, his neighbors, his friends, and acted precisely as the other had done three years and more before. He demanded his wife, and, hearing then of the trial at which she was assisting, departed at once for Toulouse.

A curious scene ensued when the two Martin Guerres were confronted with each other. The prisoner, still calm and collected, treated the new-comer as an impostor, a man paid to assume this rôle by Uncle Pierre—said he would pass the rope about his own neck if the stranger was not proved a cheat. It was the accused who questioned the new-comer upon a thousand and one familiar facts of domestic life. And it is confessed that the new Martin Guerre did not come off victorious in this strange battle. Upon some points he responded fairly enough—upon others he broke down completely. His memory failed him—he was disconcerted, confused, and lost his temper.

When presented to Uncle Pierre and the sisters, the second Martin Guerre was recognized with the same certainty with which they had recognized the other. The eldest sister, after a moment's inspection, threw herself upon his neck and cried, "This is indeed my brother Martin Guerre. I confess the error I have been led into by that abominable monster." Bertrande was informed that her real husband had arrived at last. Thus prepared, "all in tears," says Coras, "and trembling like leaves in the wind, she threw herself into his arms, and implored his pardon for the involuntary fault she had committed." She said she had been misled by the rest of the family, by her too credulous sisters-in-law, by Uncle Pierre himself, and that her great happiness at again seeing her husband had aided the deceit—that the impostor had given facts and particulars which, as it seemed, could only be known to a veritable husband.

The new Martin Guerre, who had tenderly embraced his sisters, coldly repulsed his wife. He kept a stern and chilling face during this passionate entreaty, then rudely pushed her away.

"Stop your crying and praying," said he at length. "I am not in the least moved by your tears. It is in vain you try to excuse yourself by the example of my sisters. You alone are the cause of all this disorder in my house, and I shall always impute it to you."

Had Bertrande been a woman of strong mind, the second Martin Guerre might have fared badly. She had, in a measure, the power of choosing between the two husbands—of examining more profoundly the claims of this Martin Guerre with the wooden leg and surly manner. What proofs had he yet brought forward to establish his identity? His language to Bertrande was scarcely appropriate from the lips of a man who had voluntarily deserted his wife near a dozen years before.

"I may ask," says Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, "if this Messire Martin Guerre, who soured so sharply against his wife, did not merit a punishment equal to that of Arnauld du Tilh, for having been by his absence the cause of her misdeed? . . . A man should not be allowed to quit his wife without cause—much less for so long an absence—and at the end of that, having been cleared for it, to show such anger before his judges. It seems to me a mockery and illusion of justice. . . . If Martin Guerre had been condemned to death because, without reason, he had deserted his wife—an absence which had been the principal cause of all this imposture—I believe that those of our time would have sanctioned it as a salutary sentence; at least I am sure in regard to the married women." The good Pasquier is a little hasty, and goes too far. It may be contended, on the part of many excellent wives, that this surliness was the strongest proof of his being the legitimate husband.

The main point now was, the resemblance between the two men. They were placed back to back, neck to neck. So placed, it was easy to make the comparison, to note the points of difference. And the result? "Marvelous! marvelous!" Such was the cry, or to follow old Coras, "As like as two eggs. When one saw one he saw the other." A point of difference between the two men, to any great or marked extent, could not be found. All the marks known to have existed upon Martin Guerre were found both upon the prisoner and upon the new-comer. Marvelous indeed. They

were not twins, they were not brothers, they were not relatives, they were not even compatriots, and yet their resemblance was so close as to give rise in actual life to one of those cases of doubtful identity which have furnished the material of fables and dramas.

Both men answered perfectly to the universal descriptions of Martin Guerre; but from the moment of the arrival of the man with the wooden leg the accused was regarded as an arrant impostor—the cause was decided. As to the many proofs given by the latter by which he had so long confounded all opponents, Coras can only attribute them to *sorcery*.

Pasquier tells us, in his *Recherches*, that "what renders this case the more astonishing is that the supposed husband had never been in communication with the other." The accused had never been seen in Artigat, had never been observed asking questions or making inquiries into the secrets of the Guerres: there was nothing to explain his means of knowledge. He had not even met the second Martin Guerre. True, Coras insinuates to the contrary, but had such been the case the fact would assuredly have been developed at the trial. Clearly, the statement is a mere expression of the general sentiment of the court. But even supposing that the two men had been comrades, intimate friends, in camp, is it at all probable that the true Martin Guerre would have gone into all the insignificant details upon which the accused stood so severe a test? The weight of evidence was decidedly with the prisoner. Examine the more serious points. The uncle cried in court. At least two hundred and ten others had been deceived: might not an aged, tender-hearted old uncle be mistaken also? In a curious murder case in Richmond, Virginia, a young woman was recognized three different times by the nearest relatives of lost girls, but, happily, the publicity given to such trials in our time by the newspapers brought out the truth. A mother had wept over the body, had gone in mourning for her lost Magdalen, had borne the expenses of burial, and when this was done her daughter turned

up well and hearty in the city of Norfolk. There is scarcely a mysterious case in our time even which does not show its example of mistaken identity.

This clearly shows that the mass of mankind neither observe nor think. Did the judges of Toulouse really think over the evidence? Take one example—the witness who swore that Martin Guerre was Basque, and hence should speak the Basque language. The accused only knew a few words, which he used in his discourse. That was considered strong evidence, but they do not seem to have remembered the fact that Martin Guerre was only two years old when he left the Basque country. The few words he used were the recollections of infant prattlings. Instead of being against the prisoner, we should consider it a strong point in his favor. And there is nothing to show that the second Martin Guerre was even questioned upon his knowledge of the Basque.

To proceed with the trial. From the first moment that Uncle Pierre and the sisters recognized the second claimant the case was decided. The brothers of the supposed Arnauld du Tilh were not even heard, because, forsooth! it would not be right to make them witnesses against their own flesh and blood. One sees by this that the matter was settled. The prisoner foresaw his doom, and with a calm smile folded his arms and said no more. On the 12th day of September, 1560, the court of Toulouse gave judgment. It is in the patois of the country, worse than the Latin of Coras. The accused, Arnauld du Tilh, *dit* Pansette, was condemned, as an impostor, "to make honorable amend before the church in the public square of Artigat, and there, upon his knees, in his shirt, head and feet bare, having the rope about his neck, and holding in his hands a burning candle, to demand pardon of God, of the king, of justice, of Martin Guerre and De Roltz (married); and this done, the aforesaid Tilh will be delivered into the hands of the hangman, who will make the usual tour of the streets, leading the condemned by the neck; take him before the house of

Martin Guerre—" In fine, after all this and more, the condemned was to be hanged and strangled, and his body burned.

Well, this matter amicably settled, other questions came up. Ought Bertrande de Roltz to be criminally pursued for adultery in allowing herself to be imposed upon so easily? Ought Martin Guerre to be tried for having given cause, by his absence, for the faults of his wife? Ought the little girl to be declared illegitimate? Ought Martin Guerre to be tried for treason for having borne arms against his proper king at the battle of Saint Laurent? But, so far as we can learn, all these questions were dropped: justice was satisfied with one victim. It was rumored that the accused had made a confession *in extremis*, but it was soon learned that this was merely the common ruse to justify justice. The condemned was still, as ever, calm and collected. Coras himself has to praise his demeanor, now as well as during the trial: he bore himself like a brave man, with a true and valiant heart, whether he was Martin Guerre or Arnauld du Tilh. There is one significant phrase in the reports: "The court dared not enforce the *amende honorable* in the chamber, fearing the interruptions and petulance of the condemned."

The sentence was duly executed. One wonders at this day if the gentle Bertrande looked from her window when the man who had been a kind and loving husband to her, who had been a tender father to her children, was led like a wild beast before her door, making his expiation upon his knees. In her heart she must have given him full absolution. But from this time the curtain falls upon all domestic details. Poor Bertrande was left with her wooden-legged, surly husband, and here history closes the page.

Montaigne, the incorrigible doubter, says upon this subject: "I saw in my youth a process that Coras, councillor of Toulouse, had printed, where, by a strange accident, two men were presented the one for the other. I remember (and I do not recall other things) that it seemed to render the imposture of the one adjudged culpable so marvelous, and going beyond both our comprehension and that of the one who was condemned, that I found a great deal of hardship in the decree sentencing him to be hanged. Let us have some sentence which says, The court could make nothing of this case; more easily and ingenuously than the Areopagites, who, finding themselves embarrassed by a case they could not disentangle, ordered that the parties should appear for trial at the end of a hundred years."

Good sense that! and if the judge of Toulouse had applied Montaigne's sentence to this process, "The court can make nothing of this case," there would have been no need of the fiction of a last confession: it would have left the judge without a pang of remorse.

To close, let us put the question again: Which of these two men was Martin Guerre? The accused was confined in prison while his enemies were searching up witnesses against him: it seems that the Martin Guerre with the wooden leg arrived long after the process at Rieux, and very opportunely—almost dramatically—for the trial at Toulouse. That he came from parts unknown, that he broke down in memory, that he could not stand the tests of the prisoner, that he could give no clear account of himself, as the other had done, is shown. Bertrande was too much under the influence of fear to give her testimony much weight. *Enfin*, was the man with the wooden leg only an instrument in the hands of Uncle Pierre, and himself the false Martin Guerre?

EVELYN ASHBY.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER II.

Who frowns at others' feasts had better bide away.

ANOTHER bright day has succeeded the one my story opens on, and Hortense is eagerly devising the ways and means for the dance expected at Aytoun to-night. It is no new festivity, for the young people of Bridgeford are rather fond of dancing in the old hall, and the arrangements are always necessarily few. The piano will do duty for an orchestra, and the impromptu supper, such as only the housekeeper at Aytoun can concoct, will be sure to be a success.

Hortense is restless to-day: why, she scarcely knows. Perhaps she feels she was rather hard on Bryan yesterday, and that she ought to have answered his urgings not with banter, but with mild arguments. We are so apt, when we are attacked, to seize the first weapons of defence we find within reach, and afterward we see that we should have done much better if we had left them alone altogether.

But Hortense is not much cast down by her yesterday's experience. She has resolved that she will be kinder to Bryan to-night, but she has also decided not to leave Philip too hastily. Bryan must be patient, and not urge such a speedy fitting. If she left Philip uncomfortable and lonely, she would be unhappy, no matter how many pretty vows Bryan might make to console her.

So she resolves very decidedly and very blindly, as mortals are apt to do. Yet she does not conquer her restlessness, and, the glad, bright sunshine inviting her, she goes out to cut roses to deck the drawing-rooms in honor of her expected guests, and whilst doing so to hasten, if possible, the hours, which somehow lag greatly to-day.

In amongst the rose bushes, Hortense forgets her desire that time should fly faster. The blossoms are so lovely, so perfect, each leaf folded over another as

if at its heart there were something precious it would hide, unlike the sweet June roses, which are more open-handed, and ready to scatter their bright leaves at the sighing of any wind or at a careless shaking of the branches. But in June, with the whole summer before them, they can afford to be liberal.

Hortense loves her roses, and whilst she is cutting them she has an eye for every straggling spray, and a helping hand to twine it. She is nearly hid in the bushes as she stands there, but she hears a man's step on the gravel, and she peeps out through the boughs to see who is coming.

It is only Philip, booted and spurred for a ride to Bridgeford. But he has a word to say to Hortense before he goes—a word which he seems to find some difficulty in speaking, for he begins bunglingly, though with seeming carelessness. "Have you any message to Grace Robson?" he asks, stopping in the walk near Hortense among her rose bushes. "I am going to Bridgeford, and shall call there."

"I have none," replies Hortense indifferently. She has failed to notice the rather familiar mode in which Philip speaks of her yesterday's friend, or perhaps she knows that gentlemen have a habit of dropping the conventional Miss. She does not dream there is any special reason in this case. "Of course you can tell her I expect her here to-night," she adds.

"You two seemed to take a great fancy to each other yesterday," Philip goes on, gathering, as he talks, the rosebuds within his reach, and making a tiny nosegay of them—"a mutual liking, I should think, judging from appearances."

"Bryan was disagreeable," Hortense explains, "and I found a third party necessary."

"You women will play off any one if you have an end to gain. I thought

with your feminine sharpness you had made a discovery, and wanted to win appreciation for it."

"I made no discovery, except that Grace was rather stupid and taciturn, you decidedly sulky, and Mr. Alston inclined to be impertinent. That was my yesterday's experience of our party."

"Grace and I were preoccupied, and could afford to be silent, and to let Gerald's insolence pass. She is a dear girl— Confound the thing!"

The change of voice is so sudden as sufficiently to betoken a change of subject. But Hortense does not care to mark intonations, so she asks, "What has the dear girl been doing to make you so fierce in your expletives?"

"Do you not see what the thorns have done to me?" he returns, holding up a torn palm to view. "I cannot see how you manage to handle the things."

"The roses are very much like the 'dear girls': both are apt to hurt you if you give them a fair chance. I know enough of my roses to handle them in gloves. Let me gather yours for you. Are you York or Lancaster in your color? If they are for Grace Robson's wearing, let them be red by all means."

Hortense has come to the edge of the gravel-sweep, and she is reaching for a splendid Giant of Battles, so that Philip cannot see her face when he says abruptly, "Grace and I are engaged, and I supposed you would like to hear of it at once."

The gorgeous rose still blooms on its stem, for Hortense has brought her two hands together suddenly, dropping the scissors in the act. She repeats, as if she doubted her own hearing, "Engaged!"

"Yes," Philip answers; "and it is a good thing for me. Grace is pretty and good-tempered. I can't expect you always to take care of me. We can't be perpetually like Charles Lamb and his sister."

Philip has left out what most men consider Grace's greatest charm—her money. He is too much of a gentleman to mention it just now.

"Of course we could expect nothing of the kind, seeing there is a certain

Bryan Bonham in the world," Hortense says quickly. "But I did suppose I should have had some intimation of what was going on before everything was decided."

"And so you would if I had had any myself. I had not thought of going quite to the length I did yesterday."

"The delicious day and the ride and Grace's blue eyes made you lose your head, I don't doubt," Hortense says, mockingly, knowing none of these things have ever influenced Philip before.

"Not exactly," answers Philip, and then he stops. He might have told what had really urged him—some trying letters received in the morning's mail. But as he never showed Hortense such letters, it was not to be expected he would make any such confession.

"And Grace likes the wooing?" asks Hortense, finding Philip has come to a halt.

"Of course she does. You do not take me for an unsuccessful swain, do you?"

"No," Hortense answers, glancing up at her handsome brother. "I am not surprised at her Yes—only at your asking for it."

Philip may take this as the silly speech any sister may make, so he asks coolly, "What fault have you to find with Grace?"

"None whatever. She is pretty enough and rich enough, and yet she is not exactly the style of girl I should suspect you of fancying."

"I did not know I had shown any preference for a particular style. Grace is a lady, and will do credit to any position," Philip says shortly.

"I suppose she will. Will you bring her to Aytoun, or live round the corner from Blidale Mill? Either position may be convenient."

Philip shrugs his shoulders: "I expected something kinder than sarcasm when I told you such a piece of personal news. It is better to tell a woman a fact and not wait for comments, for you will be sure of being hurt if you do."

"I will not again," Hortense says, penitently, if not quite intelligibly. "Is

the wedding arranged, or only the engagement announced?"

"I would name a day next month if I had my own way," Philip says, not looking at all like the rash lover his words imply he is; "but Grace will not even let our engagement be known."

"I always think a woman has not quite made up her mind when she is afraid to announce her engagement," Hortense says, suspiciously.

"You and Bryan seem to have acted on that idea. But I am not sure that Grace is not really wiser. She does not care to set the gossips of Bridgeford talking before she can help it."

"It need not be a long engagement if Grace does not wish it to be," Hortense says, knowing there is no difficulty in the way, as there has been in her own case.

"It won't be a long engagement, you may depend upon it. You can comfort Bryan with the certainty;" and Philip stalks off, forgetting the roses he had scratched his hands to pluck.

Hortense lingers amongst the flowers, her face telling a very different tale from that of half an hour ago. She is a little pale, and there is a troubled look in her eyes. She is not thinking of Grace, but of Philip, wondering how this sudden fancy to marry Grace Robson had come upon him.

If Grace had been a stranger to him, and he had met her for the first time, she thinks she could have understood it. But as they had always lived within a mile and a half of each other, Hortense confesses to feeling puzzled. Yet she is sorry she was not more cordial and interested when Philip spoke to her. Why will people tell unpleasant news abruptly, and then, when you have no breath to speak, expect you to pour out your delight?

There is a comfort in thinking that Bryan will be pleased at the match. Hortense cannot gainsay anything he may propose now. She will be cordial to Grace to-night on Philip's account, and perhaps he will forget she did not receive the promise of a sister-in-law with rapture. And so she goes back to

her roses, cutting them off from the parent stem sharply when she remembers they will soon belong to Grace, and then again more gently and tenderly as she hears her own wedding-bells keeping time with the nodding flowers.

Hortense has gathered up her spoils now, and has gone into the house. And Philip has left his horse at a livery-stable, and is walking up the principal street of Bridgeford to Grace Robson's fine, new-looking brick house.

Grace has visitors this morning—so many visitors that if Philip had had a hint of them he would have turned round the corner instead of entering. He could have taken an inventory of the windows and doors in his future property, Blidale Mill, and if he had waited a few minutes would have seen the swarm of work-people come out as the whistle shrilly told them of their dinner-hour. But he does not know who are in Grace's drawing-room, and he is in some haste to arrive there.

There are somewhat more than a dozen people in the long, handsomely-furnished room. The greater number of them are ladies, but there are a few gentlemen, who seem to be constant visitors, judging from their knowledge of the most comfortable chairs to lounge in.

All but Gerald Alston, who is seated uncomfortably enough on the music-stool. He seems to be the chief speaker just now, and what he is saying is evidently unpleasant to Grace, for her face wears an irritable expression not often seen on it.

"I think the whole thing had much better be given up," Gerald is saying. "Of course none of us can possibly go after what I have told you, and I do not see how you ladies can, without any gentlemen."

"Neither do I," one of the matrons answers. "Of course none of the girls will care to dance with each other, and where the gentlemen cannot visit is, I am sure, no place for us."

"I can't see any point to your argument," answers Grace hotly. "Gerald's generalities may have influence with the gentlemen, who seem to have unbound-

ed confidence in his opinion; but why we can't dance at Aytoun because they see fit to decline, I don't see exactly."

"It is better sometimes to keep from particular accusations," Gerald replies in a lower voice to Grace. "Philip Dunbar has behaved in an ungentlemanly way, and I, for one, do not care to accept his hospitalities."

"Philip Dunbar ungentlemanly!" exclaims Grace with scorn. "If our surroundings help us to our breeding, his should be perfect."

"As a carpet-knight, I grant. But that he is an upright, honest gentleman, as his forefathers were, I deny."

"But your proof?" says Grace, still hotly. "We require something more than mere assertions if we are to be rude to Hortense."

"It may be difficult to make you ladies understand. But every gentleman knows how a man is regarded who ignores a debt of honor."

"Oh! a debt of honor!" says Grace with curled lip. "I think I, for one, comprehend you, though you pay me but a poor compliment upon my astuteness. One cannot help recalling the retort of the unlucky wife of a man who kept a gambling-table at one of our Springs when she was cruelly shunned by the virtuous ladies in the house for her husband's misdeeds. 'Oh, there is but a small difference in our husbands' positions,' she exclaimed one day to them. 'Mine stands behind the table, and yours before it.' So with your debts of honor. The wrong is in the playing, and the man who wins is no better than the man who loses."

"Certainly not: there I agree with you. But the man who cheats comes under neither of these heads."

Gerald Alston's words have somewhat the same effect that a clap of thunder would have upon the light merriment of a ball-room. Grace would fain make a bitter retort, but she is speechless, as much at Gerald's audacity as at the vileness of the charge.

"We cannot countenance a cheat, and my daughters cannot possibly go to-night," remarks the same matron who

had thought the girls having to dance together an insuperable objection. She is too immaculate a person to countenance cheats. Perhaps she does not know that her own liege lord is notorious for mixing refuse cotton in his cloth.

"But what will Hortense think? We certainly can't disappoint her at the very last moment," says one of the young ladies, who likes to dance and likes Philip's handsome face also.

"She will not care if Bryan Bonham is there," one of the men answers.

"I hope not," Grace says wrathfully. "And if she wants to dance, I have no objection to play for her."

"Will you go, Grace?" asks one of the more timid of the womenkind.

"Certainly I shall. I wonder you are not all of you ashamed of being led so meekly by the nose by Gerald Alston."

"I can prove what I have said," Gerald replies coolly, "though you seem to doubt it, First, there is—"

But what there is he does not explain. For just then the door opens and Philip Dunbar enters.

I wonder that in the old, old times, when people were so beset by their fondness for treason, and very often lost their heads for their foible, they should have been so foolish as to meet and talk over their intentions. It may be they had more control over features and voice than we have in these degenerate days. For I defy you to pull to pieces your neighbor's character, and, if he or she should chance to walk in, give no hint by voice or manner who had been under discussion.

Philip Dunbar, as he stands in the doorway, knows very well that he has been passing through the ordeal, and that the verdict is against him. Every one is looking guilty and ill at ease. Even Grace, who has done some small skirmishing for him, is a little stiff and formal from being taken by surprise, and she will need time to recover herself.

Gerald Alston alone is cool and collected. He swings himself round on the music-stool, and plunges at once into conversation with the girl nearest him. His defection as chief speaker has left

the rest of the party like sheep without a leader, until the honest shoddyite's wife bethinks herself of taking leave, and the rest gladly follow her example.

Not much does Philip Dunbar care for being left out of all the handshaking. Neither does he seem to notice the very cold shoulder Gerald Alston is pleased to turn on him. He is waiting very patiently for these gay butterflies to take wing, and he will not trouble himself to sweep them away by a rough word.

Grace waits until the door is shut on the last of them, when she exclaims: "Do you know what they have been talking about?"

"Hardly, as I have only heard their adieus."

"They have decided not to go to Aytoun this evening," says Grace, with a scared look on her face, as if she were talking treason.

"Indeed! what a misfortune! It is well there is no supper to be spoiled. Only Hortense's roses are wasted. By the way, I had some of those roses for you, but I lost them." How he had lost them he does not say.

"But you do mind their not going after they had promised?" says Grace, thinking what seemed an insult to her womanly feelings must be felt as such by Philip too.

"Why should I? If they do not wish to dance, I do not care to force them."

"But Hortense will care. What has made them behave so?" asks Grace, turning suddenly to Philip.

"How can I tell? I only know their decision as you repeat it to me."

"It is something Gerald Alston has heard, and he repeated it to the men—something about what he calls debts of honor," says Grace hesitatingly, hardly knowing how far she can venture without being caught in a storm.

"It is Gerald Alston's work, is it? I thought it was a mere whim of the ladies. Of course, if Alston has had a hand in it, that makes all the difference in the world."

"How does Gerald Alston make it different?" asks Grace, becoming frightened after having done the mischief.

"It is a question between men, and the ladies have nothing to do with it. Let us talk of something else. I came hoping to hear pleasanter words than Gerald Alston's slanders."

"What did you come to hear?" asks Grace absently, for she is thinking just now more of Gerald Alston's words than of Philip's.

"I came to ask what I was bent on yesterday, only some troublesome body prevented me. I want to know how long you intend to keep me uncertain and from being the happiest man in the world?"

"It is not well for mortals to be too happy," Grace says, sententiously.

"Then you are harder on me to-day than you were yesterday, for certainly you were more encouraging."

"But to-day I may change my mind."

"So Hortense says. She thinks until a woman is willing to acknowledge her engagement she is reserving a corner to creep out at."

"Hortense! What does she know of yesterday?"

"I told her of my good luck, this morning," Philip says, carelessly.

"Told Hortense! Is that the way you keep your promise?"

"I did not suppose you included Hortense. She is very harmless, and will keep our secret if I ask her. Except, of course, from Bryan: you would not like such a precedent, I suppose."

"And Mr. Bonham will tell his friends. You might as well have told it in the market-place at once."

Philip does not say that he would have preferred that, and, not being able, has taken the next best mode of proclaiming it.

"What did Hortense say when you told her?" asks Grace, in a tone that betrays her curiosity in regard to the point.

"More than I should like to repeat to you," Philip replies, not able to recall anything very pretty that Hortense had said. "She is a good child, and always likes what is for my special good."

"But she must have said something you can repeat," urges Grace.

"Of course she did, but she shall tell you herself what she thinks. Bryan wants her, fortunately, so she will not be jealous of you."

"Jealous! I should think not," Grace says.

She has no sisters or brothers, so is ignorant of the bond that binds them, but thinks she understands it and all others perfectly, and that only lovers like Philip and herself are ever jealous.

"Hortense does not like to leave me alone, and so she thinks you will not mind naming the wedding-day soon," Philip says artfully.

"If she feels so anxious she can defer her own," Grace replies, a little nettled at being hurried for Hortense's convenience.

"Poor Hortense! She has waited already two years, and seems doomed to an indefinite tarrying."

"I can't be in such hot haste. Why, it was but yesterday you told me you cared for me, and to-day you would have me fix the wedding-day. Such breakneck speed takes away one's breath."

"But if I need you, Grace?"

"Oh, of course you need me: I take that for granted. But my comfort is something to be thought of, too."

"I don't look forward to making you uncomfortable. The Dunbars have always been passably good husbands, and I flatter myself I am no renegade of my race."

Philip's words take Grace at once to Aytoun, where the Dunbars had brought home their brides for generations. And a little glow comes into her cheeks as she thinks that she too will call the old place home. She will do the honors there as the best of them did, if she does bring the money from Blidale Mill to pay the fiddlers.

"You will be the fairest bride ever brought to the old home," Philip says, reading her weakness in her flushed cheeks. "And you will bring back the old hospitality and the old customs. Hortense is shamefully negligent about such things."

It flashes through Grace's mind that

Philip cannot complain that Hortense's negligence has prevented the guests from dancing at Aytoun to-night. With the thought comes the old distrust, for she says abruptly, "You have not told me yet what Gerald Alston meant by keeping every one from Aytoun to-night."

"How can I tell you what I do not know?" answers Philip shortly.

"It was something he told the men about a debt of honor, as he called it."

Philip's face darkens: "That throws no light on it. Alston and I may have very different ideas of honor." Then he adds, more lightly: "You must ask Alston himself if you want to know what he means."

"So I did," Grace answers, simply.

"You did?" Philip sneers. "I like your confidence in me, it is so pretty and tender. What did your friend tell you to my discredit?"

"Nothing very definite," she confesses.

"Then you may safely argue there is nothing to tell. Alston would out with his gossip if he had really anything to go on."

"I mean, he would not enter into any particulars. And yet what he said has kept our party from going to Aytoun to-night."

"You can't hold me to account for what Alston only hints. He may, by an innuendo, keep a parcel of silly people from a little wholesome amusement, but I can't plead guilty or not guilty when there is no charge made against me."

"But you do know, you must know, what he means," says Grace impatiently, growing uneasy at Philip's mode of fencing off her blows.

"I tell you I do not, and you seem to doubt my word. Grace, how can you be so unreasonable?"

"I am not unreasonable," Grace says hotly. "I have no one to look out for me or to advise me, so I must be doubly careful. Until this disagreeable rumor is cleared up I cannot think of consenting to your request."

"Which request?" asks Philip with an angry gleam in his eye—"yesterday's or to-day's?"

"To-day's," answers Grace quickly. She does not care to let her pleasant bargain slip through her fingers if she can possibly help it, and yet she will not be hasty and imprudent. Just now Gerald Alston spoke only vague, unproven words, and Philip Dunbar and Aytoun are palpable and within her reach. So she would willingly temporize a while.

"Then," says Philip, rising from the sofa where he has been sitting by her side, "you must pardon me if I tell you I do not fancy the rôle you would have me play. Engaged to you, and yet mistrusted; having the first right in your house, and yet hardly spoken to by your guests; Gerald Alston pouring into your ears what slanders he pleases, and you heeding them and taxing me with them."

"I did not let him tell them to me," Grace cries quickly: "I was very angry with him. Only I see no harm in asking you to explain them."

"No harm in insulting me, and letting your friends follow your lead! We might as well understand each other at once. I will not visit you, as Gerald Alston and your Bridgeford admirers do."

Grace looks surprised. She has had always docile, obedient lovers—never one to deal with like Philip Dunbar. Perhaps the novelty is not unpleasing.

"Do you intend to give up visiting here?" she asks.

"You appear weary of our engagement of twenty-four hours' standing, and seem willing to drop me," he answers. "Otherwise, you would not care to fill your room with these people when I come."

"But how could I tell you were coming?—you gave me no warning."

"I suppose it is not an unexpected visit this morning. At least, you might have some cause for censuring me if I had not come. But until you can make some arrangement by which I shall not stumble in upon all your acquaintance, I will stay at home."

Grace has half a mind to tell Philip she will arrange her own visiting-hours, and then she cools down a little, and thinks of telling him he can come when

he pleases and find the parlors empty. Halting between two such opposite speeches, she says nothing at all, but lets him go, feeling that the quarrel is not a hopeless one, and that either can heal the breach if disposed to do so.

Philip's ill-humor is not so great as it appears to be. He is playing for two important points, and he thinks he has won one of them at least. A long engagement would be a folly on his part, and he is determined not to meet Grace's Bridgeford acquaintances just now. He is quite sure he will not again find them in his way.

But he grows more ill-humored as he walks down the street for his horse. Several of his own acquaintances look diligently into the shop-windows, thereby turning their backs upon him. Others are in too great haste to do more than nod as they pass him.

"Confound them!" he mutters. "There is not one of them whose father would not have held my grandfather's horses for a shilling. I wonder if they think I care for their insolence?"

Bryan Bonham is coming down the street as Philip mounts for his ride home. "You are just the one I want to see," Philip calls out to him. "Miss Robson tells me the ladies will not dance at Aytoun to-night. Either yesterday's ride was too much for them, or they don't feel like dancing. Hortense will be disappointed, I fear; but I thought I would tell you, to save you the trouble of coming out."

Bryan looks annoyed. "I can't imagine what it means," he says. "I thought it was a fixed fact we were to go to you to-night."

"Nothing is fixed in this world," Philip says lightly—"especially the mind of a woman."

And he leaves Bryan not so much annoyed that there is no dance to-night—for the gates of Aytoun always stand open to him—as at the sudden change which has come over the Bridgeford people, who are always eager for a dance in the old hall. There is some reason, and he is determined to fathom the mystery.

"There is no party to-night, Hortense," Philip says to his sister a half hour later. "You have gathered your roses for nothing, for the Bridgeford folks are out of dancing humor, and they have declined to come, *en masse*."

"What is the matter with them?" asks Hortense in surprise, never having been disappointed in her guests before.

"Ask Gerald Alston. It seems to be of his devising," answers Philip indifferently.

"One likes to ask questions of gentlemen!" replies Hortense curtly. And then she consoles herself for no dancing to-night with the hope of seeing Bryan. She can tell him her tidings just as well under the gas-light in the library as in treading the measure of a dance.

But she is doomed to another disappointment, for Bryan does not come: why, she cannot tell.

CHAPTER III.

Ever so many flashes of lightning do not make daylight.

PHILIP has kept his word. He has made no more visits to Grace; and as for the town of Bridgeford, nothing would induce him to walk down its principal street again. In the seclusion of Aytoun he cares very little for any strictures the manufacturing people may make upon his conduct. Even Grace may hold a court of inquiry in her showy drawing-room daily if she pleases, and so that he does not happen in inopportune, it does not matter to him.

What people think of him is of but small importance to Philip Dunbar: how they behave to him is of much more consequence. If his Bridgeford acquaintances had had a civil good-morning for him, they might have gossiped and abused him as they chose, and he would have only laughed at them for their pains. But the walk from Grace Robson's house to the livery-stable has cured him of any desire to go to the town again.

Then Grace Robson's pretty face and long stock-list are nothing to him? They

are a good deal to him, especially the latter item. But having woven his web, he can afford, cunning spider as he thinks himself, to let the silly fly entangle herself. Perhaps he would not take it all so coolly if he had not Hortense to serve him in an emergency—Hortense, who would not willingly move her finger to help him in his mercenary expedients, and who shares his contempt for mills and spinners.

It is four days now since Philip's visit to Grace—four days since the Bridgeford people refused Hortense's invitation. Philip has been moody and out of temper all the while. Some quarrel between Grace and himself, Hortense thinks, having occasionally had some such experience herself during her two years' engagement with Bryan. And she has no doubt, from the same experience, that there will be a making up of the difficulty soon.

Philip must be harder to manage, though, for Bryan never kept away from Aytoun for four days—at least, never until now—and Philip, to her knowledge, had not set foot out of Aytoun all this time. As for Bryan, she does not know whether his absence is accidental or not, but she has no intention of noticing it. If he is still offended at the result of his grandfather's epistolary efforts, she will be able to set that matter right, now that Philip does not need her much longer.

The truth about Philip is, he has been waiting for a message from Grace every hour for three days at least. He did not think he had left her feeling very resentfully toward him, and so he has been expecting a summons; and now he is uneasy at not receiving it. If he had seen how frequently Gerald Alston visited Grace, he would have understood the state of things better. As it is, he is waxing impatient.

"Hortense, are you going to Bridgeford this morning?" Philip asks as he is leaving the breakfast-table on the fourth day of his uncertainty.

"I did not intend to go, but I can if you want anything," Hortense replies, unsuspecting of any lurking idea in

Philip's mind of making a cat's-paw of her.

"I wish you would, then, if you do not mind it. There is some money due me at Lancaster's. It isn't a very common thing with me now-a-days."

"Why can't you go yourself?" Hortense asks. "I am so stupid about money-matters. I always get into a rage with myself for having to listen to explanations I ought to comprehend at once, and which I never manage to understand at all."

"There is nothing for you to understand. It is Lancaster's business, as he is paid for it. I can't go to Bridgeford this morning, for Hill wants me in the five-acre field."

"I must, then, I suppose, if Hill needs you," Hortense says, not much caring to execute his commission.

"And, Hortense, if you would call on Grace, it would only be civil in you, as she is to be your sister, and I have told her you knew of it. Do say something pretty to her, as you can if you choose, and ask her to come and see you. Perhaps she would like to see the house. Can't you ask her to come to-morrow?" inquires Philip, lighting his cigar as he gives his instructions.

"Oh, that is what you want?" Hortense answers dryly. "I am to draw on the bank of love as well as on your factor. Have you any special commands for the fair owner of the Blidale Mill if I make up my mind to call upon her?"

"You can drop the mill, if you please," says Philip shortly.

"Any message for Miss Grace Robson?" Hortense asks, correcting herself as desired.

"None. I don't care for you to mention my name even. The visit is strictly on your own account, remember."

"Is it? It is a pity you had to prompt it, then."

"You had better go early, or Lancaster may be out," suggests Philip.

"Has any change been made in the business-hours at Bridgeford lately?" asks Hortense. "I will start soon, though, for I do not care to call at

Grace's when there is any chance of meeting visitors. I suppose she will not mind seeing me early, as I am Hortense Dunbar, sister to Philip."

Philip in his heart hopes Hortense will be too early to meet any of Grace's friends, for he is not at all sure how his sister will bear any rudeness if they should chance to treat her as they had treated him. But he says nothing to warn her, and saunters out to the five-acre field to talk with Hill about crops and manures.

Hortense dawdles a little longer over the breakfast-table, and then goes to dress for her visit, for that is the real business she has to do this morning.

The day is so bright and shunshy she concludes to walk to Bridgeford. She likes the exercise, and she dislikes driving by herself in a close carriage. Certainly the fresh October air has given her a color, and she looks more than pretty as she stands on Grace Robson's doorsteps with her hand on the bell.

Hortense dearly loves her brother Philip, the only one she had to love before she knew Bryan Bonham. Most girls have mothers and fathers and sisters to lavish their first fresh love upon. But Hortense remembers but the one tie of blood, and she is not cold-hearted enough to meet Philip's betrothed without a little flutter and excitement.

She has determined to be very cordial to Grace. Certainly, if Philip loves her, Hortense can have no fault to find with her. And yet—alas for the perversity of womankind!—she finds herself continually seeing faults.

"One ought to dress like the pictures in a fashion-plate to be in keeping here," Hortense thinks as the servant shows her into the long, showy drawing-room. "I feel extinguished in my plain black silk, surrounded by so much gilt and red velvet. Ah, poor Aytoun! the Blidale Mill money will regild you until your best friends will not know you. I don't believe the new paint will stay on your walls, though." And so she comforts herself.

There is a rustle of silks, a dainty vision of ruffles and furbelows, and

Grace Robson stands before her future sister-in-law.

"Have you been expecting me?" Hortense asks. "I thought I would give you breathing-time, but Philip sent me this morning. I suppose we may kiss in a sisterly fashion."

"Mr. Dunbar sent you?" Grace repeats.

"Yes. I should hardly have ventured to call at this hour if he had not sent me. I wanted to see you before visitors came, though."

"Is Mr. Dunbar in town?" asks Grace, her curiosity getting the better of her pride.

"No: he had some business—something urgent, I suppose, as he has sent me to Mr. Lancaster's, instead of going himself." Hortense thinks some excuse must be made for her delinquent brother. "But I would not have let him come with me, even if he could have done so, as I want to have you to myself a little while."

"I am glad to see you," Grace says heartily, carried away, as most are to whom Hortense is at all cordial.

"Thank you," replies Hortense. "I hope you will always be glad to have me. You know I have no sister, so I ought to be very much obliged to Philip for kindly holding out the hope that I shall have one some day. I hope it will not be very long, either."

She ought to be glad, yet Hortense cannot say from her heart that she is.

"And I have neither brother nor sister," says Grace, a little sadly.

"Then you have missed one torment in a brother. I am afraid you will spoil Philip, though, if you have had no brother to break your hand in a little."

"Mr. Dunbar will take his own way, I imagine." Grace is still piqued at the remembrance of their last interview.

"He comes of an obstinate race, and is sadly spoiled," Hortense replies. And then she lays her hand on Grace's shoulder, and says softly, "Make him very happy, dear. It is the best work we women can do, to keep a bright, cheerful home for those we love."

Grace is surprised at the sudden

change in Hortense's manner, but warms under it as she says, "I will try, I promise you."

Just then the door-bell rings loudly and fiercely, as if to give warning to the whole house of the arrival of a visitor. Hortense rises at once. "I do not want to be caught," she says. "I hoped I was too early for visitors. Cannot you come to see me? Promise me to come to-morrow. We shall be safe from interruption at Aytoun, and Philip is anxious for me to show you the house. You will come?"

Grace has no excuse: perhaps she is glad to receive the invitation; and so she promises.

"To-morrow, then, I will expect you;" and the two girls kiss and part as if they were already sisters.

"She is very pretty, and I think sweet-tempered. At least, she has forgotten her quarrel with Philip, or forgiven him at the first overture. She is lady-like too, in spite of her taste for finery," Hortense says to herself as she goes down stairs to the hall door.

The servant is just opening it to the visitor who gave such a noisy summons. "Mr. Alston," Hortense says coldly as she bows a little stiffly in passing him.

Gerald starts at the sight of her, and forgets to be civil enough to return the bow, for she is the last person in the world he cares to meet visiting Grace, except Philip himself.

Hortense draws a long breath when she is once more in the street. "I am glad I have but the one brother," she thinks. "I wonder if Jacob's daughters had to make such visits of ceremony when their twelve brothers were betrothed? But of course they did not: such affairs were better managed in those days. One cannot help longing to wear a veil and be a nonentity. To think of one's thoughts being answered in that way!" and Hortense laughs a silvery little laugh, which causes a small child who has escaped out of a house near by, and is playing in the forbidden gutter, to look up and laugh too.

It was not much for either to laugh at.

Only one of Hortense's acquaintances had passed her with a blank look of non-recognition. It never struck Hortense that this was intentional—for she knew of no reason why any one should ignore her—or perhaps she would not have been so much amused. But she is at Mr. Lancaster's door now, and has quite forgotten her merriment.

"Philip is busy, Mr. Lancaster," Hortense says, "and has sent me for some money. Please do not give me a message to understand: I can learn it by rote if it is necessary."

"I wish you would understand your brother's business," Mr. Lancaster says, looking down on the bright face he loves, as all do who know it well. "You might do a great deal of good if you would only try to enter into his concerns."

"Is Philip extravagant?" asks Hortense.

"He is embarrassed, and, I fear, reckless," Mr. Lancaster answers gravely.

"The poor boy has had a bad bringing-up so far as economy is concerned," Hortense says, by way of excusing Philip. "But I cannot think there is very much extravagance at Aytoun," she adds, remembering how differently the place must have been kept up in the days of her forefathers.

"There is bad management somewhere," Mr. Lancaster says, "for there are more notes due than there is money to meet them with. Perhaps a word from you may be useful. You have always had influence with Philip."

"Not in important matters. But why not speak to him yourself? He has confidence in your judgment," she urges.

"I have said as much and as strongly as I dare, without any effect. But if you will only watch and see for yourself, you may do some good."

"I will, if you think I ought," Hortense promises, little dreaming to what this watching will bring her.

Mr. Lancaster has a keener vision into the future, and he feels some compunction as he looks at her standing there putting the money he has given her carelessly into her purse, without glancing at it to see if the sum is right.

Then she holds out her hand to bid him good-bye, and he takes it in a lingering, pitying way, which surprises Hortense and makes her uneasy, fearing Mr. Lancaster sees more trouble ahead than he cares to tell her of. His warning has brought a grave expression into her eyes, which those who know her best have seldom seen there.

Now, the whole of Bridgeford might pass her without speaking and she would never perceive it, for she is looking straight before her with a little frown on her brow. She is planning retrenchments, and has lessened every expense at Aytoun, from the stables to the kitchen-department. So there is a likelihood of starvation and cobwebs in old Aytoun under the new régime Hortense is preparing.

She is so absorbed in her calculations that she never hears a footstep which is hastening to overtake her—never heeds it until Bryan, panting somewhat from his exertions, comes up. "What are you in such a hurry for?" he asks. "I have been trying to join you ever since you left Lancaster's."

"Have you? I had not an idea I was walking fast. I suppose I was trying to keep pace with my thoughts."

"I should like to know what your thoughts were about," Bryan says, thinking of course he has some part in them.

But Hortense is not going to tell tales on Philip, especially as she knows nothing from her own observation. So she turns the conversation a little abruptly, and inquires, "By the way, Bryan, have you your grandfather's letter with you? You know you promised to show it to me."

"I don't remember doing so, but I should like to talk to you about it."

She does not answer, leading Bryan to infer that she is still refractory, so he says decidedly, "You may as well take my arm, for you cannot possibly get away from me, and you will be obliged to hear what I have to say."

They are on the road now, under the linden trees, which, though they strive to wear a brave look, yet cannot help showing marks of the battle they have

had with the frost, to which before many days they will have to succumb. How many hopes may die before the next spring decks the trees again, Hortense cannot foretell; and Bryan is not thinking of them, but says reproachfully, "Why would you not listen to me the other day? Why are you at times so difficult to understand?"

"Because I had only an ungracious No to give you. I dislike the spiteful little monosyllable, and will never use it if I can decently get round it."

"That is right," rejoins Bryan heartily. "There is no word so unbecoming to rosy lips. Let us have a Yes always."

"I dislike hearing the word as much as I do saying it, so let us have only affirmations."

"It is a bargain, then," Bryan says. "You will listen to me patiently, no matter how long I talk?"

"Yes," Hortense replies, obediently.

"And will let me name the wedding-day?"

"Yes."

"Even if I say just after Christmas?"

"Yes."

"And you will give up Niagara?"

"Yes."

"You certainly mean what you promise?" asks Bryan, looking at her doubtfully.

"Are you longing for a dissent? You have not been at Aytoun for nearly a week, so you do not know I am to abdicate."

"To do what?"

"I have been to Bridgeford this morning to see the future mistress of Aytoun," Hortense says, trying to make herself understood.

"And who may she be?" he inquires, not yet quite taking in the drift of this bit of information.

"Grace Robson is the happy woman," Hortense answers.

"Is Philip thinking of selling?" asks Bryan, knowing Grace can very well pay a good price for the old place if she chooses to buy.

"Hardly. He will be a beggar before Aytoun is sold, I hope. This is a matri-

monial transaction, not a monetary one. I have been calling on my future sister-in-law this morning."

"When was it decided upon, Hortense?"

"It was one of the fruits of the ride to the Rapids. It is odd how some quarrel and some make love under the same sun."

"Are you sure it is so?" questions Bryan. "May not Philip be quizzing you? Gerald Alston told me that it was at Grace Robson's house the decision was made not to go to Aytoun the other night. She would hardly have allowed it if she is engaged to Philip."

"Mr. Alston's story is not altogether likely, as Philip has sent me to call on Grace to-day, and she received my congratulations as a modest maiden should. You may believe the Alston story if you can."

"Philip is lucky," Bryan remarks. "He has chosen the prettiest and the richest girl in Bridgeford."

"Is that your idea of luck? You ought to have looked out for Grace yourself, if only luck was to have won her."

"I don't need money as much as Philip does," Bryan answers.

That reminds Hortense of what Mr. Lancaster had said to her, and her face wears the same grave look it had when Bryan overtook her. But she says nothing of her fears and anxiety. Bryan would be more apt to find fault with Philip than to sympathize with her.

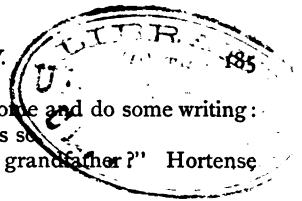
"If Philip is to be married, there is no stumbling-block in my way, I suppose. I do not see why we should wait until after Christmas."

"Only we must know what Philip's plans are before we quite decide on our own."

"Always Philip! Am I never to be first with you?"

"Yes, some day, of course. But it seems only just that I should have the poor fellow's comfort a little longer in my thoughts. Grace may not like as short an engagement as Philip wants to make it. We can see what her plans are, and then we can easily form ours."

"She might as well know what ours



are, and then form her own," Bryan suggests.

But Hortense thinks this is quite out of the question, and that she, as Philip's sister, cannot hasten matters. And Bryan does not demur at last, for he is confident that Philip will not have a long engagement if he can possibly avoid it.

"I shall be glad to get you to myself," Bryan says. "I have played second fiddle so long to Philip—two years now—I am rather weary of it."

"It is good for you," replies Hortense. "I have spoiled Philip, and I have no idea of having two of you on my conscience. And as to the secondary part you complain of taking, I am sure that until four days ago you were not able to insist upon having your own way, and you have now bravely atoned for your patience of two years' standing."

They have come to the iron gate of Aytoun now, and Bryan stops there, as if he has reached his goal.

"Are you not coming in?" asks Hortense. "There is Philip: he will be glad to see you. He has not been off the place for days."

Seeing Philip does not decide Bryan to go in, even though Hortense has pleaded his voluntary banishment. Bry-

an has to go home and do some writing: at least he says so.

"To your grandfather?" Hortense asks.

"Yes: now that I have something definite to tell him, it is worth while to write."

"Don't ask him to the wedding until the day is fixed. It is the worst of luck," she asserts.

There is a little longer waiting at the gate, a little more chatting under the bright October sun, though nothing is said worth repeating. Talking nonsense must be a pleasant pastime, for Hortense joins Philip on the porch with a brighter face than the mere walk to Bridgeford would ever have given her.

She has forgotten Mr. Lancaster's grave warning—forgotten that Aytoun is no longer popular with the Bridgeford people. She forgets, too, to marvel why Bryan has suddenly found so little time to come to Aytoun.

It is well for us that at times we have such a flood of sunshine that there appears no dark corner of our lives which is not for the moment lighted up. The glory is ephemeral, and therefore seems the brighter.

THE LOOSING OF LILITH.

A LEGEND OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Lilith was Adam's first wife.—*Legends of the Talmud.*

SHE was tired of strangling the hearts of boys
 With the strands of her gold-red hair;
 She was tired of blighting the innocent brows
 Of babies lusty and fair;
 So she said unto God, "I pray Thee, Lord,
 Let me wander upon the earth,
 To teach new ways to the women there
 Who are weary of home and hearth."

But the wonderful Mother of Christ, who sat
 On the topmost step of the throne,
 She looked up to God the Father and said,
 When the words of Lilith were done:
 "Now, for the sake of the Son I bore,
 Let Thy least handmaiden speak;"
 And she bowed her before the Father God
 In reverence sweet and meek.

Then a great new light went flashing out
 Through the mansions many and fair;
 And the seraphim glanced up Godward then,
 Of His sudden smiling aware;
 And the dear Christ said to His mother mild,
 "Beloved, the Father hears!"
 And Lilith, she stretched her lithe white neck,
 And put the hair from her ears;

For the voice of Mary was sweet and low,
 Like the wind by the river of God,
 And she said, "My Father, I pray Thee now
 Loose not this creature abroad.
 She hath troubled the sons of Adam sore,
 But she hath not worked her worst:
 Oh let her not vex the daughters of Eve:
 This was not written at first."

Christ looked in the Father's face, and then
 Over His lips there flowed
 The hidden thought of the Lord of heaven,
 While the visage of Lilith glowed:
 "They have forgotten thee, mother mine—
 These women who deafen the earth:
 Let Adam's rejected teach them now
 What a brawling woman is worth."

Straight out of heaven sped Lilith then,
 With a cruel scorn in her eyes—
 She that was first made equal with Adam,
 And that fell, being overwise.
 It is not a new story now, you know:
 They were too much alike to agree;
 And she wrangled and fought with Adam, until
 God, pitiful, set him free,

And gave him to wife the meeker Eve,
 Who sinned through womanly trust,
 And who, in her sorrow for sin, was like
 A sweet crushed flower i' the dust.
 Therefore it had come to pass that Lilith
 Sore hated the daughters of Eve,
 Because to their mother, beloved of Adam,
 Our God had given reprieve.

Concerning the doings of Lilith on earth,
 If you'll look abroad in the land,
 You'll see that the caldron of wrath is stirred
 By her white and devilish hand.
 Wherever she findeth a woman's heart
 That is easy to trap or to win,
 That will none of the meekness of Mary mild,
 She straightway entereth in ;

And her image, it multiplieth fast—
 Too fast for the peace of the world ;
 And Lilith meets you at every step,
 Ribbioned and crêped and curled.
 Her marks are a skeptical, brazen brow,
 And a hard and a glittering eye,
 And a voice that striveth to fill the world
 With its clamoring shrill and high.

Ah ! do you think that a Christ could be
 Born of a woman like this ?
 Is there any rest in the arms of such,
 Whose lips are bitter to kiss ?
 Woe for the little children that cling,
 Unwelcomed, upon their hands !
 They are only thinking of how their deeds
 May startle the farthest lands.

When the fire goes out on the hearth at home,
 And the chamber is left unkept ;
 When a shadow that climbeth from heart to eye
 'Twixt husband and wife hath crept ;
 When the wife is shy of the mother's estate,
 And maidens are counting the cost,—
 It behooves us to think a little upon
 The glory that Lilith lost.

If we go down to the root of the thing,
 We shall see that they put Self first,
 And that is the sin of sins, for which
 Fair Lilith was greatly curst.
 They are out of the shadow of the Cross,
 And Self is their idol in life ;
 And it is not the voice of God they hear,
 But of Adam's demon wife.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

VICTOR HUGO, DRAMATIST, NOVELIST, POET.

"WE are about to have a new school of criticism," said Victor Hugo in 1827: "the world will soon begin to understand that writers should be judged not according to rules and classifications—things which are outside of nature and outside of art—but according to the immutable principles of that art, and the special laws of their individual organization." There is no one who is treated with greater injustice from the neglect of this admirable code of criticism than its author. The world has not yet learned the lesson he hoped it was beginning to spell out, and persists in cramping his vast and versatile genius upon a Procrustean bed of "rules and classifications" which were never intended to confine its huge dimensions. To appreciate Hugo fully we need to take into account the stormy elements of his birth and ancestry—the soldier-father, radical and republican, the royalist mother, ruling the children with an absolute despotism, the restless infancy, and the youth spent in wandering about southern Europe, now in Italy, now in Elba, then in Paris, thence to Spain, from Spain back to Paris again, searching for impossible dragons in the old garden of the Feuillantines, and peopling its dusty alleys with romance; to see the child, full of strange fancies and wild visions, writing his "eleventh volume" of poetry at thirteen, honorably mentioned by the Academy at fifteen: it scarcely needed the additional stimulus of a boyish passion ripening into love to complete the romantic atmosphere in which his youth was spent. In him seems to be summed up and included the special genius of France, her Napoleonic grandeurs, her wide-sweeping philosophy, her intense nationality, her keen and flashing intelligence, her towering egotism, her child-like tenderness and swift-coming tears, her rapid excitability and furious passions, her love of fine "situations" and striking antitheses, her overpowering

leaning to the dramatic. Indeed, the latter element seems to be all-pervading in the writings of Victor Hugo. Above all things, he is a dramatist, and all the world to him becomes a stage whereon mankind plays its endless tragedy. And to say this is not to belittle his genius. It is not to say that he is stagey or tricky or false, but merely that life shows itself to him in the form we are accustomed to call dramatic—striking combinations of events, strong contrasts of character, whole years of thought or feeling suggested and summed up in a single pregnant sentence, tragedy crowded into a pithy speech, destiny hanging upon a word. And it is this faculty of seizing upon the salient points of things, this grasp of men's relations to each other and to society, that gives his novels their breathless and vivid interest, and completes the splendid climaxes of his poems. It is worth while to investigate his theory of the drama as laid down in his preface to *Cromwell* (1827), and developed in his other works, although we cannot agree with him in thinking the Grotesque an element unknown in ancient art.

Up to the time of the Christian era, says Hugo, the purely epic Muse of the ancients had studied nature under one aspect solely, rejecting from art, without pity, nearly everything that in the world open to her imitation did not relate to a certain type of the beautiful—a type magnificent to begin with, but, as happens always with the systematic, becoming in its later days false, petty and conventional. The modern Muse, under the influence of Christianity, will see things with a higher and wider vision. She will realize that in all creation ugliness and beauty, deformity and grace, darkness and light, exist side by side, and will ask herself if the narrow and relative intelligence of the artist is to be judged superior to the infinite and absolute intelligence of the Creator. It is

then that Poetry will take a great step—a step which, like the shock of an earthquake, will change the whole aspect of the intellectual world. She will begin to work like Nature, to mingle in her creations, without, however, confounding them, darkness and light, the grotesque and the sublime; in other words, the body with the soul, the animal with the intellectual. Thus we have a principle unknown to the ancients, a new type introduced into Poetry, and, as an added condition modifies the whole being, a new form developing in art. This type is the grotesque—this form is comedy.

The poetry born of Christianity, the poetry of to-day, is then the drama; the characteristic of the drama is realism; realism results from the perfectly natural combination of the two types of the sublime and the grotesque, which cross each other continually in the drama, as in life and in creation. But we must recognize at the same time that the domain of art and that of nature are perfectly distinct. Nature and art are two things, or else one or the other would cease to exist. Art, besides its ideal side, has a terrestrial and positive aspect. For its most capricious creations there are forms, methods, materials, which for genius are instruments—for mediocrity, merely tools.

"The author of this drama," says Hugo again, in his preface to *Lucrece Borgia* (1833), "well knows what a great and serious thing the theatre is. He knows that the drama, without leaving the impartial limits of art, has a national, a social, a human mission to fulfill. The multitude must not be allowed to leave the theatre without carrying with it some profound and austere moral. He well knows that art alone, pure art, art properly so-called, does not exact all this of the poet, but he believes that in the theatre, above all, it is not enough simply to fulfill the conditions of art. Put into everything a thought of goodness and pity, and there is no longer anything hideous or repulsive. Attach a religious idea to the most horrible thing in existence, and it will be-

come pure and holy. Fasten God upon the gibbet, and you have the cross."

The play of *Lucretia Borgia* (from whose preface these striking words are taken) forms a companion picture to the still more terrible drama of *Le Roi s'amuse*, known to us in English as the *Fool's Revenge*, and still better as the opera of *Rigoletto*. The two plays were conceived at the same moment in the author's mind, he tells us, and, were it not a barbarism, he should be tempted to call them a *biology*. In *Le Roi s'amuse* he takes for a subject the most hideous, the most repulsive, the most complete *physical deformity*. He places this miserable creation on the lowest and most degraded plane of society, exhibits its every side by the sinister light of contrasts, and then gives it a soul, putting into this soul the purest sentiment of humanity, paternal love, and the deformed is transformed before our eyes. *Lucretia Borgia* is the Mother to be set beside this Father—the most hideous, most repulsive, most complete *moral deformity* placed where it shows its ugliness best, in the heart of a woman endowed with all the physical beauty and regal grandeur that gives a startling prominence to crime. But this monster of wickedness is imbued with the holy sentiment of maternal love: as a mother she moves our pity and our tears, and *moral deformity* is purified by the sacredness of maternity, as in the other play we have *physical deformity* sanctified by paternal love.

In *Angelo* (1835), better known here as *Tisbé*, from Rachel's performance of that rôle, we have again a purely sentimental motive, the opposition of the two figures of woman in society and woman out of society; that is, in two living types, all women and all of woman. In this play, as in *Marion de Lorme* (1831), the perfect and all-mastering love of woman is represented as the great purifier and regenerator. "Her sins which are many are forgiven, for she loved much," is the text of both.

In *Hernani* (1830) and *Ruy Blas* (1838) are embodied the continual strife between royalty and nobility: they rep-

resent the essence of two centuries of Spanish history. The philosophic subject of *Ruy Blas* is the people aspiring to better things; the human subject, the love of man for woman; the dramatic subject, a lackey in love with a queen.

In *Les Burgraves* (1843), the most ideal, most purely poetic of all Victor Hugo's dramas, and one in fact far better adapted for the closet than the stage, we have the family used as the symbol of expiation. In the four generations, living their strange—almost royal—life in their mouldering castle, the author endeavors to present the great moral ladder of the degradation of races, and to make of this philosophical abstraction a dramatic, palpable, impressive, living reality.

From this hasty sketch of Victor Hugo's ideal of art, and of his principal dramatic works, it will readily be seen that they are all built up around some grand moral principle, which is to them as the soul is to the body. Herein he defies the first canon of French criticism, by deliberately proclaiming himself a teacher, and asserting that it is not enough in the theatre to fulfill the conditions of art. Not content with the lesson that inevitably inheres in any great work of art, and is all the more impressive that it crystallizes slowly within our consciousness, he wishes to thrust it more prominently into view. Thence his boast that he never introduces upon the stage a vicious character unpurified by some holy feeling, a scene of lawless revelry without the thought of death. Across the riotous mirth of the banquet-hall steals the solemn funeral procession; the airy melody of the drinking-song or the serenade is interrupted by the low chant of the *De Profundis*; and though the frantic mirth of the Carnival rage in the foreground, behind the scenes a gloomy voice cries *Memento quia pulvis est!* These combinations are superb, it is true, and add much to the effect of the situations. The idea of contrast is ever in his mind: he seems incapable of representing a character save, as he himself expresses it, "under the sinister light of contrasts." The

main action in his plays lies between two planes, as it were: in the light, the hero and the heroine—in the shadow, a malevolent intelligence weaving its dark designs against them. There has been no greater master of dramatic situation in all literature than he: his points come like the flash of a rapier, and dazzle with their breathless swiftness. Then steals in some subtle touch of pathos or tenderness that only a poet could conceive, followed perhaps by a burst of magnificent invective, glowing like molten lava, through all the restraints of French verse. The passion of his dramas is to be noted, above all things, for its manliness: it is strong, frank, courageous; there is no sentimental whining, no pettiness and paltering about it, no glitter of false morality, no tampering with the everlasting truth. There is no trace of the sickly modern school of *Camille* and *Frou-frou* and *Fernande*—none of the vice which is so weak it almost persuades us it is virtue—of the virtue which is so feeble that we prefer the strength of honest vice.

But the fact that the drama of Victor Hugo is the illustration of certain principles, and that his men and women are not created for their own sake, but as the embodiment of an idea, deprives them of that individuality, that living, breathing existence, which distinguishes the creations of Shakespeare and Molière. Considering the complicated mechanism which they have to set in motion, it is a wonder there is any life left in them at all. *Ruy Blas*, *Didier*, *Hernani*—are they not the same ideal lover, wearing his rue with a difference? *Don César*, *Saverny* and their fellows, gay and light-hearted gentlemen, indifferent to virtue, but the soul of honor, shadows of *Mercutio* in a word; *Jane Talbot*, *Blanche*, *Marion de Lorme*, different embodiments of woman's love (with the royal element added in *Lucretia Borgia* and *Marie Tudor*),—are they not the same ideal men and women under various names? In his dramas and his earlier poems Hugo is of the Romantic school: it is in his later novels, *Les Misérables* and *L'Homme qui Rit*, that he

ranges himself under the standard of the Realists, and demands the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Is it not the experience of every life that in youth we persist in covering all things with a veil of poetry, but as we grow older we penetrate beneath their surfaces, and find the truer poetry hidden within the depths?

It is the complete fulfillment of his mission as a teacher which interferes with the artistic perfection of Victor Hugo's novels. They are all written with a philosophic as well as a moral motive, and the principle underlying the story being the great and important thing, any digressions that may throw side-lights, however vague, upon that principle, or convey instruction upon points in the remotest degree relating to it, are ruthlessly woven into the narrative, and greatly obstruct its rhythmic flow. They are magnificent, but they are not the novel. The description of the sewers of Paris, for instance, is one of the most eloquent chapters in *Les Misérables*, but nine out of ten of the readers of the book read it after they have finished the story, if they ever read it at all. These digressions are like the entr'actes in a drama of thrilling interest: the more intense that interest, the more we wish them away. The dramatic form bars out these digressions, but forbids equally all that subtle analysis of character, all that searching investigation of motives, all that exquisite poetry of description, which gives to Victor Hugo's romances at once their beauty and their strength. The range of scenery, of emotion, of character in these novels is wonderful in the extreme. From the fiercest passions of mankind, from the wildest rage of the elements, we turn to the tender beauty of a child's smile or the happy chirping of a nest of birds. The same hand that paints Quasimodo and Thénardier draws the lovely baby-faces of Cosette and Déruchette. There is no one who paints children better than Victor Hugo, because he loves them so well. The poet and the child have ever more than half the world in common. But it is the poetic aspect of children

and of young girls, under which they appear as "the Morning in a human form" or are described as an embodied smile. They smile like celestial cherubs from a happy perch above the clouds that overhang our heads. The moment they come in contact with our world there is no more smiling. In all Hugo's works, so far as we can recollect, there is no honest human laughter. There is no fun in any of his books. Was Shakespeare insensible to the tragedy of life because he could put the Gravediggers into the same scene with Hamlet? But Hugo is the apostle of the Grotesque, and it is that element alone which he sees in contrast to the Sublime. Like Wordsworth and Milton among our own poets, he has no sense of humor, no perception of the ridiculous. It is the lack of this one element in his many-sided genius which has laid him open to the attacks of so many would-be wits. A sense of the ridiculous is the curb-bit that has arrested Pegasus on the brink of many a precipice. It was Wordsworth's deficiency in this most useful quality that prevented his seeing the difference in poetic adaptability between his Lucy and Betty Foy, between the White Doe of Rylstone and Peter Bell's Ass, and which overloaded English poetry with idiot boys and Goody Blakes. It was the same lack in Milton that left his Adam and Eve so open to the scathing ridicule of Taine, and was the serpent that ruined the sublimity of his Eden.

In *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, written to illustrate the strife of man with Nature (as *Les Misérables* showed his conflict with society, and *Notre Dame* with religion), the action was comparatively simple, and the whole book set in a poetic key. The element of the grotesque was in abeyance, and it was only the naturalists and the engineers among his critics who raised their voices very loudly in condemnation. But *L'Homme qui Rit*—which might be described as the apotheosis of the Grotesque—raised a perfect storm of derision. To the peculiarities in the subject and treatment of the book was added that irresistible

doom of the Frenchman who ventures to touch an English subject. There seems to lurk a perverse sprite within our language, always ready to trip up the heels of an intruding foreigner. Even Taine, author of the best history of English literature ever written, makes an occasional slip, and actually translates "Die of a rose in aromatic pain" as *mourir d'une rose malade*. Victor Hugo's extraordinary performances in the way of English in *L'Homme qui Rit* were certainly calculated to raise an unthinking laugh. His grave statement that Southwark was to be pronounced *Sousouorc*, his naming one Englishman Tom - Jim - Jack, and another Barkilphedro, his Duchess Josiane and his Lord Dirry-Moir, were equal to his extraordinary invention of the wapentake with his "iron weapon," who must be followed to some unknown goal in unresisting silence by the person touched, on pain of instant death. In fact, his whole picture of the reign of Queen Anne was enough to make the gentle Addison start from his grave and call Captain Dick Steele to the rescue.

But with all the superficial—let us say—idiosyncrasies of the book, there was beneath its surface-oddities, and in spite of its extremely inartistic construction, such large and splendid painting of two human souls, such depth of pathos in the story of the love of the blind Dea for the deformed Gwynplaine, such rugged strength and sweetness shining through the chaos, that it seems petty business where the spirit is so great to be finding fault with the letter. Once caught in the sweep of that irresistible genius, there is no pause in the spell that holds us. Perhaps the strongest proof of Victor Hugo's greatness is, that our appreciation of it grows with every book we read and every reperusal of those books. As we penetrate by degrees into the heart of this mystery, we feel the poet more and the artist less, and we can pardon a few blots on the page that stirs our souls.

If the dramatic element inspires Victor Hugo with the superb situations with which his books abound, the lyric ele-

ment prompts those exquisite passages of description which make even the French page glow with tender beauty and sweetness. It is as a lyric poet that Hugo stands highest in his own country. No one has done so much for the language as he; no one has such perfect command of all its resources; no one can bring such dainty melodies from its formal stiffness or wield it with such surpassing strength. In the hands of Victor Hugo the French language reminds one of the steam-hammer that drives a ponderous bolt through iron plates or delicately chips an egg-shell in a glass. He almost persuades us that it is in itself a poetical tongue. Stiff as rattling wires in the hands of most writers, in the furnace of his genius it is fused into a glowing stream. It becomes apparently as facile as the Italian, and is turned and twisted into fantastic forms, curious effects of rhyme and every variety of metre. What a wonderful *tour de force*, for example, is the "Chasse du Burgrave," a hunting-song of fifty stanzas, with a double echo in each, the echo forming a sort of pun on the preceding word!—

Daigne protéger notre chasse,
Châsse
De monseigneur Saint Godefroi,
Roi !

Si tu fais ce que je désire,
Sire,
Nous t'édifierons un tombeau,
Beau ;

Puis je te donne un cor d'ivoire,
Voire
Un dais neuf à pans de velours
Lourds.

We have many echo-songs in English, but none for perfect and sustained flight equal to this. Still more wonderful is the poem called the "Djinns," a description of the spiral flight of the evil genii, sweeping on like a dark whirlwind over the head of the singer, and away into the night again. It begins with a two-syllabled stanza of eight lines,

Murs, ville,
Et port,
Asile
De mort ;

and adds a syllable in each succeeding stanza till the eighth is reached, from

whence the line grows shorter in the same proportion, and the poem ends in the measure of its commencement. The superbly vivid effect of whirling rush and gradually subdued excitement this imparts can only be compared to the perfect crescendo and diminuendo of an orchestra, and adds greatly to the effect of the poem. Other lovely and melodious measures are to be found in that exquisite song, "Écoute-moi, Madeleine!" in "Sara la Baigneuse," in many of the "Chants du Crépuscule," especially the one beginning "S'il est un charmant gazon," and in the songs for music scattered through his other works. There is a beautiful one in "Eviradnus" (in *La Légende des Siècles*), which contains the germ of some of Swinburne's choicest melodies, beginning,

Si tu veux, faisons un rêve,
Montons sur deux palefrois;
Tu m'emmènes, je t'enlève,
L'oiseau chante dans les bois.

Je suis ton maître et ta proie;
Partons, c'est la fin du jour;
Mon cheval sera la joie,
Ton cheval sera l'amour.

It is in this volume of the *Legend of the Centuries* (1859) that we find the fruit of Hugo's later years and riper genius. *Les Châtiments* (1853) is thought by some of his admirers to be his greatest work, and certainly nothing could be finer in its way than the grand poem of *L'Expiation*, but it is a question whether purely political topics are the best field for either the poet or the preacher. In the *Legend of the Centuries*, Victor Hugo has set himself a tremendous task, that only his audacious genius would venture to undertake. It is no less than "the expression of humanity in a sort of cyclical work; to paint it successively and simultaneously under all its aspects, history, fable, philosophy, religion, science, which are all resumed in a single and immense movement of ascension toward the light; to call up in a sort of dark, clear mirror the grand figure, at once single and multiple, gloomy and radiant, fatal and sacred, of Man." No wonder that the author expects the "natural interruption of ter-

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restrial labor" to overtake him before his last and greatest work is completed. The one volume published is intended to fill the place of overture to the great symphony of the whole. It is the legendary aspect of humanity, from Eve, mother of men, to the Revolution, mother of peoples. It contains something of the past, something of the present, and a vague mirage, so to speak, of the future. It is characterized by the loftiest imagination, the widest range of thought and the utmost grandeur and simplicity of expression. There is a sense of largeness, a mighty breadth, in Victor Hugo's descriptions of Nature that no other French poet approaches. He makes us feel not only the beauty of the landscape, but the immovable strength and awful grandeur of the mountains, the vast fields of ether between us and the distant stars, the mighty and overwhelming force of the elements, the terror and the mystery of the silent sea. He has a faculty of investing animals also with a strange, weird power: it is not alone his lions who have the majesty of ancient kings, whose companions are darkness and horror, who dwell in a terrible silence and solitude, whose roar is like the voice of the angry ocean; but he throws around the lowest and most abject creatures this chain of association with the Infinite.

Pas de bête qui n'ait un reflet d'infini;
Pas de prunelle abjecte et vile que ne touche
L'éclair d'en haut, parfois tendre et parfois farouche;
Pas de monstre chétif, louche, impur, chassieux,
Qui n'ait l'immensité des astres dans les yeux.

He invests the spider with all the subtle strength of hell, and suspends it, a sun, in the firmament of heaven: he finds the tragedy of martyrdom in a wounded toad, and connects the weary ass who turns aside to avoid crushing it with the very throne of God. The sultan Mourad wears out forbearance with his crimes, but one day he brushes away with his foot the swarms of flies that torment a dying hog, and at the last day, when thousands of his victims rise up to testify against him, in the scales of Eternal Justice the one act of mercy weighs down the oppression of a world.

Many of these poems are written in what might be called the cumulative method, the poem itself a splendid and elaborate preparation of many pages for the concentrated idea contained in one line at the end. Such, for example, are "Bivar" and "The Infanta's Rose;" not as specimens of dramatic climax alone—for this we find everywhere in Victor Hugo's poetry—but poems like the slow dawn, terminating in the sudden bright upspringing of the sun. Something like these, but more sustained in gradual crescendo from its very outset, is the magnificent poem of "The Satyr," chanting the hymn of universal Nature before the Olympian gods, "two profound splendors shining in his eyes," and rising at last to the stature of the great Pan, and calling Jupiter himself to bend the knee.

Perhaps there is no one poem that better illustrates the full power of our author's genius than "Eviradnus." The subject is full of tragic gloom, the scene replete with striking contrasts, the whole story worked up with a master-hand. Was ever picture finer than that of the banqueting-hall in the dark tower of

Corbus, the great walls almost lost in shadow, the long-silent ranges of suits of armor simulating knights upon their mail-clad horses, pale cavaliers showing faintly in the trembling light of the torches; the golden cups and sparkling wine upon the board; the bowed head of the sleeping marquise, serene, smiling and beautiful; the dark figures of the traitors rattling their dice beside her unconscious repose; and out of the deepest shadow the calm, stern eyes of Eviradnus watching from behind his visor and ready to spring upon their crime like an interposing Providence? In such poems as this Victor Hugo reaches the full measure of his greatness, takes entire possession of us with his resistless power, and we feel that while we may analyze and criticise coldly and calmly the drama or the novel written with certain defined principles, and answerable therefore to the strictest canons of art, here we are dealing not with art, but with inspiration. With the poet, as with the musician, there are times when "out of three sounds he frames not a fourth sound, but a star."

KATE HILLARD.

THE POMPEIAN NECKLACE.

"A CHANGE has crept o'er the spirit of your dream since we parted in Paris not many months ago. How dost thou, Benedick the married man?"

"Why, very well, I thank you—better than I ever was in the days of my gay bachelorhood. Besides, Mrs. Erle is no Beatrice."

"No treason against one of the most charming of the fair daughters of Shakespeare's brain! What could you wish for more than a woman like the witty, warm-hearted, impetuous bride of Benedick?"

"But Eleanor is sweetness itself. When you know her better—"

"I shall be half in love with her myself. Only half: I pledge you my word to that. Well, Fate has dealt kindly with you, Sydney. A princely fortune, the fastest yacht, the prettiest villa—"

"And the fairest wife at Newport. Thus you doubtless meant to close your list."

"Thus Pylades flourishes while Orestes remains a poor artist. Well, *vive la Bohême!*" sang Max Summerfield in a full, mellow baritone voice.

"Hush! Don't make such a noise, you untamed Bohemian. What say you to going to the Acklins' to-night with us?"

"What kind of an entertainment—a ball?"

"Not exactly: it is the fashion this year to call evening-parties receptions, but I do not see wherein they are unlike balls: the same supper, dresses, decorations and dances serve for both. But to-night's festivity will be somewhat different from the usual run of Newport parties. The Acklins are immensely wealthy, and old Acklin himself is something of an art-connoisseur, and also of an antiquarian; and he has quantities of odd curiosities strewn about his house. His wife is very musical and has exquisite taste, so there will probably be something very lovely in the way of floral decorations, as well as something very fine in the musical line."

"Don't get poetical."

"Nonsense, Max! Stop talking foolishly. Take another glass of that Clos Vougeot, and answer my question. Will you go with us?"

Max Summerfield was silent. He sipped his wine slowly and with a critical air, then leaning back he surveyed with the delight of a true artist the lovely scene which the large open window revealed. The last long level rays of the setting sun struck slanting across the close-clipped emerald velvet of the sloping lawn, where a flock of fat, saucy robins were twittering and chattering, running to and fro, and quarrelling noisily over their supper. Beyond the lawn rose a belt of noble trees, their serried trunks and ample foliage suggesting the idea of an illimitable forest, though the grounds of Erlesmere (as the place was called) were of no very unusual proportions. The sea was not visible from the dining-room, where the young men sat, but its deep-toned and solemn voice sounded from no great distance, and lent its mighty music to complete the charm of the place and the hour.

Erlesmere was unlike the usual style of houses at Newport. It was no dainty summer cottage with cretonne hangings and matted floors, but a princely mansion, which might have been borrowed from some pompous English novel as a specimen of a splendid country resi-

dence. The wide halls, the spacious rooms paneled with oak and sumptuously furnished, the pictures that adorned the walls, the books and bijouterie and objects of art which were visible on every side,—all spoke of taste and wealth, and lavish though judicious expenditure.

In the sumptuous dining-room sat the young master of the house, Sydney Erle, and his friend Max Summerfield, chatting over their wine, while they trifled with the dainties of the dessert. A silver fruit-basket, upheld by figures of bacchantes, was placed in the centre of the table: it was filled with hothouse grapes, whose mellow amethyst and paly chrysopease showed like uncut jewels in their silver setting. Two other baskets of similar design, but of smaller size, adorned the ends of the table: one was filled with velvety, crimson-cheeked peaches, the other with great golden-coated pears. There was a faint scent of flowers in the air, and outside the window there were the summer sunset and the sounding sea, and over all the soft, sweet atmosphere of a summer day at Newport.

"Come, Max, answer me," said Sydney after a long pause, while his friend sat pulling his brown beard abstractedly and gazing out of the window with a meditative air. "What *are* you thinking about? Will you go with us this evening?"

"I—yes—certainly," answered Max, starting from his reverie.

"What are you meditating upon so profoundly?"

"I was trying to recall where I had last seen a face resembling Mrs. Erle's. I have seen such a face somewhere, and that very lately, but I can neither recall the place where, nor the circumstances under which, I beheld it."

"Perhaps you met her abroad—in Italy, it may be. Nelly lived for years on the Continent. Ah! here she comes! Nelly, Max thinks he has seen you somewhere or other before."

The lady who came softly into the room was certainly a person who once seen could not easily be forgotten. Her

face, though not regularly beautiful, and perhaps to some persons not a pleasing one, was peculiarly striking and singularly fascinating. She was below the middle size, with small regular features, a pale complexion, and a great profusion of fair hair, which she wore in a mass of careless *crêpe* confusion—a style which suited the low, broad brow which was one of the characteristic peculiarities of her countenance. Her mouth was small, her lips were thin and pale, her teeth white, even and somewhat pointed. But her eyes were the most singular part of her face, and wholly redeemed it from being considered either commonplace or uninteresting. They were very large, of a clear pale blue color, and set in lashes many shades darker than her hair—so dark, in fact, as to be almost black. They were speaking eyes—eyes that literally interpreted her thoughts without the aid of speech, that dilated or contracted with her every change of mood, that darkened or paled, sparkled or grew veiled, as the soul within counseled them. Her figure was faultlessly moulded, and its perfect outlines were displayed by the transparent corsage of the dress of pale green gaze de Chambéry in which she was arrayed. But her eyes were her chief attraction, and she knew how to make the best use of them.

She turned toward the artist with a smile. "I do not remember ever to have met Mr. Summerfield before to-day," she said in a soft, plaintively sweet tone, "when I have had the pleasure of receiving him as my guest. I have sent the servant to the Ocean House for your trunk, Mr. Summerfield. So old a friend of Mr. Erle's must not visit Newport and remain at a hotel while we have a guest-chamber unoccupied at Erlesmere."

"Well thought of, Nelly!" cried Sydney. "So, Max, old fellow, make up your mind to a ten days' sojourn here, at least. Carrington gives a clambake next week, and the regatta—"

"I desire no attraction beyond your society, Sydney, and that of Mrs. Erle," interrupted Summerfield with a bow of

thanks to his hostess. "You are only too kind."

"Don't talk about kindness: just make up your mind to be agreeable and to enjoy yourself. Well, Nelly, at what time do you intend to start for the Acklins'?"

"About half-past nine, I think." She glanced at her watch, a dainty diamond-studded toy that hung at her side. "It is after seven now, so I will leave you gentlemen to your meditations and your cigars, while I go to dress. Will Mr. Summerfield accompany us?"

"Yes: I have persuaded him into a little fashionable dissipation. By the way, Nelly, if you have anything odd or artistic in that overflowing jewel-casket of yours, pray wear it to-night. Mr. Acklin has a wonderful taste for antique or artistic bijouterie, and his cabinet of gems is really remarkable."

"I will do my best to dress as æsthetically as modern fashions will permit. Adieu then, gentlemen, for the next two hours." And with a slight bend of the head to her guest she glided from the room.

"Smooth, silken, insincere!" thought Max Summerfield. "Where *have* I seen that face before?"

"Come, Max, let us adjourn to the library," said Mr. Erle, rising. "I have ordered the coffee to be served there, and we can talk and smoke for an hour or so. It will take neither of us long to dress, and I have fifty things to ask you about."

They were a handsome pair, the two friends, as they stood together in the pale light of the dying day—Max Summerfield brown-bearded, brown-eyed and broad-shouldered, a splendid specimen of athletic manhood in its unwaning prime; and the slighter, more youthful, but symmetrically-formed Erle, with a pallid complexion, dark eyes and heavy black moustache, the very type of a *héros de roman*, yet with something of boyish candor and trustfulness visible in his frank open glance and cheery smile. Warm-hearted, frank, unsuspecting, generous, such was the character which Sydney Erle bore among those

who knew him best—qualities invaluable to the friends of their possessor, but such as occasionally cause that possessor to make grievous mistakes in playing the great game of Life.

In a few minutes the two friends were seated in the library, with coffee and cigars on the table before them, where also was placed a shaded reading-lamp, which spread a soft twilight radiance through the room. Outside, the evening shadows were gathering: the sun had set, and the bluish tints and cold pallor of the evening atmosphere had succeeded to the mellow gold and warm-hued brightness of the sunset hour. The breeze, cold from the chilling kisses of the sea, stole through the open casement, and waved with stealthy touch the heavy draperies that shaded the windows.

"And now, Sydney, I want to hear something about the circumstances of your marriage," said Summerfield, leaning back in his chair with his just-lighted cigar between his lips. "Remember that I did not even know that you were married till I landed in New York three days ago."

"Hand me that taper first, and I will tell you the whole story. So! Now, will you take a little cognac with your coffee? No? Well, then, to begin. You remember that when we parted in Paris I talked of making a tour through the south of France, though I had decided definitely upon nothing. But, as luck would have it, I sauntered round to the Hôtel Westminster the day after you left, to call upon the Greshams, and there I met Fred Hilton, who was wild on the subject of old French architecture, and longing for a companion to go poking about with him into all the odd holes and corners possible, looking for cathedrals, and old châteaux, and Heaven knows what. So we made out a list of places to visit, and joined forces on the spot."

"You had better have gone to Italy with me," interrupted Summerfield, letting a cloud of smoke escape from between his half-closed lips as he spoke.

"I don't know about that. I did have

a stupid time, that is true, but then, you see, I met— But I will not anticipate. Well, to go on with my story, we started in about a week, and for a fortnight or so we got along pretty well, though the hotels were horrid, and I could not see much beauty in the tumbledown buildings that Hilton was always raving about and buying photographs of. He had a real mania for photographs, that man."

"Like my French friend, Félix Lalande. I believe he has a photograph of every person and every place he ever heard of."

"Well, just as I was getting heartily sick of the whole affair, and was thinking of cutting loose and going off on my own account, Hilton took it into his head to fall sick. As ill-luck would have it, the place he pitched upon for that purpose was the very stupidest little French town I ever saw—a small, sleepy, whitewashed, dead-and-alive little place called Villars Villon. The country was flat, the town was dreary, and there was Hilton laid up with a low malarious fever, a relapse, I believe, of the Roman fever he came so near dying of the year before; and there was I, shut up with him to nurse him. Of course I would not leave the poor fellow there by himself: he would have died—"

"To a dead certainty," interrupted Summerfield.

"Oblige me by not interrupting me any more in that absurd manner. I had a dismal time of it for a week or so. Hilton was never desperately ill, it is true, but he needed constant attention, for he was inclined to a weak, rambling sort of delirium, and required to be closely watched. The only recreation I had was an occasional stroll up and down a narrow, whitewashed balcony which ran along the front of the house, and on which our windows looked; so I could go out there and enjoy my cigar and a breath of fresh air without being out of hearing, or even out of sight, of my invalid."

"And it was during one of these walks that you—"

"Met Nelly? Exactly so. I had not

even heard of there being another permanent resident in the house, and had never seen her, as she always took her meals in her own room. But one day, seeing me on the porch, she ventured out to inquire how my sick friend was, and to proffer the use of her traveling medicine-chest. The acquaintance thus made soon ripened into intimacy. We met almost daily: she told me the whole of her sad, simple little story, and I got very much interested in her. But the fact is that she fascinated me from the moment I first looked into those wonderful eyes of hers, and I was over head and ears in love with her before I was quite aware of what I was doing."

"And her story—what was it? who was she?"

"Oh, she told me all about herself and her husband (for she was a widow), and about her married life. She was the daughter of an officer in the British army, was left an orphan when not quite sixteen, and was forced to go out as a governess. In one of the families where she taught she met a Mr. Shirley, a rich merchant, who fell desperately in love with her, and married her after a very brief courtship. I do not think her married life was a very happy one—at least she never seemed to care to talk much about that period of her life. She had not been married more than a year or two when her husband became involved in speculation, lost all his property, and was obliged to take refuge on the Continent, where he died of a broken heart, caused by his business misfortunes. He left his widow nearly penniless: in fact, the only property of any value which she possessed was a large quantity of very valuable jewelry. Her husband, it appears, had a mania for precious stones of all kinds, and he never would allow her to part with any of her ornaments, his estate having proved sufficient to satisfy his creditors. But when I first met her she was extremely anxious to dispose of some of the most valuable of her jewels, and consulted me several times as to the possibility of finding a market for them in London, Paris or New York."

"And did she sell any of them?"

"No—of course not. We were married just as soon as Hilton was able to get out of bed and be present at the ceremony, and then we came straight home, for Nelly was wild to see America."

"And you have been married how long?"

"Just six months to-day. You can have no idea of how much Nelly is admired. Her fascinating face and perfect figure captivate my sex, and her gorgeous jewelry overwhelms her own with envy and delight. She wore a parure of coral at the Ellis's ball two nights ago, which drove all the women in the room half frantic, and her diamonds surpass anything yet seen at Newport."

"Accept my congratulations;" and Max Summerfield gravely shook hands with his friend, and then lit another cigar.

"And now, old fellow," said Sydney when both ceremonies had been satisfactorily concluded, "have you nothing strange, wonderful or exciting to tell me respecting your recent travels? I am quite tired of talking, and feel inclined now to play the part of listener."

"There is a story," said Summerfield, leaning back in his chair and looking dreamily up at the smoke-coils that rose and faded into the darkness, "that has been running strangely in my head for some hours past, and perhaps if I tell it to you the ghost of it may be laid, and may cease to worry me.

"When I first went to Rome to study, some years ago, I formed the acquaintance of an old Italian jeweler named Angrisani, who had a great reputation for taste and artistic excellence, as well as for peculiar skill in workmanship. His setting of antique gems and scarabæi was acknowledged to be unrivaled, and his imitations of the ancient Etruscan bijouterie were simply perfection in their way. I went to him first to order some trinkets for my sister, and was so struck by the beauty and æsthetic feeling of his work that I grew insensibly into the habit of dropping in every few days to look at his productions and to have a little chat with the old man about ancient art.

Old Angrisani became very fond of me, and was wont to say that I was one of the very few persons who had ever really understood him or appreciated his work. He was a true artist, though in a small way. He occupied a little dingy room in one of the small, dark, narrow streets near the Piazza di Spagna; but, dingy and out of the way though his dwelling might be, he was not without noble and even royal customers, for he was a decided celebrity in his peculiar line. He mounted a splendid emerald for the empress of Austria, and Queen Pia of Portugal ordered a complete parure of cameos from him, while his setting of the queen of Spain's rubies delighted every one except their stupid owner.

"One evening I strolled into the shop, and I found Angrisani in an unusual state of excitement. He had just received an order most marvelously flattering to his *amour propre*, as well as suited to his taste. A package of very fine antique gems had been sent him by King Francis of Naples, with orders to mount them as a necklace.

"For his intended bride, I suppose?" I said, for the approaching marriage of young Bomba with the lovely sister of the Austrian empress was then one of the topics of the day.

"Old Angrisani laughed and shook his head. Little by little, and with much mystery and many injunctions to secrecy, he revealed to me the true history of the projected necklace. King Francis was at that time under the dominion of a beautiful Englishwoman, a Mrs. Tressilian, who ruled him with a sway as absolute as ever Lola Montez exercised over Ludwig of Bavaria. She was pointed out to me at the Opera in Florence some years later—a superb-looking creature, with red-gold hair, great hazel eyes and a gorgeous English complexion, all cream and carmine. Well, among this fair lady's whims, she took a fancy one day to have one of the still-buried houses in Pompeii disinterred for her amusement, and she extorted from her royal lover a promise that he would present her with its contents, whatever they might be. She was won-

derfully lucky, for in the cellar of the house thus unearthed the workmen discovered a skeleton, supposed to be that of the master of the mansion, and beside the skeleton there were found two finely-wrought silver vases and some twelve or fourteen cameos and intaglios of the very choicest workmanship. And it was these gems that Angrisani was commissioned to mount. I do not think that I ever saw finer ones outside of the great museums of the world. There was one, an oval sapphire engraved with a group of Cupids, which was pronounced by connoisseurs and antiquarians to be perfectly unique, and there was a head of Medusa, cut in a greenish semi-transparent stone, which was a marvel of expression. I remember them all—in fact, I saw them so often and studied them so thoroughly that I could draw the design engraved on any one of them this moment. I went often to watch the progress of Angrisani's work, to look over his designs, and to talk with him about them. When the necklace was finished it was a true work of art as well as a gorgeous ornament. The setting in its general effect was Etruscan, but each gem was mounted in a different style, and in a pattern that had some connection with, or peculiar fitness for, the subject engraved upon it. Thus, around the Medusa was coiled a golden serpent; a cornelian engraved with the rescue of Andromeda was held in the curves of a slender scaly sea-monster; and a vine branch was twined around a superb sardonyx engraved with the marriage of Bacchus and Ariadne; yet the art of the jeweler had so managed each design that the difference between them at a little distance was scarcely perceptible. The finest gem of the whole collection was suspended as a pendant in front: it was the sapphire of which I have already spoken.

"Well," said Angrisani, the day he displayed the necklace to me for the last time prior to its transmission to Naples, 'the fair Tressilian can pride herself upon one thing—namely, the possession of a perfectly unique ornament.'

"Will you never make another like it?" I inquired.

"The old man shook his head: 'Where could I find such gems? and who could afford to pay me my price for such workmanship? Only a king, and a king in love, would ever be so extravagant.'

"So I looked my last, as I then thought, at the exquisite ornament, and I saw it enclosed in its crimson velvet case with a sigh. It was the only trinket which I ever really cared to possess—which I ever truly coveted.

"The night on which I saw Mrs. Tressilian at the Opera in Florence (it was two years ago last winter, I think), she had that necklace on. It divided public admiration with her splendid beauty, but I was told that she very seldom wore it. She preferred to adorn herself with her superb suite of diamonds or some other of her more showy sets, for King Francis had proved a prodigal lover, and her jewels were said to be of immense value. I was told that her coral set was of almost fabulous value, and was even finer than the one which the city of Naples afterward presented to Victor Emmanuel's daughter Pia as a wedding-gift. Last summer, when I was in Switzerland, I read in *Galignani* an account of the murder, by poison, of Mrs. Tressilian, and it was supposed that these very jewels had been the temptation which led to the crime."

"Was the murderer ever discovered?" asked Sydney with a stifled yawn.

"That question has, I believe, never been satisfactorily solved. There was a person arrested and tried for the crime, a distant relative of Mrs. Tressilian—a young woman named Emily Shaw—who lived with her as companion, but there was some flaw in the evidence, and the jury brought in a verdict of Not Proven. The trial took place in Edinburgh. Mrs. Tressilian had gone there to see about some property to which she had fallen heir, and she died within a few weeks after her arrival in the city. But the oddest part of the whole story is, that her jewels disappeared, and both Scotch and English detectives have

tried to discover their whereabouts in vain. Some of her trinkets, including her Pompeian necklace, were so peculiar that they would certainly have been recognized had they ever been offered for sale. Emily Shaw was, I am convinced, the guilty party. I read the evidence over very carefully, and by so doing I arrived at that conclusion; but what did she do with the jewels? It is an odd case altogether."

"Rather. But here comes Mrs. Erle. Time to dress, Max: I had no idea it was so late."

There was a soft rustle of the trailing folds of a woman's dress without—that frou-frou of silk which some French writer calls the music of a beautiful woman. Mrs. Erle swept slowly down the stairs, and paused beneath the hall chandelier which hung just outside the library door to give some last directions to her maid, who was following her with her gloves, fan and white cloak. The lamplight fell full upon her as she stood there, and revealed the minutest details of her toilette. She was attired in a mist of transparent muslin and Valenciennes lace, floating over an underdress of pale green silk, and around her beautiful neck, reposing on the warm white velvet of her unveiled shoulders, shone a necklace formed of antique gems and mounted in an exquisitely wrought Etruscan setting of yellow gold.

As if moved by a common impulse, both men rose to their feet when their eyes fell upon the form of Mrs. Erle. There was silence for a moment, broken only by the convulsive breathing of Sydney Erle. At last he spoke, in a hoarse, hollow tone that his dearest friend would never have recognized as being his voice: "Max, look at that necklace: do you recognize it?"

There was no answer. Max Summerfield turned away and hid his face in his hands.

"Answer me," continued Sydney in the same strained, unnatural voice. "I will know the truth. Is that the Pompeian necklace—the necklace of Mrs. Tressilian?"

Before Max could reply, Mrs. Erle glided into the room. She took her seat at the table, and the light from the shaded reading-lamp fell full upon her, leaving the figures of her husband and Summerfield in obscurity.

"Well, gentlemen," she said gayly, "hasten to put on your dress-coats and your white ties. The carriage will be here in fifteen minutes. How do you like my dress, Sydney? Do you think the tints of this necklace go well with the light green of this silk?"

"Admirably! But what a beautiful necklace that is, Eleanor! Where did you get it?"

Sydney spoke in his usual tone, and she replied: "It was one of Mr. Shirley's numerous purchases. He gave it to me as a birthday present."

"How long ago? Can you remember the date?"

"Oh, six or seven years ago: I cannot tell you exactly. You know," she continued, looking down and in a grave tone, "he has been dead nearly three years."

"Indeed! Max, come here and look at these exquisite gems." Young Erle's fingers closed with an iron clasp upon his friend's wrist, and Max reluctantly obeyed his words and gesture. "See," continued Sydney, pointing to the various stones of the necklace, "is not the workmanship of that head of Medusa marvelous? and that sea-monster, how perfectly it is wrought! I scarcely know which to admire most—the gems themselves or their setting. And that engraved sapphire—what is the design? Oh, two Cupids—how charming!"

"But you must hurry, gentlemen," Mrs. Erle said, clasping one of her bracelets that had come unfastened. "Sydney, you are not usually such a laggard."

"No; but do you go on, and send the carriage back again for us. I do not feel inclined to go just yet."

"What! alone? Why, Sydney—"

"Yes: Max has been telling me an interesting story, and I want to hear the end of it. So go—go at once."

She rose slowly, reluctantly from her seat. Her eyes were fixed in unpeak-

able amazement on the face of her husband.

"Go—I tell you, Eleanor!" cried Sydney, his hardly maintained self-control on the point of giving way.

Mrs. Erle turned to quit the room, her cheek crimson and her eyes glowing with indignation.

"But stop!" cried her husband, struck by a sudden thought. "Take off your necklace and leave it here: I want to look at it. I do not want you to wear it."

"Take off my necklace! Are you mad, Sydney? Why you told me yourself—"

"Take it off!" he almost shouted. "Do you hear me?"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Mrs. Erle, a swift perception of the truth. Every vestige of color fled from her face, leaving her ghastly in her deathlike paleness. She raised her trembling hands to the clasp, but her agitation was so great that she could not unfasten it, and Max, moved to pity, stepped forward to aid her. As he did so she looked up into his face—that brave, manly face whereon was written grief and horror, yet not unmingled with compassion. To his dying day Max Summerfield will never forget the wild, terror-stricken, despairing glance of those weird, expressive eyes—a look such as he had once seen in Paris after the fall of the Commune in the eyes of one of the *pêtrés* who had fired the guns of her executioners. The glittering ornament fell from her hand, and upon the table: then she seemed to regain her composure. "Au revoir, then," she said, with a smile that sat but ill upon her white wan features. "My cloak, Justine, and my gloves and fan. There is the carriage, I think." And with a slight gesture of farewell she glided out into the hall. The front door was opened, then closed, and the roll of wheels sounded down the carriage-road. She was gone.

After listening a moment to the retreating wheels, Sydney rose. "Max Summerfield," he said, gravely, "you profess to be my friend. Now prove your friendship by answering me truly. Is this necklace

the one made by Angrisani—the one you saw worn by Mrs. Tressilian?"

"Sydney," said Summerfield in a tone of intense suffering, "I wish that I had died before I ever brought such sorrow upon you. Yet I *will* answer, and that truthfully. To the best of my knowledge and belief, that is the Pompeian necklace made for Mrs. Tressilian—the one whose manufacture I watched so closely, and which I once saw on the neck of its owner."

"A little over two years ago, I think you said?"

"I did, but may not Angrisani have lied? May not this be the original from whose designs—"

"You talk insanely," interrupted Mr. Erle, sternly. "How could there exist duplicates of such singular antique gems? Yet was there no private mark upon the necklace—nothing by which you could identify it?"

Max thought a moment. "Yes," he said, "I remember now that Angrisani once pointed out to me a small Greek letter cut on the under surface of the cameo of black-and-white onyx. If that necklace be indeed the late property of Mrs. Tressilian—"

Even as he spoke Sydney reversed the cameo. The tiny letter was plainly visible on the dark polished surface. He flung the necklace from him as though it had been a serpent. "And so," he cried, "I am the husband of an impostor—a murderess!"

"You are hasty, Sydney. Wait—have patience before you judge. May not Mrs. Erle be able to account satisfactorily for the manner in which the ornament came into her possession?"

"You heard what she said when I questioned her?"

"But pause—have patience—seek for proofs. Can no one in this country swear to Mrs. Erle's identity with Eleanor Shirley?"

"No one. Unless you can prove to me that she is not Emily Shaw, I must go abroad to discover the truth. And the suspense—how can I ever bear the suspense?" He paced the floor with hurried, agitated steps as he spoke.

Max Summerfield was silent for a moment. Then he said, in tones through which pierced an inflection of painful hesitation, "What I am about to say may open to you a certainty of suffering. Yet it is better, I should think, for you to know the worst at once, or to discover at once that all this affair has been a frightful mistake, a fearful nightmare, and that your wife is not what you suspect her to be."

"Is she, or is she not, Emily Shaw, the poisoner? Can you answer that question for me?"

"I can."

Mr. Erle paused in his agitated walk. "And how?" he asked eagerly.

"Sit down and I will tell you. I spoke to you some time ago of my French friend, Félix Lalande, and of his mania for photographs. His collection is arranged in sets and mounted in large albums—actors, authors, statesmen, beauties, ballet-girls, and so on, being each arranged in a separate volume. One album contains the portraits of celebrated female criminals, and amongst these portraits is that of Emily Shaw."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly so. He showed me his collection only yesterday. I dined with him, and in fact spent nearly the whole day with him—at least till it was time to go to the boat."

"I remember; and you thought you had seen Eleanor's face somewhere before? Well, write to him—write at once, and tell him to send you that portrait."

A blotting-book of Russia leather lay upon the table. Without further speech Summerfield opened it. Mr. Erle laid before him a plain sheet of note-paper, without crest, monogram or initials, and in a few moments the brief letter was written, folded, directed and sealed.

"Lay it on the hall table, Summerfield. We must go to dress now, for I suppose that I must appear at the Acklins' to-night, if only for five minutes. And how shall I be able to hide the truth from her? Oh, Max! how I have loved her!"

Without waiting for a reply, he quitted the room and ascended the staircase.

Max lingered in the hall to place his letter on the table Mr. Erle had designated to him, and as he turned from doing so to follow his friend the hall door was pushed open, and James, the coachman, peered stealthily in. Though struck by the oddity of such a proceeding on the part of one of the well-trained servants of the Erlesmere household, Mr. Summerfield took no further notice, and was about to ascend the stairs when his own name, called in half-whispered accents, arrested his further progress: "Mr. Summerfield, come here, please." He looked round. James was beckoning to him in a hurried, eager way. His trim gray livery was in sad disorder, and there were spots of blood on the sleeve of the arm which he extended toward Mr. Summerfield in his anxiety to attract the attention of the artist.

"Why, what is the matter?" asked Max in amazement as he noticed the disordered dress and agitated air of the old servant.

"There has been a dreadful accident, sir. I think Mrs. Erle is killed."

"Good Heavens! How did it happen?"

"The horses took fright at a boy with a lantern who was running along by the side of the road. But I could have managed the horses, I think, only Mrs. Erle screamed so. And then she jumped out—and her dress caught in the wheel—and she is terribly hurt about the head. I think she is dying: anyhow, she hasn't spoke since the accident."

"And where is she?"

"We got the horses stopped at last, and we put some boards across the seat of the carriage, and the cushions on them, and we brought her home. But who will tell Mr. Erle, sir? It will half kill him—he is so fond of her."

As he spoke the hall door was pushed wide open, and two men entered, bearing between them the improvised couch on which lay, lifeless, unconscious, dying, the fair woman who a few brief hours before had been decking herself for an evening of gayety. Her fair hair was stained with blood, her witching eyes were closed, and her costly dress of Va-

lenciennes lace hung round her in soiled and unseemly tatters. It was a pitiful and a ghastly sight, the white face and rigid features already darkened with the shadow of approaching death; and in grim and mocking contrast with them was her gala attire, the crushed feathers still clinging to the blood-bedabbled tresses, the white gloves upon the hands now clenched convulsively in the throes of approaching dissolution, and the pale green shining folds of her dress trailing over the stiffened, motionless limbs.

As Max gazed horror-stricken upon the spectacle before him, a cry rang through the hall: "Nelly, Nelly! my wife, my darling!" And Sydney Erle rushed down the stairs and fell prostrate beside the dying woman.

She lived a few hours longer, if life it could be called which consisted merely in the pulsations of the heart and the faint breathing that stirred her breast. But even these grew feebler and slower, and so, without a word, without a glance, without an instant of consciousness, she passed from the semblance of death into a likeness of peaceful slumber which was death itself.

Two days after the funeral, Max Summerfield came into the library where the young widower sat overwhelmed with that dull stupor and exhaustion which follows the first keen sharpness of a great grief. Max bore in his hand a sealed packet. It was the answer to his letter to Félix Lalande: it contained the photograph for which he had written. Without a word he laid it before Sydney Erle.

Mr. Erle took it up, glanced at it and mechanically broke the seal. The photograph fell from the unfolded letter on the floor. It was enclosed in a blank envelope. Sydney stooped and picked it up. "So *this*," he said, after glancing at the letter, "is the photograph of Emily Shaw?" Summerfield bowed his head in silence. "And so," continued Sydney, still holding the unopened envelope in his hand, "all my doubts may be set at rest. One look at this picture in my hand, and I may curse the memory of the dead woman who was so dear to me

—who dwells now a pure and hallowed vision in my heart of hearts. One look, and my past may be poisoned, my future embittered, and the ghost of a past crime, the dread of possible shame, may haunt my footsteps through all my days to come. Never!"

He took a match from the table, lighted it and ignited one corner of the little parcel. He held it firmly till the flame nearly reached his fingers: then he threw the smouldering remains of the photograph upon the hearth and watched till they were entirely consumed.

"Thus, Max, old friend, I end my suspense, my doubts and my anguish of mind. Make what apologies you can from me to M. Lalande for my destruction of his photograph."

And the Pompeian necklace—what of that? Search was made for it, but in vain. It had disappeared from the library table, having probably been abstracted by some interloper during the confusion incident upon the occurrence of Mrs. Erle's sudden death. Like a baleful talisman, its mission of misery ended, it had vanished from the scene of its evil works. At all events, it was never heard of more, having probably been broken up by the thief to avoid detection.

But as Max Summerfield sits alone in

his New York studio he often muses over the events of that fearful evening, and such questions as these shape themselves unbidden in his mind: "Was she, or was she not, Emily Shaw? Was her leap from the carriage that night caused by terror, or was it a deliberate attempt at suicide? And if she was not Emily Shaw, how did she become possessed of the Pompeian necklace?"

Félix Lalande wrote to a friend in Edinburgh to procure him, if possible, a duplicate of the photograph which Mr. Erle had destroyed, but received from his friend the intelligence that every copy had been bought up some months before, and that the negative had also been purchased and destroyed. This had been done, so wrote the Edinburgh correspondent, by the lawyer who had defended Miss Shaw, and who was supposed to act as the agent of some party or parties unknown.

And so an unfathomable darkness, an impenetrable mystery, settled over the story of the Pompeian necklace. Once its gems had been hidden from the light by the ashes and the lava-floods and the poisonous vapors that destroyed a city: around its second disappearance hung the baleful atmosphere of a great crime, the darkness of the shadow of death.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

A GOLD-HUNT ON THE YELLOWSTONE.

WE were mining prosperously at Virginia City. The gulch was of marvelous richness, and after toiling with a will all the livelong day, it was pleasant to see the stalwart miners watching the shining golden grain as the water was turned from the sluice-boxes, and gathering each man his harvest, some a hundred-fold, some sixty, some thirty. But no one was satisfied. As the late A. D. Richardson said, the American miner is a *migratory* animal, always

ready to leave a good certainty for a faint prospect of anything better, especially if the new diggings are very remote and difficult of access. No man filled his garners so rapidly but that he dreamed of richer Golcondas in the unexplored wilderness. Surely in all this measureless network of mountains there must be more than one deposit of gold. But where? To-day come vague rumors from Silver Bow, again from the Gallatin River, Bitter Root and Deer Lodge;

and to each new place, wild and uncertain as the rumors themselves, flocked the restless miners. At midnight little parties of horsemen would steal away over the mountains, and ere morning half the city would be in close pursuit, to return after a few days of profitless search, hungry and weary as the repentant prodigal.

But, more than all other regions, the Yellowstone, a hundred and twenty miles away, and far within the hunting-grounds of the Crow Indians, was the favorite location of the visionary gold-fields. Some hoary trapper, a vagrant relic of the American Fur Company's reign, would sit by the miners' camp-fires at night and tell to eager listeners the weird legends of the Wind River Mountains, and the gold in their fastnesses so jealously guarded by the Indians. Had not Father de Smet admitted that the Indians had told him of streams whose beds were yellow with gold? So exciting became the reports from the new El Dorado that in the fall of 1864 half our gulch journeyed to the Yellowstone, and the wanderings of one band of this grand army of crusaders form the subject of this sketch.

The miner *par excellence* travels on horseback, leading a mule, which carries his two army-blankets, his scanty stock of flour, bacon and coffee, and, dangling at either side, his frying-pan and coffee-pot, his pick and shovel. His dipper hangs at his belt opposite his revolver and sheath-knife, and a duplicate of the latter shows its handle just above his right boot-leg. But our party were not miners of long standing, and traveled more comfortably in a light covered wagon drawn by two stout Indian ponies.

There were four of us. First, the Judge, whose title is not a subject for investigation, it being one of the cardinal maxims of mountain civilization that any old man—and old age begins at forty—may assume any title, military or civic, without question. He was lazy, jovial and good-natured, full of anecdotes of his experience on the frontier, and always a pleasant traveling companion, although we were never able,

when any labor was to be done, to obtain from him much help except in the way of counsel, with which he was ready on all occasions. Next came the trapper—a serious old man who never smiled, familiar with these wilds for years in the service of the American Fur Company, thoroughly understanding the habits of all the wild beasts and Indians, and cautious and secretive as either; enthusiastic in his love for this mountain-life, and feeling at the advance of immigration something as a Roman of taste may have felt at the irruption of the Goths and Vandals; credulous, and sure to view the most absurd traditions with awe; and withal, as he grew old, a little boastful of his own adventures. Lastly, our miner, who had been in the mines of California, Pike's Peak and Idaho, and held rich claims in all, but frittered all away in folly and worse, and now was starting anew, not a whit disheartened, but full of hope, and, like Hans in Luck, relieved from a disagreeable burden.

We commenced our journey one afternoon in October by climbing the divide between Virginia and the Madison River. This word "divide" is used queerly as the name for the wall of mountains that separates two streams. One wonders a little at first, and asks if the brooks do not rather divide the mountains, but one soon falls into the customs of the country, and looks upon the great ridges as high fences which divide two parcels of meadow. Travel in Montana consists entirely of this alternate crossing of mountain and stream. Spurs jut out from the main chain of the mountain, in every direction, and all through these, like moths fretting a garment, are thousands of little brooks. The scenery is monotonous—barren hills with scrubby pines and cedars, and sometimes pretty wild flowers running up to the very line of the snow, the brightest being found at its very border. But then the whole line of the Rocky Mountains has this monotony. It is only rarely that they rise into grand peaks or show wild ravines like the Sierra Nevada. Their majesty consists rather in the vastness

of the whole chain and the unending succession of hills. Climb the loftiest, and the view is as of a boundless ocean or a grand review of an army—much sameness in the parts composing it, but an amazing grandeur in the whole horizon of regiments: some bare and dull, like the rebel gray, some with their forests nodding like green plumes, and some with white crests of snow. Very cheerless are the winters in these mountains, which are often impassable from the constantly shifting drifts of fine dry snow; but a good Providence keeps the valleys free in the hardest of winters, and places along the mountain-bases the rich bunch-grass, that cures itself and gives the herds and wild beasts plentiful and unfailing food.

At night we camped on a little tributary of the Madison. The horses were let loose with long lariats, and after gathering a few fagots and cooking and eating a very primitive meal, we wrapped our blankets about us and slept that sweet sound sleep which is only known in this crisp mountain air. In the morning, at the Judge's suggestion, we spent some hours in hunting for a quartz lode.

"I have been told confidentially," said he, "of rich ones hereabouts, and if we can find one our fortune's made, and without any of the hard work of your gulch-diggings. S'posin' we should run on a good one now, a wide, well-defined crevice—why then, if our hunt on the Yellowstone fizzles, we can come back, develop our claim a little, get some good specimens (on a pinch we can get them from somebody else's mine), send me to New York this winter, and sell out for a million or so on Wall street. Comfortable, eh?"

A little incredulously, but still with the fascinating hope so common among miners, we followed the Judge in his tramp over the mountain. Every little piece of brown rock in our path was picked up and scrutinized thoroughly in the hope that it might be the *blossom-rock* that indicates a quartz vein near. But other seekers of the Judge's stamp, those who planned a maximum of gain for a minimum of labor, had been there

before us, and wherever the pieces of burnt quartz were thick enough to admit the remotest possibility of a vein, a little hole had been dug, and on either side a post set where some sounding name, as "Leviathan Lode," was printed in pencil in corpulent letters, like Bob Sawyer's name in Mr. Wardle's pew, with below a list of the claimants to the valuable property. It was astonishing what a number of these claims we found, and how utterly worthless they were, but the Judge invariably added his name for the first untaken claim.

"For why?" said he. "I shall only have to pay for recording, and Bob Hagaman, the best man in the Territory, is county recorder, and will let me run in debt to any amount. If only one in a hundred turns out good, I shall make something. I've got any number of claims now, and when the legislature meets I'll get myself incorporated into a company with a capital stock of a million, say, with liberty to increase to ten millions, and sell shares on Wall street. D'ye see?"

The further unfolding of this unique plan of making money without effort was interrupted by our coming upon two men digging upon a new claim.

"Hallo, Judge!" shouted our judge.

"Hillo, Judge!" was the answer; and the two ornaments of a republican judiciary shook hands with feeling.

Our new judge was a decidedly seedy and dilapidated old man, of whom one would say that the world had not used him well. Egregious mistake! for in answer to the Judge's question of "What luck?" he said, "Big—big! I've struck it rich, Judge. Me and my pardner has found a well-defined crevice, and are getting out good quartz. It's a big thing, and we call it by a big name—the 'Megatherium Lode.'"

"Put us down for a claim?" said the Judge, passing a black bottle.

"Ef a man was to say anything less than a million for all my interest here, I wouldn't take it, no mor'n—" But language was futile to express his contempt for any mean offer, and the sentence was only finished by an emphatic ges-

ture. "But our grub is low, and ef you can spare a little bacon and flour, we'll put you down for a claim or so, though they're all engaged up to Five each way from Discovery."

A bargain was soon driven, both judges congratulating us on the gain of such fabulous wealth for a mere bagatelle; and each of us holds to this day, unless the elements have obliterated the posts set up, the undisputed title to two hundred linear feet of a sterile desert of wild sage, registered in the records of Montana as the Megatherium Lode. No capitalist with millions has yet made proposals for this property.

We traveled for the rest of the day along the broad, shallow Madison, fording it at night and camping on its banks. All the tillable land is taken up for ranches — all semi-hotels; the most prominent of which, I remember, had the sign "½ way house—wisky" in black lead on a piece of pine board. Half-way from where to whither we were unable to learn, but concluded it to be an ingenious device to entice the wayworn traveler with the delusion that, if he had only half completed his journey, it would be the part of wisdom to tarry here and regird his loins.

The next day we crossed the low divide between the Madison and Gallatin Forks. These, with the Jefferson, were discovered and named, in 1805, by Lewis and Clarke, whose narrative is full of descriptions, wonderful for their accuracy, of their long route through a country then as unknown as the wilds of Ethiopia. A particular eagle's nest described by them was found by Captain Reynolds' expedition half a century later, and he wondered if the huge bald eagle he saw there was the one made historic by Captain Lewis. Possibly it was a lineal descendant, and heir to the old homestead. At Fort Benton there are several venerable half-breeds who claim with some pride that their fathers were in this famous expedition of Lewis and Clarke.

Our trapper beguiled the day with a discourse on philology. One of the party happened imprudently to venture a

Latin quotation. It fell like pearls before swine, and the trapper said: "You're young yet, but you'll forget that trash in the mountains. It won't pass here, and hadn't oughter anywhere. It's because we have so many words and languages that lawyers trade in 'em to cheat honest folks. The only real sensible language I know on is the Chinook jargon."

A little encouragement sufficed to make the trapper acknowledge his proficiency in this tongue unknown to Max Müller, and to unfold its excellences: "You see, when the Hudson Bay Company traded here they dealt with fifty different tribes, all speaking a language called Chinook, but so different that no two tribes could understand each other. Well, the Hudson Bay Company had the smartest men in the world, but even Saint Paul couldn't learn fifty languages. So they got the Indians together and made up a new language entirely. Where a French word was good, they took that; where an English word was better, they took that; and if any Indian tribe had a good word, they took that. Don't you see that in this way they got the cream of them all? It worked well, and even now the Oregon girls won't be courted in anything else. They hain't many words, but enough for what's of any use, and so they don't talk too much."

The trapper illustrated his discourse by profuse references to the beauties of his new tongue. Thus he explained that *Englishman* is *King George's man*, and the *American*, to distinguish him, is called *Boston*. *Drink* is *pottle-lum* (bottle rum), our rough English only made more mellifluous; as are also *to-mah-lah* for *to-morrow*, *paw-paw* for *father*, *spose* for *if*. The French, improved and spelt according to pronunciation, furnishes *la mah* (main) for *hand*, *la lunk* for *tongue*, *la swag* (soie) for *silk*, and *shortay* (chanter) for *sing*. Sometimes two languages unite to form a word, as *month* is formed of *ict* (Chinook for *one*) and *moon*; the *sea* is *hyass-salt-chuck* (very salt water), and *fog* is *cultus smoke* (cultus being Chinook for lazy). And occasionally all these tongues are required for one triumphant word of the jargon,

as *cedar, la-medseen-stick*. A complete sentence carries one back to the days of the Tower of Babel; as, *Mammook-lip-lip chuck* for *Boil the water*; and for *Wash the dishes, Wash o'cook la plah*.

I could not help feeling, in view of its few words, what a happy improvement it would be if the Congressional windmill had some such restrictions to the dreary waste of garrulity that fills the *Congressional Globe*.

Thus far we had passed only monotonous parched grass and dwarfed pines, the troublesome cactus and sage-brush, the scanty vegetation of the higher elevations. But as we crossed the divide, and our wagon rattled merrily down the hills, we came into broad acres of waving prairie-grass—a veritable prairie, with a swift river winding through its centre—and our delight at the contrast was unbounded. For hours we rode through this rich valley, between the branches of the Gallatin. For about forty miles in length and fifteen in width it stretches out into a level plain, offering farms in plenty to whoever will take, and growing richer as one approaches the junction where the Three Forks come together and enter the mountain-gorge on their long journey to the sea.

Toward nightfall we approached the Little Gallatin, a clear brook skirted by the inevitable cottonwood, and espied six log cabins, built according to the primitive and rather monotonous style of architecture of new countries. None of them had yet arrived at the luxury of floors, but the construction of these was a hope of the future, and in that event the little community had promised to indulge itself in a ball. We enter the city—Bozeman City. There are no villages in Montana—only ranches, which contain one house, and cities, which must contain at least two. A grateful people gave the name of Washington to their capital: here again is a city of equally magnificent distances showing grateful recognition of a public benefactor. Hereabout, not to know Bozeman argues one's self unknown. Bridger and Bozeman are the tutelary saints of the emigrant—the Columbus

and Vespuccius of the Plains. Bridger's route from Fort Laramie, and Bozeman's Cut-off, are names familiar in the mountains as household words. Bridger is an old man now, with a face like an ancient parchment, garrulous and fond of recounting his own marvelous exploits. I have heard him tell of most disastrous chances, in all of which he came off more than conqueror—of encountering single-handed whole bands of Indians—of huge grizzlies leaping upon him in his sleep—and a hundred like moving accidents by flood and field. He used to speak of his lodging on a visit to New York as his "camp on Broadway Cañon." He was thoroughly wedded to the mountains, and had become a walking cyclopædia of their history and legends. And now we were near the other great man.

The Judge had vanished before supper, and did not return. But he was not hard to find. Like the war-horse in Job, he had scented the battle afar off, and lost no time in introducing himself to the storekeeper and his good cheer. Enlivened by this, he filled the evening with anecdotes of the settlement of Bannock. He had come with the first arrivals, and lived through the dark days when the desperadoes maintained a reign of terror. Plummer was sheriff of the county then—a highwayman of the Claude Duval school, mild-mannered as Lambro, but as cruel. He had dined with many a traveler to Salt Lake as a warm friend, and murdered and plundered him on the road at night. His *soi-disant* band of "road agents" ruled the region. He was courted and bribed, but he betrayed those to whom he promised most. Every dog has his day, and this dog had his, but retribution came in time. The Vigilance Committee made him one of their first victims, and, like Haman, he was the first hanged on a gibbet made by himself.

"There were no laws but the miners' laws," said the Judge, "and they were too busy to see them executed. I remember once a jury-trial over a disputed claim. Twelve miners were inveigled into a jury on a promise of a

short trial. So far the promise was kept, and they retired to consider their verdict. Balloted—eleven to one. Argued—still eleven to one. Time sped—eleven working-men kept idle by the obstinacy of one. It was too much, and so they finally told the refractory jurymen that they would give him fifteen minutes to agree, promising him a good flogging if he failed. In fifteen minutes a verdict was rendered."

From Bozeman it is a good day's ride to the Yellowstone. We felt here as if we were leaving the last outpost of civilization and entering *Terra Incognita*. The road is poor, and runs steeply over the hills, seeking dizzy heights and rocky unevennesses that make one sometimes question if the great Bozeman were really inspired by a higher intelligence in discovering his cut-off. Still, we traveled along comfortably enough, and at sunset saw the

— Mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair,

from the banks of the Yellowstone. It is a rapid river here at the mouth of the cañon, flashing clear and beautiful amid the wildest scenery. At this point we met parties of disappointed men—the drones disgusted at finding that to win gold required hard work even at the mines—building rude Mackinaw boats to float down to the Missouri. We afterward heard that winter came upon them and ice closed the river, and after enduring every privation and hardship and attacks of hostile Indians, but a remnant of them reached their homes.

Below us the Yellowstone enters the Mauvais Terres (Bad Lands), whose yellow dust, mingling with the water, gives the stream its name. They are desolate wastes, the ancient bottom of an immense fresh-water lake which was peopled with a queer and numberless army of life. The Smithsonian agents found here an abundance of fossils—the rhinoceros, mastodons, foxes and horses in great quantities and of all sizes, from an ordinary horse down to one not bigger than a large dog, besides some terribly fierce fellows called iguanodons, the specimens of which are covered with

teeth-marks, indicating their fearful conflicts with each other.

"If there's danger any time from wild beasts or Indians, it's to-night," said the trapper, "and I'll keep watch."

So we rolled our blankets about us, full of confidence in our wary sentry, and settled for the night.

The wolves were like the poor in Scripture—we always had them with us. Whenever we left a camping-ground we could look back and see them fighting for the fragments left. They are the scavengers of the Plains—cowardly, but, where they dare attack, cruel and remorseless. Catlin tells of meeting a noble old bison manfully fighting a pack of them. On the approach of his party the wolves scattered, and he saw that they had eaten out the poor beast's eyes, and half his nose and tongue, while the flesh on his legs hung in shreds. And as he rode away he could see them returning to the sickening feast.

This night the usual delegation seemed enlarged indefinitely, and their cry was a chorus, a mournful wail of hunger.

"Do they ever get bold enough to attack men?" asked the Judge.

"Sometimes, when in great numbers and very hungry."

The Judge thought of the bleak, bare mountains and stony valley, and groaned inwardly.

As the owls joined the serenade with their melancholy hooting, which cried, "Hungry, hungry!" human nature could not help feeling itself to be the only thing eatable in all this desolation.

Added to these was the intermittent crackling of the underbrush, now slight and distant, now nearer and louder, now ceasing altogether, till at last the sharp crack of a bough like a pistol-shot, seemingly in close proximity, brought the Judge in a moment to his feet.

"For Heaven's sake, what's that?" he gasped.

"Only a bear," said the trapper: "no danger. Go to sleep."

"Sleep, and with Pandemonium let loose! You might as well have told Daniel to sleep in the den of lions. A grizzly?"

"No grizzlies here; only black and cinnamon bears. They are savage if attacked, but if you let them alone they'll do as well by you, though there are some white ones in the Yellowstone valley that are very ferocious."

It was easier, however, to hear the trapper's stories of animals found in the mountains than to sleep.

"There used to be plenty of buffalo," he said, "and there are places where great quantities of their bones are found. They are very thick, and decay very slowly. The Indians know of bones lying on the ground over a hundred years, and yet well preserved. I never could find exactly when they began to fall off, but long ago. Perhaps many severe winters together or some disease carried them off. On the banks of the Stinking Water are heaps of these bones. I have been told that one hard winter, when all the other streams were frozen, the buffaloes came there to drink. At last that froze too, and the herds perished, and their carcasses, decaying, gave the stream its name."

"A touching and beautiful story," said one of the party: "do you believe it?"

"I never tell anything I don't believe," was the reply. "One queer thing I have noticed—that when a buffalo calf is separated from his mother, on the approach of danger he falls on his fore knees and buries his nose behind a tuft of grass. No matter how near you go, the little fellow follows you with his eyes through the grass, sure of safety if his nostrils are out of sight. Take one in this way, and, closing his eyes, breathe hard two or three times into his nostrils, and he will follow you like a pet lamb."

Of the elk, too, the trapper told us, and deer we saw every day. But the commonest animals are the antelopes. Every day little herds of them would gallop after us, or stand at a distance and watch us with their peculiar surprised look. In all languages the name of the antelope is significant of the brightness and beauty of its eye or its extraordinary powers of vision. When one is shot the look from its mild eyes is most reproachful. Let us hope that it is

this that makes these animals so little sought for as game. They are the fleetest and most graceful of their species, and very mild and timid; but it is said of their African cousin, the gemsbok, that not even the lion dare attack him except when sorely pressed by hunger, and the two have been found dead clasped in the death-grapple.

The Three Forks, with the Yellowstone, the Platte and the Colorado, head in the parks of the Wind River Mountains. Our trapper told us marvelous tales of these enchanted mountains—tales handed down from trapper to trapper, and famous in the annals of the American Fur Company, till even the narrators believed them as the Bible. Only two white men have ever traveled to the head of the Yellowstone—Bridger and Meldrum. Meldrum was an unique specimen of the ubiquitous Yankee who flourished in the palmy days of the American Fur Company, when the beaver was the great object of the hunter. He was the company's agent at Fort Larpy, at the mouth of the Big Horn, but really merely a white Indian with a squaw wife and Indian dress and habits, living their lazy life and moving with them to new hunting-grounds. Even Bridger looked up to him, for Bridger's greatest claim to the world's admiration was, that for one period of seventeen years he never ate bread; but Bob Meldrum had been among the Indians thirty years, and only visited the civilized world for nineteen days in all that time.

Even in the middle of summer the snow is so deep in these mountains that successive government exploring parties were baffled in their attempts to enter them, and all private expeditions have been driven off by the Indians. It is said that the Crows fear, as the vales are so green, that if the white man once knows of their beauty their hunting-grounds will be ruined. These vales are the resort of numberless herds of buffalo and wild game, and here, the trappers tell us, is the "mother region" of the gold, where the Indians told Father de Smet it was found on the surface. Here are burning plains, so testi-

fies Bridger, at the head of the Yellowstone, and large lakes, and boiling springs like the geysers of Iceland. Here he saw his Two Ocean River, which, after flowing for some distance, separates into two large streams—one traveling to the Atlantic, the other to the Pacific. In one of these vales is a large tract of sage-brush, every leaf and branch perfect, and here and there are rabbits, sage-hens and even Indians, all turned to solid stone. Ill fares it with whosoever penetrates these mysteries, for the genius of the place at once adds him to the group of statuary. More wonderful still—and our trapper told it with great awe—these bushes bear rare fruit—thousands of rubies, sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, large as walnuts. "I tell you, sir," said one veracious narrator to Captain Reynolds, "it is true, for I gathered a quart myself, and sent them down the country." A party of whites were once hotly pursued by Indians, and could only travel by night, when they were aided by the brilliant light shot from a huge diamond in a neighboring mountain, by which they traveled on for three consecutive nights. Here once an old trapper was lost on his road from Fort Laramie to Taos, and wandered for many days; and in drinking from a stream found pieces of yellow metal large as hazel nuts, which he carried to Taos and found to be gold. He spent many years seeking the place again, but in vain. These and many other legends and traditions of these regions the trapper gave us as truths familiar in the mountains as household words, which it would be impious to doubt.

After a day's ride along the Yellowstone we arrived at our journey's end—Yellowstone City. The glory of this city was chiefly prospective. Nature had done much, and Art more, to make it as forlorn and desolate a spot as the early hermits could have desired. A little train of small farmers from Iowa, lured by the story of gold found in Idaho, had united in a semi-Fourieristic colony, and with their families taken the tedious journey over the Plains. Prospecting

now and then for gold, they had found a small quantity here, and here they halted, and, with the true American propensity to organize, formed a city at the mouth of the cañon. The cañon took the name of Emigrant Gulch, and they named the settlement Yellowstone City. Its citizens at the time of our arrival held daily meetings to make laws, and Pericles and his followers never met with more ardor to deliberate upon plans for the aggrandizement of Athens. Not only were acres of the stony waste laid off with the regularity of a checker-board, but a capacious square was left for the future capitol. Having no mines to work, and absolutely nothing to do, the entire population met daily and harangued each other on all possible topics. A solitary unmarried woman was one of their number, and around her they rallied with enthusiasm; and foremost in the provisions of their code of laws were some defining with great exactness the rights of women, and visiting with terrible punishments the wretch who should lay a hand on one of them save in the way of kindness.

At the borders of this city, and near the mouth of the cañon, a shaft was being sunk to the "bed-rock." All along the creek a panful of earth when washed would show "color." Even the Judge for an hour after our arrival worked assiduously, washing out pan after pan of the earth, and peering anxiously through his spectacles at the little specks of gold left in his pan. But to test the value of a gulch it is necessary to dig to the solid rock and find the four or five feet of "pay dirt" that lies there. The gulch had been claimed from top to bottom, and the claim-owners began sinking the shaft with enthusiasm. They had even dug to the depth of seventy feet. But faces began to lengthen, for they found no signs of the bed-rock. Experienced miners from Virginia after looking down the shaft would mount their horses and ride back. Others would work a while and then abandon it. Our party cheerfully contributed their mite, but retired discouraged.

I have called this article A Gold-hunt

on the Yellowstone. Little remains but the confession that it was a hunt for a wild goose. Like the Crusades, it was an expedition grand in conception and progress, but pitiful in results. We lingered about the city for a fortnight, now taking a hopeless look down into the muddy water in the shaft, now sauntering up to the daily sittings of the Lycurguses of the Yellowstone, and always watching every movement of the daily arriving and departing parties of miners. But we found no gold, and at last turned homeward.

Near Bozeman the Crow Indians had need of our horses, and one night took them. Catlin, in allusion to this Crow propensity for horse-stealing for which the tribe is famous, says they justify it under the name of "recaption," a just

and easy way of securing damages from the whites for the trespass on their hunting-grounds. Their reasoning would scarcely have satisfied our party, who bought a yoke of oxen from an emigrant and literally walked the remaining sixty miles to Virginia. If not wiser, we were truly sadder men. Even the jolly and rubicund face of the Judge brightened with no smile at the prospect of nearing the Virginia bar-rooms and gambling-houses, or, as he termed them, "the comforts of civilization." His career since then I do not know, but "I affirm," as Western stump-orators say, "without fear of successful contradiction," that none of the hundred other stampedes to new gulches ever again tempted him far into the wilderness.

EDWARD B. NEALLEY.

ADIEU!

ADIEU! The winds are blowing south:
 A My sail swings in the harbor-mouth.
 Peace! seek no further my delay;
 Pray ever for my safe return;
 Poor, piteous faces, hide away
 Your tears that scald, your lips that burn.
 O blessed home, now lost to view!
 My wistful eyes are seeking you,
 And, as the fading hills go by,
 With all my yearning soul I cry,
 Adieu! adieu!

Still southward blow the tedious winds:
 Small solace here the wand'rer finds.
 O faithless spirit of my youth!
 You brave me out upon the world;
 Forsaking me too soon, forsooth,
 Ere scarce my banners are unfurled.
 O best-beloved! believe me true!
 I would the happy past renew;
 But, drifting to an alien shore,
 My heart cries out, For evermore
 Adieu! adieu!

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER I.

OUR BELL.

Oh, the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They grow so green in the North Countrie!

IT was all settled one evening in the deep winter-time. Outside, a sharp east wind was whistling round the solitudes of Box Hill; the Mole, at the foot of our garden, as it stole stealthily through the darkness, crackled the flakes of ice that lay along its level banks; and away on Mickleham Downs, and on the farther uplands that lay toward the sea, the cold stars were shining down on a thin coating of snow.

In-doors there was another story to tell; for the mistress of the house—Queen Titania, as we call her—a small person, with a calm, handsome, pale face, an abundance of dark hair, big eyes that are somewhat cold and critical in look, and a certain magnificence of manner which makes you fancy her rather a tall and stately woman—has a trick of so filling her drawing-room with dexterous traceries of grass and ferns, with plentiful flowers of her own rearing, and with a crowded glare of light, that, amid the general warmth, and glow, and perfume, and variety of brilliant colors, you would almost forget that the winter is chill and desolate and dark.

Then Bell, our guest and companion for many a year, lends herself to the deception; for the young woman, though there were a dozen inches of snow on the meadows, would come down to dinner in a dress of blue, with touches of white gossamer and fur about the tight waist and neck—with a white rose and a bunch of forget-me-nots as blue as her eyes twisted into the soft masses of her light-brown hair, and with a certain gay and careless demeanor, meant to let us know that she, having been born and bred a farmer's daughter in the

North Country, has a splendid contempt for the mild rigors of our southern winter.

But on this particular evening, Bell—our Bell, our Bonny Bell, our Lady Bell, as she is variously called when she provokes people into giving her pet names—had been sitting for a long time with an open book on her knee; and as this volume was all about the English lakes, and gave pictures of them, and placed here and there little tail-pieces of ferns and blossoms, she may have been driven to contrast the visions thus conjured up with the realities suggested by the fierce gusts of wind that were blowing coldly through the box trees outside. All at once she placed the volume gently on the white hearth-rug, and said, with a strange wistfulness shining in the deeps of her blue eyes, "Tita, why don't you make us talk about the summer, and drown the noise of that dreadful wind? Why don't we conspire to cheat the winter and make believe it is summer again? Doesn't it seem to be years and years ago since we had the long, light evenings, the walks between the hedge-rows, the waiting for the moon up on the crest of the hill, and then the quiet stroll downward into the valley and home again, with the wild roses and the meadow-sweet and the evening champions filling the warm, sweet night air. Come, let us sit close together and make it summer! See, Tita!—it is a bright forenoon—you can nearly catch a glimpse of the Downs above Brighton—and we are going to shut up the house and go away anywhere for a whole month. Round comes that dear old mail-phaeton, and my pair of bonny bays are whinnying for a bit of sugar. Papa is sulky—"

"As usual," remarks my lady Tita, without lifting her eyes from the carpet.

"—For though an improvised imperial has been slung on, there is scarcely

enough room for the heaps of our luggage, and, like every man, he has a selfish hatred of bonnet-boxes. Then you take your seat, my dear, looking like an empress in a gray traveling dress; and papa—after pretending to have inspected all the harness—takes the reins: I pop in behind, for the hood, when it is turned down, makes such a pleasant cushion for your arms, and you can stick your sketch-book into it, and a row of apples and anything else; and Sandy touches his forelock and Kate bobs a curtsey, and away and away we go! How sweet and fresh the air is, Tita! and don't you smell the honey-suckle in the hedge? Why, here we are at Dorking! Papa pulls up to grumble about the last beer that was sent; and then Castor and Pollux toss up their heads again, and on we go to Guildford, and to Reading, and to Oxford. And all through England we go, using sometimes the old coaching-roads, and sometimes the by-roads, stopping at the curious little inns, and chatting to the old country folks, and singing ballads of an evening as we sit upon the hillsides and watch the partridges dusting themselves below us in the road; and then on and on again. Is that the sea, Tita? Look at the long stretch of Morecambe Bay and the yellow sands, and the steamers at the horizon! But all at once we dive into the hills again, and we come to the old familiar places by Applethwaite and Ambleside, and then some evening—some evening, Tita—we come in sight of Grasmere, and then—and then—”

“Why, Bell, Bell! what is the matter with you?” cries the other; and the next minute her arms are round the light-brown head, crushing its white rose and its blue forget-me-nots.

“If you two young fools,” it is remarked, “would seriously settle where we are to go next summer, you would be better employed than in rubbing your heads together like a couple of young calves.”

“Settle!” says my lady Titia, with the least touch of insolence in her tone: “we know who is allowed to settle things in this house. If we were to settle anything, some wonderful discovery would

be made about the horses' feet, or the wheels of that valuable phaeton, which is about as old as the owner of it—”

“The wife who mocks at her husband's gray hairs,” I remark calmly, “knowing the share she has had in producing them—”

Here our Bonny Bell interfered, and a truce was concluded. The armistice was devoted to a consideration of Bell's project, which, at length, it was resolved to adopt. Why, after going year after year round the southern counties in that big, old-fashioned phaeton, which had become as a house to us, should we not strike fairly northward? These circles round the south would resemble the swinging of a stone in the sling before it is projected; and, once we were started on this straight path, who could tell how far we might not go?

“Then,” said I—for our thoughts at this time were often directed to the great masses of men who were marching through the wet valleys of France or keeping guard amid cold and fog in the trenches around Paris—“suppose that by July next the war may be over, young Von Rosen says he means to pay us a visit and have a look at England. Why should not he join our party and become a companion for Bell?”

I had inadvertently probed a hornet's nest. The women of our household were at that time bitter against the Germans, and but half an hour before Bell herself had been eloquently denouncing the doings of the Prussians. Had they not in secrecy been preparing to steal back Alsace and Lorraine? had they not taken advantage of the time when the good and gentle France was averse from war to provoke a quarrel? had not the king openly insulted the French ambassador in the promenade at Ems? and had not their hordes of men swarmed into the quiet villages, slaying and destroying, robbing the poor and aged, and winning battles by mere force of numbers? Besides, the suggestion that this young lieutenant of cavalry might be a companion for Bell appeared to be an intentional injury done to a certain amiable young gentleman, of no par-

ticular prospects, living in the Temple; and so Bell forthwith declared her detestation not only of the German officers, but of officers in the abstract.

"I hate those tall men," she said in her impulsive fashion, although there was always a smile lurking about the blue eyes even when she showed herself most vehement, "with their legs like hop-poles, their heads smooth and round like turnips, their whitish-yellow hair cropped and shining above a red neck, their eyes green and starting out like two gooseberries. And even worse is the short and fat officer—all neck and stomach, like a flying duck—with his feet turned out like the two steps of a dog-cart—with a fierce array of gray hair and moustache, like a terrier looking at a cat—"

"Bell, Bell, will you cease those perpetual farmyard metaphors of yours? You know that Von Rosen is like none of these things."

"I can remember him at Bonn only as a very rude and greedy boy, who showed a great row of white teeth when he laughed, and made bad jokes about my mistakes in German. And I know what he is now—a tall fellow with a stiff neck, a brown face, perhaps a beard, a clanking sword, and the air of a swash-buckler, as he stalks into an inn and bawls out, '*Kellnare! eene Pulle Sect! und sagen Sie mal, was haben Sie für Zeitungen—die Alljemeene?*'"

Ordinarily, our Bell's face was as fair and smooth and placid as a cornfield in sunshine, but sometimes, you know, the cornfield is swept by a gust of wind, and then it lays bare the blood-red poppies beneath. She was now in a pretty turmoil of half-affected anger, and Queen Titania merely looked on with a cold, indulgent smile. I ventured to point out to Bell that she might alter her opinion when Von Rosen actually came over with all the glamour of a hero about him, and that, indeed, she could not do better than marry him.

Bell opened her eyes: "Marry him because he is a hero? No! I would not marry a hero after he had become a hero. It would be something to marry

a man who was afterward to become great, and be with him all the time of his poverty and his struggles and his expectations. That would be worth something—to comfort him when he was in despair, to be kind to him when he was suffering; and then, when it was all over and he had got his head above these troubles, he would say to you, 'Oh, Kate'—or Nell or Sue, as your name happened to be—'how good you were during the old time when we were poor and friendless!' But when he has become a hero, he thinks he will overawe you with the shadow of his great reputation. He thinks he has only to come and hold out the tips of his fingers, and say, 'I am a great person. Everybody worships me. I will allow you to share my brilliant fortune, and you will dutifully kiss me.' *Merci, monsieur!* but if any man were to come to me like that, I would answer him as Canning's knife-grinder was answered: 'I give you kisses? I will see you—'"

"Bell!" cried my lady, peremptorily.

Bell stopped, and then laughed and blushed, and dropped her eyes.

"What is one to do," she asked, meekly, "when a quotation comes in?"

"You used to be a good girl," said Queen Titania, in her severest manner, "but you are becoming worse and worse every day. I hear you sing horrid music-hall airs. You draw caricatures of old people who ought to command your veneration. The very maid-servants are shocked by your willful provincialisms. And you treat me, for whom you ought to show some respect, with a levity and familiarity without example. I will send a report of your behavior to—"

And here the look of mischief in Bell's eyes, which had been deepening just as you may see the pupils of a cat widening before she makes a spring, suddenly gave way to a glance of imploring and meek entreaty, which was recognized in the proper quarter. Tita named no names, and the storm blew over.

For the present, therefore, the project of adding this young Uhlán to our party was dropped, but the idea of our northward trip remained, and gradually as-

sumed definite consistency. Indeed, as it developed itself during those long winter evenings it came to be a thing to dream about. But all the same I could see that Titania sometimes returned to the notion of providing a companion for Bell; and, whatever may have been her dislike of the Germans in general, Lieutenant von Rosen was not forgotten. At odd times, when

In her hazel eyes her thoughts lay clear
As pebbles in a brook,

it seemed to me that she was busy with those forecasts which are dear to the hearts of women. One night we three were sitting as quietly as usual, talking about something else, when she suddenly remarked, "I suppose that young Count von Rosen is as poor as Prussian lieutenants generally are?"

"On the contrary," said I, "he enjoys a very handsome *Familien-Stiftung*, or family bequest, which gives him a certain sum of money every six months, on condition that during that time he has either traveled so much or gone through such and such a course of study. I wish the legacies left in our country had sometimes those provisions attached."

"He has some money, then," said my lady, thoughtfully.

"My dear," said I, "you seem to be very anxious about the future, like the man whose letter I read to you yesterday.* Have you any further questions to ask?"

"I suppose he cares for nothing but eating and drinking and smoking, like other officers? He has not been troubled by any great sentimental crisis?"

"On the contrary," I repeated, "he wrote me a despairing letter, some fortnight before the war broke out, about that same Fräulein Fallersleben whom we saw acting in the theatre at Han-

* This is the letter:

"To the Editor of the Hampshire Ass:

"SIR: If the Republicans who are endeavoring to introduce a Republic into this great country should accomplish their disgusting purpose, do you think they will repudiate the National Debt, and pay no more interest on the Consols?"

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"A LOVER OF MANKIND.

"BOGMERE, Jan. 18, 1870."

over. She had treated him very badly—she had—"

"Oh, that is all nothing," said Tita, hastily; and here she glanced rather nervously at Bell.

Bell, for her part, was unconcernedly fitting a pink collar on a white cat, and merely said in her frank and careless way, "How affecting must have been their meetings! 'Ah, da bist du ja mein Käthchen, mein Engel!' and 'Ach Gott, wie mir das Herz klopf!' Then I suppose she knitted him a comforter, and gave him a piece of sausage as he started for the war, with her blessing." Bell sighed plaintively, and continued her work with the pink collar.

"On the contrary," I remarked again, "he left her in paroxysms of anger and mutual reproach. He accused her of having—"

"Well, well, that will do," says Queen Titania, in her coldest manner; and then, of course, everybody obeys the small woman.

That was the last that was heard of Von Rosen for many a day; and it was not until long after the war was over that he favored us with a communication. He was still in France. He hoped to get over to England at the end of July; and as that was the time we had fixed for our journey from London to Edinburgh along the old coach-roads, he became insensibly mixed up with the project, until it was finally resolved to ask him to join the party.

"I know you mean to marry these two," I said to the person who manages us all.

"It is not true," she replied with a vast assumption of dignity. "Bell is as good as engaged, even if there was any fear of a handsome young Englishwoman falling in love with a Prussian lieutenant who is in despair about an actress."

"You had better take a wedding-ring with you."

"A wedding-ring!" said Tita, with a little curl of her lips. "You fancy that every girl thinks of nothing but that. My belief is, that every wedding-ring that is worn represents a man's impertinence and a woman's folly."

"Ask Bell," said I.

CHAPTER II.

A LUNCHEON IN HOLBORN.

From the bleak coast that hears

The German Ocean roar, deep-blooming, strong,
And yellow-haired, the blue-eyed Saxon came.

No more fitting point of departure could have been chosen than the Old Bell Inn in Holborn, an ancient hostelry which used in bygone times to send its relays of stage-coaches to Oxford, Cheltenham, Enfield, Abingdon, and a score of other places. Now from the quaint little yard, which is surrounded by frail and dilapidated galleries of wood, that tell of the grandeur of other days, there starts but a solitary omnibus, which daily whisks a few country-people and their parcels down to Uxbridge, and Chalfont, and Amersham, and Wendover. The vehicle which Mr. Thoroughgood has driven for many a year is no magnificent blue-and-scarlet drag, with teams costing six hundred guineas apiece, with silver harness, a postboy blowing a silver horn and a lord handling the reins, but a rough and serviceable little coach, which is worked for profit, and which is of vast convenience to the folks living in quiet Buckinghamshire villages apart from railways. From this old-fashioned inn, now that the summer had come round and our long-looked-for journey to the North had come near, we had resolved to start; and Bell having gravely pointed out the danger of letting our young Uhlan leave London hungry—lest habit should lead him to seize something by the way, and so get us into trouble—it was further proposed that we should celebrate our setting out with a luncheon of good roast beef and ale in the snug little parlor which abuts on the yard.

"And I hope," said Lady Titania, as we escaped from the roar of Holborn into the archway of the inn, "that the stupid fellow has got himself decently dressed. Otherwise we shall be mobbed."

The fact was, that Count von Rosen, not being aware that English officers rarely appear when off duty in uniform, had come straight from St. Denis to Calais, and from Calais to London, and from London to Leatherhead, without ever dreaming that he ought not to go

about in his regimentals. He drew no distinction between Herr Graf von Rosen and Seiner Majestät Lieutenant im —ten Uhlanen-Regimente; although he told us that when he issued from his hotel at Charing Cross to get into a cab, he was surprised to see a small crowd collect around the hansom, and no less surprised to observe the absence of military costume in the streets. Of course, the appearance of an Uhlan in the quiet village of Leatherhead caused a profound commotion; and had not Castor and Pollux been able to distance the assemblage of little boys who flocked around him at the station, it is probable he would have arrived at our house attended by that concourse of admirers. Bell was unjust enough to remark in private that he knew well enough, and that he only came down in uniform that he might appear in the character of a hero. As for my lady, she only expressed a dignified hope that he would not render us conspicuous by his costume or his manner so long as he chose to accompany us.

You should have seen the courteous and yet half-defiant way in which the women received him, as if they were resolved not to be overawed by the tall, browned, big-bearded man, and how, in about twenty minutes, they had insensibly got quite familiar with him, apparently won over by his careless laughter, by the honest stare of his light-blue eyes, and by a very boyish blush that sometimes overspread his handsome face when he stammered over an idiom or was asked some questions about his own exploits. Bell remained the most distant, but I could see that our future companion had produced a good impression on Queen Titania, for she began to take the management of him, and to give him counsel in a cold and practical manner, which is a sure mark of her favor. She told him he must put aside his uniform while in England. She described to him the ordinary costume worn by English gentlemen in traveling. And then she hoped he would take a preparation of quinine with him, considering that we should have to stay

in a succession of strange inns, and might be exposed to damp.

He went up to London that night, armed with a list of articles which he was to buy for himself before starting with us.

There was a long pause when we three found ourselves together again. At length Bell said, with rather an impatient air, "He is only a schoolboy, after all. He has the same irritating habit of laughing that he used to have at Bonn. I hate a man who has his mouth always open, like a swallow in the air, trying to catch anything that may come. And he is worse when he closes his lips and tries to give himself an intellectual look, like—like—"

"Like what, Bell?"

"Like a calf poisoning itself and trying to look like a red deer," said Bell with a sort of contemptuous warmth.

"I wish, Bell," said my lady, coldly and severely, "that you would give up those rude metaphors. You talk just as you did when you came fresh from Westmoreland: you have learnt nothing."

Bell's only answer was to walk, with rather a proud air, to the piano, and there she sat down and played a few bars. She would not speak, but the well-known old air spoke for her, for it said, as plain as words could say,

A North Country maid up to London had strayed,
Although with her nature it did not agree:
She wept, and she sighed, and she bitterly cried,
"I wish once again in the North I could be!"

"I think," continued Tita, in measured tones, "that he is a very agreeable and trustworthy young man—not very polished perhaps, but then he is a German. I look forward with great interest to see in what light our English country-life will strike him; and I hope, Bell, that he will not have to complain of the want of courtesy shown him by Englishwomen."

This was getting serious; so, being to some small and undefined extent master in my own house, I commanded Bell to sing the song she was petulantly strumming. That "fetched" Tita. Whenever Bell began to sing one of those old English ballads, which she did for the

most part from morning till night, there was a strange and tremulous thrill in her voice that would have disarmed her bitterest enemy, and straightway my lady would be seen to draw over to the girl, and put her arm round her shoulder, and then reward her, when the last chord of the accompaniment had been struck, with a grateful kiss. In the present instance the charm worked as usual, but no sooner had these two young people been reconciled than they turned on their mutual benefactor. Indeed, an observant stranger might have remarked in this household that when anything remotely bearing on a quarrel was made up between any two of its members, the third, the peacemaker, was expected to propose a dinner at Greenwich. The custom would have been more becoming had the cost been equally distributed, but there were three losers to one payer.

Well, when we got into the yard of the Old Bell the Buckinghamshire omnibus was being loaded, and among the first objects we saw was the stalwart figure of Von Rosen, who was talking to Mr. Thoroughgood as if he had known him all his life, and examining with a curious and critical eye the construction and accommodation of the venerable old vehicle. We saw with some satisfaction that he was now dressed in a suit of gray garments, with a wide-awake hat; and, indeed, there was little to distinguish him from an Englishman but the curious blending of color—from the tawny yellow of his moustache to the deep brown of his cropped beard—which is seldom absent from the hirsute decoration of a Prussian face. He came forward with a grave and ceremonious politeness to Queen Titania, who received him in her dignified, quaint, maternal fashion, and then he shook hands with Bell with an obviously unconscious air of indifference. Then, not noticing her silence, he talked to her, after we had gone inside, of the old-fashioned air of homeliness and comfort noticeable in the inn, of the ancient portraits and the quaint fireplace and the small busts placed about. We had not been in the snug little parlor a couple of minutes before he seemed to have

made himself familiar with every feature of it, and yet he spoke in a light way, as if he had not intended to make a study of the place, or as if he fancied his companion would care very little what he thought of it. Bell seemed rather vexed that he should address himself to her, and uttered scarcely a word in reply.

But when our plain and homely meal was served this restraint gradually wore away, and in the talk over our coming adventures Bell abandoned herself to all sorts of wild anticipations. She forgot the presence of the German lieutenant. Her eyes were fixed on the North Country, and on summer nights up amid the Westmoreland hills, and on bright mornings up by the side of the Scotch lochs; and while the young soldier looked gravely at her, and even seemed a trifle surprised, she told us of all the dreams and visions she had had of the journey for weeks and months back, and how the pictures of it had been with her night and day until she was almost afraid the reality would not bear them out. Then she described—as if she were gifted with second sight—the various occupations we should have to follow during the long afternoons in the North; and how she had brought her guitar, that Queen Titania might sing Spanish songs to it; and how we should go down on river-banks toward nightfall and listen to the nightingales; and how she would make studies of all the favorite places we came to, and perhaps might even construct a picture of our phaeton and Castor and Pollux, with a background of half a dozen counties, for some exhibition; and how, some day in the far future, when the memory of our long excursion had grown dim, Tita would walk into a room in Pall Mall, and there, with the picture before her, would turn round with wonder in her eyes, as if it were a revelation.

“Because,” said Bell, turning seriously to the young Uhlan, and addressing him as though she had talked familiarly to him for years, “you mustn’t suppose that our Tita is anything but an impostor. All her coldness and affectation of gran-

deur are only a pretence; and sometimes, if you watch her eyes—and she is not looking at you—you will see something come up to the surface of them as if it were her real heart and soul there, looking out in wonder and softness and delight at some beautiful thing; just like a dabchick, you know, when you are watching among bushes by a river, and are quite still, and then, if you make the least remark, if you rustle your dress, snap! down goes the dabchick, and you see nothing; and my lady turns to you quite proudly and coldly, though there may be tears in her eyes, and dares you to think that she has shown any emotion.”

“That is when she is listening to you singing?” said the lieutenant gravely and politely; and at this moment Bell seemed to become conscious that we were all amused by her vehemence, blushed prodigiously, and was barely civil to our Uhlan for half an hour after.

Nevertheless, she had every reason to be in a good humor, for we had resolved to limit our travels that day to Twickenham, where, in the evening, Tita was to see her two boys who were at school there. And as the young gentleman of the Temple, who has already been briefly mentioned in this narrative, is a son of the schoolmaster with whom the boys were then living, and as he was to be of the farewell party assembled in Twickenham at night, Bell had no unpleasant prospect before her, for that day at least. And of one thing she was probably by that time thoroughly assured—no fires of jealousy were in danger of being kindled in any sensitive breast by the manner of Count von Rosen toward her. Of course he was very courteous and obliging to a pretty young woman, but he talked almost exclusively to my lady, while, to state the plain truth, he seemed to pay more attention to his luncheon than to both of them together.

Behold, then, our phaeton ready to start! The pair of pretty bays are pawing the hard stones and pricking their ears at the unaccustomed sounds of Holborn; Sandy is at their head, regarding them rather dolefully, as if he feared to

let them slip from his care to undertake so long and perilous a voyage; Queen Titania has arranged that she shall sit behind, to show the young Prussian all the remarkable things on our route; and Bell, as she gets up in front, begs to have the reins given her so soon as we get away from the crowded thoroughfares. There are still a few loiterers on the pavement, who had assembled to see the Wendover omnibus leave, and these regard with a languid sort of curiosity the setting out of the party in the big, dark-green phaeton.

A little tossing of heads and prancing, a little adjustment of the reins and a final look round, and then we glide into the wild and roaring stream of vehicles—that mighty current of rolling vans and heavy wagons and crowded Bayswater omnibuses, of dexterous hansoms and indolent four-wheelers, of brewers' drays and post-office carts and costermongers' barrows. Over the great thoroughfare, with its quaint and huddled houses and its innumerable shops, in which silver watches and stockings and sausages form prominent features, there dwell a fine blue sky and white clouds that seem oddly discolored. The sky, seen through a curious pall of mist and smoke, is only gray; and the clouds are distant and dusky and yellow, like those of an old landscape that has lain for years in a broker's shop. Then there is a faint glow of sunlight shining along the houses on the northern side of the street, and here and there the window of some lobster-shop or tavern glints back the light. As we get farther westward the sky overhead gets clearer, and the character of the thoroughfare alters. Here we are at the street leading up to the British Museum—a Mudie and a Moses on each hand—and it would almost seem as if the Museum had sent out rays of influence to create around it a series of smaller collections. In place of the humble fishmonger and the familiar hosier, we have owners of large windows filled with curious treasures of art—old-fashioned jewelry, knickknacks of furniture, silver spoons and kettles, and stately portraits of the time of

Charles II., in which the women have all beaded black eyes, yellow curls and a false complexion, while the men are fat, pompous and wigged. Westward still, and we approach the huge shops and warehouses of Oxford street, where the last waves of fashionable life, seeking millinery, beat on the eastern barriers that shut out the rest of London. Regent street is busy on this quiet afternoon; and Bell asks in a whisper whether the countryman of Blücher, now sitting behind us, does not betray in his eyes what he thinks of this vast show of wealth. Listening for a moment, we hear that Queen Titania, instead of talking to him about the shops, is trying to tell him what London was in the last century, and how Colonel Jack and his associates, before that enterprising youth started to walk from London to Edinburgh to avoid the law, used to waylay travelers in the fields between Gray's Inn and St. Pancras, and how, having robbed a coach between Hyde Park Gate and Knightsbridge, they "went over the fields to Chelsea." This display of erudition on the part of my lady has evidently been prepared beforehand, for she even goes the length of quoting dates and furnishing a few statistics—a thing which no woman does inadvertently. However, when we get into Pall Mall, her ignorance of the names of the clubs reveals the superficial nature of her acquisitions, for even Bell is able to recognize the Reform, assisted, doubtless, by the polished pillars of the Carlton. The women are, of course, eager to know which is the Prince of Wales' Club, and then look with quite a peculiar interest on the brick wall of Marlborough House.

"Now," says our bonny Bell as we get into the quiet of St. James' Park, where the trees of the long avenue and the shrubbery around the ponds look quite pleasant and fresh even under the misty London sunlight—"now you must let me have the reins. I am wearying to get away from the houses and be really on the road to Scotland. Indeed, I shall not feel that we have actually set out until we leave Twickenham, and are

fairly on the old coach-road at Hounslow."

I looked at Bell. She did not blush, but calmly waited to take the reins. I had then to point out to the young hypocrite that her wiles were of no avail. She was not anxious to be beyond Twickenham: she was chiefly anxious to get down thither. Notwithstanding that she knew we had chosen a capricious and roundabout road to reach this first stage on our journey, merely to show Von Rosen something of London and its suburban beauties, she was looking with impatience to the long circuit by Clapham Common, Wimbledon and Richmond Park. Therefore she was not in a condition to be entrusted with the safety of so valuable a freight.

"I am not impatient," said Bell, with her color a trifle heightened: "I do not care whether we ever get to Twickenham. I would as soon go to Henley to-night, and to-morrow to Oxford. But it is just like a man to make a great fuss and go in prodigious circles to reach a trifling distance. You go circling and circling like the minute-hand of a clock, but the small hand, that takes it easy and makes no clatter of ticking, finds at twelve o'clock that it has got quite as far as its big companion."

"This, Bell," I remarked, "is impertinence."

"Will you give me the reins?"

"No."

Bell turned half round and leaned her arm on the lowered hood. "My dear," she said to Queen Titania, who had been telling the count something about Buckingham Palace, "we have forgotten one thing. What are we to do when our companions are sulky during the day? In the evening we can read, or sing, or walk about by ourselves. But during the day, Tita? When we are imprisoned how are we to escape?"

"We shall put you in the imperial, if you are not a good girl," said my lady with a gracious sweetness, and then she turned to the count.

It would have been cruel to laugh at Bell. For a minute or two after meeting with this rebuff she turned rather away

from us, and stared with a fine assumption of proud indifference down the Vauxhall Bridge road. But presently a lurking smile began to appear about the corners of her mouth, and at last she cried out—"Well, there is no use quarreling with a married man, for he never pets you. He is familiar with the trick of it, I suppose, and looks on like an old juggler watching the efforts of an amateur. See how lovely the river is up there by Chelsea—the long reach of rippling gray, the green of the trees, and the curious silvery light that almost hides the heights beyond! We shall see the Thames often, shall we not? and then the Severn, and then the Solway, and then the great Frith of the Forth? When I think of it, I feel like a bird—a lark fluttering up in happiness, and seeing farther and farther every minute. To see the Solway, you know, you have to be up almost in the blue, and then all around you there rise the wide plains of England, with fields and woods and streams. Fancy being able to see as far as a vulture, and to go swooping on for leagues and leagues—now up amid white peaks of snow, or down through some great valley, or across the sea in the sunset! And only fancy that some evening you might find the spectral ship beginning to appear in pale fire in the mist of the horizon, coming on toward you without a sound! Do you know that is the most terrible legend ever thought of?"

"What has a vulture to do with the Flying Dutchman?" said my lady Tita suddenly, and Bell turned with a start to find her friend's head close to her own. "You are becoming incoherent, Bell, and your eyes are as wild as if you were really looking at the phantom ship. Why are you not driving?"

"Because I am not allowed," said Bell.

However, when we got into the Clapham road, Bell had her wish. She took her place with the air of a practiced whip, and did not even betray any nervousness when a sudden whistle behind us warned her that she was in the way of a tramway-car. Moreover she managed to subdue so successfully her im-

patience to get to Twickenham that she was able to take us in the gentlest manner possible up and across Clapham Common, down through Wandsworth, and up again toward Wimbledon.

When at length we got to the brow of the hill that overlooks the long and undulating stretches of furze, the admiration of our Prussian friend, which had been called forth by the various parks and open spaces in and around London, almost rose to the pitch of enthusiasm. "Is it the sea down there?" he asked, looking toward the distant tent-poles, which certainly resembled a small forest of masts in the haze of the sunshine. "It is not the sea? I almost expect to reach the shore always in England. Yet why have you so beautiful places like this around London—so much more beautiful than the sandy country around our Berlin—and no one to come to it? You have more than three millions of people—here is a playground—why do they not come? And Clapham Common, too—it is not used for people to walk in, as we should use it in Germany, and have a pleasant seat in a garden, and the women sewing until their husbands and friends come in the evening, and music to make it pleasant afterward. It is nothing—a waste—a landscape; very beautiful, but not used. You have children on donkeys, and boys playing their games: that is very good, but it is not enough. And here this beautiful park, all thrown away—no one here at all. Why does not your burgomaster see the—the requirement—of drawing away large numbers of people from so big a town for fresh air, and make here some amusements?"

"Consider the people who live all around," said my lady, "and what they would have to suffer."

"Suffer?" said the young Prussian, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not understand you. For people to walk through gardens, and smoke, and drink a glass or two of beer, or sit under the trees and sew or read—surely that is not offensive to any person. And here the houses are miles away: you cannot

see them down beyond the windmill there."

"Did you ever hear of such things as manorial rights, and freeholders, and copyholders, and the Statute of Merton?" he is asked.

"All that is nothing—a fiction," he retorted. "You have a government in this country representing the people: why not take all these commons and use them for the people? And if the government has not courage to do that, why do not your municipalities, which are rich, buy up the land, and provide amusements, and draw the people into the open air?"

My lady Tita could scarce believe her ears in hearing a Prussian aristocrat talk thus coolly of confiscation, and exhibit no more reverence for the traditional rights of property than if he were a Parisian Socialist. But then these boys of twenty-four will dance over the world's edge in pursuit of a theory.

Here, too, as Bell gently urged our horses forward toward the crest of the slope leading down to Baveley Bridge, Von Rosen got his first introduction to an English landscape. All around him lay the brown stretches of sand and the blue-green clumps of furze of the common; on either side of the wide and well-made road the tall banks were laden with a tangled luxuriance of brushwood and bramble and wild flowers; down in the hollow beneath us there were red-tiled farm-buildings half hid in a green maze of elms and poplars; then the scattered and irregular fields and meadows, scored with hedges and dotted with houses, led up to a series of heights that were wooded with every variety of forest tree; while over all these undulations and plains there lay that faint presence of mist which only served to soften the glow of the afternoon sunshine, and show us the strong colors of the picture through a veil of tender, ethereal gray.

As we got down the hill and rolled along the valley, however, he was not much struck with the appearance of our first wayside public—"The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, by S. LUCAS." There was

a good deal of squalor about the rude little building and its ramshackle out-houses; while the open window showed us a small and stuffy parlor filled with men who, having nothing to do but sit and drink, might just as well have been outside on this warm afternoon. Nevertheless, there was something picturesque about even the dirt of the place; while the ducks and hens about, a brown goat, and two or three splendid dray-horses being watered at the wooden trough, gave the place the look of a farmyard. Bell drove on to "The ROBIN HOOD, by E. CLARK," a much cleaner-looking inn, where Queen Titania pointed out a sort of garden with bowers round it as our best imitation of the German beer-garden; and here, having given the horses a little water, we turned back a few yards and entered Richmond Park by the Robin Hood gate.

Richmond Park, in the stillness of a fine sunset, was worth bringing a foreigner to see. The ruddy light from the west was striking here and there among the glades under the oaks; across the bars of radiance and shadow the handsome little bucks and long-necked does were lightly passing and re-passing; while there were rabbits in thousands trotting in and about the brackens, with an occasional covey of young partridges alternately regarding us with upstretched necks and then running off a few yards farther. But after we had bowled along the smooth and level road, up and through the avenues of stately oaks, past the small lakes (one of them, beyond the shadow of a dark wood, gleamed like a line of gold), and up to the summit of Richmond Hill, Queen Titania had not a word to say further in pointing out the beauties of the place. She had been officiating as conductor, but it was with the air of a proprietress. Now, as we stopped the phaeton on the crest of the hill, she was silent.

Far away behind us lay the cold green of the eastern sky, and under it the smoke of London lay red and brown, while in the extreme distance we could see dim traces of houses, and down in the south a faint sorry mist. Some glit-

tering yellow rays showed us where the Crystal Palace, high over the purple shadows of Sydenham, caught the sunlight; and up by Notting Hill, too, there were one or two less distinct glimmerings of glass. But when we turned to the west no such range of vision was permitted to us. All over the bed of the river there lay across the western sky a confused glare of pale gold—not a distinct sunset, with sharp lines of orange and blood-red fire, but a bewildering haze that blinded the eyes and was rather ominous for the morrow. Along the horizon,

Where, enthroned in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits,

there was no trace of the gray towers to be made out, but a confused and level mass of silver streaks and lines of blue. Nearer at hand, the spacious and wooded landscape seemed almost dark under the glare of the sky, and the broad windings of the Thames lay white and clear between the soft green of the Twickenham shores and the leafy masses of "umbrageous Ham."

"Doesn't it seem as though the strange light away up there in the north and out in the west lay over some unknown country," said Bell, with her eyes filled with the glamour of the sunset, "and that to-morrow we were to begin our journey into a great prairie, and leave houses and people for ever behind us? You can see no more villages, but only miles and miles of woods and plains, until you come to a sort of silver mist, and that might be the sea."

"And Bell stands on the edge of this wild and golden desert, and a melancholy look comes into her eyes. For she is fond of houses and her fellow-creatures, and here, just close at hand—down there in Twickenham, in fact—there is a comfortable dining-room and some pleasant friends, and one attentive person in particular, who is perhaps a little sorry to bid her good-bye. Yet she does not falter. To-morrow morning she will hold out her hand: a tender and wistful smile will only half convey her sadness—"

Here Bell made a cut at Pollux; both

the horses sprang forward with a jerk that had nearly thrown the lieutenant into the road (for he was standing up and holding on by the hood); and then, without another word, she rattled us down into Richmond. Getting sharply round the corner, she pretty nearly took a wheel off the omnibus that was standing in front of the King's Head, and just escaped knocking down a youth in white costume and boating shoes, who jumped back on the pavement with an admirable dexterity. Nor would she stop to give us a look at the Thames from the bridge: we only caught a glimpse of the broad bend of the water, the various boats and their white-clad crews, the pleasant river-paths, and the green and wooded heights all around. She swept us on along the road leading into Twickenham, past the abodes of the Orleanist princes, and into the narrow streets of the village itself, until, with a proud and defiant air, she pulled the horses up in front of Dr. Ashburton's house.

There *was* a young man at the window: she pretended not to see him. When the servants had partly got our luggage out the young man made his appearance, and came forward, in rather a frightened way, as I thought, to pay his respects to my lady Tita and Bell. Then he glanced at the Uhlan, who was carefully examining the horses' fetlocks and hoofs. Finally, as the doctor had no stables, Master Arthur informed us that he had made arrangements about putting up the horses; and while the rest of us went into the house, he volunteered to take the phaeton round to the inn. He and the count went off together.

Then there was a wild commotion on the first landing, a confused tumble and rush down stairs, and presently Bell and Tita were catching up two boys and hugging them, and pulling out all sorts of mysterious presents.

"Heh! how fens tee, Jeck?—gayly?" cried Auntie Bell, whose broad Cumberlandshire vastly delighted the youngsters. "Why, Twom, thou's growin' a big lad: thou mud as weel be a sodger as

at schuil. Can tee dance a whornpipe yet?—what! nowther o' ye? Dost think I's gaun to gie a siller watch to twa feckless fellows that canna dance a whornpipe?"

But here Bell's mouth was stopped by a multitude of kisses, and having had to confess that the two silver watches were really in her pocket, she was drawn into the parlor by the two boys and made to stand and deliver.

CHAPTER III.

"PRINZ EUGEN, DER EDLE RITTER."

What can Tommy Onslow do?

He can drive a phaeton and two.

Can Tommy Onslow do no more?

MEANWHILE, what had become of the lieutenant, and Arthur, and Castor and Pollux, to say nothing of the phaeton, which had now been transferred from its accustomed home in Surrey to spend a night under a shed in Twickenham? The crooked byways and narrow streets of that curious little village were getting rapidly darker under the falling dusk, and here and there orange lamps were beginning to shine in the blue-gray of the twilight, when I set out to discover the stable to which our horses had been confided. I had got but halfway to the public-house when I met Arthur. The ordinarily mild and gentle face of this young man—which would be quite feminine in character but for a soft, pale-yellow moustache—looked rather gloomy.

"Where is the count?" I asked of him.

"Do you mean that German fellow?" he said.

The poor young man! It was easy to detect the cause of that half-angry contempt with which he spoke of our lieutenant. It was jealousy, with its green eyes and dark imaginings, and the evening, I could see, promised us a pretty spectacle of the farce of Bell and the Dragon. At present I merely requested Master Arthur to answer my question.

"Well," said he, with a fine expression of irony—the unhappy wretch! as if it were not quite obvious that he was more inclined to cry—"if you want to

keep him out of the police-office, you'd better go down to the stables of the —. He has raised a pretty quarrel there, I can tell you—kicked the ostler half across the yard—knocked heaps of things to smithereens—and is ordering everybody about, and fuming and swearing in a dozen different inarticulate languages. I wish you joy of your companion. You will have plenty of adventures by the way, but what will you do with all the clocks you gather?"

"Go home, you stupid boy! and thank God you have not the gift of sarcasm. Bell is waiting for you. You will talk very sensibly to her, I dare say, but don't make any jokes—no! for some years to come."

Arthur went his way into the twilight, as wretched a young man as there was that evening in Twickenham.

Now in front of the public-house, and adjoining the entrance into the yard, a small and excited crowd had collected of all the idlers and loungers who hang about the doors of a tavern. In the middle of them—as you could see when the yellow light from the window streamed through a chink in the cluster of human figures—there was a small, square-set, bandy-legged man, with a red waistcoat, a cropped head and a peaked cap, with the peak turned sideways. He was addressing his companions alternately in an odd mixture of Buckinghamshire *patois* and Middlesex pronunciation, somewhat in this fashion: "I bain't afraid of 'm, or any other darned foreigner, the —. An' I've looked arter awsses afore he wur born, and I'd like to see the mahn as'll tell me what I don't know about 'em. I've kept my plaäce for fifteen yur, and I'll bet the coöt on my bahck as my missus'll say there niver wur a better in the plaäce; an' as fur thaht — furrener in there, the law'll teach him summut, or I'm werry much mistaken. Eh, 'Arry? Bain't I right?"

This impassioned appeal from the excited small man was followed by a general chorus of assent.

I made my way down the yard, between the shafts of dog-carts and the

poles of disabled omnibuses that loomed from out the darkness of a long and low shed. Down at the foot of this narrow and dusky channel a stable door was open, and the faint yellow light occasionally caught the figure of a man who was busy grooming a horse outside. As I picked my way over the rough stones I could hear that he was occasionally interrupting the hissing noise peculiar to the work with a snatch of a song, carelessly sung in a deep and sufficiently powerful voice. What was it he sang?—"Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter—hisssssss—wollt' dem Kaiser wiedrum kriegen—wo! my beauty—so ho! —Stadt und Festung Belgarad!—hold up, my lad! wo ho!"

"Hillo, Oswald, what are you about?"

"Oh, only looking after the horses," said our young Uhlan, slowly raising himself up.

He was in a remarkable state of undress—his coat, waistcoat and collar having been thrown on the straw inside the stable—and he held in his hand a brush.

"The fellows at this inn, they are very ignorant of horses, or very careless."

"I hear you have been kicking 'em all about the place."

"Why not? You go in to have a glass of beer and see the people. You come back to the stables. The man says he has fed the horses: it is a lie. He says he has groomed them: it is a lie. *Gott im Himmel!* can I not see? Then I drive him away—I take out corn for myself, also some beans: he comes back—he is insolent—I fling him into the yard: he falls over the pail—he lies and groans. That is very good for him: it will teach him to mind his business, and not to tell lies and to steal the price of the corn."

I pointed out to this cool young person that if he went kicking insolent ostlers all over the country, he would get us into trouble."

"Is it not a shame they do not know their work? and that they will ruin good horses to steal a sixpence from you?"

"Besides," I said, "it is not prudent to quarrel with an ostler, for you must leave your horses under his care, and if

he should be ill-natured he may do them a mischief during the night."

The count laughed as he untied the halter and led Pollux into a loose box. "Do not be alarmed. I never allow any man to lock up my horses if I am among strangers. I do that myself. I will lock up this place and take the key, and to-morrow at six I will come round and see them fed. No! you must not object. It is a great pleasure of mine to look after horses, and I shall become friends with these two in a very few days. You must let me manage them always."

"And groom them twice a day?"

"*Nee, Gott bewahre!* When there is a man who can do it, I will not; but when there is no one, it is a very good thing to help yourself."

Lieutenant Oswald von Rosen had clearly learned how to conjugate the verb *requiriren* during his sojourn in Bohemia and in France. He made another raid on the corn and split beans, got up into the loft and crammed down plenty of hay, and then bringing a heap of clean straw into the place, tossed it plentifully about the loose box devoted to Pollux, and about Castor's stall. Then he put on his upper vestments, brought away the candle, locked the door and put the key in his pocket, humming all the time something about "*die dreimal hunderttausend Mann.*"

When we had got to the gate of the yard, he stalked up to the small crowd of idlers and said, "Which of you is the man who did tumble over the pail? It is you, you little fellow? Well, you deserve much more than you got; but here is a half crown for you to buy sticking-plaster with."

The small ostler held back, but his companions, who perceived that the half crown meant beer, urged him to go forward and take it; which he did, saying, "Well, I doan't bear no malice."

"And next time you have gentlemen's horses put into your stables, don't try to steal the price of their corn," said the lieutenant; and with that he turned and walked away.

"Who is the gentleman who came with me?" asked my young friend, as we

went back to the house. "He is a nice young man, but he does not know the difference between hay and straw, and I begged him not to remain. And he would not drink the beer of this public-house; but that is the way of all you Englishmen—you are so particular about things, and always thinking of your health, and always thinking of living, instead of living and thinking nothing about it. Ah, you do not know how fine a thing it is to live until you have been in a campaign, my dear friend; and then you know how fine it is that you can eat with great hunger, and how fine it is when you get a tumbler of wine, and how fine it is to sleep. You are very glad then to be able to walk firm on your legs, and find yourself alive and strong. But always, I think, your countrymen do not enjoy being alive so much as mine: they are always impatient for something, trying to do something, hoping for something, instead of being satisfied of finding every day a good new day, and plenty of satisfaction in it, with talking to people, and seeing things, and a cigar now and again. Just now, when I wake, I laugh to myself, and say, 'How very good it is to sleep in a bed, and shut yourself out from noise, and get up when you please!' Then you have a good breakfast, and all the day begins afresh, and you have no fear of being crippled and sent off to the hospital. Oh, it is very good to have this freedom—this carelessness—this seeing of new things and new people every day! And that is a very pretty young lady become, your Miss Bell: I do remember her only a shy little girl, who spoke German with your strange English way of pronouncing the vowels, and was very much bashful over it. Oh yes, she is very good-looking, indeed: her hair looks as if there were streaks of sunshine in the brown, and her eyes are very thoughtful, and she has a beautiful outline of the chin that makes her neck and throat very pretty. And, you know, I rather like the nose not hooked, like most of your English young ladies: when it is a little the other way, and fine, and delicate, it makes the face piquant and

tender, not haughty and cold—*nicht wahr?* But yet she is very English-looking; I would take her as a—as a—a—type, do you call it?—of the pretty young Englishwoman, well formed, open-eyed, with good healthy color in her face, and very frank and gentle and independent, all at the same time. Oh, she is a very good girl—a very good girl, I can see that.”

“Yes,” I said, “I think she will marry the young man whom you saw to-night.”

“And that will be very good for him,” he replied easily, “for she will look after him and give him some common sense. He is not practical—he has not seen much: he is moody and nervous, and thinks greatly about trifles. But I think he will be very amiable to her, and that is much. You know, all the best women marry stupid men.”

There was, however, no need for our going into that dangerous subject, for at this moment we arrived at Dr. Ashburton's house. Von Rosen rushed up stairs to his room to remove the traces of his recent employment; and then, as we both entered the drawing-room, we found Bell standing right under the central gasolier, which was pouring its rays down on her wealth of golden-brown hair. Indeed, she then deserved all that Von Rosen had said about her being a type of our handsome young Englishwomen—rather tall, well formed, showing a clear complexion and healthy rosininess in her cheeks, while there was something at once defiant and gentle in her look. Comely enough she was to attract the notice of any stranger; but it was only those who had spent years with her, and had observed all her winning ways, her unselfishness, and the rare honor and honesty that lay behind all her pretty affectations of petulance and the wild nonsense of her tongue, who could really tell what sort of young person our bonny Bell was. She was sufficiently handsome to draw eyes toward her;

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lovely spirit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight.

There dwell sweet Love and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honor, and mild Modesty.

And it must be said that during this evening Bell's conduct was beyond all praise. Arthur Ashburton was rather cold and distant toward her, and was obviously in a rather bad temper. He even hovered on the verge of rudeness toward both herself and the lieutenant. Now, nothing delighted Bell more than to vary the even and pleasant tenor of her life with a series of pretty quarrels which had very little element of seriousness in them; but on this evening, when she was provoked into quarreling in earnest, nothing could exceed the good sense and gentleness and forbearance she showed. At dinner she sat between the young barrister and his father, a quiet, little gray-haired man in spectacles, with small black eyes that twinkled strangely when he made his nervous little jokes, and looked over to his wife, the very matter-of-fact and roseate woman who sat at the opposite end of the table. The old doctor was a much more pleasant companion than his son, but Bell, with wonderful moderation, did her best to re-establish good relations between the moody young barrister and herself. Of course, no woman will prolong such overtures indefinitely, and at last the young gentleman managed to establish a more serious breach than he had dreamed of. For the common talk had drifted back to the then recent war, and our lieutenant was telling us a story about three Uhlans who had, out of mere bravado, ridden down the main street of a French village and out at the other end, without having been touched by the shots fired at them, when young Ashburton added, with a laugh, “I suppose they were so padded with the jewelry and watches they had gathered on their way that the bullets glanced off.”

Count von Rosen looked across the table at the young man with a sort of wonder in his light-blue eyes, and then, with admirable self-control, he turned to my lady Tita and calmly continued the story.

But as for Bell, a blush of shame and

exceeding mortification overspread her features. No madness of jealousy could excuse this open insult to a stranger and a guest. From that moment Bell addressed herself exclusively to the old doctor, and took no more notice of his son than if he had been in the moon. She was deeply hurt, but she managed to conceal her disappointment; and indeed, when the boys came in after dinner, she had so far picked up her spirits as to be able to talk to them in that wild way which they regarded with mingled awe and delight. For they could not understand how Auntie Bell was allowed to use strange words, and even talk Cumberlandshire, to the doctor's own face.

Of course she plied the boys with all sorts of fruit and sweetmeats, until Tita, coming suddenly back from the campaign in France to the table before her, peremptorily ordered her to cease. And then Bell gathered round her the decanters. "I say, Jack," she observed, in a whisper, though looking covertly at Queen Tita all the time, "what's good for a fellow that's got a cold?"

"I beg your pardon," said Master Jack, properly.

"What's good for a cold, you stupid small boy?"

"But you haven't got a cold, Auntie Bell."

"Oh, haven't I? You don't know there are all sorts of colds. There's the little fairy that sits and tickles you with a feather, just now and again, you know; and there's the sweep that drives a tremendous whalebone brush up and down, and makes you blue in the face with fighting him. Mind, when the sweep does get hold of you, it's a terrible bother to shunt him out."

"Bell," said my lady, with a sharpness that made the boys look frightened, "you must not teach the children such phrases."

"I think it's very hard that a grown-up person can't speak three words without being scolded," remarked Bell, confidentially, to Master Tom; and that young ruffian, looking covertly at his mother, grinned as widely as a mouthful of apple would let him.

So the boys had their half glass of wine, and Bell swept them away with her into the drawing-room when the women left.

"A very bright young lady—hm!—a very bright and pleasant young lady, indeed," said the doctor, stretching out his short legs with an air of freedom, and beginning to examine the decanters. "I don't wonder the young fellows rave about her: eh, Arthur, eh?"

Master Arthur rose and left the room.

"Touched, eh?" said the father, with his eyes twinkling vehemently and his small gray features twisted into a smile. "Hit hard, eh? Gad, I don't wonder at it: if I were a young fellow myself—eh, eh? Claret? Yes. But the young fellows now don't sing about their laughing Lalage, or drink to Glycera, or make jokes with Lydia: it is all dreaming, and reading, and sighing, eh, eh? That boy of mine has gone mad—heeds nothing—is ill-tempered—"

"Decidedly, doctor."

"Eh? Ill-tempered? Why his mother daren't talk to him, and we're glad to have him go up to his chambers again. Our young friend here is of another sort: there is no care about a woman tempering the healthy brown of the sun and the weather, eh?—is there, eh?"

"Why, my dear doctor," cried the lieutenant, with a prodigious laugh, "don't you think Lydia's lover—*Lydia, dic*, you know—he was very glad to be away from rough sports? He had other enjoyments. I am brown not because of my wish, but that I have been made to work, that is all."

The doctor was overjoyed, and perhaps a trifle surprised, to find that this tall Uhlan, who had just been grooming two horses, understood his references to Horace; and he immediately cried out, "No, no: you must not lose your health, and your color, and your temper. Would you have your friends say of you, who have just been through a campaign in France,

Cur neque militaris
Inter æquales militat, Gallica nec lupatis
Temperat ora frenis?

Eh, eh?"

"*Temperat ora frenis*—it is a good motto for our driving excursion," said the count; "but was it your Miss Bell who called your two fine horses by such stupid names as Castor and Pollux?"

"Nevertheless," said the doctor eagerly, "Castor was said to have great skill in the management of horses—eh, eh, eh?"

"Certainly," said the count. "And both together they foretell good weather, which is a fine thing in driving."

"And they were the gods of boundaries," cried the doctor.

"And they got people out of trouble when everything seemed all over," returned the count, "which may also happen to our phaeton."

"And—and—and"—here the doctor's small face fairly gleamed with a joke, and he broke into a thin, high chuckle—"they ran away with two ladies—eh, eh, eh? Did they not? did they not?"

Presently we went into the drawing-room, and there the women were found in a wild maze of maps, eagerly discussing the various routes to the North and the comparative attractions of different towns. The contents of Mr. Stanford's shop seemed to have been scattered about the room, and Bell had armed herself with an opisometer, which gave her quite an air of importance.

The lieutenant was out of this matter, so he flung himself down into an easy-chair, and presently had both the boys on his knees, telling them stories and propounding arithmetical conundrums alternately. When Queen Titania came to release him, the young rebels refused to go; and one of them declared that the count had promised to sing the "*Wacht am Rhein*."

"Oh, please, don't!" said Bell, suddenly turning round, with a map of Cumberland half hiding her. "You don't know that all the organs here have it. But if you would be so good as to sing us a German song, I will play the accompaniment for you, if I know it, and I know a great many."

Of course the women did not imagine that a man who had been accustomed to a soldier's life, and who betrayed a fac-

ulty for grooming horses, was likely to know much more of music than a handy chorus, but the count, lightly saying he would not trouble her, went over to the piano and sat down unnoticed amid the general hum of conversation.

But the next moment there was sufficient silence. For with a crash like thunder—"Hei! das klang wie Ungewitter!"—the young lieutenant struck the first chords of "*Prinz Eugen*," and with a sort of upward toss of the head, as if he were making room for himself, he began to sing Freiligrath's picturesque soldier-song to the wild and warlike and yet stately music which Dr. Löwe has written for it. What a rare voice he had, too!—deep, strong, and resonant—that seemed to throw itself into the daring spirit of the music with an absolute disregard of delicate graces or sentimental effect; a powerful, masculine, soldier-like voice, that had little flute-like softness, but the strength and thrill that told of a deep chest, and that interpenetrated or rose above the loudest chords that his ten fingers struck. Queen Tita's face was overspread with surprise—Bell unconsciously laid down the map, and stood as one amazed. The ballad, you know, tells how, one calm night on the banks of the Danube, just after the great storming of Belgrade, a young trumpeter in the camp determines to leave aside cards for a while, and make a right good song for the army to sing—how he sets to work to tell the story of the battle in ringing verse, and at last, when he has got the rhymes correct, he makes the notes too, and his song is complete. "Ho, ye white troops and ye red troops, come round and listen!" he cries; and then he sings the record of the great deeds of Prince Eugene; and lo! as he repeats the air for the third time, there breaks forth, with a hoarse roar as of thunder, the chorus "*Prinz Eugen der edle Ritter!*" until the sound of it is carried even into the Turkish camp. And then the young trumpeter, not dissatisfied with his performance, proudly twirls his moustache, and finally sneaks away to tell of his triumph to the pretty Marketenderin. When our young Uhlán

rose from the piano he laughed in an apologetic fashion, but there was still in his face some of that glow and fire which had made him forget himself during the singing of the ballad, and which had lent to his voice that penetrating resonance that still seemed to linger about the room. Bell said "Thank you" in rather a timid fashion, but Queen Tita did not speak at all, and seemed to have forgotten us.

We had more music that evening, and Bell produced her guitar, which was expected to solace us much on our journey. It was found that the lieutenant could play that too; and he executed at least a very pretty accompaniment when Bell sang "Der Tyroler und sein Kind." But you should have seen the face of Master Arthur when Bell volunteered to sing a German song! I believe she did it to show that she was not altogether frightened by the gloomy and mysterious silence which he preserved, as he sat in a corner and stared at everybody.

So ended our first day; and to-morrow—why, to-morrow we pass away from big cities, and their suburbs, from multitudes of friends, late hours, and the whirl of amusements and follies, into the still seclusion of English country-life,

with its simple habits and fresh pictures, and the quaint humors of its inns.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Twickenham*]"—"The foregoing pages give a more or less accurate account of our setting out, but they are *all wrong* about Bell. Men are far worse than women in imagining love-affairs, and supposing that girls think about nothing else. Bell wishes *to be let alone*. If gentlemen care to make themselves uncomfortable about her, she cannot help it; but it is rather *unfair* to drag her into any such complications. I am *positive* that, though she has doubtless a little pity for that young man who vexes himself and his friends because he is not good enough for her, she would not be sorry to see him and Count von Rosen—and *some one else besides*—all start off on a cruise to Australia. She is quite content to be as she is. Marriage will come in good time, and when it comes, she will get plenty of it, *sure enough*. In the mean time, I hope she will not be suspected of encouraging those idle flirtations and pretences of worship with which gentlemen think they ought to approach every girl whose *good fortune it is* not to be married. T."

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

JAMES SHARPLESS, AND "THE SHARPLESS CRAYONS."

To the Editor of Lippincott's Magazine:

IN common with most of your readers, I was deeply interested in Dr Palmer's account of "The Sharpless Crayons," in your December Number. I am well assured of the genuineness and the value of this collection of portraits, and I hope it will not detract in the least from their merchantable qualities, nor their chance of being worthily placed, if I venture to correct some errors into which Dr. Palmer has fallen in his account of the artist. He tells us that "of the

face and person of Sharpless I get no description—not even a vague impression. Nor do I find his Christian name recorded or remembered: Tuckerman does not give it, nor Lossing, nor G. W. P. Custis." If, however, Dr. Palmer had consulted the best book ever written on the subject of our early art and early artists—a book to which Tuckerman is much more deeply indebted than could be inferred from the acknowledgments made in the *Book of the Artists*, and to which he could have been still further indebted with profit to his readers—I mean William Dunlap's *History of the Rise and Progress of the*

Arts of Design in the United States, New York, 1834—he would have found information concerning Sharpless that would not only have enabled him to record that artist's Christian name, but also to dispense altogether with the pretty romance from "Yeardley"—love-affair, suicide, and all. It would also have suggested a suspicion as to the authenticity of the crayon profile of Washington claiming to have been produced in 1796, for Dunlap's account of Sharpless is: "This gentleman was an Englishman, and being of a Roman Catholic family, was educated in France, and intended, like John Kemble, for the priesthood; but, like John, he preferred the fine arts. He married before coming to this country; and on the first attempted passage was taken by the French, and, with his wife and three children, carried to France, and there kept a prisoner for some months. When liberated, he made a more successful effort, and landed in New York about 1798."

Dr. Palmer says: "The Sharpless portraits are uniformly cabinet pictures, in full or three-quarter face as often as in profile, and invariably in crayon. I believe there is no account of any other portraits executed by him in this country."

Dunlap, on the other hand, tells us: "He painted in oil; and I have seen a composition of his wherein several of Dr. Darwin's family were portrayed; but his successful practice in this country was in crayons, or pastils, which he manufactured for himself and suited in size to the diminutive dimensions of his portraits, which were generally *en profile*, and, when so, strikingly like." And in another place, speaking of the collection of Dr. Hosack, Mr. Dunlap enumerates "many portraits, by Stuart, Trumbull, Jarvis, Vanderlyn, Ingham, Dunlap, Wood and Sharpless."

The romantic character of the artist who languished at Yeardley, then pawned his precious collection and fled, and was no more heard of, is not borne out by Mr. Dunlap's homely chronicles, in which, speaking of James Sharpless from personal knowledge, he tells us that "he visited all the cities and towns of the United States, carrying letters to persons distinguished, either military, civil or literary, with a request to paint their portraits for his collection. This being granted, and the portrait finished in about two hours, the likeness generally induced an

order for a copy, and brought as sitters all who saw it. His price for the profile was fifteen dollars; and for the full face (never so good), twenty dollars.

"He painted immense numbers, and most of them very valuable for characteristic portraiture. His head-quarters were New York; and he generally traveled in a four-wheeled carriage of his own contrivance, which carried the whole family and all his implements, and was drawn by one large horse. He was a plain, well-disposed man, and accumulated property by honest industry and uncommon facility with his materials. . . . Mr. Sharpless was a man of science and a mechanic, as well as a painter. In the first volume of the *Hosack and Francis Medical and Philosophical Register* will be found a paper on steam-carriages, confirming this character.

"Mr. Sharpless had acquired property without meanness, and looked to the enjoyment of easy circumstances in old age, when he died suddenly, at the age of sixty, in New York, of an ossification of the heart, and was buried in the cemetery of the Roman Catholic chapel in Barclay street. His widow, her daughter and youngest son returned to England, and long resided near Bath, after selling the *distinguished heads* (among which I had the honor to be numbered) at public auction.

"The two sons both practiced their father's art in America: James, the younger, presented me with a copy of my friend Elihu E. Smith's portrait before leaving the country. Felix resided and died in North Carolina."

If this account be correct (and Dunlap is very accurate, writing as he does in most instances from personal knowledge), the suspicion must arise that the Yeardley pictures were bought in a lump at the time of the dispersion of Sharpless' collection after his death.

EDWARD SPENCER.

The citations in the foregoing letter throw light upon an interesting subject, and on some points the testimony adduced must be accepted as conclusive. But there are other questions, suggested or left unsolved by the conflicting evidence in the case, and in reference to these Dr. Palmer, with whom we have communicated on the subject, writes as follows:

I had overlooked Dunlap's *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*. It is many years since I saw the book, and I had quite forgotten it. Yet I spared no pains in my pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. I have now very carefully read all that Dunlap has to say about Sharpless and his sons, and the light he sheds upon the subject is most informing and most satisfactory. I had to rely wholly upon the traditions of the Winder family and the memory of certain old citizens of Northampton county. I now perceive where those traditions were at fault, and also how exactly true they are in every essential particular. Dunlap blows away the haze, and shows us the field clearly.

I am satisfied that it was not the elder Sharpless (James)—Dunlap's friend, he who made the now famous collection—who was in Northampton, but one of his two sons (Felix or James, Jr.). Observe, that Dunlap, at the end of his account of Sharpless, makes particular mention of these two sons—says they both practiced their father's art in this country; that James made a copy for him (Dunlap) of the portrait of Doctor Elihu Smith (named in the Bath catalogue); and that Felix resided for some time in *North Carolina*.

Thus much is certain—confirmed as it is by the accounts of half a dozen of the most venerable and respectable citizens of Northampton, whose names and addresses I offer you—that the story, *romance and all*, of "The Sharpless Crayons," is in every important particular *exactly true*; that an artist named Sharpless did come to Yeardley about 1810, bringing with him one hundred and fifty or sixty of these crayon portraits, together with copies of the original catalogue printed in Bath, England; that he resided at Yeardley more than three years and a half, fell in love with a lady there, as described in my *Lippincott* paper, and mysteriously disappeared about 1814, leaving the crayons behind him. The lady with whom he was in love died unmarried, in *North Carolina*, during the rebellion, about 1864. The name is at your service, but not for publication.

The Yeardley Sharpless made portraits exactly in the style of those which Dunlap describes as the work of James Sharpless the elder. There are now in the possession of a family in this city portraits of Dr. John Winder and his wife, both made by him, and both in the style of the authentic portraits of the elder Sharpless; and that he

made copies of the crayons is shown by the existence, in the collection now in Baltimore, of unfinished duplicates of several of the portraits. In the well-known Hoffman family of Baltimore I have found an excellent copy of the Sharpless portrait of Washington: it has been in their possession since about 1812.

Dunlap says the elder Sharpless arrived in this country in 1798. We have the evidence of General Washington himself (through G. W. P. Custis) that Sharpless made his portrait in crayons in 1796,* at Mount Vernon. Being at fault in this matter of date, it is not unreasonable to question Dunlap's accuracy when he declares that the portraits of "distinguished personages" (including himself) were sold at auction in England by the widow and sons of Sharpless before they finally settled at Bath. Certain it is, that while the Bath catalogue calls for two hundred and twenty-nine portraits, the Yeardley Sharpless brought to that place not more than one hundred and sixty, chiefly American, together with *original copies of the catalogue*, which have been preserved in the family from that day to this. What became of the rest? Probably sold in England, and most of the American portraits brought to this country by one of the sons (perhaps Dunlap's "Felix," who "resided in North Carolina") for a better market, either for the originals or copies. Observe also, that while the date of the arrival of young Sharpless at Yeardley is not earlier than 1810, one of the pictures left there by him is backed with a fragment of *Peter Porcupine's Gazette of 1797*.

Both the sons of James Sharpless the elder being artists, "practicing their father's art in this country" and copying his famous portraits, the "professional excursions" of the Yeardley Sharpless are explained.

Ladies and gentlemen who knew the young artist of Yeardley, and remember the romantic story of his hapless attachment and mysterious flitting, are yet living in Northampton and Accomac. Dunlap's preface is dated 1834. It may be conjectured that Felix, whom he traces to his death in North

* [What renders it in the highest degree improbable that Custis should have been mistaken as to the date is the fact that, as one of Washington's "domestic family," he himself sat to Sharpless by the chief's orders, and that he tells us that his portrait, which he couples with that of George W. Lafayette, was "made in 1797." Against this evidence the somewhat vague statement by Dunlap that Sharpless "landed in New York about 1798" cannot be considered as having any weight.—ED.]

Carolina, was that one of the artist-brothers who disappeared from the Eastern Shore of Virginia in 1814.

I desire to explain, in this place, an unimportant error of fact in my *Lippincott* paper. It was not at Yeardley, but at the later home of the Winders, that the Union troops found some of the portraits and destroyed them in 1861. Yeardley had passed from the Winder family some years before, and they were then living in Accomac.

J. W. PALMER.

THE OLD CHAMBERS STREET THEATRE IN NEW YORK.

EXCELLENT as this age affirms itself to be, and alert and precise as it doubtless is in matters of expedience and conventionality, the prevalent standard of dramatic eminence—or, more properly speaking, the present realization of *any* true standard—cannot be considered elevated. In art affairs some correct critical understanding is manifested; in literature, a steady craving after fresh material is passably and promptly supplied; in music, the grand composers have labored to keep alive a pure and æsthetic taste with some show of success; but in respect to the drama, who questions the fact that the sock and buskin have lightly wantoned along the way, and so fallen far behind their comrades in the path of progress? Buffoonery and pantomime elbow legitimate comedy to the wall; morbidity and weak sentimentality usurp the place of high and honored tragedy, and elaborate spectacular effects are used to move the feelings, instead of the simple humor and touching pathos of the old melodrama.

Without pointing to any particular instance of modern dramatic degeneracy—although many notorious cases readily occur to the mind—but assuming public opinion to be right in its estimate and verdict, let us turn for a while to the stage annals of fifteen or twenty years ago; not for the purpose of invidious comparison, but to seek a little amusement, not unmingled, perhaps, with profit.

About that time the Old Chambers Street Theatre had reached the acme of its fame. It stood in the middle of the block facing the City Hall Park, in

Chambers street, between Broadway and Centre street, and was under the managerial ownership and direction of Mr. William E. Burton. When Mr. Burton assumed the reins the building was called Palmo's Opera-house, but its proprietors had widely departed from their original design as signified by its name, and had allowed it to become a place for the exhibition of living statuary. Since Mr. Burton's day it has again changed character, and become invested with the dignity of a hall of justice, being now appropriated to the accommodation of the district and circuit courts of the United States.

In that dingy little playhouse was once gathered more dramatic talent than any other theatre in New York had ever collected, except the Park in its halcyon days. There Burton, Blake and Brougham (known about town as the Busy Bs, so active were they in catering for the public pleasure), Lester (Wallack), Jordan, Dyott, Johnston, Clarke, Holman, Davidge, Placide, Levere, Bland, Mrs. Hughes, Mrs. Russell, Mrs. Skerrett, Miss Chapman, Miss Lizzie Weston, Miss Hill, that charming actress and vocalist Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Fanny Wallack, Miss Mary Taylor, and others of lesser note, trod the boards before crowded and well-gratified audiences night after night. Shakespearian revivals were not infrequent in that Thespian temple, and among them those of *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* made a decided hit in the theatre-going world. *The Serious Family* and *The Toodles*, those companion-pieces of broad comedy, first saw the day (or rather night) at this establishment, and gained in favor at every successive repetition. The term "Serious Family" became a household word to express self-righteousness and pretended sanctity, and the worldly-minded pronounced that play more effective than any sermon in showing up pharisaism. The Dickens nights were also genial occasions. *Domby and Son*, *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *The Pickwick Club* and *David Copperfield* were quite the rage at Christmas times, when good cheer, good will

and good nature abounded on all sides, and inclined the heart to charity. At those festive seasons Mr. Burton was wont to get down Dickens from the shelf, and, arraying himself in the immortal habiliments of Captain Cuttle, Bumble the Beadle, Squeers, Sam Weller or Micawber, reproduce the England of the novelist for the edification of American play-goers.

The man was unapproachable in his way. Educated for the Church, an editor in Philadelphia, with Edgar Allen Poe as his assistant, a comedian of the raciest type, humorous, versatile, unctuous, both nature and culture combined to qualify him for his later calling. Keenly appreciative, and with astonishing power and facility for interpreting the genius of any dramatist he drew upon, his impersonations became the embodiment of satire, absurdity and fun. Sir Toby Belch, Bob Acres and Tony Lumpkin—in which parts he knew no equal—served to illustrate the scope and diversity of his characterizations. Captain Cuttle stepped out of the story, a thing of flesh and blood with a hook of wrought iron attached, and brimful of wise saws, honesty and foggy well-meaning.

It was the aim of this excellent comedian to represent the creation of the author just as he designed it, and ever faithful and exact was the copy. Aminadab Sleek he made his own, no one pretending to vie with him in rendering his conception of that big, blurring, blundering hypocrite—a Tartuffe, Stiggins and Chadband rolled into one. The best drunken scene on the stage he gave as Mr. Timothy Toodles, where his very neckerchief was maudlin with too liberal indulgence in what Mr. Winkle on a similar occasion called "the salmon." Conviviality at all times was his strong point, and in parts where abject vacuity, pompous pretension, ignorance in the garb of profundity, and imbecile obstinacy full of the ludicrous were required, he was all-sufficient.

Nor was Mr. Burton less successful in his rendition of the leading characters in popular farce, now so seldom produced. In John Jones, "the most unfor-

unate man in the world," Jem Baggs the wandering minstrel, and parts of that light calibre, he always shook the house with laughter not his own. Every movement was the concentration of comicality, facial and bodily. Nature herself must have given him the palm of humor at his birth or very soon thereafter, and well did he improve the gift. As long as the annals of the stage are passed down to posterity will the name and fame of Billy Burton be preserved in remembrance.

Another of the old worthies—and how soon we get to think of them as ancient after they are gone, long before the slow lichen flecks their gravestones!—was William Rufus Blake. Of some three hundred pounds weight, but bland, easy and graceful in spite of his corpulence—a careful reader, "always up" in his part, possessing the ability to keep his countenance when all about him, audience and actors alike, were convulsed at his dry drollery; rich, overbrimming as a glass of port, but never undignified—few were deservedly greater favorites with the public. Sir Robert Bramble in *The Poor Gentleman* seemed to belong to him; Jesse Rural he monopolized during his career; but in *Malvolio*, the aspiring steward, he was what Kean was in *Othello* and Richard—the man himself. That exquisitely ludicrous scene in the second act of *Twelfth Night* where *Malvolio* finds the letter in his walk, purposely placed there by mischievous *Maria* to inflame his overgrown vanity with the hope of his mistress *Olivia's* love, and reads and comments upon it within hearing of those concealed practical jokers Sir Toby Belch (*Burton*), Sir Andrew Aguecheek (*Lester*), and *Fabian* (*Johnston*), was fairly and simply irresistible. With what pride, gravity and amorousness does "the trout that must be caught with tickling" rise to the tempting lure and hang dangling from the hook of those cruel anglers! Those of us who had the good fortune to see him as Grandfather Whitehead will not soon forget the warmth and tenderness of that delineation. The man who could witness it without a trickling tear upon

his cheek was not to be envied. How affecting the scene where the poor old gentleman, thrown off by his heartless son-in-law, steals silently away from his dearly-loved grandchildren, and commits himself to the tender mercies of the night and the falling snow, rather than cloud his daughter's home with his unwelcome presence! Who is there at this day to fill the vacant place of that most finished and delightful actor in the class of pieces he made so touching and pathetic?

And Fanny Wallack and Mary Taylor!—how many admirers had they among the audiences of twenty years ago! Nothing could excel the girlish freshness of Mary Taylor in *The Alpine Maid*, as she came tripping lightly down the steep mountain-path, with her basket of wild flowers and wide Swiss hat and merry laugh and blithe carol. Miss Wallack as Nancy Sykes was strong, tender and passionate by turns from love and fear of that burly brute Bill, and worthily upheld the dramatic heritage of her name. But both are gone from the stage they fitted so well, and from that other stage where all are merely players who have their exits and their entrances. Yet other and happier changes have come about. Miss Weston, after an ephemeral existence as Mrs. Davenport, became the wife of Charles Mathews, and Agnes Robertson now graces Transatlantic boards in the person of Mrs. Dion Boucicault.

Of course, Mr. Burton found his theatre profitable in a pecuniary sense, and soon from its proceeds bought a residence in Hudson street, near St. John's Park—palatial as things then were—and also a roomy country-seat at Glen Cove on Long Island Sound, where he entertained his professional and social friends with generous hospitality. There he indulged his literary and scholastic tastes, amassed a fine library and pursued his favorite study of the classics, particularly the Greek. About this time he also published his *Cyclopædia of Wit and Humor*, an exhaustive compendium of facetiousness, with a capital portrait of the author facing the title.

Let us glance in retrospect at the old theatre itself on a chilly winter evening. Taking an omnibus and riding to the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, we there alight, and, facing east, walk half a block or so, till we are stopped by a pushing crowd making its way up a few wide steps toward the well-lighted entrance to the theatre. Squeezing along with the others, and narrowly watching the ferule of that stout gentleman's umbrella with some apprehension for the safety of our eyes and windpipe, we succeed in gaining the ticket-office, and handing fifty cents in silver to the urbane treasurer in charge, named, very appropriately, Bland. When we are seated in the pit—*parquette* being a new-fledged name, and not quite strong of wing as yet—we leisurely proceed to take a survey of the house. It must be confessed that the place is pretty shabby, and rather too much scented with gas for our liking. The paint shows a disposition to flake off and scatter itself over the floor, like seed in ploughed furrows; the benches are without cushions, and innocent of recent holy-stoning; and the ceiling is low, and dark with smoke and accumulated dust. Only two galleries extend round the house, the price of admission to the first (or dress circle) being the same as to the pit—hardly a fair arrangement, seeing that one is cushioned and the other is not—and double that to the upper tier (or family circle). There are no orchestra stalls, as in the more modern playhouse.

While the audience is congregating and making itself at home, we look over the play-bill. It is not a miniature newspaper devoted to society gossip and conundrums, such as is the programme of a later day, but a modest slip of paper printed on one side with the titles of the pieces to be performed and the names of the actors therein, in ink that evinces a lurking tendency to come off on the fingers. On this occasion we note with satisfaction that we are to have *David Copperfield*, and a musical comedietta styled *The Maid with the Milking Pail*. The stout gentleman with the aggressive umbrella, now our next neighbor on the

left, evidently cherishes vivid impressions of Mr. Dickens' latest novel, and scans the bill with breathless interest and anticipations in consequence. He satisfies himself that the names of his favorites are all down and correctly spelt, and then wonders aloud whether David will make his first appearance with a caul, as in the book. The orchestra now begins to arrive in fragments and spectacles, and briskly applies itself to the task of stretching and strumming upon strings and blowing into mouth-pieces, as if the very mischief were in it. At this promising symptom the audience applauds a little by way of encouragement, and the family circle (comfortable and happy as if seated about the domestic fireside) makes a playful but futile effort to whistle a familiar air to the somewhat marked accompaniment of its boots. A bell rings, the musicians suddenly seize their respective instruments, the leader waves his wand, and away we go to an overture of English tunes arranged for the occasion, among which we recognize that rare old plant, "The Ivy Green." A special wind seems to waft us in a twinkling to Old England. Dickens, and roast beef, and Barclay and Perkins's Entire, and a London fog, and a sea-coal fire, all come up about us in a breath, and we begin to feel "very human indeed." Another tinkle of the bell and up goes the curtain, as the orchestra tenderly plays a strain or two of "Caller Herrin'" to awaken our sympathies. This sweet little Scotch air ripples through the piece like a babbling brook along a summer meadow, and brings the tears to our eyes.

Now for the play—David grown to early manhood and in London. We fear our stout friend on the left is experiencing disappointment at the absence of the caul. George Jordan takes the part of David. He is too tall and mature for the character, but a fair actor and handsome man. Once, on his benefit-night, he essayed Hamlet, and carried it through respectably. Aunt Betsy Trotwood is played by that matronly and painstaking actress, Mrs. Hughes, and perfect she is in dress, person and man-

ner. Whether Uriah Heep is Mr. Johnston, or Johnston Heep, somewhat puzzles us, but this we know, that he cringes and writhes so infernally that it makes our flesh fairly creep to look at him. "Call me Uriah" deserves to be a synonym for 'umbleness.

And there is Mr. Micawber, unmistakable in those tight trousers, gaiters and buttoned frock, and with eyeglass at hand for the sake of respectability—the same expansive forehead, broad front, immense bearing, swelling tones and proud want of principle. Who but Burton could do justice to the character?

David's doings in London are too intimately known to need description, and we are glad to take the stagecoach down to Yarmouth and get among the staunch, hard-handed, soft-hearted boatmen on the sands by the blue sea. "Caller Herrin'" again, so soft and like the sighing of the wind in the shrouds that we feel sailor-like for a minute, and even think we smell the salt breeze. The interior of the old boat sure enough, and little Em'ly with her uncle Mr. Peggotty. Can we ever forget the noble, generous rendering of this character by Mr. Blake—pea-jacket, tarpaulin and all? And Ham (Bland), David's nurse (now become Mrs. Barkis), and Mrs. Gummidge under the influence of the old 'un. A brisk knock at the door, and to the low music—still the same—in comes David, and with him his friend Steerforth. The very picture of a dashing, brilliant, off-hand Oxonian is James Steerforth as he heartily greets the boatmen, and we no longer wonder that little Em'ly falls in love with him at sight, for the part is played to the life by Lester Wallack, the John Lester of fifteen years ago—manly and symmetrical as Apollo, D'Orsay or any other fine gentleman the world ever heard of. To this hour we dream of those scenes in the stranded boat on the shore, and the happy faces of its inmates that evening.

Then back to the city and Mr. and Mrs. Micawber again—the latter Mrs. Skerrett. There too is Rosa Dartle, full of restrained fiery passion and mad jealousy of the young libertine. This

is good acting, for it is done by Mrs. Russell, destined to greater renown as Mrs. John Hoey, the gentlewoman of our stage. The exposure of Heep, Micawber's irascibility with the ruler, Agnes' filial and untiring care, and the signal triumph of virtue and Traddles, are well depicted before those footlights.

Another strain of "Caller Herrin'," and the old boat-home by the sea again; the flight of Em'ly; Ham bursting in at the door with the wild cry, "He's a damned villain, and his name is Steerforth;" the uncle's steady, abiding purpose to save his niece from utter infamy; and David's memory of his false friend's parting words to him as they last stood hand in hand: "Think of me at the best!"—all thrillingly rendered. And now the end is near—the storm and wreck on Yarmouth Sands, the noise of the fierce tempest, the breaking ship, the clanging bell on board, Steerforth cast up bleeding on the rocks—splendid to the last—and losing his life on the very spot where little Em'ly's ruin had been planned; all to the touching music of "Caller Herrin'."

Our stout friend on the left applauds to that extent that he grows strangely purple in the face; and this leads us to speculate in some alarm what effect the tidings of his sudden demise under such circumstances would have upon his family, if he has any. At a loud call from the house, Mr. Burton, in the vestments of the mighty Micawber, comes forward and tells us that an American audience has seen *David Copperfield* performed before a British audience has had the opportunity—a tribute to our enterprise and energy.

For full fifteen minutes afterward, during which time the roast beef and ale and fog and sea-coal fire subside, and stow themselves in our memory, we are unmindful of surrounding objects. We are thinking how good writing and good acting can lend a charm to the most commonplace occurrences of life, and that their mission lies deeper than the surface if they serve to teach us that the smiles and tears of "those sort of people" are as human as our own.

The prompter's bell soon breaks our reverie, and, as the music ceases, the curtain rises for the afterpiece. A country scene, and a lovely girl bearing a pail upon her head, who sings a simple little song and looks as pretty as a picture. It is Agnes Robertson, fascinating, coquettish and blushing as a rosebud in June, in the trifling part of Dolly the dairymaid. There is nothing of it but herself: enough for us, however. A story is told of a certain nobleman falling in love with her as she sang one of her delicious Scotch ballads in Edinburgh, and straightway laying his heart and hand at her feet, with a coronet besides, and of Miss Agnes pouting those cherry lips of hers and telling him she should only marry for love if she ever married at all. And other stories are told of many another gentle heart—though not so noble—the sight of her has set on fire unwittingly. However true all this may be, one thing is quite sure, that the bonnie lassie our heart beats to see is chaste as the driven snow of her own Highlands, and the more winning in her beauty for the bloom of maiden purity and innocence.

And now the worn curtain falls again, and the lights grow dim in the old theatre, and, as the spectral groups fade one by one, clouds come about our memory, and we rouse as from a dream to the knowledge that many of the people we have tried to picture are changed or passed away; for Time is ever busy scattering the leaves and crumbling the stones, and making new things old.

D. G. A.

PASSION-PLAYS.

OF the many thousands whom devotion or curiosity drew last year to the Passion-Play at Oberammergau, few were probably aware that the ancient custom of bringing the sufferings of the Saviour tangibly before the people by means of dramatic representations survives also in some localities on the eastern side of the Calabrian coast. A German traveler who visited last spring the extreme southern point of the Italian peninsula affords us in his *Trip to Calabria* a highly inter-

esting glimpse at a similar performance which he witnessed during Easter week, while passing a few days at the villa of an Italian count near Stilo, a small provincial town.

The party, which was composed of the author, his host and daughter, reached the town a little after dark. Having left their carriage at the inn, and secured a man to carry a lantern before them—for street-lamps are a luxury still unknown in those parts—they started for the little theatre, the oldest in Calabria. The building, fitted up in very primitive style, was already crowded to suffocation. It contained a pit and gallery: the former, reserved for the common people, was so arranged that the males sat in the centre and the females on the sides: the latter was reserved for the families of the officials and galantuomini, who occupied low benches. By the politeness of the managers three comfortable arm-chairs, facing the stage, had been provided for the strangers. The performance began almost immediately, and lasted until midnight. The actors were exclusively maestri (mechanics), who raise the money required for the scenery, dressing, etc. among themselves. There is no charge for admission.

The first scene represented the Jewish council and Joseph of Arimathea, who vainly seeks to obtain for Christ a more favorable hearing. The next gave the washing of the feet and the Last Supper. The succeeding scenes portrayed the trial before Pilate, the scourging, the crucifixion, and the remorse of Judas, who is finally carried off by two devils to hell. In the last scene the words "Guida crudele in Dio ultiero da se stesso" appeared in flaming letters across the boards. The parts of Mary and Magdalene were taken by men. Christ spoke very little, "because," as one of the performers told the author, "the dignity of the Saviour might be compromised by too much talk." Judas was, of course, the leading character of the play. His mental agonies were expressed in lengthy monologues. The text is in manuscript, and reputed to be of high antiquity. The young countess

believed it to have been written by St. John the Baptist himself! The acting and declamation of the performers (among whom were three tailors, a carpenter, a cook, etc.) are described as decidedly creditable: the rôle of Judas especially was rendered in a manner which might have satisfied the most rigid dramatic critic. A very charming feature was the singing of half a dozen little boys dressed as angels, who glorified those scenes in which the Redeemer appeared. They sang some ancient hymns in ravishingly clear sweet tones.

The story of the Passion, as delineated on this occasion, remarks the author, "is essentially calculated for people of strong nerves." Some of the scenes struck him as almost blasphemous. The cross-carrying and the scourging of Christ were counterfeited in a manner highly offensive to good taste. The impression produced on the Calabrian audience was profound. When the Saviour appeared in the midst of his disciples, broke the bread and distributed the wine, a pin might have been heard to drop. But when he entered with the heavy cross, staggered under the load and fell down, screams arose on all sides, and soon the female part of the spectators, with not a few of the sterner sex, began to weep aloud.

But it seems that it is not only in the mountains of Bavaria and along the Calabrian coast that the ancient Miracle-Play may still be witnessed in our days. From a paper recently published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* we learn that these semi-religious spectacles are quite common at the foot of the Cordilleras, where the Christianity introduced by the monks who came with the conquistadores retains many features of the old Aztec heathenism. To those who are not familiar with the subject from the works of Prescott, Humboldt and other writers, a few prefatory remarks may perhaps be acceptable here.

In addition to one Supreme Being, pure and perfect, the ancient Aztecs had thirty greater and over two hundred lesser deities, who presided over the elements, the seasons and the various pur-

suits of men, to each of whom special days and festivals were dedicated, and whose hideous images constituted the penates of every household. Under these circumstances the Mexican Indians naturally discovered in the Catholic rites—whose deeper meaning was hidden from them—much that reminded them of their own faith. The remarkable resemblance between certain doctrines and practices in their ancient superstitions and the dogmas and customs of the new religion, as well as the dissatisfaction of the natives with the old gods for not having protected the land, greatly facilitated the labors of the Spanish missionaries. Thus, for instance, the principal deity of the Aztecs, Huitzilopotchtli, the Mexican Mars, is reputed to have been born of an immaculate virgin. The Aztecs had even a kind of baptism and communion. The brows and lips of their infants were wetted with water on being named, and maize bread, mixed with blood, the flesh of the deity, was distributed at certain festivals among the worshipers. The cross was to them the symbol of the prayed-for rain. Their "Feast of the Dead" came nearly on the same day with that of "All Souls" of the Church of Rome. In this way it is not strange that the Aztecs should have readily identified the Holy Ghost of the Christians with the holy eagle of their forefathers; that the Apostle Thomas, said to have come to Mexico from Peru, should have been confounded with Quetzalcoatl, their noblest god, who promised to return later to the land; and that even the name of Mexico should have been accepted as nearly identical with the Hebrew name of the Messiah.

It was therefore not so much by their religious teachings and example as by the peculiarities of their ritual and the picture of a suffering Redeemer that the Spanish monks made such rapid conversions among the Mexican Indians. "Dogma," remarks Humboldt, "has not succeeded dogma, but ceremonial has succeeded ceremonial: the natives of Mexico have never known anything of religion save its outward forms." Bul-

lock, in his *Six Months in Mexico*, relates (1824) that he heard an Indian say, "We have, it is true, three very good Spanish gods, but they might as well have left us some of our old ones." This explains how it comes that even at the present day the ancient heathenism of the Aztecs should betray itself under the thin Christian varnish, and color so strongly the rites of the Roman Catholic Church in Mexico, as seen by the dances, pantomimes and masqueradings which play so strange a part at the religious festivals, in the religious processions, and even in the divine worship before and after mass. On the day of St. James of Compostella, for instance, this saint, whose memory many places specially honor, is personated by an Indian on a gayly-caparisoned charger, while other Indians enact the part of vanquished Moors and infidels. This cavalcade proceeds in solemn state to church, where the officiating priest addresses a eulogy to the representative of the great ally of the Inquisition. There is another procession in the evening, after which the hero of the festival rides down the multitude in front of the church, and is then escorted home in triumph amidst shouts of "Viva Santiago, el mate Moros!" Again, the anniversary of the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe is celebrated in church between the different parts of the service by the most grotesque dances. Men, women, and devils with horns, hoofs and tails, dance in not always decent postures round the altar, during which the women and the devils are made to feel the large whips used by the men in beating time to the dance.

Bullock gives us a very vivid description of a pantomime, whose hero is Montezuma, which the Indians perform on the eve of St. Mark's Day in the church of San Miguel de los Ranchos. Similar performances take place on the anniversary of San Felipe de Jesús, the first and only martyr of Mexican origin, as well as on several other great festivals. On Good Friday, when every church in Mexico is draped in black, and when the sound of neither bell nor organ is heard, the whole Passion of Christ is

dramatically enacted in the churches, either before or after high mass. This spectacle is succeeded in the afternoon by a grand procession, headed by the cross-bearing Christ, and followed by Pilate, Herod, high priests, knights, men-at-arms, and other mummers, all on horseback. It was such a representation of the Passion to which the writer of the paper in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* refers as having himself attended in Mexico on Good Friday in the year 1856. The arrest and Gethsemane, the trial, the scourging, the walk to Golgotha,—all were admirably given. Indeed, Judas and Pilate played their unpopular parts so naturally that they were handled rather roughly by the multitude at the close of the pantomime. This ill-usage of the leading characters in the Passion-Play seems, however, to be one of the customs of the country. The arch-traitor Judas, in the effigy of a villainous-looking doll, is regularly hung the next day, and then burnt. On the occasion referred to the crucifixion itself did not come off, though the crosses with their stuffed figures had been erected in front of the church as usual. The scourging-scene, it seems, had inspired so much disgust that it was thought best to intermit the last and crowning horror of the spectacle.

W. P. M.

NOTES.

THE education of women for the practical duties of life formed the subject of a "conference" held recently at a private residence in Boston, and attended by Professor Stowe, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Miss Catherine Beecher, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and other *illuminati* of all genders. The remarks of Mrs. Stowe, as reported in the Boston papers, went directly to the point, and contained, moreover, some singular domestic revelations. She said: "It was with women just as it was with farms. It used to be said that books were useless. After a while it began to be found out that the men who studied about soils and their ingredients could do things that those who did not study the books could not do. It was said that woman's common

sense was enough. 'Oh you just marry her and give her a family, and she will find a way to do things;,' and she is married and put into a house full of water-pipes making horrible noises that scare her, and springing aleak, and an uncontrollable furnace that roars and scares her again, and sends its fumes through the house. Her husband is away at his office, and she is left in a maze. It was like being in an enchanted castle, when you didn't know what would go off next. She (Mrs. Stowe) had a house with so many conveniences in it that they couldn't sleep in their beds. Some of them were springing aleak. Then they sent for a plumber, and he came and spent two or three hours flirting with the girls. If she were to go to housekeeping again, she would certainly buy books and study plumbing, and get at the bottom of these things."

Mrs. Stowe has got to the bottom of so many things that we can have no doubt of her ability to reach the lowest depth in the mysteries of plumbing; but it is harrowing to think that a lady whose proper office is to instruct and amuse the world may be driven to a pursuit so foreign to her natural tastes, as the only means of stopping the flirtations between the plumbers and the girls, and of enabling the conveniences to sleep in their beds, instead of springing aleak. However, we suspect there is some confusion in the report, and that it is the family that cannot sleep in their beds, while the succeeding clause refers to the conveniences. With a house and a household so queerly regulated, it shows a surprising degree of hope and courage on the part of Mrs. Stowe that she should look forward, when existing obstacles are removed, to beginning housekeeping anew—an intimation which called Professor Stowe to his feet with the prompt remark that "women should be educated to detect humbugs. . . . He was very anxious that there should be an institution which, in simplicity and godly sincerity, should train housekeepers." Whether this suggestion was considered pertinent or decidedly impertinent we are left to conjecture.

THE Germans claim that Shakespeare is better understood and appreciated among them than he is among the English-speaking nations, and now a new claim has been put forward on the part of Germany, that she has preserved for the world the best likeness of Shakespeare. As the story goes, a German in England during Shakespeare's life had such an enthusiastic admiration for him that after his death he had a cast made from his face and head, and carried it back to Germany on his return there. This cast has been religiously preserved in the family of this personal friend of Shakespeare, and no knowledge of it given to the world. Recently, however, the family collections having been sold for some cause, the cast found its way back to England, and has there excited great attention among the class of Shakespearophiles. Photographs of the cast have been sent over to this country, and are in possession of Mr. Page, the artist, who places such a high value upon them that he has determined to paint a likeness of Shakespeare from them, which he intends shall be the crowning work of his life. It is singular that up to this time there has been no satisfactory likeness of Shakespeare. There are a dozen or so which claim to be authentic, but they differ as much from each other as the three or four signatures of his which are in existence differ in their orthography of his name and in the varieties of execrable writing by which they secure absolute illegibility. Of the manuscript of his plays no scrap is known to be in existence; and certainly if he wrote them as crabbedly and with the same variations of crabbedness which his signatures display, there is no wonder that they were indifferently printed. In this view of the case, it is fortunate that the manuscript of them has not been preserved, since they would have furnished material for a host of commentators and interpreters even greater and more annoying than those we have been pestered with. Concerning his portraits, too, there is quite a literature. The most accessible means for seeing the varieties of these is the duo-

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decimo edition of his works published by Knight. Each volume of this edition has a very good wood-cut on its title taken from one of them, and all are different. No wonder, when there are so many Shakespeares existing in his portraits, his signatures and the interpretations put upon his plays by his commentators, that finally a theory arose that there was no such man at all, and that Shakespeare was written by everybody but himself.

PERHAPS in some distant future, when our modern ideas of the physical basis of history have been thought out into definite formulæ, the influence of a climate like ours, where the thermometer falls forty degrees or more in one-fourth as many hours, may be found to have quite an important effect in producing many of our national peculiarities. Such violent fluctuations would hardly seem conducive to any even regularity of the national temperament. It may be that in these days more attention is called to the weather—that it affords a subject for newspapers to talk about when there is a scarcity of other matters of interest; or it may be that thermometers are much more generally diffused among the people than they were in Colonial times, so that we are more generally aware how cold it really is. But, however this may be, it is a question whether the climate is not deteriorating very materially. Mr. Marsh, in his carefully prepared volume *Man and Nature*, gives startling evidence of how the climates of large portions of the Old World have become seriously degenerated through the agency of man. We have no records here to show the same thing conclusively. But it is difficult to imagine how our aboriginal predecessors could have flourished had they been liable to such cold terms as have of late years distinguished our winters. During the last month, too, a Western correspondent of one of our newspapers gave a singular account of a train of cars which became blocked up on the prairie by a snow-drift, and told how the buffaloes gathered under its lee side to seek protection

from the wind. They might easily, he said, have been shot with pistols from the car windows. He also tells of their freezing, and the track being lined with their dead bodies, though each of them had a buffalo-robe tightly wrapped about him. It would hardly seem that a climate which froze the buffaloes would have been sufficiently propitious to afford the conditions for the immense herds of these animals which formerly existed. But such considerations are hypothetical. The buffaloes no more than the Indians can give us a definite answer as to the former condition of the climate. Whatever it was, they were forced to put up with it, and if they could not do this they died. For us, however, there is another alternative. We can find out the causes of these sudden cold terms before casting about to decide whether we are competent to remove them. With the extension of our means of meteorological observation, and the establishment of regular stations where observations are daily taken by competent persons, aided by accurate scientific instruments, more advance in our definite knowledge of the weather will be made in five years than has heretofore been made in five thousand. Perhaps we shall come finally to know whether these cold terms are caused, as is suggested by Colonel Pleasanton in his pamphlet upon the influence of blue light upon the vitality of plants and animals, by the sudden descent of tracts of air from the upper atmosphere. Certainly, a cold term does not legitimately belong to the regular climatic course, induced by such causes as are generally put forward to account for variations in climate according to position upon the earth's surface. If, then, they are caused by these atmospheric descents, what cause produces these? Suppose we should find them caused by differences of tension between the electric conditions of the earth and the atmosphere, would it be possible to control them?

THE real students in any department

of knowledge—those who love the truth for its own dear self, to whom the world is not too large a field in which to seek it, and the restrictions of nationality are as futile as a rail-fence would be to confine an eagle in his search for prey—know the importance of French literature, and how next to impossible it is to pursue any investigation without consulting the contributions which the thinkers of France have made to the general stock of knowledge. And yet nothing is more common in current literature than sneers at the frivolity of French literature, or, among a certain class of prudently conventional moralists, than self-congratulations at the superior morality of English or American society and letters as compared with those of France. It is astonishing—if any evidence of fatuity can be astonishing—how decidedly people will characterize everything French when they really know nothing about the matter. The average tourist even, who has spent a week or two in Paris without knowing a word of the language, and who has consequently conversed during his stay in that capital only with such of his fellow-countrymen as he may have met, will assert, upon the strength of his personal experience, that there is nothing in France similiar to our homes; while to critics who are nothing if not critical French novels and French morals serve constantly to point a moral and adorn a period. Should a traveler return from a thickly-settled country, rich in all mineral deposits, where agriculture has reached a high condition of development, and industry is varied and highly differentiated, and on being asked what he saw that excited his attention, remark that he had specially noticed how on summer evenings the frogs about the pools kept up a constant song, we should not have great respect for his powers of observation. And yet this fairly represents the value of the large proportion of what is written or spoken generally concerning France, French manners and French literature.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

TAINÉ'S LECTURES ON ART.*

The captivating discourses by Hippolyte Taine were the great winter attractions of the School of Fine Arts in Paris, when that institution as an imperial college culminated during the last years of the now fallen dynasty. When the classes were full and peaceful, and the professors' chairs were occupied by men who, like Cabanel, Gérôme, Pils and Dumont, had the advantage of combining loyalty with merit, it was far from an infelicity to provide a conversationalist like Taine for one of the lecturers' tribunes, who could attract the higher class of dilettanti, and add to the college some of the best graces of the extinct social salon. The public response was prompt. While the learned lecturer on the history of costume was allowed to diagram his Phœnician armor and Roman togas before empty benches, and the demonstrator of anatomy analyzed the most patient and odorous of sciences before frowzy youths with sketch-books and pendent ink-horns, the historian of æsthetics received each week an ovation. He read his papers in the ornate little theatre of the palace, whose curved wall is painted with the immortal *Hémicycle* of Paul Delaroche; English élégants in throngs were bowed in by the attentive gens-d'armes; Taine, tall, quick, gentlemanly, young (he is now but forty-three), read his brilliant theses with dramatic animation; and of those whom they concerned and interested none stayed away except the artists of Paris. But artists, it has been pointed out by Mr. Jarves, are more indifferent to old art, and its history and motives and methods, than amateurs.

The lecturer, in these essays, whose translation by Mr. Durand is now placed before the American public, has never chosen to frighten away his classes of the general public by a display of those technicalities and intimate truths that would have retained him the artists. Himself a gentleman of most respectable culture, thoroughly acquainted with the verdicts of time on great works of art, and a man to whom history seems a ro-

* The Ideal in Art. By H. Taine. New York: Holt & Williams.

Art in the Netherlands. By H. Taine. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

Art in Greece. By H. Taine. New York: Holt & Williams.

mance, no task could be more congenial than to interpret the course of art before the literary ranks. To have attacked his work from the point of view of the great art-producers themselves, to have sifted what there is of art-biography, to have acquainted himself with the principles of painting and sculpture as crafts, and advanced from criticism to criticism to a position of final judicature, would have been what Art really wants, and what she is still looking for a man able to do. But the great artists have been taciturn men, hard to learn much about, and a technical education in what they did is a life's labor. On the other hand, the biography of literary men is a great hoard, and the profession of literature is M. Taine's own. We accordingly find between these lectures on art and the same author's *History of English Literature* this methodic difference — M. Taine always works out the achievements of his literary people from their individual temperament, their heart-history, and their treatment by the world: it is Swift lashed by poverty into pessimism, it is Milton the rebel celebrating the rebel Satan; while in the case of the artists it is a climate or a dynasty closing around a man, little matter who, and dictating his talent: it is the fog of Holland environing Rembrandt and compelling him to choose his world of gloom, it is the ducal pageants evoking Titian and Veronese, it is the dazzling sky of Greece directing the chromatic and chryselephantine statuary of Phidias.

The discourses on art, though as far as possible from exhaustive, are perpetually suggestive; and that is much. They never allow a moment's weariness; they tempt from pageant to pageant and from masterpiece to masterpiece; and all the while, by M. Taine's familiar device of "placing the producer in his *milieu*," they give the reader the most flattering attitude of historical study, while they warrant the display of all that is most entertaining in scenery or anecdote. And how exquisitely are these displays managed! Who shall give us, in as many strokes, better sketches than this of Holland? — "From the steamer, in front of Amsterdam, you see, stretching off as far as the eye can

reach, an infinite spider's web, a light, indistinct and complex fringe of masts and arms of windmills encircling the horizon with their innumerable fibres." And this of Belgium?—"You see spread out in an indefinite circle, extending up to the horizon, this great kitchen-garden, a deep and fertile soil diapered with pale grain-sheaves, poppy-fields and the large-leaved beet, and richly stimulated by a low, warm sky swimming with vapor." And this sharper outline of Greece?—"The skeleton of the earth, the geologic bonework, the purplish-gray marble, peers out in jutting rocks, prolongs itself in naked crags, cuts its sharp profile against the sky, encloses valleys with peaks and crests, so that the landscape, furrowed with bold fractures and gashed everywhere with sudden breaches and angles, looks as if sketched by a vigorous hand, whose caprices and fancy in no respect impair the certainty and precision of its touch." Again, blending well enough with the last extract, how well put is this justification, to be understood by every artist, of the method pursued by the Dutch painters of asserting objects by their *tache* or spot, rather than by their outline, as done by the Florentines, Romans and other schools of artists who are designers: "In the dry country the *line* predominates, and at once attracts attention: the mountains cut sharp against the sky, with their stories of architecture. But here, the low horizon is without interest, and the contours of objects are softened, blended and blurred out by the imperceptible vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled: that which predominates is the *spot*. A cow pasturing, a roof in the centre of a field, a man leaning on a parapet, appear as one tone among other tones. The object emerges—it does not start suddenly out of its surroundings, as if punched out: you are struck by its modeling." That extract seems to inventory whole picture-galleries filled with the works of Hobbema, Ruysdael and Wouvermans.

Another thing which it was of great importance for M. Taine to get said, and well said, while dealing with artists of the northern races, as opposed to all the Latinized nations, we do not think he formulates quite so happily. He wishes to point out as an error the tendency in English and German art to give literary qualities to pictures, to make them narrate a moral, to give them a before and after, instead of presenting in

them a frank exposure of what the eye would compass between two winks. No school of art has ever risen to perfection on these terms. Correggio and Titian knew this so well, and would have found some expression so exquisitely simple for the fallacy of arguing in paint! Even Tintoretto, the most psychological of artists in the first rank, would have understood it. But so little is it comprehended by the Germanic races that the more interesting English pictures are what we Saxons call pamphlets, the landscape-motives of Turner and Church like contemplative and washy sonnets of Longfellow's, while Kaubach compresses whole German philosophies into a cartoon. Here, however, is what M. Taine says about it, and so far as it goes it is neatly put: "You will realize that the men who executed such groups and such bodies were born for theology, and not for painting. Again, at the present day they enjoy the inward rather than the outward. Cornelius and the Munich masters regard the idea as principal, and the execution secondary: the aim of their work, wholly philosophic and symbolic, is to excite the spectator to reflect on some great moral or social verity. In like manner, Overbeck aims at edification and preaches sentimental asceticism; and even Knauss, again, is such an able psychologist that his pictures form idyls and comedies. As to the English, up to the eighteenth century they do but little more than import artists and pictures from abroad. Temperament in this country is too militant, the will too stern, the mind too utilitarian, man too case-hardened, too absorbed and too overtaken, to linger over and revel in the beautiful and delicate gradations of contours and colors. Their national painter, Hogarth, simply produced moral caricatures; others, like Wilkie, use their pencil to render sentiments and characteristic traits visible; even in landscape they depict the spiritual element, corporeal objects serving them simply as an index or suggestion."

That is one of M. Taine's most useful pages, but a page is by no means verge enough to include the subject in. If M. Taine's reasons are the true reasons, why did not the overtaken and case-hardened state of the English prevent them from succeeding in a kindred line, in their very excellent literature of observation and description? "Utilitarianism" is always a good shibbo-

leth for a Parisian to fling across the Channel, but one feels that here it does not quite settle everything. A few inconsistencies, a few examples not very amenable to the "overtasked" theory, occur, with their "obstinate questionings." Is not Rembrandt, the eternal exemplar of chiaroscuro, also a great narrator, special pleader and controversialist in his pictures? One wants to be told precisely why Rembrandt and Tintoretto, who are always arguing in their compositions, were right, and Kaulbach and Wilkie wrong in the same habit. One wants to know why Delacroix is a painter, and Delaroche merely the designer of fifth acts of tragedies. Some fuller formulation is necessary before we can explain, as we feel, that Veronese, who, when commissioned for a Marriage at Cana, just sketches the next great Venetian supper he is invited to, is exquisitely right in so doing, and that when all is said the few impregnable authoritative examples of art are portraits of certain mistresses of artists, moulded against the canvas in an hour of perfect sympathy, delight and ease.

The theory, too, of races and of climatic influences is exaggerated by M. Taine in a manner which reminds us of Mr. Buckle. Like the latter, he seizes upon and groups together, in support of a generalization, facts which may be variously explained, or which, when closely examined, would seem to militate against it. Thus, in noticing the admitted lack of "any great or beautiful performance" in the literature of the Netherlands, he cites, as instances of "overcharged eloquence, coarse and crude," corresponding with "the rude color and vigorous grossness of the national art," "chroniclers like Châtelain and pamphleteers like Marnix de Sainte-Aldegonde." But Châtelain was a French writer, both by race and language. He was a native of French Flanders, like his contemporary, Philippe de Comines, who was precisely his opposite in sentiment and style. The contrast between them illustrates the transitional character of the age. Châtelain, the older writer, is thoroughly mediæval: it is the pomp of chivalry that gives the prevailing color to his diction; it is the narrowness of feudalism that limits the scope of his intellect. Comines, on the other hand, is penetrated with the spirit of a new epoch, and his language and ideas are full of keenness and refinement.

Our guide, we may be sure, does not get

quit of the Low Countries without leaving behind him portrait-studies of the two immortal masters of the region, Rubens and Rembrandt. One does not know which of the two to praise most for fidelity and sympathy—the Rubens, hit off in a manner so sharp yet so malleable, as of the best repossé-work, or the Rembrandt, with its diaphanous tints and shadings and tender manipulation. Rubens goes to mass every morning; wanting indulgences, he paints the monks a picture. "Under the Catholic varnish the heart and intellect are pagan." "It is curious to see an ascetic and mystic faith accept as edifying subjects the most blooming and the most exposed nudités—*boxom* Magdalens, plump St. Sebastians, and Madonnas whom the negro Magi are devouring with all the lust of their eyes." "To translate into words the ideas vociferously proclaimed by his Susannahs, his Magdalens, his St. Sebastians, his Graces and his Sirens, in all his *hermesses*, divine and human, ideal or real, Christian or pagan, would require the terms of Rabelais. Nothing is wanting but the pure and noble: the whole of human nature is in his grasp, save the loftiest heights." Of Rembrandt he has words far more elevated and more penetrating, forming a lengthened and classical panegyric on the man who "felt the mournful struggle between light and shadow." It must be read at its full length in the book itself.

M. Taine's remarks on the arts of Greece are admirable and provoking at once, what is uttered is uttered with such excellent clearness and justice, and so little, after all, is said. Let no one apply to the elegant little book for estimates of the more archaic and religious Greek statuary left to us, the Vatican Jupiter and the figures on the Parthenon, or of the later and less lofty works, the episodic Dying Gladiator, the cynically and voluptuously-treated Venus of Medici, and the Laocoon, illustrating some verses of Virgil. Nor let him go to it for a comprehension of the faultless Greek architecture. M. Taine's whole course is different. He paints, with a bold and happy hand, the history and circumstances that led Grecian art to its elevation: then, in the doubly-meant words of his last paragraph, he makes his bow, leaving us amazed in "the vacant space where the pedestal stood, and from which the august form" (he reminds us) "has disappeared." The light task he assigns himself

is, in fact, little more than to cull from historians and poets tableaux of the sunny way of life of the old Hellenes, and from contemporary travelers like About the knowledge that from "May to September women sleep on the roofs." Given such a climate, and a sky on which the mountain-outlines are cut with the vaporless precision of cameos, and it is easy for a man of M. Taine's experience to account for the gymnasia and the Homeric improvisatori, and finally for the perfect sculpture, of Greece. He adjusts with light pre-emptoriness the low scale in science arrived at, or arrivable at, by Hellenic intellect. The petty, enclosed, chambered condition of antique life, the bounded dimensions of the city or state, are pointedly depicted, and they perhaps almost account for the limited, self-contained character of the architecture, so opposed to the reaching and aspiring Gothic. Again, the fact that asceticism was not discovered by the Athenians is insisted on, explaining as it does the anomaly that Greek religious art is perfect as art, while Gothic religious art is inadmissible. Greek religious ceremonies, points out the lecturer, are joyous banquets—opera is their form of worship. In honoring the gods it does not occur to the Greek mind that it is necessary to fast, mortify the flesh, pray in fear and prostrate one's self in repentance, but, on the contrary, to lift one's self up to the enjoyments of the gods, to display before them trained nude forms, to deck the city, to elevate the man to the god by every magnificence which art and poesy can furnish. If priests had arranged a theology for the express purpose of putting heart and self-justification into the artist, they could not have constructed a better one, or been rewarded with more glorious idols. These points are well taken, and lighted with that bland, kindly, defining light which the writer knows so well how to shed on any subject. But we doubt whether the professor himself can in this instance lay his hand upon his frock, with Mrs. Skewton, and declare that he is perfectly satisfied and conscience-easy with his performance. The essay is far from being as rounded and symmetrical a one, for instance, as that on the Ideal in Art, in which a striking and novel presentment is made of a crowd of confused facts familiar to all of us. It was a bright, happy thought—nothing more than the recreation of a man of letters, to be sure, but still a fancy worth

executing—to take the different types or "ideals" which reading men and connoisseurs have in their heads—Hamlet, Robinson Crusoe, Michael Angelo's Moses, Dumas' Antony, Leonardo's Leda, Balzac's Goriot—and set them to one another's shoulders to determine their height in art—which belong to a civilization's budding, which to its perfection, and which to its decline. That this is ably done, and that these interesting "ideals" are made to stud like jewels a most deftly-woven thread of history, our author's peculiar merits are now too well understood for us to need to say. In this work, which will be recognized as more distinctly critical than the others, M. Taine has an interesting passage defining his view of the profession of criticism itself. "A critic is now aware," he says, "that his personal taste has no value; that he must set aside his temperament, inclinations, party and interests; that, above all, his talent lies in sympathy; that his first essay in history should consist in putting himself in the place of the men whom he is desirous of judging, to enter into their instincts and habits, to espouse their sentiments, to re-think their thoughts." This has the ring of humility and integrity, but we confess that we have, in reading our author's works, had moments of anxiety for him—moments when, for instance, the recital of some particularly gorgeous, immoral and abominable pageant of the Renaissance being forward, M. Taine was found "defecating to a pure transparency" in his ardor of sympathy, and betraying for the instant no vestige of moral sense remaining. It is all very well for one to place one's talent in transubstantiation, but for the sake of personal dignity let us be careful how we get the habit of taking our centre of gravity out of our pocket and conferring it on the Cynthia of the minute.

E. S.

The Life of John J. Crittenden, with Selections from his Correspondence and Speeches. Edited by his Daughter, Mrs. Chapman Coleman. 2 vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

As a record of Mr. Crittenden's personal character these volumes are most satisfactory. They show him as a man actuated by a high sense of honor, and with the graces of amiability and a regard for others which endeared him not only to those with whom he came into personal relations, but also to thou-

sands who knew him only by his political reputation. The record, too, of his public career is peculiarly instructive, and suggestive for the study of the growth of our national character. Born in 1787, just before the adoption of our national Constitution, he lived until the height of the civil war, dying in 1863. During the whole mature period of this long career he was constantly before the public in a prominent position. The history of his political labors and of his political influence is summed up in the fact that he was a consistent Whig, being among the first and the last leaders of that now almost forgotten party. The conditions of our social development during his youth and early manhood, and the isolation made imperative before the introduction of the railway with its greater facilities for circulation, had the effect of stimulating his State pride; and even up to his death he was always more conscious of being a Kentuckian than of being an American or a citizen of the world.

It is, however, in the correspondence, which forms so large a portion of the work, that its main interest and value consist. This embraces letters to and from nearly all the leading public men who were Mr. Crittenden's contemporaries, and forms a contribution of no small importance to what may be called the inner history of the political movements and transactions of the period. Clay and Webster, Taylor and Scott, Everett, Seward and Winthrop, were among Mr. Crittenden's correspondents; but it is often in the letters of men of less note than these that we find intimations and remarks that offer a key to the situation. E. H.

Ought we to Visit Her? By Mrs. Edwards. New York: Sheldon & Co.

Mrs. Edwards may be described as a lesser Mr. Trollope; and her productions, matched with his, are not indeed as water unto wine, but as sparkling Moselle to the full-bodied port which is prepared expressly for the British stomach. Steering clear of indecorum, Mrs. Edwards is yet never so eminently proper as Mr. Trollope contrives to be, even when he is exposing the weaknesses of bishops or depicting the relations between men of dubious standing in society and women of no standing. We feel that we are always safe with Mr. Trollope; that all his sympathies are with respectability; that his would

be the last hand to displace a single stone of the foundations on which the social fabric of his country securely rests. But we cannot put the same undoubting confidence in Mrs. Edwards. She has tasted the wild venison of Bohemianism, and it has impaired her relish for the beef and mutton of regularly constituted life. In a case of apprehended riots we should hesitate to entrust her with the bâton of a special constable. We do not object to her holding up dignitaries to ridicule, or representing people of rank as no better than they should be. The foibles incident to humanity are to be found in every class, and no one has done more to illustrate this truth than Mr. Trollope. But then Mr. Trollope always takes care to let us understand that fools are endurable and scamps reclaimable so long as they can retain a footing in society, and that the fault, whatever its nature, by which they forfeit this is the only unpardonable sin. Mrs. Edwards, on the contrary, carries on a mild but insidious warfare with society itself. A gentleman of good birth marries a *danseuse*, leads a loose, negligent existence, in which he makes no serious effort to retrieve his position, either by getting rid of his obstacle or condemning her to the seclusion which would have enabled respectable people to consign her to indulgent oblivion, and, instead of dying of a broken heart in order to serve as a warning, falls back at last, with an alacrity and content calculated to inspire a feeling of envy, into a world where there are few formalities or restrictions, and where the voice of Mrs. Grundy is never heard. Such is the theme of *Ought we to Visit Her?* and when we add that its objectionable moral is made exceedingly seductive by an interesting story, much lively satire and many piquant sketches of character and manners, we have said enough to put the reader on his guard, and to make it obvious that whatever amusement he may derive from the book should be tinged with a salutary consciousness of having smiled where he should rather have frowned.

The Last Tournament. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A dainty little volume of about a thousand lines introduces us to another part of the great Arthurian epic. Its place is between *Pelleas* and *Guinevere*, and the story carries the reader among the same knightly company we have met before. The guilty loves

of Tristram and Isolt form the theme. The former returns from Brittany in time to win the jewels at the last tournament, which, received from Launcelot, he carries far into "rough Lyonesse" to bestow upon his love. As he clasps the carcanet around the neck of Isolt, her husband suddenly enters and cleaves him through the brain. That night, in "the autumn dripping gloom," Arthur returns to find his queen's bower dark and Guinevere fled, while

— about his feet

A voice clung sobbing till he questioned it,
 "What art thou?" and the voice about his feet
 Sent up an answer, sobbing, "I am thy fool,
 And I shall never make thee smile again."

This poor court-fool, Dagonet, is, amongst all the faithless, faithful only found.

He who acts as the moral teacher in re-proving Tristram also bears testimony to the fouling influence of "the dirty nurse Experience;" yet amid all the wrecks of Arthur's fair ideal he must believe in that constellation of which he says,

It makes a silent music up in heaven,
 And I, and Arthur, and the angels hear.

The reader can readily trace the spirit of the other idyls in this. It is part of the grand picture Tennyson has drawn of a failure to establish a perfect ideal, owing to the power of earthly circumstances to subdue the highest will, yet a failure made bright by the figure of the blameless king, and illuminated by the poet's faith in a divine light which seems so constantly quenched.

To be fully understood, this part should be read in its proper connection. We have the same consummate skill in weaving characteristic verse, with pinches of antique flavor to pass certain words fearfully and wonderfully made. Like all the later idyls, it lacks the enthusiasm, the perfect finish and smoothness which makes some parts of *Enid* and *Elaine* unsurpassed by anything in English poetry.

Yet as part of the same poem with these, and as the work of the Laureate, *The Last Tournament* will be abundantly read and praised by many who would have passed it as a stranger if met in some of the byways of literature. H. C.

Books Received.

Man's True Relation to Nature. By T. P. Wilson, M. D. Cleveland: L. H. Whitte.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels in English, according to the Authorized Version, corrected by the Best Critical Editions of the Original. By Frederick Gardiner, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson. By his great-granddaughter, Sarah N. Randolph. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Federal Government: its Officers and their Duties. By Ransom H. Gillet. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

School-houses. By James Johannot. Architectural Designs by S. E. Hewes. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

Shakespeare's Comedy of The Tempest. Edited, with Notes, by Wm. J. Rolfe, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Duration and Nature of Future Punishment. By Henry Constable, A. M. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

The Life of Our Lord: in the Words of the Gospels. By Frederick Gardiner, D. D. Andover: Warren F. Draper.

King Arthur: A Poem. By Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Revised edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.

History of Frederick the Great. By John S. C. Abbott. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Life and Times of Henry Lord Brougham, written by Himself. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Action of Natural Selection on Man. By Alfred Russel Wallace. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

What the New Jerusalem Church will Do for You. By Rev. Edw. C. Mitchell. Detroit: Tribune Print.

Agatha's Husband: A Novel. By the author of "John Halifax." New York: Harper & Brothers.

For Lack of Gold. By Charles Gibbon, author of "Robin Gray." New York: Harper & Brothers.

Time and Eternity: A Poem. By George Mac-Henry. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Angel in the Cloud. By Edwin W. Fuller. New York: E. J. Hale & Sons.

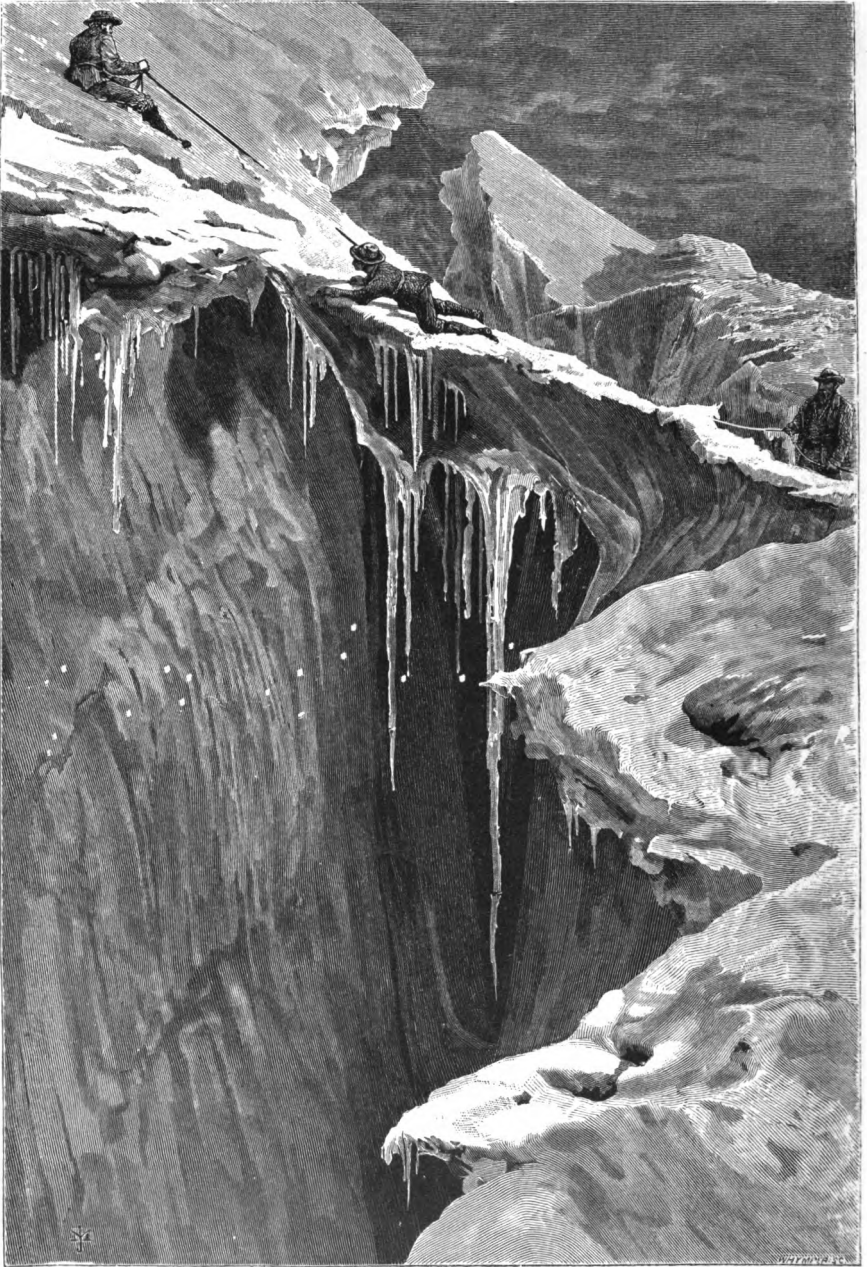
The Cousin from India. By Georgiana M. Craik. New York: Harper & Brothers.

What Happened After the Battle of Dorking. New York: George Routledge & Sons.

Four Years at Yale. By a Graduate of '69. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.

Nails Driven Home. By George E. Sargent. Boston: Henry Hoyt.





THE BERGSCHRUND ON THE DENT BLANCHE IN 1865.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1872.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ASCENT OF THE DENT BLANCHE.

CROZ and Biener did not return until past 5 A.M. on June 17, and we then set out at once for Zermatt, intending to cross the Col d'Hérens. But we did not proceed far before the attractions

of the Dent Blanche were felt to be irresistible, and we turned aside up the steep lateral glacier which descends along its south-western face.

The Dent Blanche is a mountain little known except to the climbing fraternity.

It was, and is, reputed to be one of the most difficult mountains in the Alps. Many attempts were made to scale it before its ascent was accomplished. Even Leslie Stephen himself, fleetest of foot of the whole Alpine brotherhood, once upon a time returned discomfited from it.

It was not climbed until 1862, but in that year Mr. T. S. Kennedy, with Mr. Wigram and the guides Jean B. Croz and Kronig, managed to conquer it.

They had a hard fight, though, before they gained the victory: a furious wind and driving snow, added to the natural difficulties, nearly turned the scale against them.

Mr. Kennedy described his expedition in a very interesting paper in the *Alpine Journal*. His account bore the impress of truth, but unbelievers said that it was impossible to have told (in weather such as was then experienced) whether the summit had actually been attained, and sometimes roundly asserted that the mountain, as the saying is, yet remained virgin.

I did not share these doubts, although they influenced me to make the ascent. I thought it might be possible to find an easier route than that taken by Mr. Kennedy, and that if we succeeded in discovering one we should be able at once to refute his traducers and to vaunt our superior wisdom. Actuated by these elevated motives, I halted my little army at the foot of the glacier, and inquired, "Which is best for us to do?—to ascend the Dent Blanche, or to cross to Zermatt?" They answered, with befitting solemnity, "We think Dent Blanche is best."

From the chalets of Abricolla the south-



LESLIE STEPHEN.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

west face of the Dent Blanche is regarded almost exactly in profile. From thence it is seen that the angle of the face scarcely exceeds thirty degrees, and after observing this I concluded that the face would, in all probability, give an easier path to the summit than the crest of the very jagged ridge which was followed by Mr. Kennedy.

We zigzagged up the glacier along the foot of the face, and looked for a way on to it. We looked for some time in vain, for a mighty bergschrund effectually prevented approach, and, like a fortress' moat, protected the wall from assault. We went up and up, until, I suppose, we were not more than a thousand feet below the point marked 3912 mètres: then a bridge was discovered, and we dropped down on hands and knees to cross it.

A bergschrund, it has been said, is a schrund and something more than a schrund. A schrund is simply a big crevasse: a bergschrund is frequently, but not always, a big crevasse. The term is applied to the last of the crevasses one finds, in ascending, before quitting the glacier and taking to the rocks which bound it. It is the mountains' schrund. Sometimes it is *very* large, but early in the season (that is to say, in the month of June or before) bergschrunds are usually snowed up or well bridged over, and do not give much trouble. Later in the year, say in August, they are frequently very great hindrances, and occasionally are completely impassable.

We crossed the bergschrund of the Dent Blanche, I suppose, at a height of about twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. Our work may be said to have commenced at that point. The face, although not steep in its general inclination, was so cut up by little ridges and cliffs, and so seamed with incipient couloirs, that it had all the difficulty of a much more precipitous slope. The difficulties were never great, but they were numerous, and made a very respectable total when put together. We passed the bergschrund soon after nine in the morning, and during the next eleven

hours halted only five and forty minutes. The whole of the remainder of the time was occupied in ascending and descending the twenty-four hundred feet which compose this south-western face; and inasmuch as one thousand feet per hour (taking the mean of ascent and descent) is an ordinary rate of progression, it is tolerably certain that the Dent Blanche is a mountain of exceptional difficulty.

The hindrances opposed to us by the mountain itself were, however, as nothing compared with the atmospheric obstructions. It is true there was plenty of—"Are you fast, Almer?" "Yes." "Go ahead, Biener." Biener, made secure, cried, "Come on, sir," and *monsieur* endeavored. "No, no," said Almer, "not there—*here!*" pointing with his bâton to the right place to clutch. Then 'twas Croz's turn, and we all drew in the rope as the great man followed. "Forward!" once more—and so on.

Five hundred feet of this kind of work had been accomplished when we were saluted (not entirely unexpectedly) by the first gust of a hurricane which was raging above. The day was a lovely one for dwellers in the valleys, but we had long ago noted some light, gossamer clouds that were hovering round our summit, being drawn out in a suspicious manner into long, silky threads. Croz, indeed, prophesied before we had crossed the schrund that we should be beaten by the wind, and had advised that we should return. But I had retorted, "No, my good Croz, you said just now, 'Dent Blanche is best:' we must go up the Dent Blanche."

I have a very lively and disagreeable recollection of this wind. Upon the outskirts of the disturbed region it was only felt occasionally. It then seemed to make rushes at one particular man, and when it had discomfited him, it whisked itself away to some far-off spot, only to return presently in greater force than before.

My old enemy, the Matterhorn, seen across the basin of the Z'Muttgletscher, looked totally unassailable. "Do you think," the men asked, "that you or any

one else will ever get up *that* mountain?" And when, undismayed by their ridicule, I stoutly answered, "Yes, but not upon that side," they burst into derisive chuckles. I must confess that my hopes sank, for nothing can look, or be, more completely inaccessible than the Matterhorn on its northern and north-west sides.

"Forward" once again. We overtopped the Dent d'Hérens. "Not a thousand feet more: in three hours we shall be on the summit." "You mean *ten*," echoed Croz, so slow had been the progress. But I was not far wrong in the estimate. At 3.15 we struck the great ridge followed by Mr. Kennedy, close to the top of the mountain. The wind and cold were terrible there. Progress was oftentimes impossible, and we waited, crouching under the lee of rocks, listening to "the shrieking of the mindless wind," while the blasts swept across, tearing off the upper snow and blowing it away in streamers over the Schönbühl glacier—"nothing seen except an indescribable writhing in the air, like the wind made visible."

Our goal was concealed by the mist, though it was only a few yards away, and Croz's prophecy that we should stay all night upon the summit seemed likely to come true. The men rose with the occasion, although even their fingers had nearly lost sensation. There were no murmurings nor suggestions of return, and they pressed on for the little white cone which they knew must be near at hand. Stopped again—a big mass perched loosely on the ridge barred the way: we could not crawl over and scarcely dared creep round it. The wine went round for the last time. The liquor was half frozen—still we would more of it. It was all gone: the bottle was left behind, and we pushed on, for there was a lull.

The end came almost before it was expected. The clouds opened, and I saw that we were all but upon the highest point, and that between us and it, about twenty yards off, there was a little artificial pile of stones. Kennedy was a true man—it was a cairn which he

had erected. "What is that, Croz?" "*Homme de pierres*," he bawled. It was needless to proceed farther: I jerked the rope from Biener, and motioned that we would go back. He did the same to Almer, and we turned immediately. They did not see the stones (they were cutting footsteps), and misinterpreted the reason of the retreat. Voices were inaudible and explanations impossible.

We commenced the descent of the face. It was hideous work. The men looked like impersonations of Winter, with their hair all frosted and their beards matted with ice. My hands were numb—dead. I begged the others to stop. "We cannot afford to stop: we must continue to move," was their reply. They were right: to stop was to be entirely frozen. So we went down, gripping rocks varnished with ice, which pulled the skin from the fingers. Gloves were useless: they became iced too, and the bâtons slid through them as slippery as eels. The iron of the axes stuck to the fingers—it felt red hot; but it was useless to shrink: the rocks and the axes had to be firmly grasped—no faltering would do here.

We turned back at 4.12 P. M., and at 8.15 crossed the bergschrund again, not having halted for a minute upon the entire descent. During the last two hours it was windless, but time was of such vital importance that we pressed on incessantly, and did not stop until we were fairly upon the glacier. Then we took stock of what remained of the tips of our fingers. There was not much skin left: they were perfectly raw, and for weeks afterward I was reminded of the ascent of the Dent Blanche by the twinges which I felt when I pulled on my boots. The others escaped with some slight frost-bites, and altogether we had reason to congratulate ourselves that we got off so lightly. The men complimented me upon the descent, and I could do the same honestly by them. If they had worked less vigorously or harmoniously, we should have been benighted upon the face, where there was not a single spot upon which it was possible to sit; and if that had happened,

I do not think that one would have survived to tell the tale.

We made the descent of the glacier in a mist, and of the moraine at its base and of the slopes below in total darkness, and regained the chalets of Abricolla at 11.45 P. M. We had been absent eighteen and a half hours, and out of that time had been going not less than seventeen. That night we slept the sleep of those who are thoroughly tired.*

Two days afterward, when walking into Zermatt, whom should we meet but Mr. Kennedy! "Hullo!" we said, "we



T. S. KENNEDY.

have just seen your cairn on the top of the Dent Blanche." "No, you haven't," he answered very positively. "What do you mean?" "Why, that you cannot have seen my cairn, because I didn't make one!" "Well, but we saw a cairn." "No doubt: it was made by a man who went up the mountain last year with Lauener and Zurfluh." "O-o-h!" we said, rather disgusted at hearing news when we expected to communicate some—"O-o-h! Good-morning, Kennedy." Before this happened we managed to lose our way upon the Col d'Hérens, but an account of that must be reserved for the next chapter.

* The ascent of the Dent Blanche is the hardest that I have made. There was nothing upon it so difficult as the last five hundred feet of the Pointe des Ecrins, but on the other hand, there was hardly a step upon it which was positively easy. The whole of the face required actual climbing. There was probably very little difference in difficulty between the route we took in 1865 and that followed by Mr. Kennedy in 1862.

CHAPTER XV.

LOST ON THE COL D'HÉRENS.—MY SEVENTH ATTEMPT TO ASCEND THE MATTERHORN.

WE should have started for Zermatt about 7 A. M. on the 18th, had not Biener asked to be allowed to go to mass at Evolène, a village about two and a half hours from Abricolla. He received permission, on the condition that he returned not later than mid-day, but he did not come back until 2.30 P. M., and we thereby got into a pretty little mess.

The pass which we were about to traverse to Zermatt—the Col d'Hérens—is one of the few glacier-passes in this district which have been known almost from time immemorial. It is frequently crossed in the summer season, and is a very easy route, notwithstanding that the summit of the pass is 11,417 feet above the level of the sea.

From Abricolla to the summit the way lies chiefly over the flat Glacier de Ferpèle. The walk is of the most straightforward kind. The glacier rises in gentle undulations, its crevasses are small and easily avoided, and all you have to do, after once getting upon the ice, is to proceed due south in the most direct manner possible. If you do so, in two hours you should be upon the summit of the pass.

We tied ourselves in line, of course, and when we entered upon the glacier, and placed Biener to lead, as he had frequently crossed the pass, supposing that his local knowledge might save us some time upon the other side. We had proceeded, I suppose, about halfway up, when a little thin cloud dropped down upon us from above, but it was so light, so gauzy, that we did not for a moment suppose that it would become embarrassing, and hence I neglected to note at the proper moment the course which we should steer—that is to say, to observe our precise situation in regard to the summit of the pass.

For some little time Biener progressed steadily, making a tolerably straight track, but at length he wavered, and deviated sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. Croz rushed forward directly he saw this, and, taking

the poor young man by his shoulders, gave him a good shaking, told him that he was an imbecile, to untie himself at once, and go to the rear. Biener looked half frightened, and obeyed without a murmur. Croz led off briskly, and made a good straight track for a few minutes, but then, it seemed to me, began to move steadily round to the left. I looked back, but the mist was now too thick to see our traces, and so we continued to follow our leader. At last the others (who were behind, and in a better position to judge) thought the same as I did, and we pulled up Croz to deliver our opinion. He took our criticism in good part, but when Biener opened his mouth, that was too much for him to stand, and he told the young man again, "You are imbecile: I bet you twenty francs to one that *my* track is better than *yours*—twenty francs! Now then, imbecile!"

Almer went to the front. He commenced by returning in the track for a hundred yards or so, and then started off at a tangent from Croz's curve. We kept this course for half an hour, and then were certain that we were not on the right route, because the snow became decidedly steep. We bore away more and more to the right to avoid this steep bank, but at last I rebelled, as we had for some time been going almost south-west, which was altogether the wrong direction. After a long discussion we returned some distance in our track, and then steered a little east of south, but we continually met steep snow-slopes, and to avoid them went right or left as the case might require.

We were greatly puzzled, and could not in the least tell whether we were too near the Dent Blanche or too close to the Tête Blanche. The mists had thickened, and were now as dense as a moderate London fog. There were no rocks or echoes to direct us, and the guidance of the compass brought us invariably against these steep snow-banks. The men were fairly beaten: they had all had a try, or more than one, and at last gave it up as a bad job, and asked what was to be done. It was 7.30 P. M., and

only an hour of daylight was left. We were beginning to feel used up, for we had wandered about at tiptop speed for the last three hours and a half; so I said, "This is my advice: let us turn in our track, and go back as hard as ever we can, not quitting the track for an instant." They were well content, but just as we were starting off the clouds lifted a little, and we thought we saw the col. It was then to our right, and we went at it with a dash, but before we had gone a hundred paces-down came the mist again. We kept on nevertheless for twenty minutes, and then, as darkness was perceptibly coming on, and the snow was yet rising in front, we turned back, and by running down the entire distance managed to get clear of the Ferpècle glacier just as it became pitch-dark. We arrived at our cheerless chalet in due course, and went to bed supperless, for our food was gone—all very sulky, not to say savage, agreeing in nothing except in bullying Biener.

At 7 A. M. on the 19th we set out, for the third time, for the Col d'Hérens. It was a fine day, and we gradually recovered our tempers as we saw the follies which had been committed on the previous evening. Biener's wavering track was not so bad, but Croz had swerved from the right route from the first, and had traced a complete semicircle, so that when we stopped him we were facing Abricolla, whence we had started. Almer had commenced with great discretion, but he kept on too long, and crossed the proper route. When I stopped them (because we were going south-west) we were a long way up the Tête Blanche! Our last attempt was in the right direction: we were actually upon the summit of the pass, and in another ten yards we should have commenced to go down hill! It is needless to point out that if the compass had been looked to at the proper moment—that is, immediately the mist came down—we should have avoided all our troubles. It was of little use afterward, except to tell us when we were going *wrong*.

We arrived at Zermatt in six and a half hours' walking from Abricolla, and

Seiler's hospitable reception set us all right again. On the 20th we crossed the Théodule pass, and diverged from its summit up the Théodulhorn (11,391) to examine a route which I suggested for the ascent of the Matterhorn; but before continuing an account of our proceedings, I must stop for a minute to explain why this new route was proposed, in place of that up the south-western ridge.

The Matterhorn may be divided into three sections—the first facing the Z'Muttgletscher, which looks, and is, completely unassailable; the second facing the east, which seems inaccessibility itself; the third facing Breuil, which does not look entirely hopeless. It was from this last direction that all my previous attempts were made. It was by the south-western ridge, it will be remembered, that not only I, but Mr. Hawkins, Professor Tyndall and the chasseurs of Val Touranche, essayed to climb the mountain. Why, then, abandon a route which had been shown to be feasible up to a certain point?

I gave it up for four reasons: 1. On account of my growing disinclination for arêtes, and preference for snow and rock faces. 2. Because I was persuaded that meteorological disturbances (by which we had been baffled several times) might be expected to occur again and again. 3. Because I found that the east face was a gross imposition: it looked not far from perpendicular, while its angle was, in fact, scarcely more than 40°. 4. Because I observed for myself that the strata of the mountain dipped to the west-south-west. It is not necessary to say anything more than has been already said upon the first two of these four points, but upon the latter two a few words are indispensable. Let us consider, first, why most persons receive such an exaggerated impression of the steepness of the eastern face.

When one looks at the Matterhorn from Zermatt, the mountain is regarded (nearly) from the north-east. The face that fronts the east is consequently neither seen in profile nor in full front, but almost halfway between the two: it looks, therefore, more steep than it really

is. The majority of those who visit Zermatt go up to the Riffelberg or to the Görnergrat, and from these places the mountain naturally looks still more precipitous, because its eastern face (which is almost all that is seen of it) is viewed more directly in front. From the Riffel hotel the slope seems to be set at an angle of seventy degrees. If the tourist continues to go southward, and crosses the Théodule pass, he gets, at one point, immediately in front of the eastern face, which then seems to be absolutely perpendicular. Comparatively few persons correct the erroneous impressions they receive in these quarters by studying the face in profile, and most go away with a very incorrect and exaggerated idea of the precipitousness of this side of the mountain, because they have considered the question from one point of view alone.

Several years passed away before I shook myself clear of my early and false impressions regarding the steepness of this side of the Matterhorn. First of all, I noticed that there were places on this eastern face where snow remained permanently all the year round. I do not speak of snow in gullies, but of the considerable slopes which are seen in the accompanying engraving about halfway up the face. Such beds as these could not continue to remain throughout the summer unless the snow had been able to accumulate in the winter in large masses; and snow cannot accumulate and remain in large masses, in a situation such as this, at angles much exceeding forty-five degrees.* Hence I was bound to conclude that the eastern face was many degrees removed from perpendicularity; and to be sure on this point, I went to the slopes between the Z'Muttgletscher and the Matterhorngletscher, above the chalets of Staffel, whence the face could be seen in profile. Its appearance from this direction would be amazing to one who had seen it only from the east. It looks so totally different from the apparently sheer and perfectly unclimbable cliff one sees from

* I prefer to be on the safe side. My impression is, that snow cannot accumulate in large masses at forty-five degrees.

the Riffelberg that it is hard to believe the two slopes are one and the same thing. Its angle scarcely exceeds forty degrees.

A great step was made when this was learned. This knowledge alone would not, however, have caused me to try an ascent by the eastern face instead of by the south-west ridge. Forty degrees may not seem a formidable inclination to the reader, nor is it for only a small cliff. But it is very unusual to find so steep a gradient maintained continuously as the general angle of a great mountain-slope, and very few instances can be quoted from the High Alps of such an angle being preserved over a rise of three thousand feet.

I do not think that the steepness or the height of this cliff would have deterred climbers from attempting to ascend it, if it had not, in addition, looked so repulsively smooth. Men despaired of finding anything to grasp. Now, some of the difficulties of the south-west ridge came from the smoothness of the rocks, although that ridge, even from a distance, seemed to be well broken up. How much greater, then, might not have been the difficulty of climbing a face which looked smooth and unbroken close at hand?

A more serious hindrance to mounting the south-west ridge is found in the dip of its rocks to the west-south-west. The great mass of the Matterhorn, it is now well ascertained, is composed of regularly stratified rocks, which rise toward the east. It has been mentioned



Fig. 1.

in the text, more than once, that the rocks on some portions of the ridge leading from the Col du Lion to the summit dip outward, and that fractured edges overhang. This is shown very clearly in the annexed diagram, Fig. 1. It will be readily understood that such an arrangement is not favorable for climbers, and that the degree of facility

with which rocks can be ascended that are so disposed must depend very much upon the frequency or paucity of fissures and joints. The rocks of the south-west ridge are sufficiently provided with cracks, but if it were otherwise, their texture and arrangement would render them unassailable.*

It is not possible to go a single time upon the rocks of the south-west ridge, from the Col du Lion to the foot of the Great Tower, without observing the prevalence of their outward dip, and that their fractured edges have a tendency to overhang; nor can one fail to notice that it is upon this account the débris which is rent off by frost does not remain *in situ*, but pours down in showers over the surrounding cliffs. Each day's work, so to speak, is cleared away—the ridge is swept clean: there is scarcely anything seen but firm rock.†

The fact that the mountain is composed of a series of stratified beds was pointed out long ago. De Saussure remarked it, and recorded explicitly in his *Travels* (§ 2243) that they "rose to the north-east at an angle of about forty-five degrees." Forbes noticed it also, but gave it as his opinion that the beds were "less inclined, or nearly horizontal." He added, "De Saussure is no doubt correct." The truth, I think, lies between the two.

I was acquainted with both of the above-quoted passages, but did not turn the knowledge to any practical account until I re-observed the same fact for myself. It was not until after my repulse in 1863 that I referred the peculiar difficulties of the south-west ridge to the dip of the strata, but when once persuaded that structure and not texture was the real impediment, it was reasonable to infer that the opposite side—that is to

* Weathered granite is an admirable rock to climb, its gritty texture giving excellent hold to the nails in one's boots. But upon such metamorphic schists as compose the mass of the great peak of the Matterhorn the texture of the rock itself is of no value.

† I refer here only to that portion of the ridge which is between the Col du Lion and the Great Tower. The remarks would not apply to the rocks higher up; higher still the rocks are firm again; yet higher (upon the "Shoulder") they are much disintegrated; and then, upon the final peak, they are again firm.

say, the eastern face—might be comparatively easy; in brief, that an arrange-

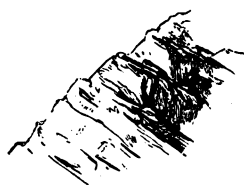


Fig. 2.

ment should be found like Fig. 2, instead of like Fig. 1. This trivial deduction was the key to the ascent of the Matterhorn.

The point was, Did the strata continue with a similar dip throughout the mountain? If they did, then this great eastern face, instead of being hopelessly impracticable, should be quite the reverse. In fact, it should be a great natural staircase, with steps inclining inward; and if it were so, its smooth aspect might be of no account, for the smallest steps, inclined in this fashion, would afford good footing.

They did so, so far as one could judge from a distance. When snow fell in the summer-time, it brought out long terraced lines upon the mountain, rudely parallel to each other; and the eastern face on those occasions was often whitened almost completely over; while the other sides, with the exception of the powdered terraces, remained black, for the snow could not rest upon them.

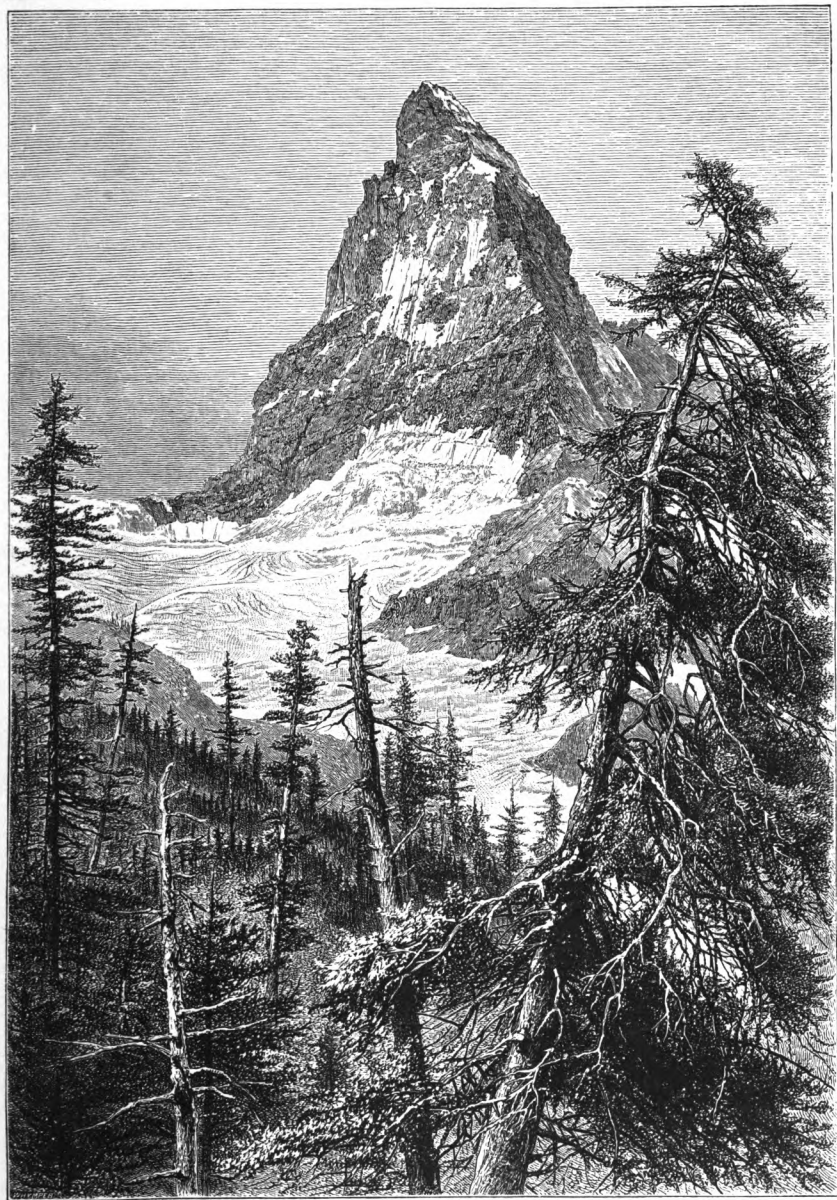
The very outline of the mountain, too, confirmed the conjecture that its structure would assist an ascent on the eastern face, although it opposed one on all other sides. Look at any photograph of the peak from the north-east, and you will see that upon the right-hand side (that facing the Z'Muttgletscher) there is an incessant repetition of overhanging cliffs and of slopes, all trending downward; in short, that the character of the whole of that side is similar to Fig. 1, p. 375; and that upon the left hand (or south-east) ridge the forms, so far as they go, are suggestive of the structure shown by Fig. 2, above. There is no doubt that the contours of the mountain, seen from this direction, have been largely influenced by the direction of its beds.

It was not therefore from a freak that I invited Mr. Reilly to join in an attack

upon the eastern face, but from a gradually-acquired conviction that it would prove to give the easiest path to the summit; and if we had not been obliged to part the mountain would doubtless have been ascended in 1864.

My guides readily admitted that they had been greatly deceived as to the steepness of the eastern face, when they were halted to look at it in profile as we came down the Z'Muttgletscher on our way to Zermatt, but they were far from being satisfied that it would turn out to be easy to climb, and Almer and Biener expressed themselves decidedly averse to making an attempt upon it. I gave way temporarily before their evident reluctance, and we made the ascent of the Théodulhorn to examine an alternative route, which I expected would commend itself to them in preference to the other, as a great part of it led over snow.

There is an immense gully in the Matterhorn which leads up from the Glacier du Mont Cervin to a point high up on the south-eastern ridge: I proposed to ascend this to its head, and to cross over the south-east ridge on to the eastern face. This would have brought us on a level with the bottom of the great snow-slope shown upon the centre of the eastern face in the engraving. This snow-slope was to be crossed diagonally, with the view of arriving at the snow upon the north-east ridge, which is shown upon the same engraving about half an inch from the summit. The remainder of the ascent was to be made by the broken rocks, mixed with snow, upon the north side of the mountain. Croz caught the idea immediately, and thought the plan feasible: details were settled, and we descended to Breuil. Luc Meynet the hunchback was summoned, and expressed himself delighted to resume his old vocation of tent-bearer; and Favre's kitchen was soon in commotion preparing three days' rations, for I intended to take that amount of time over the affair—to sleep on the first night upon the rocks at the top of the gully, to make a push for the summit, and to return to the tent on the second day; and upon the third to come back to Breuil.



CAMP.

THE MATTERHORN FROM THE RIFFELBERG.

We started at 5.45 A. M. on June 21, and followed the route of the Breuiljoch for three hours. We were then in full view of our gully, and turned off at right angles for it. The closer we approached the more favorable did it look. There was a good deal of snow in it, which was evidently at a small angle, and it seemed as if one-third of the ascent, at least, would be a very simple matter. Some suspicious marks in the snow at its base suggested that it was not free from falling stones, and as a measure of precaution we turned off on one side, worked up under cover of the cliffs, and waited to see if anything should descend. Nothing fell, so we proceeded up its right or northern side, sometimes cutting steps up the snow, and sometimes mounting by the rocks. Shortly before 10 A. M. we arrived at a convenient place for a halt, and stopped to rest upon some rocks close to the snow which commanded an excellent view of the gully.

While the men were unpacking the food I went to a little promontory to examine our proposed route more narrowly, and to admire our noble couloir, which led straight up into the heart of the mountain for fully one thousand feet. It then bent toward the north, and ran up to the crest of the south-eastern ridge. My curiosity was piqued to know what was round this corner, and whilst I was gazing up at it, and following with the eye the exquisitely drawn curves which wandered down the snow in the gully, all converging to a large rut in its centre, I saw a few little stones skidding down. I consoled myself with thinking that they would not interfere with us if we adhered to the side. But then a larger one came down, a solitary fellow, rushing at the rate of sixty miles an hour—and another—and another. I was unwilling to see the fears of the men unnecessarily, and said nothing to them. They did not hear the stones. Almer was seated on a rock, carving large slices from a leg of mutton, the others were chatting, and the first intimation they had of danger was from a crash, a sudden roar, which reverberated awfully

amongst the cliffs; and looking up they saw rocks, boulders and stones, big and little, dart round the corner eight hundred feet or so above us, fly with fearful fury against the opposite cliffs, rebound from them against the walls on our side, and descend; some ricocheting from side to side in a frantic manner, some bounding down in leaps of a hundred feet or more over the snow, and more trailing down in a jumbled, confused mass, mixed with snow and ice, deepening the grooves which a moment before had excited my admiration.

The men looked wildly around for protection, and, dropping the food, dashed under cover in all directions. The precious mutton was pitched on one side, the wine-bag was let fall, and its contents gushed out from the unclosed neck, while all four cowered under defending rocks, endeavoring to make themselves as small as possible. Let it not be supposed that their fright was unreasonable or that I was free from it. I took good care to make myself safe, and went and cringed in a cleft until the storm had passed. But their scramble to get under shelter was indescribably ludicrous. Such a panic I have never witnessed, before or since, upon a mountain-side.

This ricochet practice was a novelty to me. It arose, of course, from the couloir being bent, and from the falling rocks having acquired great pace before they passed the angle. In straight gullies it will probably never be experienced. The rule is, as I have already remarked, that falling stones keep down the centres of gullies, and you are out of harm's way if you follow the sides.

There would have been singularly little amusement and very great risk in mounting this gully, and we turned our backs upon it with perfect unanimity. The question then arose, "What is to be done?" I suggested climbing the rocks above us, but this was voted impossible. I thought the men were right, but would not give in without being assured of the fact, and clambered up to settle the question. In a few minutes I was brought to a halt. My forces were scattered: the little hunchback alone was closely

following me, with a broad grin upon his face and the tent upon his shoulder; Croz, more behind, was still keeping an eye upon his monsieur; Almer, a hundred feet below, sat on a rock with his face buried in his hands; Biener was nowhere, out of sight. "Come down, come down," shouted Croz, "it is useless;" and I turned at length, convinced that it was even as he said. Thus my little plan was knocked on the head, and we were thrown back upon the original scheme.

We at once made a straight track for Mr. Morshead's Breuiljoch (which was the most direct route to take in order to

get to the Hörnli, where we intended to sleep, preparatory to attacking the eastern face), and arrived upon its summit at 12.30 P. M. We were then unexpectedly checked. The pass, as one, had vanished! and we found ourselves cut off from the Furggengletscher by a small but precipitous wall of rock: the glacier had shrunk so much that descent was impracticable. During the last hour clouds had been coming up from the south: they now surrounded us, and it began to blow hard. The men clustered together, and advocated leaving the mountain alone. Almer asked, with more point than politeness, "Why don't



MY TENT-BEARER—THE HUNCHBACK.

you try to go up a mountain which *can* be ascended?" "It is impossible," chimed in Biener. "Sir," said Croz, "if we cross to the other side we shall lose three days, and very likely shall not succeed. You want to make ascents in the chain of Mont Blanc, and I believe they can be made. But I shall not be able to make them with you if I spend these days here, for I must be at Chamounix on the 27th." There was force in what he said, and his words made me hesitate. I relied upon his strong arms for some work which it was expected would be unusually difficult. Snow began to fall: that settled the matter, and

I gave the word to retreat. We went back to Breuil, and on to Val Tournanche, where we slept; and the next day proceeded to Chatillon, and thence up the valley of Aosto to Cormayeur.

I cannot but regret that the counsels of the guides prevailed. If Croz had not uttered his well-intentioned words he might still have been living. He parted from us at Chamounix at the appointed time, but by a strange chance we met again at Zermatt three weeks later; and two days afterward he perished before my eyes on the very mountain from which we turned away, at his advice, on the 21st of June.

FAIR MARGARET, THE BELLE OF ASHGATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FOX."

"MARGARET, you must listen to me. I—I've made up my mind to speak to you seriously before you go away, and—"

"Now, Cousin John, I know what you are going to say," and Margaret gives a little shake of her head. "Nonsense!" she continues in a coaxing voice: "let things be as they are—it's much better."

But her companion's face flushed scarlet: "I wish you would not call me cousin; and as for leaving things as they are, that is very well for you to say, Margaret—you, who don't care where I am, or where I go, or what becomes of me, while I— Oh, why can't I make you feel how I love you?" he added, passionately. "I don't know a moment's peace for thinking about you. I am always trying to see you and meet you, to—to—"

"Worry me," she puts in pettishly. "I don't believe there is another in the world so fond of forcing himself where he is not wanted as you are. And as for the word 'No,' I begin to doubt whether you comprehend its meaning, for I am sure I have said No to you twenty times during the last six months, and you go on putting the same silly question to me."

"I am sorry I should be such a source of annoyance to you, Miss Severn, but I will take care it shall be the last time I give you cause to complain."

"So you've said a dozen times before," replies Margaret, composedly.

"I mean it this time, however."

"So, I suppose, you did at others;" and Margaret assumes a little doubting smile.

The young fellow made a great effort to still the beating of his heart, which threatened to drown his unsteady voice. "I tell you what it is, Margaret," he said: "you have often told me I was foolish, you have often said hard things to me, but you never sneered at me be-

fore. I see I have made myself ridiculous in your eyes. I have laid my love at your feet, although you spurned it; and now you trample upon it and me." He turned his face to hide from her his strong emotion, but in a minute, looking at her with more fire in his eyes than Margaret had conceived possible, he went on rapidly: "But I'll play the fool no longer: it's fitting that a man should be despised who begs and implores to be taken for pity's sake. I have brought this upon myself, but it is not too late to mend; and I swear, Miss Severn, that you shall never again have cause to complain of my importunities. I have the honor to wish you a good-afternoon; and, as I may not see you again before you leave home, I hope your stay at Brighton may prove as agreeable as you anticipate."

John Ingle walked rapidly away, leaving the lady of his love gazing after him in blank astonishment: then, bethinking herself that he would most probably repent and return, she set off at a brisk pace in the opposite direction, toward her home. But the stile was reached, and Margaret had to scramble over it without any John rushing up, breathless and penitent, to assist her. She half walked, half ran across the meadow where the vicious bull was kept, but no John arrived to beg her to have no fear, as he would inwardly sigh to think how little chance there was of this maligned beast giving him any opportunity of proving his devotion—"like those fellows in novels, where houses are always catching fire, or boats upsetting, or something of the sort; and so enabling them to rescue and win the girl they love."

At last Margaret found herself at Ashgate, which was only five minutes' walk from her home, and then she could not help turning and giving a good look round. There lay the landscape, rich with the russet browns of a fine October

day. Across the common the afternoon sun was slowly sinking, while the geese cackled as they waddled out of the pond and began settling themselves down close together. The children's shouting, merry voices told that school was over, and two old women stood gossiping together beside the bundles of brushwood they had been gathering; but no John appeared. It was plain he did not intend to show such a hasty repentance as usual.

"I declare he is sulky," thought Margaret. "Ah! I'll make him pay for this to-morrow when he comes to see me off. What next? I wonder. I suppose he thinks, because he chooses to pester and worry me, I am to listen to all his nonsense. It's of no use: if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be in love with him. In love with John Ingle!" and she laughed outright at the bare thought. "Why, he is only three inches taller than I am, and he has red hair, and everybody calls him Johnnie! Exceedingly obliged to you, Mr. Johnnie Ingle, but you're not quite the style of man to win Margaret Severn." And she walked quickly up the lane, toward the old-fashioned house where she lived.

Margaret was just above the middle height, with a figure that only needed a little more roundness to be perfect. Her eyes were gray and tender; her mouth laughing and dimpled; her complexion soft and pale, as accorded best with the thick braids of silky hair which crowned the small, well-set head. Such, at nineteen, was Margaret Severn, the acknowledged belle of Ashgate, and, in the eyes of the man she had just turned away from, the most lovely and lovable woman the whole world contained.

As she entered the dining-room, Mrs. Severn looked up, and seeing her daughter was alone, she said, in a disappointed voice, "Oh, I hoped you would have met John Ingle, and that he would have come to tell me about the trains; for really Bradshaw is quite more than I can manage."

Margaret did not say anything, but she went to her mother's side, knelt down, and tried to make out the puzzle

of cross-trains and by-stations. "Perhaps papa knows," she said, after considerable study, which had resulted in her being left halfway on the road, unable to get any farther. For Ashgate was a little out of the world, and situated at about an equal distance from two towns, both boasting of a railway, by which you could be put down at a certain point, whence, with another change, you might reach Brighton, where her aunt, the widow of a rich merchant, had invited her to stay. It was the first real outing the girl had ever had, and her two cousins had written glowing accounts of the gayeties they were looking forward to enjoying with her.

Mr. Severn was by no means a rich man, and had to provide for half a dozen boys and girls, besides Margaret, who was the eldest. So his practical sister thought that, with her niece's personal advantages and her own remarkably clever chaperonage, the Brighton visit might end in a marriage; which, as she said, for a penniless girl, the eldest of a large family, was highly desirable.

Mrs. Severn smiled over the hint contained in her sister-in-law's letter of invitation. She had not the slightest doubt that Margaret would marry, but she was in no hurry for that event to take place; and, as these suggestions made the proud mother recall the neighboring gatherings, where Margaret invariably carried off the palm, she said, with something between a smile and a sigh, "Poor Johnnie! I fear he has not much chance."

Many mothers would have been a little vexed at this, for, notwithstanding Margaret's indifference, Johnnie Ingle was looked upon as *the parti* of Ashgate, having a very nice estate of his own, and an income sufficiently good to gratify the wants of any moderate-minded woman. Margaret could not remember the time when John Ingle was not her devoted slave—always at hand if she needed assistance, forgetting the many rebuffs his suit met with the moment he could win a smile from his provokingly fair charmer, arriving daily with books, flowers, excuses of all descrip-

tions, going messages, executing commissions; all of which services Miss Margaret received right royally, occasionally defending to herself her exactions by saying, "He need not do it unless he likes." By degrees, Mrs. Severn too, and the children, all leaned upon the certainty that anything they could not obtain would be got as soon as Cousin John (as Margaret would teasingly call him) came. Poor John had looked very glum when Margaret, radiant with delight, announced to him her invitation and the prospect of enjoyment it opened. Further on he had said that he rather fancied he should take a day or two down there himself, but this proposal met with no encouragement from Margaret, who said afterward to her mother that she had no wish to be pestered with John at Brighton—she had enough of him at home.

"Ah, well!" said Mrs. Severn, "I don't know what you or any of us would do without him, although if Johnnie had my spirit you might wait a long time before you got any attention from me. And as you see more of life, Margaret, you'll find there are not many John Ingles in the world."

At which Margaret pursed up her mouth into an expression which said as plainly as if she had spoken that she should not break her heart on that score.

The morning arrived for Margaret's departure, but no John came; and as Mrs. Severn fretted over her fears about the trains not meeting, and the lock of the portmanteau not being safe, and several other minor bothers, she kept up a sort of chorus of, "I wonder how it is John has not been up?" until Margaret was goaded to say, "Why should he come, mamma? I bade him good-bye the last time I saw him."

Yet in her heart she felt more angry with him than she had ever done before; and when finally she was fairly started, the station reached and the train off without any signs of him, she determined to pay Mr. John off the next time they met for not coming to see her off, as was his wont. What a bother she found it

to get her ticket on the market-day, and to see that the stupid old porter had put her luggage in, for Mr. Severn was far too gouty to get out of the little pony carriage in which he had brought his daughter and her boxes to the station!

"It shows what a horrid temper he has," thought Margaret. "A very nice thing it would be to be tied to a tyrant like that! However, I don't care: he is nothing to me, that's one thing."

It was a very fortunate thing for the poor tyrant that his mistress's vanity could not be gratified by a sight of him in his then depressed state. When he had sworn that Margaret should never again have cause to complain of his importunities, he little thought what his vow would cost him. Fifty times he wished he could unsay his words, although his sense told him he had only done what perhaps would have been better done long ago, before she had so entwined herself round his heart that it seemed to him as long as it beat within him it would beat for her alone. "Of course," he sighed, "she'll meet with lots of fellows down there, good-looking and able to do the things that please girls; but nobody will ever love her better—that's one thing they can't do." And he quite hugged this poor consolation to his heart as he went about his farm and attended to his various duties, trying to control the desire he felt to quarrel and be sharp-tempered with everybody and everything.

Notwithstanding all the anxieties about her, Margaret arrived quite safely at the station, where her aunt met her, saying that she was very glad to see her and to see how improved she was; and she was quite sure that Carry and Bertha would be delighted,

Margaret could scarce listen to Mrs. Stephenson's remarks, so great was her surprise at the gay aspect of the place; and when they emerged from Ship street and entered the throng of the Parade, she exclaimed, "Oh, aunt, is it always like this? How lovely! Thank you so much for having me!"

And Mrs. Stephenson pressed her niece's hand, smiling kindly at her *naïve*

enthusiasm, and thinking as she did so, "I had no idea she would have turned out as pretty as she is. I'll ask Mr. Prosser to luncheon to-morrow: he'd be a capital match if she could get him. I think he said he admired fair girls; and of course *he* can't want money.—How old did you say you are, Margaret?"

"Nineteen last month, aunt."

"And Bertha is just twenty. You will be nice companions, and show each other off well. Bertha is dark and tall: she is considered a very fine girl, and quite a gentleman's beauty."

As Mrs. Stephenson had said, her daughters seemed delighted to welcome their cousin. They quite squabbled over who should walk with her: they praised her beautiful hair and fair complexion, tried all their bonnets and hats on her, and were very anxious that her toilet should be pretty and becoming—particularly on the evening after her arrival, when she made what they considered her *début* at a ball given by the officers of the regiment stationed there.

"We'll introduce you to such good partners!" said Bertha, who was in a particular flutter of excitement, and more anxious than usual that she should look her best. "You're certain to get plenty of attention, Margaret, for I know several men who rave about fair girls."

And certainly Bertha proved a true prophetess, for from the time they entered the room Margaret seemed to be in a whirl of delight. Everything was so new to the fresh country girl, filled with the spirit of enjoyment. The rooms, the music, the varied dresses, the gay uniforms, all mixed themselves into an enchanted chaos, from out of which only one figure stood distinct and visible. About this striking individual Margaret, as they drove home, was silently thinking, and recalling all the pleasant speeches he had made to her, in every one of which some hidden compliment lurked, when Caroline roused her by saying, "I'm so glad you got introduced to Captain Curzon, Margaret: we've been dying to know him for ever so long. His mother is Lady Selina Curzon, and they are no end of swells."

"He's going to call to-morrow," said Bertha. "I managed to lead up to it when we were near mamma, who asked him. We must make him stay to luncheon, and go to the Pavilion with us. Mamma," she added—but poor Mrs. Stephenson, worn out by the heat of the rooms and the lateness of the hour, was reclining in a corner fast asleep—"won't the Thompsons be in a rage? We must see and keep him with us all the time. Mind you don't let him go, Margaret."

At which Margaret smiled, and sunk back again into her pleasant reverie.

Before a fortnight had well passed, Captain Stanhope Curzon never seemed away from Mrs. Stephenson's party. He walked and rode with them, lingered near them on the pier, attended them to afternoon teas, concerts, theatres, or whatever amusements they were set upon; and contrived during these opportunities, which he made the most of, to thoroughly captivate Margaret's fancy, and also to make Miss Bertha Stephenson determine that, if she could possibly manage it, at her feet should be laid the offer of the honor of being daughter-in-law to Lady Selina, and cousin to the several noble families to whom that illustrious person was related. To carry out this view she said one morning to her mother, "I wish you'd contrive that Margaret should walk more with that horrid little Prosser. I thought you intended making a match there."

"Well, I think he admires her. Captain Curzon said yesterday he fancied he was seriously smitten."

"Captain Curzon does not think she has color enough," Bertha said, after a pause. "I thought *he* was struck with Margaret at first, but he isn't. He says she is not a man's beauty."

Mrs. Stephenson looked at her daughter sharply. "I don't fancy," she said, "that the Curzons are at all well off."

"But they're great swells," replied Bertha. "They visit with all the best people." And before the young lady took her departure she added, "I should give Margaret a hint about Mr. Prosser, if I were you. He'd be a first-rate match for her."

Therefore, in compliance with her daughter's advice, although Mrs. Stephenson did not give her niece the desired hint, she so contrived it that Margaret had to put up with Mr. Prosser as her cavalier during their promenade that morning, and a very dull companion she thought he must consider her; for she felt certain that Captain Curzon was equally disappointed at having to walk with Bertha, whom he did not admire because she was dark; and hereupon her fair cheeks deepen as she recalls the volumes of unspoken admiration his dark eyes betray whenever they rest on her own sweet face. Captain Curzon has never in words said anything about his love, yet, in spite of their short acquaintance, Margaret feels certain that he does love her, and the knowledge sets her heart beating more violently than any of poor John Ingle's passionate declarations have ever done. Then, through fear of betraying herself in some way, she draws herself sharply up, and suddenly begins to assume an interest in Mr. Prosser.

Mr. Prosser is highly conversational, and has made up his mind to be exceedingly agreeable. Margaret soon finds that she need not pay much attention to his capital stories, which he finishes with a laugh and an exclamation of "Yes, very good, very!" By the way, that puts me in mind of—"and off he goes again with another recollection, the narrative becoming somewhat involved by being interlarded with "Miss de Castro, niece to Lady Johnson. Don't you know her? Jolly girl! Met her last year at Scarborough'. Briggs is awfully sweet upon her. You know Briggs? Little man, limps, wears an eyeglass, nephew to Colonel Green—Lincolnshire Greens, you know. Funny old man. Very tall. Bald head." And so on about every person with whom he exchanged signs of recognition.

"He made me feel quite bilious—just as one feels on board a steamer when the paddle-wheel goes on, on, on, and won't leave off for an instant," Margaret exclaimed on her return, feeling dreadfully cross with the unfortunate young man, because, though she saw that Captain Curzon lingered talking to Bertha,

evidently in the hope that he might have a word with her, Mr. Prosser wouldn't hurry. When Captain Curzon had said most sarcastically, "I hope you enjoyed your walk," the horrid little creature must needs answer, "I should rather think we have—eh, Miss Severn? Hope to be as fortunate again to-morrow." And then Captain Curzon had bade her "Good-bye" quite coldly, but with such a sorrowful look in his eyes that, if Margaret had not vented her indignation in abusing poor Mr. Prosser, she would have cried with vexation.

"My dear Margaret," said her aunt, "you really should not say such things. Mr. Prosser is an excellent young man: besides, he admires you very much, and, let me tell you, he is not a person to be despised by any young lady. Why, do you know he has four thousand a year?"

"I should think the same of him, aunt, if he had forty thousand a year. I'm sure I don't despise him," she added, seeing a look of displeasure cross Mrs. Stephenson's face, "but I do hope he won't choose to walk out with me again. It has given me quite a headache to listen to him, though I hardly remember a word he said." She then went out of the room to take off her hat and jacket.

"It's of no use entering into any argument with her now," Mrs. Stephenson said, answering her daughters' inquiring looks, "but I shall speak again of this. She is evidently put out by something at present."

"Why of course it's about Captain Curzon," said Caroline; "and in spite of what you say, Betty, he does pay her heaps of attention."

"Yes," replied Bertha, triumphantly, "and to-day he let out the reason. He's so awfully afraid of its being thought he's after money, and it seems somebody has been talking about us to him, and, I expect, hinting at why he comes here."

"I think he's a very kind-hearted young man," put in Mrs. Stephenson, "for he said the other evening that naturally Margaret must feel the want of accomplishments with both of you. I told him that from their large family and not over-abundant means, and so on, she

had never had the advantages—poor child!—that I should have liked her to, and I noticed afterward he sat by her each time Bertha sang or played."

"He might have spared himself that trouble," laughed Caroline; "for young Compton and Captain Grey were both dying to talk to her, only Captain Curzon's *compassion* kept them away."

"You'll have a headache to-morrow," said Bertha.

"And why, pray?"

"Because you're so spiteful. You've got a great spot on your chin: that shows your liver's out of order."

"Now, my dear children," said their mother rising, "pray don't;" and to prevent further altercation, she rang the bell.

And now a whole month has elapsed since fair Margaret left Ashgate with its quiet life and simple pleasures, the home of which she is the pet and darling, and the man whose light and life and star she is; and how do we find her? Tempest-tossed, restless and living in a fever of excitement, for what to make of Stanhope Curzon she knows not. That he loves her madly, devotedly, she is certain; but why this mystery? Why does he not speak out openly, instead of acting his passion in despairing whispers and stolen looks? Why does he consider it necessary, while loving her alone, to pay such attentions to Bertha? Somehow, of late, a coldness has sprung up between the cousins, and Margaret feels that her aunt too treats her more like a guest and less like a relation. If it were not for the sure trust that Captain Curzon will speak and put his love into formal words, Margaret would be glad that her visit came to an end. Poor Margaret! she so longs to exchange this feverish tumult of uncertainty for the security and rest of assured love. Why does he not speak more plainly? what can prevent him telling me? are questions she asks herself twenty times in an hour. He knows that she has refused Mr. Prosser, because some one or other told him so. He has heard her snub Captain Grey, and has laughed to her over his discomfiture. What can it be?

Want of love? No, anything save that; and Margaret smiles as she exultingly recalls the innumerable ways in which he has betrayed that sweet secret.

She is pondering all this as she sits alone in the drawing-room, in the hope of soon seeing Captain Curzon. Something he said has made her (under cover of a cold from which she is really suffering) stay away from the Pavilion; but though the light is all but gone, her tardy lover comes not, and, seated at the window behind one of the thick curtains, she sinks into a reverie. Something in her thoughts suggests John Ingle, and she wishes with a sigh she had not spoken to him so unkindly. Poor Johnnie! she had never felt so sorry for him before. He had always been so good to her, so fond of her. Poor fellow! It seemed very sad to love and not be loved in return; and this sent her wandering amid new hopes, conjuring back words and looks, which set her fluttering heart beating quickly, until she was suddenly aroused by the opening of the door, and her cousin Bertha saying, "Nobody here? and they have not lighted the room yet."

"Do you want lights?" asked a voice which made her heart beat faster than before. "It is not often I get ten minutes' happiness: sit down and indulge me—do: the others will be after us all too soon."

"I expected to find Margaret," said Bertha, in a rather nervous voice. "I suppose she is in her own room."

"Is she going to stay much longer?" asked Captain Curzon; and something in the tone made Margaret linger in the concealment from which she was just going to emerge.

"No, I think she leaves us next week; so prepare yourself for the sad event. I know, in spite of what you say, you are awfully smitten with her."

Captain Curzon gave a little laugh. "Very well," he said in a resigned voice, "have your own way. I only wish I was," and he gave a sort of smothered sigh.

"Why?" asked Bertha, in a lower tone.

"Because"—and Captain Curzon evidently moved his chair a trifle nearer—"I don't think she would prove as obdurate and indifferent as some one is."

"You horridly vain man!" laughed Bertha coquettishly. "I don't believe she gives you a thought; so don't flatter yourself."

"I do not flatter myself in the least. I am perfectly certain that your fair cousin thinks no more of me than I do of her. Only there is a vast difference between winning a good little country girl, and a cruel tyrant who knows the charm of her beauty, and uses it to torment and make a slave of the man who hasn't strength to struggle against his fate."

"I—I don't understand you."

"Don't you? I'm very glad to hear it. Hark! I thought that was your sister."

"No, we shall hear the heart-broken Prosser's manly voice," said Bertha reassuringly, for she had no wish that their tête-à-tête should be abruptly ended. "Carry is consoling him, and mamma wishes him to stay to dinner and try his luck once more."

"With your cousin?"

"Yes. Mamma thinks it would be such a good thing for her. They're not at all well off, and he is rich and does not want money; and she is very pretty and ladylike."

"Hem!" and Captain Curzon seemed to suppress a yawn as he said, "I wonder why she does not accept him? I should have fancied her one of those soft-hearted girls whom any one might have easily won."

"Should you?" exclaimed Bertha. "Then I can tell you you are mightily mistaken. Miss Margaret has a will of her own, and a temper too."

"Really! Pity she hasn't more style. Fair girls want style to carry them off."

"It's of no use your saying that," said Bertha, "for I am certain, in spite of everything you may say, that you admire her. Actions speak louder than words, Captain Curzon; and when you so often contrive to walk and dance with a young lady, and ride by her side, and

sit by her side whenever you can get an opportunity, *saying* you don't admire her is of very little use." And Miss Bertha's earrings quite jangled with the evident toss she had given her head.

"Positively, women are the most ungenerous beings that the world contains," said Captain Curzon, addressing an imaginary audience. "A man has just that amount of sense left him to know that if he bores or keeps away the other admirers of the one person he is always thinking about, he will disgust her, and most probably get a summary dismissal. He therefore practices self-denial (a thing somewhat new to him), and tries to make himself agreeable to a good, simple, sweet little country child (for to talk to she is really nothing else) who he sees is guileless of all flirtations, and who is as ready to smile and talk to him as she would be to any other man—"

"Mr. Prosser excepted," put in Bertha.

"Mr. Prosser does not wear a red coat, which is the privilege of your humble servant, and his chief charm in Miss Severn's eyes, since she, like most novices, suffers from a chronic state of scarlet fever. Upon my soul!" he exclaimed, jumping up suddenly with well-feigned passion, "it's too bad, Bertha: you're far too clever to be blind. You see that I am on the very verge of making a fool of myself, and yet you torment me in this manner;" and he passed close to the very curtain which hid poor Margaret, who seemed rooted to the spot. She could not disclose herself, and so proclaim that she had deceived herself and been deceived. All her thought was how she should escape observation, how get to her own room. Suddenly there was a violent pull at the bell and the sound of voices.

"Here they are now!" exclaimed Bertha. "Don't let them find us here in the dark. That little Prosser is such a gossip."

"I'll bid you good-bye, Miss Stephenson."

And Margaret knew every turn of the low, plaintive voice.

"No, no," said Bertha pleadingly; "don't go. You must not. Come down

stairs with me. They have gone into the dining-room, and they need not know there are no lights here."

And in another moment Margaret heard Bertha's voice from below. She then rushed up stairs, thankful above all else that she had not been discovered.

Later the same evening, when Mrs. Stephenson met the guests she had asked to dinner, she said, without speaking positively to Mr. Prosser, "I am so sorry that my niece is not able to join us. When we returned we found her in bed, her headache had become so much worse. I hope," she added, as she took Colonel Smith's arm, "it is nothing more than a cold, but one is always a little anxious when anything ails a visitor; and, though there are seven of them, her mother is so very nervous when any of them happen to be ill."

The next morning Mrs. Stephenson, arrayed in her dressing-gown, went to her daughters' room, saying, "Don't either of you go near Margaret: she is very feverish this morning, and I have sent for Dr. Pearce. It may be nothing, but she hasn't had the scarlet fever, she says, and she thinks her throat is a little sore."

"Oh, I hope it's not small-pox!" said Bertha in dismay.

"Nonsense, my dear! I dare say it's but a feverish cold; only it's best to be on the safe side. I devoutly wish she was safe at home, poor child!"

So did the poor child herself, who was never remarkably strong, and now had sobbed and tormented herself into a perfect fever. This, added to a very bad cold, made Dr. Pearce somewhat anxious. She seemed very excited, her pulse was quick, her skin hot and dry, and she complained of headache—"All grave symptoms you know, Mrs. Stephenson, leading to anything, and sometimes to nothing, as we must hope in this case. I should not alarm myself," continued the doctor, "but, as you say your daughters are nervous and delicate, I would keep them away for a few days, until we see how matters go."

"So, of course," added Mrs. Stephenson, when she was repeating this con-

versation, "I must either give up you or her, for it would be absurd keeping you away and going between you both."

"I don't see how we are to go anywhere without *you*, mamma; and of course, if people don't see you, they'll ask where you are; and if it gets spread about that we have illness in the house, we shall be regularly quarantined."

"It really is very tiresome," said the mother, not wishing to deprive her daughters of enjoyment, yet not feeling quite justified in leaving her niece to the care of a servant. "I don't want to alarm your aunt Margie, for she'd be here before the day was out, and we have no place to put her. If it is but a cold, in a few days she will be able to go home, and be all the better for the change. I think I'll go up and speak to her now, and explain the cause of our absence: I shouldn't like her to think it was from unkindness."

"And don't frighten her into something, you know, mamma," called out Caroline. "I know mamma's way," she said: "she is sure to keep on telling Margaret not to frighten herself, until the poor thing will fancy she has some dreadful complaint."

In half an hour Mrs. Stephenson reappeared, looking perfectly satisfied. She said that Margaret was very sensible, and said she wished to be quiet, and that Fanny would do all she should want; and she sent her love to her cousins, and hoped she should be all right in a few days; "Though I very much doubt it," Mrs. Stephenson added, "for her hand was so hot I could hardly hold it, and her face is much flushed. She won't hear of my writing to her mother: she says it would frighten her so, and she is certain that it is nothing but a cold."

And so it proved, although a week elapsed before it was thought prudent for Margaret to see her cousins or leave her room, or—greatest joy of all—write to her mother, telling her that she had been ill, but was better now, and well enough to come home the following Wednesday—so glad to see them all that she did not think she should ever go away again.

Mrs Stephenson also wrote, offering that Fanny should see Margaret safely back, as she hardly thought her strong enough to travel by herself. She said she wished her to stay with them longer, but she feared the poor child was a little homesick.

Great was the commotion caused by the receipt of these two letters at Ashgate. Mrs. Severn declared that, though she had not said so, she had begun to feel quite nervous about Margaret, for she had done nothing but dream of her for nights. "I shall go for her to-morrow," she said. "I'd rather look after her myself."

"Of course you will," said Mr. Severn. "She's been doing too much with those girls of Maria's: she isn't used to dancing and sitting up half the night. I know Maria's ways. Let us get her home, my dear. The house has been as dismal as a jail since she went away. I hope no one will ask any of them on a visit again, for I like to see the children round me, especially when I'm tied by the leg as now."

At an early hour the next morning Mrs. Severn was at the station, waiting for the starting of the train, and by her side, listening patiently to all her anxious forebodings and promising to attend to her numerous directions, stood John Ingle, who, as soon as he had seen Mrs. Severn safely started on her journey, walked off to Grindling to order the fly for the following day. His face was very serious as he thought of his darling weak and ill, but his heart was lighter than it had been for weeks past. It was so good to feel that again he was doing something for her and her comfort.

Next day, when, on the arrival of the train, he caught sight of Margaret's sweet face looking so pale, and heard her cry out, "There's Johnnie, mamma! oh how glad I am to get home!" his heart gave a bound, and his face got so red that everything seemed to swim before his eyes.

Dr. Pearce having said that for some time Margaret would need great care and perfect rest, Mrs. Severn hurried her off to the fly at once, where, to her

delight, she found everything exactly as she desired. "Dear Johnnie!" she exclaimed, in her motherly gratitude, "I can always depend upon him. I knew he'd look after everything, for poor papa has a sad turn of his gout, and cannot stir just now. Won't you come back with us, Johnnie?"

"Not to-day, Mrs. Severn. I think you'll get on now."

Margaret smiled her thanks, saying, as she pointed to some rather faded violets, "How sweet they smell! So different from those at Brighton!"

John looked at the flowers in his coat button.

"They're those I planted for you in the frame last year," he said. "I'm glad they have done well."

That night, when Margaret lay down in her own dear little bed, she could not help crying for very happiness, to think she was again in this atmosphere of peace and love. How kind and good every one was to her! Ah! she had never thought half enough of their affection before. With a shudder she recalled the misery she had gone through during the past week, when, sick and sore at heart, she was left to her own miserable reflections. She had said very little about this to her mother, for she shrank from a subject which seemed to involve the only secret she had ever in her happy life been burdened with. Fortunately, her love for Captain Curzon had been rooted up and stamped out by his own words, and nothing remained to Margaret but bitter shame that she should have given a thought of love to a man who could use her as a foil, and laugh over the easy way in which he could beguile her. She hid her hot face in the pillow, and clenched her little hand with a desire to revenge herself on him for this humiliation. In her dreams she was still thinking of him, talking to him, upbraiding him, until she woke to find her mother by her side, with a large bunch of pale double violets, which John Ingle had already brought for her.

When Margaret went down stairs, her flowers in her hand, she fully expected

to find John waiting as of old to greet her. But he had gone; and though not a day passed without something coming, directly or indirectly, for her comfort, he resolutely stayed away, until Margaret was driven to say rather pettishly, "Why doesn't Johnnie come in, mamma?"

"My dear," said Mrs. Severn, "he thought he had better not. You are very weak still, and he was afraid it might hurt you."

"What nonsense, mamma! You must not make an invalid of me, or I shall get moped and fretful."

"Certainly not, dear: shall I tell Johnnie you'd like to see him?"

"No, you need not do that, but ask him to come in as usual,"

"I have," said Mrs. Severn; "but papa fancied you should be kept quite quiet, and only see those you asked to see."

"Very well," laughed Margaret, driven into a corner, "I ask to see Johnnie."

Mrs. Severn seemed only to smile in return, though she was really thinking that after all Johnnie's plan of keeping away might prove a good one. During Margaret's absence John had confided to Mrs. Severn his determination to carry out the resolution he had taken, not to worry Margaret with his suit any more, to seem to take his dismissal as final, and to avoid her as much as possible. Of course, Margaret's illness had somewhat upset this scheme, though John still fought bravely against the desire he felt to go in and see the dear fair face which was ever before his eyes.

Gradually Margaret's strength came back, although she looked very delicate during the winter, and was only allowed to go to the nearest of the Christmas parties. When there, John never begged and implored her to dance with him as formerly; so that, by degrees, notwithstanding all the kindness he still showed her, Margaret had to confess to herself, with a little sigh that almost sounded of regret, that at last John had evidently taken her at her word, and for the future meant them only to be friends. Perhaps it was this which caused her to think so much now of him—to so often compare

him with the men she had met during her Brighton visit, and more especially with the one who had taught her such a bitter lesson. Truly the world was not made up of John Ingles, and Margaret now received his thoughtful attentions far more graciously than in the days when she had laughed at him for the pains he took to win her. Anyhow, by the spring-time the two were somehow on a very different footing, and it so happened that one afternoon, when John had seen her home from her walk, and stood side by side in front of the still welcome fire, Margaret said suddenly, "Why are you looking so at me?"

"Because I love you."

"Love me still!" she exclaimed, the bright color flushing her cheeks. "Why, John, I—I thought you had quite given me up."

Something in her tone and look made John grow exceedingly bold, and laying his hand upon her shoulder he turned her round toward him, saying, "No, Margaret, I shall never be able to do that. I cannot even keep silent any longer. May I—Margaret, will you listen to me?"

"I don't know what you are going to say to me," she answered.

And her tremulous tone and downcast eyes made such a rush of triumphant delight come into John's heart that he caught her in his arms, saying, "Margaret, my darling, you do! You know I want to tell you that I love you fifty times more than I ever did, and if you only think you can love me, I'll spend my life in trying to make you happy."

And Margaret made no answer except crying out, "Oh, John, don't! The children are coming, John!"

And Bobby and Jim, coming in at the door, were almost tumbled over the other by their sister's hasty retreat, while their pursuit of her was frustrated by Johnnie catching them by their jackets and whisking them in opposite directions, as he called out, "Here, you young shavers! what have you got to say to me?"

The next day John paid a very early visit to Ashgate, and he and Margaret

had not been long together before he was begging her to allow him to speak to her father.

Margaret hesitated, and at last said, with an unusually rosy face, "John, I think it is only right that I should tell you something that happened at Brighton. I should not like us to have any secrets after, and I think you ought to know." And in the sweetest, most artless way in the world Margaret confessed her little tragedy. "You don't think the less of me, John?" she asked at its conclusion, with pretty penitence.

"Less of you, my darling! I think far

more of you than I can express for giving me this confidence. The vagabond!" he continued. "I wish I had the squaring of accounts with him for half an hour."

"I was dreadfully angry with him for a long time," said Margaret, "but now I can quite forgive him."

And she put her hand into John's. After he had clasped it and kissed it with all the fond pride of possession, he answered, "And I forgive him too, but for all that I should like to punch the rascal's head."

LOUISA PARR.

WAITING.

YESTERDAY'S cup was brimming,
 To its curving rim, with hope:
 As flowers to the bee awaken,
 So did the glad hours ope
 With songs of the heart's soft humming,
 Full of a deep delight,
 As it crooned over happiness coming,
 The joy that should come with night;
 But it blossoms not with the night.

And mute is the morn with waiting,
 Faint fall the bee's light wings,
 And lower is now the humming
 Of the murmuring song she sings.
 The passionate prince of the garden
 In the pride of his purple may woo,
 But the queen knows where is the nectar,
 And she turns, sweet flower, to you—
 She waits for ambrosia and you!—

Waits for the honeyed blooming
 Of the sweetest blossom of all.
 Will it open its fragrant petals,
 And answer her earnest call?
 Will he come as the shadows lengthen,
 Till they fade in the far-away light,
 And fill the cup of to-morrow
 With the dew of a glad to-night?
 Will he come, waiting heart, to-night?

MARY B. DODGE.

AT HOME WITH THE PATAGONIANS.

BY GEORGE CHAWORTH MUSTERS.

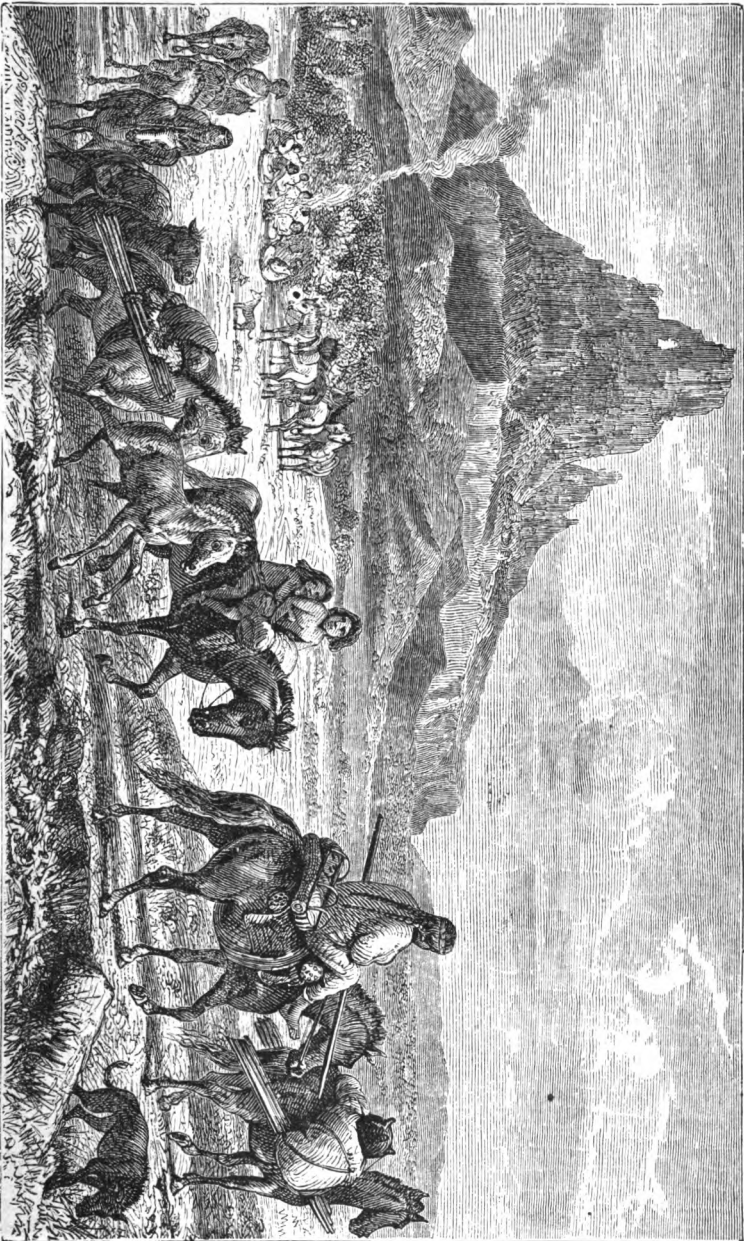
II.

THE hills on the northern side of the valley of the Rio Chico are bare and rugged, rising abruptly out of irregular forms, while the southern heights are lower, and present more of the steep declivities known as barrancas, interrupted at intervals by high, rugged hills of basalt, often assuming the appearance of ruined castles, closing in at the bends of the winding river. To one of these—a remarkable hill under which we were encamped on August 23, about one hundred and twenty miles from Santa Cruz—I gave the name of Sierra Ventana, from a window-like opening through its peak: the Indians called it Mōwaish. In many places the bases of these hills are formed entirely of a description of lava; and one of the Chilians informed me that whilst passing over a ridge he had observed several large masses of pure iron: this, however, I was inclined to disbelieve, as, although farther up the country iron-ore exists in large quantities, I only observed in this part a species of ore similar to that common at Drobak in Norway.

During the expedition up the Rio Chico I had an opportunity of witnessing the ceremonies with which the attainment of the age of puberty of one of the girls was celebrated according to custom. Early in the morning the father of the child informed the cacique of the event: the cacique thereupon officially communicated the intelligence to the acting doctor or medicine-man, and a considerable shouting was set up, while the doctor adorned himself with white paint and was bled in the forehead and arms with a sharp bodkin. The women immediately set to work to sew a number of mandils together. When the patchwork was finished, it was taken with pomp and ceremony by a band of young men, who marched round the poles—already

fixed to form a temporary toldo—singing, whilst the women joined in with the most dismal incantations and howlings. After marching round several times, the covering was drawn over the poles, and lances were stuck in front adorned with bells, streamers and brass plates that shook and rattled in the breeze, the whole thing when erected presenting a very gay appearance (its Indian name literally meaning "The pretty house"). The girl was then placed in an inner part of the tent, where nobody was admitted. After this everybody mounted, and some were selected to bring up the horses, out of which certain mares and fillies were chosen and brought up in front of the showy toldo, where they were knocked on the head by a ball, thus saving the blood (which was secured in pots) to be cooked, being considered a great delicacy. It is a rule amongst the Indians that any one assisting to take off the hide of a slaughtered mare is entitled to a piece of meat, but the flesh was on this occasion distributed pretty equally all round. Whilst the meat was cooking, Casimiro, who was ruler of the feast, sent a message for me to come to Crimè's toldo, where I found him busy working at a saddle, in the construction of which he was, by the way, an adept. His wife had a large iron pot bubbling on the fire, containing some of the blood mixed with grease. When the mess was nearly cooked, we added a little pepper and salt and commenced the feast. Previous to this I had felt a sort of repugnance to eating horse, as perhaps most Englishmen—except, indeed, the professed hippophagists—have; but hunger overcame all scruples, and I soon acquired quite a taste for this meat. Casimiro informed me, after the meal was concluded, that there would be a dance in the evening.

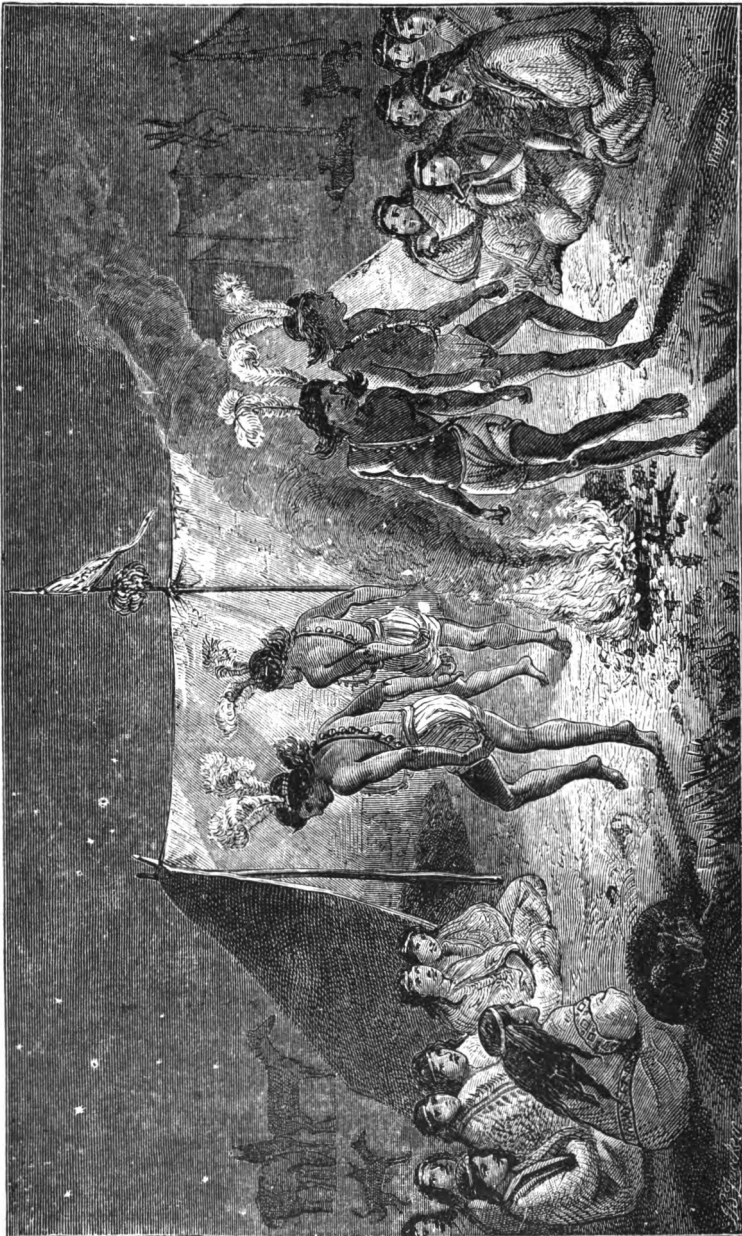
I looked forward with great anticipation | saw some of the women proceed to col-
to this "small and early," and shortly | lect a considerable quantity of firewood,



START FROM THE CAMP AT MOWAISH, OR WINDOW HILL.

which was placed outside the tent. Presently, toward dusk, a fire was made, first | outside the sacred precincts. The wo-
men all sat down on the grass round

about, but at some distance from the | except four and the musicians. The or-
men, who were all seated on the grass, | chestra consisted of a drum made by



THE "PRETTY HOUSE" AND DANCE.

stretching a piece of hide over a bowl | of the thigh-bone of a guanaco, with
also a sort of wind instrument formed | holes bored in it, which is placed to the

mouth and played, or with a short bow having a horsehair string. When all was ready, some of the old hags all the time singing in their melodious way, the band struck up, and four Indians, muffled up in blankets so that their eyes only were visible, and their heads adorned with ostrich plumes, marched into the ring and commenced pacing slowly round the fire, keeping time to the music. After two or three promenades the time gradually quickened until they went at a sort of trot; and about the fifth round, dancing fast to the music, they threw away their mantles, and exhibited themselves adorned with white paint daubed all over their bodies, and each having a girdle of bells extending from the shoulder to the hip, which jingled in tune to their steps. The first four consisted of the chiefs Casimiro, Orkeke, Crimè and Camillo, who, after dancing with great action (just avoiding stepping into the fire), and bowing their plumed heads grotesquely on either side to the beats of the drum, retired for a short time to rest themselves, after which they appeared again and danced a different step. When that was over, four more appeared, and so on until every one, including the boys, had had a fling. Sometimes, to give greater effect, the performers carried a bunch of rushes in one hand. About 9 P. M., everybody having had enough, Casimiro gave the sign. The band stopped playing, and all retired to bed. The dancing was not ungraceful, but was rendered grotesque by the absurd motions of the head. It was strictly confined to the men, the women being only allowed to look on.

At the beginning of November we fell in with a party of northern Indians, under a chief named Hinchel, on which occasion the ceremonial of welcome was duly observed. Both parties, fully armed, dressed in their best and mounted on their best horses, formed into opposite lines. The northern Indians presented the gayest appearance, displaying flannel shirts, ponchos and a great show of silver spurs and ornamental bridles. The chiefs then rode up and down, dressing the ranks and haranguing their men,

who kept up a continual shouting of "Wap, Wap, Wap." I fell in as a full private, though Casimiro had vainly endeavored to induce me to act as "Capitanejo" or officer of a party. The Buenos Ayrean colors were proudly displayed on our side, while the Northerns carried a white weft, their ranks presenting a much better drilled aspect than our ill-disciplined forces. Messengers or hostages were then exchanged, each side deputing a son or brother of the chief for that purpose; and the new-comers advanced, formed into columns of threes and rode round our ranks, firing their guns and revolvers, shouting and brandishing their swords and bolas. After galloping round at full speed two or three times, they opened ranks and charged out as if attacking an enemy, shouting "Koue" at every blow or thrust. The object of attack was supposed to be the "Gualichu" or demon, and certainly the Demon of Discord had need to be exorcised. Hinchel's party then halted and reformed their line, while we, in our turn, executed the same manœuvres. Afterward the caciques advanced and formally shook hands, making, each in turn, long and complimentary speeches. This was repeated several times, the etiquette being to answer only "Ahon" or Yes until the third repetition, when all begin to talk, and formality is gradually laid aside. It was rather a surprise to find etiquette so rigorously insisted on, but these so-called savages are as punctilious in observing the proper forms as if they were Spanish courtiers.

Guanaco-hunting having proved a failure, Orkeke, to my great delight, proposed a visit to the wild-cattle country. The camp was accordingly struck, and following more or less the valley of the river, which flowed after one turn nearly due east, we shortly came out into an open plain running up between the mountains, at the head of which we encamped by some tall beeches on the bank of the stream. The whole of the latter part of the plain traversed was literally carpeted with strawberry plants all in blossom, the soil being of a dark, peaty nature. Young ostriches were now

numerous, and in every hunt some were captured and formed a welcome addition to our dinner. The children had several alive as pets, which they used to



CEREMONY OF WELCOME (TEHUELCHES AND ARAUCANIANS).

let loose and then catch with miniature bolas, generally ending in killing them. Our programme was to leave all the women, toldos and other encumbrances in

this spot, named "Weekel," or Chay-kash—a regular station which Hinchel's party had occupied a few weeks previously—and proceed into the interior in search of cattle. The following morning at daylight horses were caught and saddled, and, after receiving the good wishes of the women, who adjured us to bring back plenty of fat beef, we started off just as the sun was rising behind the hills to the eastward. The air was most invigorating, and we trotted along for some distance up a slightly irregular and sandy slope, halting after an hour or two by the side of a deliciously clear brook flowing east, where we smoked. We had previously passed guanaco and ostrich, but no notice was taken of them, the Indians having larger game in view. After passing this brook, the head-water of the river near which we had left the toldos, we skirted a large basin-like plain of beautiful green pasture, and after galloping for some time entered the forest, traveling along a path which only permitted us to proceed in Indian file. The trees were in many places dead—not blackened by fire, but standing up like ghostly bleached and bare skeletons. It is a remarkable fact that all the forests on the eastern side are skirted by a belt of dead trees. At length, however, just as we came in sight of a curiously-pointed rock which in the distance resembled the spire of a church, we entered the forest of live trees: the undergrowth was composed of currant, bay and other bushes, whilst here and there were beds of yellow violets, and the inevitable strawberry plants everywhere. After crossing a stream which, flowing from the north, afterward took a westerly course, thus proving that we had passed the watershed, we proceeded, under cover of a huge rock, to reconnoitre the hunting-ground. The scenery was beautiful: a valley, about a mile wide, stretched directly under us; on the southern verge a silver line marked the easterly river, and another on the northern the one debouching in the Pacific; whilst above, on both sides, rose high mountains covered with vegetation and almost impenetrable forests. On

the western side of the valley a solitary bull was leisurely taking his breakfast, and above our lookout rock a huge condor lazily flapped his wings. These were the only specimens of animal life in view. Pursuing our way in perfect silence, as from the first entrance into the forests speaking had been prohibited, we followed the leader along the narrow cattle-path, passing here and there the remains of a dead bull or cow that had met its fate by the Indians' lasso, and at length descended to the plain. It was about mid-day and the day was warm, so we halted, changed horses, looked to our girths, got lassos ready for use, and then started on. As we were proceeding we observed two or three animals amongst the woods on the opposite side, but, knowing that it would be useless to follow, pursued our course up the valley. Having crossed the western stream, we at once entered a thicket where the path was scarcely distinguishable from the cover, but our leader never faltered, and led the way through open glades alternating with thick woods, on every side of which were cattle-marks—many being holes stamped out by the bulls—or wallowing-places. The glades soon terminated in forests, which seemed to stretch unbroken on either side. We had expected before reaching this point to find cattle in considerable numbers, but the warmth of the day had probably driven them into the thickets to seek shelter. We now commenced to ascend over a dangerous path, encumbered here and there with loose boulders and entangled in dense thickets, whilst we could hear and catch occasional glimpses of the river foaming down a ravine on our left; and presently arrived at the top of a ridge where the forests became more uniformly dense, and we could with great difficulty pursue our way. It was a mystery to me how Orkeke, who acted as guide, knew where we were, as on one occasion the slightly-marked paths diverged in different directions, and on another we literally found ourselves amongst fallen trees in a forest so dense that the light of day scarcely penetrated its shades. Our leader, however, never

hesitated, but led us onward in all confidence. Whilst brushing along, if I may be allowed the term, trying to keep the leader in sight, I heard something tapping on a tree, and, looking up, saw close above me a most beautifully-feathered red-crested woodpecker. We at length commenced to descend, and, after passing many channels of rivulets issuing from springs, where a slip of the horse's foot on the wet and mossy stones would have occasioned something worse than broken bones, as they were situated on the edge of a deep ravine, finally emerged from the woods, and found ourselves on a hill of some three hundred feet in height, whence we looked down on a broad plain in the form of a triangle, bounded by the river flowing through the ravine on the north side, and on the southern by another coming from the south, which two streams united in one large river at the western apex, at a distance of about perhaps a league. Above and around, on all sides excepting to the west and the ravines through which the rivers flowed, rose the unbroken wall of the lofty mountains of the Cordillera, many of their peaks snow-clad. No sound was to be heard except the rushing of the river in the ravine, and no animal life to be seen except a condor or two floating high above us in the clear sky. The scene was sublime, and I viewed it in silence for some minutes, till the pipe, being handed to me, dispelled all nascent poetic tendencies. The Indians remained silent and looked disgusted, as a herd of cattle had been expected to be viewed on the plain below. We descended to the flats and crossed the river, on the banks of which "Paja" or pampagrass grew in abundance, as well as the bamboo-like canes from which Araucanian Indians make their lance shafts, and a plant called by the Chilians "Talka," the stalk of which, resembling rhubarb, is refreshing and juicy. On the northern edges and slope of the ravine behind us towered graceful pines sixty feet high, which, though an impassable barrier of rock prevented close inspection, appeared to be a species of *Araucaria*: the bark was imbricated,

and the stems rose bare of branches for two-thirds of their height, like those figured by M. Gay. Many had been carried down by landslips, and lay tossed and entangled on the sides of the ravine. The increase of temperature after passing the watershed was sensibly great, amounting to from seven to ten degrees, and the vegetation far more luxuriant, the plants presenting many new forms unknown at the eastern side. After leaving the plain and crossing the shallow stream, we left our mantles, and girthed up near a tree in a thicket festooned with a beautiful creeper, having a bell-shaped flower of violet radiated with brown. The variety of flowers made an Eden of this lovely spot: climbing clusters of sweet-peas, vetches, rich golden flowers resembling gorgeous marigolds, and many another blossom, filled the air with perfume and delighted the eye with their beauty. Proceeding still westward, we entered a valley with alternate clumps of trees and green pastures, and after riding about a mile I espied from a ridge on one side of the valley two bulls on the other side, just clear of the thick woods bordering the ascent of the mountains. The word was passed in whispers to the cacique, and, a halt being called under cover of some bushes, a plan of attack was arranged in the following manner: Two men were sent round to endeavor to drive the animals to a clearing where it would be possible to use the lasso, the remainder of the party proceeding down toward the open ground with lassos, ready to chase if the bulls should come that way. For a few minutes we remained stationary, picking the strawberries, which in this spot were ripe, although the plants previously met with were only in flower. At the end of five minutes spent in anxiously hoping that our plan would prove successful, a yell from the other side put us on the alert, and we had the gratification to see one of the animals coming straight toward our cover. Alas! just as we were preparing to dash out he turned on the edge of the plain, and after charging furiously at his pursuer, dashed into a thicket,

where he stood at bay. We immediately closed round him, and, dismounting, I advanced on foot to try and bring him down with the revolver: just as I had got within half a dozen paces of him, and behind a bush was quietly taking aim at his shoulder, the Indians, eager for beef, and safe on their horses at a considerable distance off, shouted, "Nearer! nearer!" I accordingly stepped from my cover, but had hardly moved a pace forward when my spur caught in a root: at the same moment "El Toro" charged. Entangled with the root, I could not jump on one side as he came on; so when within a yard I fired a shot in his face, hoping to turn him, and wheeled my body at the same instant to prevent his horns from catching me, as the sailors say, "broadside on." The shot did not stop him, so I was knocked down, and, galloping over me, he passed on with my handkerchief, which fell from my head, triumphantly borne on his horns, and stopped a few yards off under another bush. Having picked myself up and found my arms and legs all right, I gave him another shot, which, as my hand was rather unsteady, only took effect in the flank. My cartridges being exhausted, I returned to my horse, and found that, besides being considerably shaken, two of my ribs had been broken by the encounter.

The Indians closed round me, and evinced great anxiety to know whether I was much hurt. One, more courageous than the rest, despite the warnings of the cacique, swore that he would try and lasso the brute, and accordingly approached the infuriated animal, who for a moment or two showed no signs of stirring: just, however, as the Indian was about to throw his lasso it caught in a branch, and before he could extricate it the bull was on him. We saw the horse give two or three vicious kicks as the bull gored him: at length he was lifted clean up, the fore legs alone remaining on the ground, and overthrown, the rider alighting on his head in a bush. We closed up and attracted the bull in another direction, then went to look for the corpse of our comrade, who, how-

ever, to our surprise, issued safe from the bush, where he had lain quiet and unhurt, though the horse was killed.

The first question asked about the Patagonians by curious English friends has invariably had reference to their extraordinary stature: Are they giants or not? Whether the ancestors of the Tehuelches—to whom alone, by the way, the name Patagonians properly applies—were taller than the present race is uncertain, though tales of gigantic skeletons found in Tehuelche graves are current in Punta Arenas and Santa Cruz. The average height of the Tehuelche male members of the party with which I traveled was rather over than under five feet ten inches. Of course no other means of measurement besides comparing my own height were available, but this result, noted at the time, coincides with that independently arrived at by Mr. Cunningham. Two others, who were measured carefully by Mr. Clarke, stood six feet four inches each. After joining the northern Tehuelches, although the Southerners proved generally the tallest, I found no reason to alter this average, as any smaller men that were met with in their company were not pure Tehuelches, but half-bred Pampas. The extraordinary muscular development of the arms and chest is in all particularly striking, and as a rule they are well-proportioned throughout. This fact calls for especial mention, as others have stated that the development and strength of the legs is inferior to that of the arms. Even Mr. Cunningham alleges this to be the case, but I cannot at all agree with him. Besides the frequent opportunities afforded me of scrutinizing the young men engaged in the game of ball, in which great strength and activity are displayed, or when enjoying the almost daily bath and swimming or diving, I judged of the muscular size of their legs by trying on their boots, which in nearly all cases were far too large for me, although the feet, on the other hand, were frequently smaller than mine. The height of their insteps is also worthy of remark, one example of which may suf-

fic. Having negotiated an exchange of an excellent pair of high boots, manufactured by Messrs. Thomas, for some necessary article with a Tehuelche, the



A WILD BULL IN THE CORDILLERA.

bargain fell through because he was unable to get his foot into the boot, the high-arched instep proving an insuperable obstacle to farther progress.

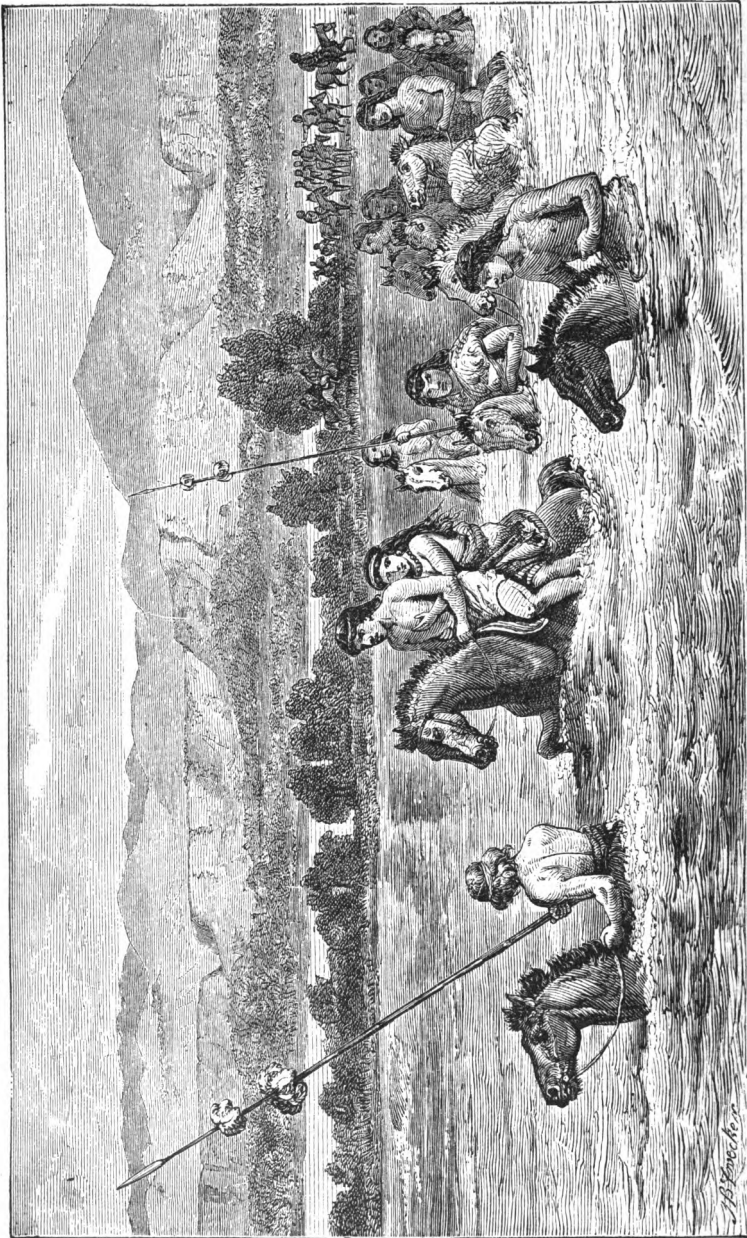
Their faces, of course, vary in expression, but are ordinarily bright and good-humored, though when in the settlements they assume a sober, and even sullen, demeanor. Wáki and Cayuke, two friends of mine, are particularly present to my recollection as having always had a smile on their faces. Their ever-ready laughter displays universally good teeth, which they keep white and clean by chewing "maki," a gum which exudes from the incense bush, and is carefully gathered by the women and children. It has a rather pleasant taste and is a most excellent dentifrice, worthy to rival Odonto or Floriline, and it is used simply as such, and not, as M. Guinnard says, because their greediness is so great that they must chew something. Their eyes are bright and intelligent, and their noses—though, of course, presenting different types—are as a rule aquiline and well-formed, and devoid of the breadth of nostril proper to the ordinary ideal of savage tribes. The peculiar prominence over the eyebrows has been noticed by all observers, and retreating foreheads, though observable, are exceptional. The thick masses of hair and the obvious risk, which would deter the most zealous craniologist from endeavoring to measure their heads, must be deemed sufficient excuse for my not being able to state whether they are dolichocephalic or brachycephalic—a point, however, which I confess did not particularly attract my observation; but for the partial comfort of anthropologists, be it noted that both Chilians and myself interchanged hats with some Tehuelches, especially Orkeke and Hinchel, without finding misfits. The complexion of the men is reddish-brown—that is to say, when cleansed from paint, and, like an old picture, restored to its pristine tint, which is not quite so deep as to warrant Fitzroy's comparison of it to the color of a Devon cow.

The scanty natural growth of beard, moustaches, and even eyebrows, is carefully eradicated by means of a pair of silver tweezers, and I was often urged to part with my beard and undergo this

painful operation, but I naturally objected to complying with the request. The men's heads are covered with thick, flowing masses of long hair, of which they take great care, making their wives or other female relatives brush it out carefully at least once a day. Very few appeared to have gray hair, though there were a few exceptions, one very old man's hair being of a snowy whiteness, which contrasted strangely with his tawny face. The women have, as far as I could judge, an average height of about five feet six: they are very strong in the arms, but seldom walk, beyond fetching the supplies of wood and water, all their journeys being performed on horseback. Their hair, which is of no great length, scarcely indeed equaling that of the men, and very coarse, is worn in two plaited tails, which on gala-days are artificially lengthened, probably with horsehair interwoven with blue beads, the ends being garnished with silver pendants. This practice, however, is confined, I think, to the unmarried ladies.

The young women are frequently good-looking, displaying healthy, ruddy cheeks when not disguised with paint. They are modest in behavior, though very coquettish, and as skilled in flirtation as if they had been taught in more civilized society, appealing as prettily for help as a young lady in imaginary difficulties over a country stile. Thus, when at Orkeke's request I led the way through a river—halfway across the channel suddenly deepened, with muddy bottom, and an abrupt bank to land on—I heard a plaintive appeal, "Muster, help me! my horse is too small." Exposure and work do not age them as soon as might be expected, but when old they become most hideous beldams, and the most weird-like witches imagined by Doré would be surpassed by a trio of Tehuelche grandams. The dress of the men consists of a chiripa or undergarment round the loins, made of a poncho, a piece of cloth, or even of a guanaco mantle; but, whatever the material, this article of dress is indispensable and scrupulously worn, their sense

of decency being very strong. All other | and warm skin - mantle, which, worn
 garments are supplied by the capacious | with the fur inside and the painted side



CROSSING THE RIO LIMAY.

out, will keep the wearer dry for a considerable time in the wettest weather. | This is often dispensed with in the chase, but if worn when riding is secured at the

waist by a belt of hide or leather if it can be obtained. When in camp the belt is not used, and the garment is worn loose, something after the fashion of the melodramatic assassin's cloak. When sitting by the fireside, or even when walking about, the furred part of the mantle is generally kept up over the mouth, as the Tehuelches aver that the cold wind causes sore gums—a habit which assists in rendering their guttural, and at all times rather unintelligible, language more difficult of comprehension to the novice.

The women's dress consists of a mantle similar to that worn by the men, but secured at the throat by a large silver pin with a broad disk, or a nail, or thorn, according to the wealth or poverty of the wearer; and under this is a loose calico or stuff *sacque*, extending from the shoulders to the ankle. When traveling the mantle is secured at the waist by a broad belt ornamented with blue beads and silver or brass studs. The boots worn by the women are similar to those described, with the exception that in their preparation the hair is left on the hide, while it is carefully removed from those of the men. The children are dressed in small mantles, but are more frequently allowed to run about naked up to the age of six or eight: their little boots are made from the skin taken from the fore legs of the guanaco, softened in the hand. The small children generally remonstrated strongly and effectually against wearing this article of clothing, and, whatever the severity of the weather, preferred running about barefoot. The cradles for the babies are formed of strips of wickerwork interlaced with hide thongs, fitted with a cover to keep sun and rain off, and made of a convenient shape to rest on the saddle-gear of the mother when on the march. They are ornamented, if the parents are wealthy, with little bells, brass or even silver plates. The women are fond of ornaments, wearing huge earrings of square shape, suspended to small rings passing through the lobe of the ear; also silver or blue-bead necklaces. The men also wear these necklaces, and

adorn their belts, pipes, knives, sheaths and horse-gear with silver. Those who can afford it also indulge in silver spurs and stirrups: most of their ornaments, except the beads, are homemade, being beaten out of dollars obtained by commerce in the settlements. Both sexes smear their faces, and occasionally their bodies, with paint, the Indians alleging as the reason for using this cosmetic that it is a protection against the effect of the winds; and I found from personal experience that it proved a complete preservative from excoriation or chapped skin. The paint for the face is composed of either red ochre or black earth mixed with grease obtained from the marrow-bones of the game killed in the chase, all of which are carefully husbanded by the women, and when opportunity offers pounded and boiled in the large pots, the grease and gelatine being carefully skimmed off and secured. On state occasions, such as a birth-feast, and for a dance, the men further adorn themselves with white paint or powdered gypsum, which they moisten and rub on their hands, and make five white finger-marks over their chests, arms and legs. The usual morning toilette is simple: after the plunge in the river, which is almost always the first thing—except of course when circumstances prevent it—indulged in by both sexes, who bathe scrupulously apart, and generally before daylight, the men's hair is dressed by their wives, daughters or sweethearts, who take the greatest care to burn any hairs that may be brushed out, as they fully believe that spells may be wrought by evil-intentioned persons who can obtain a piece of their hair. From the same idea, after cutting their nails the parings are carefully committed to the flames. After the hair-brushing, which is performed by means of a rude hand-brush, the women adorn the men's faces with paint: if in mourning they put on black paint, and if going to fight, sometimes put a little white paint under the eyes, which assists in contrast to the other in giving a savage expression. The women paint each other's faces, or if possessed, as sometimes occurs, of a fragment of looking-

glass, paint their own. Both sexes tattoo on the forearm, by the simple process of puncturing the skin with a bodkin and inserting a mixture of blue earth with a piece of dry glass: the usual patterns consist of a series of parallel lines, and sometimes a single triangle or a double triangle, the upper one resting on the apex of the lower. I myself had one line tattooed by a fair enslaver, and confess that the process was rather painful.

The religion of the Tehuelches is distinguished from that of the Pampas and Araucanians by the absence of any trace of sun-worship, although the new moon is saluted, the respectful gesture being accompanied by some low muttered words which I never could manage to hear. They believe in a great and good Spirit, though they think he lives "careless of mankind." They have no idols or objects of worship, nor—if a year's experience can enable one to judge—do they observe any periodical religious festival on which either the good or evil spirit is adored. The mention of this by other travelers can only be explained by confused accounts which have attributed Araucanian customs to the totally distinct Patagonians. The belief which prompts all their religious acts is that in the existence of many active and malicious evil spirits or demons, of whom the principal one is always on the watch to cause mischief. To propitiate or drive away this spirit is the function of the wizard, or doctor, or medicine-man, who combines the medical and magical arts, though not possessed of an exclusive faculty for either. All sacrifices of mares and horses, not at stated times, but as occasion requires, such as a birth, death,

etc., are intended to propitiate the Guallichu. When a child hurts itself, the slaughter of mares seems to partake at once of the nature of a thank-offering that the hurt was no worse, and a propitiation to avert further harm.

Whilst in their native wilds I observed little immorality amongst the Indians: in the settlements, however, when debased by intoxication, they are no doubt depraved and loose in their ideas. But it must be recorded that on the entry of the Indians into the settlements of the Rio Negro at a subsequent period, most of the young women and girls were left with the toldos in Valchita, outside the Travesia, to be out of the way of temptations. There are many Tehuelche youths now growing up who have the greatest abhorrence of liquor; and I hope that in time this abstinence will spread farther among them, for they possess no intoxicants of their own, and the rum is an import from the Christians, the ill effects of which they are well able to discern.

One word of advice to the future traveler may conclude this imperfect sketch. Never show distrust of the Indians: be as free with your goods and chattels as they are to each other. Don't ever want anything done for you—always catch and saddle your own horse. Don't give yourself airs of superiority, as they do not understand it, unless you can prove yourself better in some distinct way. Always be first, as you are not likely to be encumbered by a wife or gear, in crossing rivers or any other difficulties: they will learn by degrees to respect you. In a word, as you treat them so they will treat you.

REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY STAGES OF THE REBELLION.

IN recurring to the horrors of the war and of the few months preceding it, as experienced by us here at the capital, it has often occurred to me that, if possible, I suffered more from the dread apprehension of the impending conflict, and the shock upon shock at the seizure of the forts, arsenals, custom-houses, post-offices and other government property by the rebels in the last months of President Buchanan's administration, than at any subsequent period during the war. No sooner was the election of Mr. Lincoln announced—and it was known throughout the country on the evening of election-day, the 6th of November, 1860—than threatening signs appeared in all parts of the South, and the secessionists everywhere, urged on by the *Constitution* newspaper of this city—nominally under the editorship of William M. Brown, an Englishman, but really the mouthpiece and under the direction of the leaders of the rebellion—set to work actively to effect a withdrawal of all the slave States from the Union.

This newspaper having been regarded as the organ of the administration, still sustained this character to a greater or less extent, particularly as it was the continued recipient of the government advertisements, which furnished its principal means of support; and this naturally gave rise to doubt as to the course the administration intended to pursue in the momentous crisis now at hand. But Messrs. Cobb, Floyd and Thompson were yet members of the Cabinet, the Southern element was greatly in the ascendant here generally, and the time had not come for so decisive a step even as to withdraw from that paper the government patronage, notwithstanding I know that soon after the election it became a source of regret and mortification to many here that such a sheet should be allowed to draw its main sustenance from the government it was seeking to destroy. When this patron-

age, some weeks afterward, was finally withheld by order of the President, the paper immediately ceased to exist, but so long as it was continued it not only operated to the injury of the administration, but did great harm also to the Union cause North and South, for the reason before mentioned, that the public had come so generally to regard it as the organ of the administration.

A most remarkable fact of this period—a fact which, in making up a judgment upon President Buchanan's administration of affairs at this time, should not be forgotten—was that few persons comparatively, either in the North or West, appeared to apprehend any serious trouble, regarding the threats and movements of the secessionists as only a repetition—in an aggravated form, to be sure—of what we had seen on former occasions, and all for political effect. Nor was this feeling confined to one party: it pervaded all the free States. Hence, while the disunionists were everywhere active, and endeavoring to disseminate the idea that they were not only in favor with the administration, but with the Democratic party at large, the great body of the true friends of the administration stood aloof, never coming near the President or offering counsel. How well I recollect that all through the month of November I thought almost everybody in the free States was asleep! Here we were, a small number then of active Union men, in the very hotbed of the conspiracy, and surrounded by a host of bold and determined disunionists bent on "rule or ruin." The great mass of those here who at heart were true to the Union were passive rather than otherwise, because they did not care to expose themselves to the charge of "Black Republicanism," which was then the potent missile leveled by the secessionists against every person who dared openly to oppose them. Was it strange, therefore, that any one, seeing and feel-

ing the real danger ahead, should have reached out after help? that with such feelings one should cast around for patriotic statesmen to come to the rescue? Humble as I was, occupying then a subordinate position in the Post-office Department, so impressed was I by the appalling aspect of affairs that I seemed to be impelled by a power beyond myself to "cry aloud and spare not;" and, departing from my previous rule of appropriate modesty—to which it may be thought I have not returned—I made bold to address earnest appeals to distinguished men, far and near, to exert their influence toward averting the threatened outbreak. The following extract of a letter from a Southern member of Congress may be taken as a specimen of the encouragement I received from that quarter. It bears date November 5, 1860, the day before the Presidential election:

"To the latter part of your letter I reply frankly. On my entrance into Congress it was as a constitutional Union-loving man. From the days of my childhood I have loved the Union—during youth and manhood I still loved it. . . .

"If Lincoln be elected, as I have no doubt he will be, and the South submit to his inauguration, then are they in my judgment cowards and traitors to their own rights, unworthy of any other condition than that that awaits them—inferiors, provincialists and subjects. Lincoln will never be the President of thirty-three confederate States. Men like myself, who for a lifetime have fought the extreme ultraisms of the South and the mad fanaticism of the North, will not permit Abe Lincoln's banner, inscribed with 'higher law,' 'negro equality,' 'irrepressible conflict' and 'final emancipation,' to wave over us. We have and do deserve a more glorious destiny. . . . Three hundred thousand swords are *now* ready to leap from their scabbards in support of a Southern Confederacy. Fort Moultrie will be in the hands of the South on the morning of the fourth day of March next. . . . Our women and children are ready and eager for the

conflict, and would kick us out of our houses if we basely and tamely yield again."

The above was evidently not intended, nor was it regarded, as strictly a private letter. All such information, when received, was promptly communicated to those in authority. It was important, of course, that the President himself should not only be kept advised of the actions of the disunionists, but that he should discountenance their nefarious proceedings, and that his hands should be strengthened by support from patriotic citizens everywhere; and to this end it was the desire to have placed before him, as far as possible, the opinions and advice of citizens in whose judgment he might confide. Here is a letter from Hon. Edward Everett, who, it will be recollected, had just passed through the canvass as candidate for Vice-President on the Conservative ticket, with the Hon. John Bell for President:

"BOSTON, 27th November, 1860.

"MY DEAR SIR: I share the opinion of your correspondent as to the very critical state of public affairs, and I feel it to be the duty of every good citizen, by word and deed, to contribute his mite, however small, to rescue the country from impending peril—by far the greatest that ever threatened it.

"The cause assigned by your correspondent as that which prevents Union men from affording the President their support and counsel in this crisis, will not prevent my doing it, but ordinary self-respect under the notorious circumstances of the case requires that my views should not be obtruded upon him unasked. Whenever they are specially invited by the President himself or any one in his confidence, they will be cheerfully and respectfully given.

"I remain, my dear sir, with much regard, very truly yours,

"EDWARD EVERETT."

The following letter is from ex-President Pierce. Immediately on its receipt I called on Mr. Secretary Thompson, who with his own pen prepared a preface agreeably to General Pierce's

suggestion, and the letter to the Secretary appeared in the *Constitution* of the next morning :

“ANDOVER, Mass., November 28, 1860.

“MY DEAR SIR : I have received your kind, earnest letter, and participate strongly in your apprehensions. To my vision the political horizon shuts down close and darkly. It may be that light is to break through somewhere, but I do not discern the quarter whence it is to come. I had occasion to write a friendly letter to Secretary Thompson (Interior) a day or two since, and expressed to him briefly my convictions and fears and hopes in relation to the present state of public affairs. I did not expect that letter to be published, but the blackness is gathering so fast that if anything can be done to save our glorious Union it must be done speedily, and, in my judgment, at the North chiefly. If you call on the Secretary, he will show you that letter, and if he thinks the publication of it would be useful, he can use it as he pleases. The truth must appear that it was written in the course of friendly correspondence, and not with a view to publication. Among intelligent, reflecting men, alarm is evidently increasing here daily. One decisive step in the way of *coercion* will drive out all the slave-labor States. Of that I entertain no doubt. My suggestion about the tone and temper of Congress, and the importance of temperate words and actions, might possibly have some degree of good influence, and there is perhaps more hope that the letter might be serviceable just at this juncture at the North ; but it was hastily written, and my friend the Secretary must judge. If you call on him, show him this note.

“In haste, your friend,

“FRANKLIN PIERCE.”

It was all to no purpose : the tide rolled on. Congress soon assembled, and became the arena of the fiercest declamation and conflict. Everything like coercion on the part of the general government was denounced and resisted. Mr. Hindman of Arkansas said in the House, “I am willing to give gentlemen

a chance to try steel if they prefer it.” This was in debate on the bill to amend the acts of 1795 and 1807, so as to authorize the President to accept the services of volunteers, etc., called a “force bill.” “This bill,” said the chairman having it in charge, “only comes up in the morning hour.” Mr. Cochrane of New York replied, “If you pass this bill, it will be the mourning hour to this republic.” “A most ill-timed, unwise and iniquitous measure,” said Mr. Boetler—not an extreme man—from Virginia. “If there be any hope of a restoration of peace,” said Mr. Babcock from the same State, “it must be in the defeat of these force bills.” And they were finally all defeated. Treason was openly proclaimed in the Senate, if not in the House : State after State “seceded,” and the members and Senators thereof, with mock solemnity, resigned their seats and withdrew from the halls. The Secretary of the Treasury, Howell Cobb, resigned on the 10th December, the Secretary of State, General Cass (though for a directly opposite reason), on the 14th, and the Secretary of War, J. B. Floyd, on the 29th of that month, followed by the Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, on the 8th of January.

Alarm continued to increase, and on the 26th of January, 1861, the following resolution was referred to the select committee of five appointed by the House of Representatives on the 9th of that month, Hon. W. A. Howard of Michigan being its chairman : “*Resolved*, That the select committee of five be instructed to inquire whether any secret organization hostile to the government of the United States exists in the District of Columbia ; and if so, whether any official or employé of the city of Washington, or any employés or officers of the Federal government in the executive or judicial departments, are members thereof.”

The committee say that they entered upon the investigation under a deep sense of the importance and the intrinsic difficulty of the inquiry. They took the testimony of a good many persons, including that of General Scott, ex-Secretary Jacob Thompson, Colonel Berret,

mayor, Dr. Blake, Commissioner of Public Buildings, and Governor Hicks and ex-Governor Lowe of Maryland. I had occasion several years ago to prepare for one of the public journals a synopsis of the report and testimony. It is a curious book, especially when viewed in the light of subsequent events. The mayor was the first witness called to the stand. He said he had not "been able to ascertain the slightest ground for any apprehension of any foray or raid upon the city of Washington." He knew about an organization called the "National Volunteers," which he said was not "a political organization"—that it was composed of citizens whom he knew to be "not only respectable," but a great many of them "stakeholding citizens, who would scorn to do anything that would bring reproach upon the city." Nevertheless, if I am not mistaken, the larger part of them, including their "senior officer," left Washington and joined the rebellion.

The Commissioner of Public Buildings also said he "could see no real ground to apprehend danger," but that he had taken care to see that the Capitol was not blown up—that examinations were made every night, "by going through it, up and down, all through the cellar and every place," and that in the daytime he had his men placed about all the main doors, "so that they might know what came in and what went out."

Ex-Governor Lowe, who afterward, I think, left his State to assist in the rebellion, denied any knowledge of an organization in the District of Columbia "having for its object the taking or holding any of the public property here, as against the United States;" but he said, "I have not the slightest doubt that if Maryland does secede, she will claim her rights here, and I will advocate them." "So far as the possession of the District is concerned?" a member inquired. He answered, "Yes, sir—peaceably, if possible—forcibly only as a last resort; that is, provided Maryland shall resume her State sovereignty."

Mr. Jacob Thompson said, "Soon after the presidential election it was a question

frequently discussed by individuals in my presence, in which discussions I participated, as to the mode by which the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln could be defeated, or, in other words, how the rights of the South could be maintained in the Union. I heard some discussion as to organizing a force by which his inauguration could be prevented," but he believed this was now given up.

Dr. Cornelius Boyle, "senior officer" of the "National Volunteers," said he knew there was no unlawful purpose whatever entertained by that organization—that it was nothing more or less than a military company, numbering between two hundred and fifty and two hundred and eighty names, and that it was not a secret organization. He admitted that he drafted and presented a set of resolutions, the first of which declared that "we will stand by and defend the South, and that under no circumstances will we assume a position of hostility to her interests;" and the fourth, that "we will act, in the event of the withdrawal of Maryland and Virginia from the Union, in such manner as shall best secure ourselves and those States from the evils of a foreign and hostile government within and near their borders."

Cypriani Fernandini and O. K. Hillard of Baltimore testified that there were military organizations in that city, numbering, the latter believed, not less than six thousand, whose object was to prevent armed bodies of men from passing through Maryland to the capital. Philip P. Dawson of Baltimore stated that he had it from good authority that it was their object also to make an attack upon the capital and prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln.

General Scott's testimony tended to show that there was great concern for the capital in almost every part of the country. Many letters were received by him daily, warning him to put the city in a state of defence. Some of these professed to give the plans of the conspirators, and pointed out means of detection. He said: "These letters, from the broad surface whence they come,

either prove or seem to indicate a conspiracy for one of two purposes at least—either for mischief or creating alarm." One writer, signing "Union," from South Carolina, concluded his letter, "Would give my name, but if found out would have to swing."

Governor Hicks on the 3d of January issued an address to the people of Maryland, in which he said: "I have been repeatedly warned by persons having the opportunity to know, and who are entitled to the highest confidence, that the secession leaders in Washington have resolved that the Border States, and especially Maryland, shall be precipitated into secession with the Cotton States before the 4th of March. They have resolved to seize the Federal capital and public archives, so that they may be in a position to be acknowledged by foreign governments as the United States; and the assent of Maryland is necessary, as the District of Columbia would revert to her in case of a dissolution of the Union. . . . The plan contemplates forcible opposition to Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, and consequently civil war upon Maryland soil, and a transfer of its horrors from the States which are to provoke it." Again, there had been some interviews as well as correspondence between the commissioners of some of the Southern States and himself; and Governor Hicks said that much of the opinion he had formed in regard to a contemplated movement such as he had apprehended had grown out of these interviews and other corroborative circumstances. One of these commissioners, Judge Handy from Mississippi, had said, among other things, that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Hamlin would never be installed in office. He had also received letters from several gentlemen, and verbal statements from others in whom he had the fullest confidence, all going to convince him that he was not mistaken in his apprehensions, although he now thought that the hostile organization referred to had probably been disbanded. On the 14th of February the committee made their report, in which they said: "If the purpose was

at any time entertained of forming an organization, secret or open, to seize the District of Columbia, attack the capital or prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, it seems to have been rendered contingent upon the secession of either Maryland or Virginia, or both, and the sanction of those States." They also declared it as their unanimous opinion that the evidence produced before them did not prove the existence of a *secret* organization, here or elsewhere, hostile to the government, having for its object, upon its own responsibility, an attack upon the capital or any of the public property here, or an interruption of any of the functions of the government. I nevertheless believe that it was the determination of the conspirators, if possible, to take possession of the capital—a determination depending, it is quite probable, on the secession of Virginia and Maryland, both of which States they hoped to see unite their fortunes with the "Southern Confederacy." But Maryland did not come up to time: the flying artillery was brought here, and it was then too late to attempt a *coup d'état* for the possession of the capital and the public archives. Inasmuch as Mr. Buchanan refers to this subject in one of his letters, which, with the exception of a few words, I propose to give entire, I will introduce it in this place. It will be observed that he did not apprehend any serious danger to the city, although he acted wisely in ordering the troops here:

"WHEATLAND, 21st April, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . I presume, from your letter to the —, we shall not agree as to the existence of any serious danger to the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln on the 4th of March, 1861. The truth is, when I first heard the reports circulated in the early part of the previous session, I kept my eye upon the subject and had my own means of information. I had no apprehensions of danger for some time before the report of the committee, but the stake was so vast I yielded to the members of the Cabinet, and ordered the troops to Washington. Virginia was at the time

as loyal a State as any in the Union, and the Peace Convention which she originated was still in session. But we need not discuss this question. . . . Whilst, with you, I should be very unwilling to fall into line under ——— as a leader of the Democratic party, yet I know I shall never be condemned to such an ordeal. I am as firm and as true a Democrat of the Jefferson and Jackson school as I have ever been in my life. The principles of Democracy grew out of the Constitution of the United States, and must endure as long as that sacred instrument. I firmly believe that the Federal government can only be successfully administered on these principles; and although I may not live to see it, yet I shall live and die in the hope that the party, purified and refined by severe experience, will yet be triumphant. Whilst these are my opinions, I obtrude them on no person, but, like yourself, have withdrawn from party politics. . . .

"Very respectfully, your friend,
"JAMES BUCHANAN."

But to return to the winter of 1861. The contest in both houses was continued daily, but I do not propose to recite further what occurred there, except in reference to a resolution which called forth a report from the committee on military affairs of the House, of which the Hon. Benjamin Stanton of Ohio was chairman; and I notice this report because of the reference to it in the following letter from Mr. Buchanan:

"WHEATLAND, near Lancaster, 12th November, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: You will confer a great favor upon me if you can obtain a half dozen copies of Mr. Stanton's report from the committee on military affairs, made on the 18th of February, 1861 (No. 85), relative to the arms alleged to have been stolen and sent to the South by Floyd. This report, with the remarks of Mr. Stanton when presenting it, ought to have put this matter at rest, and it did so, I believe, so far as Congress was concerned. It has, however, been recently repeated by Cameron and Reverdy Johnson and others, and I

desire these copies to send to different parts of the Union, so that the falsehood may be refuted by the record. I am no further interested in the matter than that if the charge were true it might argue a want of care on my part. . . .

"I learn from those who read Forney's *Press* that Stanton [Edwin M.] is the counsel and friend of McClellan, who is, I trust and hope, 'the coming man.' . . .

"I have materials put together which will constitute, unless I am greatly mistaken, not merely a good defence, but a triumphant vindication, of my administration. You must not be astonished some day to find in print portraits drawn by myself of all those who ever served in my Cabinet. I think I know them all perfectly, unless it may be Stanton.

"From your friend, very respectfully,
"JAMES BUCHANAN."

A letter of somewhat earlier date refers to a controversy between Mr. Holt and Mr. Thompson:

"WHEATLAND, 18th September, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR: . . . You recollect the correspondence between Mr. Holt and Mr. Thompson. The last letter of Mr. Thompson to Mr. Holt was published in the tri-weekly *National Intelligencer* of March 19, 1861, and was dated at Oxford on March 11th. I should be much obliged to you if you could procure me a copy of this reply. . . .

"How Mr. Holt came to be so far mistaken in his letter of May 3rd to Kentucky as to state that the revolutionary leaders greeted me with all-hails to my face, I do not know. The truth is, that after the message of the 3d of December they were alienated from me, and after I had returned the insolent letter of the first South Carolina commissioners to them I was attacked by Jefferson Davis and his followers on the floor of the Senate, and all political and social intercourse between us ceased. Had the Senate confirmed my nomination of the 2d of January of a collector for the port of Charleston, the war would probably have commenced in January instead of May.

"I am collecting materials for history,

and I cannot find a note from Mr. Slidell to myself, and my answer, on the very proper removal of Beauregard from West Point. I think I must have given them to Mr. Holt. He was much pleased with my answer at the time. If they are in his possession, I should be glad if you would procure me copies. They are very brief. The ladies of Mr. S.'s family never after looked near the White House.

"From your friend, very respectfully,
"JAMES BUCHANAN."

Some time in the latter part of February or beginning of March, 1861, Mr. Thompson had made a speech in Mississippi, in which he said, "As I was writing my resignation I sent a despatch to Judge Longstreet that the 'Star of the West' was coming with reinforcements. The troops were thus put on their guard, and when the 'Star of the West' arrived she received a warm welcome from booming cannon, and soon beat a retreat. I was rejoiced that the vessel was not sunk, but I was still more rejoiced that the concealed trick, first conceived by General Scott and adopted by Secretary Holt, but countermanded by the President when too late, proved a failure."

Mr. Holt, quoting the above, wrote under the date of March 5th a scathing letter to the editors of the *Intelligencer*, saying, "We have here a distinct and exultant avowal, on the part of the honorable Secretary, that while yet a member of the Cabinet he disclosed to those in open rebellion against the United States, information which he held under the seals of a confidence that from the beginning of our history as a nation had never been violated."

He went on to show, by correspondence between Mr. Thompson and the President, that the sending of the "Star of the West" was done with the President's sanction and after full consultation in the Cabinet—that the "countermand" spoken of was not more cordially sanctioned by the President than it was by General Scott and himself; and the order countermanding the sailing of that vessel was given, not because of

any dissent from the order on the part of the President, but because of a letter received that day from Major Anderson, stating in effect that he regarded himself as secure in his position, and yet more because of intelligence which late on Saturday evening reached the Department that a heavy battery had been erected among the sand-hills at the entrance of Charleston harbor, which would probably destroy any unarmed vessel (and such was the "Star of the West") which might attempt to make its way up to Fort Sumter. This important information satisfied the government that there was no present necessity for sending reinforcements, and that when sent they should go not in a vessel of commerce, but of war.

Mr. Thompson responded March 11th, indignantly denying, not that he sent the despatch, but that he acted on official information, or that he had divulged any Cabinet secret. He said, "On the morning of the 8th [of January] the *Constitution* newspaper contained a telegraphic despatch from New York that the 'Star of the West' had sailed from that port with two hundred and fifty soldiers on board, bound for Fort Sumter. This was the very first intimation I had received from any quarter that additional troops had been ordered to be sent. This information to me was not 'official:' it was a fact conveyed with electric speed to every part of the confederacy, known to be true by every well-informed man in the city of Washington as soon as known by me."

In his letter of resignation he had intimated that the "Star of the West" expedition had been fitted out without his knowledge, in violation of an express understanding; but the President in his reply denied this, saying that on Monday, 31st December, he had suspended orders which had been issued by the War and Navy Departments to send the "Brooklyn" with reinforcements to Fort Sumter, at the same time promising that these orders should not be renewed without being previously considered and decided in Cabinet. He proceeds: "I called a special Cabinet meeting on

Wednesday, 2d January, 1861, in which the question of sending reinforcements to Fort Sumter was amply discussed both by yourself and others. The decided majority was against you. At this moment the answer of the South Carolina 'commissioners' to my communication of 31st December was received and read. It produced much indignation among the members of the Cabinet. After a further brief conversation I employed the following language: 'It is now all over, and reinforcements must be sent.' Judge Black said, at the moment of my decision, that after this letter the Cabinet would be unanimous, and I heard no dissenting voice. . . . You are certainly mistaken in saying that 'no conclusion was reached.' In this your recollection is entirely different from that of your oldest colleagues in the Cabinet. Indeed, my language was so unmistakable that the Secretaries of War and the Navy proceeded to act upon it without any further intercourse with myself than what you heard or might have heard me say."

Finally, in Mr. Holt's rejoinder to Mr. Thompson's, under date of 25th March, he spoke of the absurdity of his (Mr. T.'s) resigning his commission simply on an anonymous telegraphic report, adding that "such undoubted proofs [of the correctness of the report] could have been had on the 8th of January at Washington only from the President, members of the Cabinet, or others having confidential relations with the government. . . . So far as the moral aspects of the question are concerned, I deem it wholly unimportant whether the information was derived from official or private sources. In either case it was alike his (Mr. T.'s) duty, as a faithful officer, to have withheld it from those who sought it at his hands for purposes of hostile action against the government of the United States."

It is but fair toward Mr. Thompson to say that personally he and the President parted on perfectly friendly terms, although in the matter of this controversy it is equally true that Mr. Buchanan did not sustain him.

Next, as to the bearing of the secessionists toward President Buchanan. In his stirring and patriotic letter of 31st May, 1861, to J. F. Speed, Esq., of Kentucky, Mr. Holt held the following language: "The atrocious acts enumerated" [the seizure of forts, arsenals, etc., and the surrender of an entire military department by a general to the keeping of whose honor it had been confided—meaning General Twiggs in Texas, who was summarily dismissed by the order of President Buchanan "for treachery to the flag of his country"] "were acts of war, and might all have been treated as such by the late administration; but the President patriotically cultivated peace—how anxiously and how patiently the country well knows. While, however, the revolutionary leaders greeted him with all-hails to his face, they did not the less diligently continue to whet their swords behind his back. Immense military preparations were made, so that when the moment for striking at the government of the United States arrived, the revolutionary States leaped into the contest clad in full armor."

One thing is certain: if the leaders in the rebellion did not greet the President "with all-hails to his face," they beset him, many of them, to the last. Undoubtedly there was less of perfect freedom of communication between them after his annual message of the 3d of December, but they followed him up, and sought to control his action to the extent of their power, until his term expired.

And now about the removal of Major Beauregard from West Point. I wish I had the notes which passed between Mr. Slidell and the President on the subject, to insert here; but as it appeared that Mr. Holt could not find them among his papers, it is to be feared they are lost. It is amusing to observe that while the Secretary of War was arranging to ship some of his "big guns" to the South, Mr. Senator Slidell was equally diligent in having one at least transferred to a most important position at the North; and both came to grief much in the same way—by running against "Old Buck." If I am not mistaken, Major Beauregard,

whose rank did not entitle him to the appointment, had hardly more than reached West Point before the order for his removal was made by Secretary Holt, then recently placed at the head of the War Department, and Senator Slidell doubtless thought, when he wrote the President—as he did, I have reason to believe, in an imperious manner—that the latter would disavow the act of removal and reinstate Major Beauregard, so that he could have the opportunity of teaching the cadets at West Point not only how to shoot, “but where to shoot.” Instead, however, of disavowing it, he no doubt gave the Senator to understand, in no equivocal language, that he as President was responsible for it, probably without saying whether the Secretary brought the matter to his attention before the order was made or not. This of course was a fatal offence.

The same spirit was also manifested in reference to the postal service. Before speaking of this, however, I will refer to one other fact connected with the administration of the War Department. A short time before the withdrawal of the Florida Senators, they made a communication, either to the President or Secretary of War, requesting to be advised as to the particulars and extent of the armament of the government fortifications in that State! It is hardly necessary to say that Secretary Holt declined to furnish this information.

The ordinance of secession was passed in Florida on the 11th of January, and her Senators withdrew about the 21st of that month; on which day the Postmaster-General made an order abolishing the post-office at Pensacola. As soon as this became known, Mr. Yulee, late Senator from that State, but now a citizen of “the Southern Confederacy,” called at the Post-office Department and requested to see or be served with a copy of the order of discontinuance. His request was politely refused. I do not remember whether it was on this occasion or previously that he jocosely intimated to the officer thus unmindful of his wishes that a rope might some day not far distant be serviceable to him; but I well

recollect that officer replied that he would esteem it a great favor then to be elevated in some position sufficiently commanding to enable him to proclaim to the whole country his opinion of secession and its wicked abettors.*

There was another instance of like character which occurs to me. A route-agent, by the name of West, on one of the railroads in Virginia, having been removed, the Hon. Albert G. Jenkins, member of Congress from that State, who was afterward killed at the head of guerrillas in Western Virginia, demanded in writing to know distinctly and specifically the grounds of his removal. In this case the Postmaster-General was more accommodating, and under date of 22d February replied that “Mr. West was removed for leaving his route without permission from the Department, and actively engaging in a movement the avowed object of which is to induce the withdrawal of Virginia from the Union. In other words, he was discharged for undertaking to destroy the government from whose treasury he was drawing the means of daily subsistence, and whose Constitution he had solemnly sworn to support.”

The postal service generally through-

* This order may still possess interest as an item of history, and it is now for the first time brought to light, as follows:

“Whereas, an armed body of men from the State of Alabama, acting under authority of its governor and upon the invitation of the governor of Florida, have taken possession of the navy-yard and of parts of the forts of the harbor of Pensacola in the State of Florida, and still retain them in defiance of the rights of the government of the United States; and whereas, the officers and troops constituting the garrison of Fort Pickens in said harbor, and who are citizens of the United States and in the service of its government, are by said armed body of men prevented from communicating with the shore and with the post-office of Pensacola; and whereas, the Department has reliable information that attempts on the part of said garrison to correspond with the government at Washington have been defeated by the intervention of said armed force and by their lawless power over said post-office, whereby its freedom and integrity have been destroyed; and whereas, it is neither just nor proper that a post-office or postal service should be supported by the government of the United States from the use of which its own citizens, and those in its employment and obeying its commands, are excluded by the usurpations of the said governors, or by any other cause whatever:—It is ordered that said post-office at Pensacola, in the State of Florida, be and the same is hereby abolished.”

out the South was continued under the direction of the government of the United States up to the 31st May, 1861, when it was suspended by a general order of the Department. Meantime, all through the winter the leaders of the rebellion were making use of the mails, and those of them in Congress of their franking privilege also, to "fire up the Southern heart" and force the States into passing ordinances of secession, seizing the government property, etc. One Senator, whose letter fell into loyal hands some time during the war, wrote to his State under date of January 5, 1861: "I think by the 4th of March all the Southern States will be out, except, perhaps, Kentucky and Missouri, and they will soon have to follow. . . . A strong government of eight States, promptly organized, with Jeff. Davis for general-in-chief, will bring them to a realizing sense of the gravity of the crisis. . . . I shall give the enemy a shot next week, before retiring. I say enemy. Yes, I am theirs, and they are mine. I am willing to be their master, but not their brother."

This is a fair representation of the spirit manifested by the leading secessionists congregated in Washington during the winter and spring of 1861; and when, on the 15th of April, the President issued his call for seventy-five thousand men, his demand was met by the governors of several of the Southern States in the same spirit of bravado and defiance.

I have vivid recollections of the doubt and gloom which pervaded the city for days preceding the arrival of the first troops called for by the President. Such, at least, was the feeling among all those here who had resolved to stand by the government. Reports were rife that rebel soldiers were moving on the Virginia side of the river—that arms had been sent forward for them; and as the passenger-boats were plying every hour between Alexandria and Washington, there was great fear that this means of

communication might be seized upon to place a hostile military force suddenly in our midst. Late one night I found myself at the telegraph-office with my friend, Ginery Twichell, now a representative in Congress from Massachusetts, and so alarming were the reports in reference to the movements of troops near us in Virginia (who, it afterward appeared, were on their way to take Harper's Ferry) that we sent to General Scott an urgent request to stop the running of the Alexandria boats. It was, I think, on the following night that, being again at the telegraph-office, Mr. Twichell received a despatch that another Massachusetts regiment had reached Havre de Grace; and we immediately proceeded to communicate this information to General Scott. It was midnight or after when we arrived at his lodgings, and we were told that he had retired for the night. Our message, however, was conveyed to him, and in a few minutes, clothed in his dressing-gown, he received us in his office. Calm and commanding, "he looked every inch a soldier," yet it was evident that he felt the deepest concern in view of the then threatening aspect of affairs. His greatest anxiety at that moment was for troops to protect Fortress Monroe and Harper's Ferry; and having called upon Massachusetts for these, he requested Mr. Twichell to urge Governor Andrew to hasten forward two regiments for the purpose—the one for the former place to be sent by the fastest steamer possible direct to Old Point Comfort. This request was complied with, and the Massachusetts regiments for Fortress Monroe happily arrived there on the 20th of April, just in time to save that important post. Six hours later, and it is believed it would have been captured. As General Scott apprehended, Harper's Ferry fell into the hands of the insurgents before the Union troops could reach that point.

HORATIO KING.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER VII.

ATRA CURA.

O gentle wind that bloweth south
 To where my love repaireth,
 Convey a kiss to his dear mouth,
 And tell me how he fareth !

"MY dear, you are unphilosophical. Why should you rebuke Bell for occasionally using one of those quaint American phrases which have wandered into this country? I can remember a young person who had a great trick of quoting Italian—especially in moments of tenderness—but that was a long time ago, and perhaps she has forgotten—"

"It is shameful of you," says Queen Titania hastily, "to encourage Bell in that way. She would never do anything of the kind but for you. And you know very well that quoting a foreign language is quite a different thing from using those stupid Americanisms, that are only fit for negro concerts."

"My dear, you are unphilosophical. When America started in business on her own account she forgot to furnish herself with an independent language, but ever since she has been working hard to supply the deficiency. By and by you will find an American language—sharp, concise, expressive—built on the diffuse and heavy foundations of our own English. Why should not Bell use those tentative phrases which convey so much in so few syllables? Why call it slang? What is slang but an effort at conciseness?"

Tita looked puzzled, vexed and desperate, and inadvertently turned to Count von Rosen, who was handing the sugar-basin to Bell. He seemed to understand the appeal, for he immediately said, "Oh, but you know that is not the objection. I do not think mademoiselle does talk in that way, or should be criticised about it by any one; but the wrong that is done by introducing those slang words is, that it destroys the history of a language. It

perverts the true meaning of roots—it takes away the poetry of derivations—it confuses the student."

"And who thought of students when the various objects in life were christened? And whence came the roots? And is not language always an experiment, producing fresh results as people find it convenient? And why are we to give up succinct words or phrases because the dictionaries of the last generation consecrated them to a particular use? My dear children, the process of inventing language goes on from year to year, changing, modifying, supplying and building up new islands out of the common sand and the sea. And I say that Bell, having an accurate ear for fit sounds, shall use such words as she likes; and if she can invent epithets of her own—"

"But, please, I don't wish to do anything of the kind," says Bell, looking quite shamefaced.

That is just the way of those women: interfere to help them in a difficulty and they straightway fly over to the common enemy, especially if he happens to represent a social majority.

I began to perceive about this stage of our journey that a large number of small articles over which Bell had charge were now never missing. Whenever she wanted a map or a guide-book, or any one of the things which had been specially entrusted to her, it was forthcoming directly. Nay, she never had, like Tita, to look for a hat or a shawl or a scarf or a packet of bezique-cards. I also began to notice that when she missed one of those things she somehow inadvertently turned to our lieutenant, who was quite sure to know where it was, and to hand it to her on the instant. The consequence on this morning was, that when we all came down prepared to go out for an exploration of Oxford, we found Bell at the window of the coffee-room already dressed, and looking pla-

cidly out into the High street, where the sunlight was shining down on the top of the old-fashioned house opposite, and on the bran-new bank, which, as a compliment to the prevailing style of the city, has been built in very distinguished Gothic.

It was proposed that we should first go down and have a look at Christ Church College.

"And that will just take us past the post-office," said Bell.

"Why, how do you know that? Have you been out?" asked Tita.

"No," replied Bell, simply, "but Count von Rosen told me where it was."

"Oh, I have been all over the town this morning," said the lieutenant carelessly. "It is the finest town I have ever seen—a sort of Gothic Munich, but old, very old—not new and white like Munich, where the streets do ask you to look at their fine buildings. And I have been down to the river—that is very fine, too: even the appearance of the old colleges and buildings from the meadows—that is wonderful."

"Have you made any other discoveries this morning?" said Queen Tita with a gracious smile.

"Yes," said the young man, lightly. "I have discovered that the handsome young waiter who did give us our breakfast, that he has been a rider in a circus—which I did suspect myself, from his manner and attitudes—and also an actor. He is a very fine man, but not much spirit. I was asking him this morning why he is not a soldier. He despises that, because you pay a shilling a day. That is a pity your soldiers are not—what shall I say—respectable?—that your best young men do not like to go with them and become under-officers. But I do not know he is good stuff for a soldier: he smiles too much, and makes himself pleasant. Perhaps that is only because he is a waiter."

"Have you made any other acquaintances this morning?" says Tita with a friendly amusement in her eyes.

"No, no one—except the old gentleman who did talk politics last night. He is gone away by the train to Birmingham."

"Pray when do you get up in the morning?"

"I did not look that; but there was no one in the streets when I went out, as there would be in a German town; and even now there is a great dullness. I have inquired about the students: they are all gone home, it is a vacation. And a young lady in a book-shop told me that there is no life in the town when the students are gone—that all places close early—that even the milliners' shops are closed just now at half-past seven, when they are open till nine when the students are here."

"And what," says my lady with a look of innocent wonder—"what have the students to do with milliners' shops, that such places should be kept open on *their* account?"

No one could offer a sufficient solution of this problem, and so we left the coffee-room and plunged into the glare of the High street.

It would be useless to attempt here any detailed account of that day's long and pleasant rambling through Oxford. To any one who knows the appearance and the associations of the grand old city—who is familiar with the various mass of crumbling colleges and quiet cloisters and grassy quadrangles—who has wandered along the quaint clean streets that look infinitely staid and orthodox, and are as old as the splendid elms that break in continually on the lines and curves of the prevailing architecture,—to one who has even seen the city at a distance, with its thousand spires and turrets set amid fair green meadows and girt about with the silver windings of streams, any such brief recapitulation would be inexpressibly bald and useless; while he to whom Oxford is unknown can learn nothing of its beauties and impressions without going there. Our party absolutely refused to go sight-seeing, and were quite content to accept the antiquarian researches of the guide-books on credit. It was enough for us to ramble leisurely through the old courts and squares and alleys, where the shadows lay cool under the gloomy walls, or under avenues of magnificent elms.

But first of all we paid a more formal visit to Christ Church, and on our way thither the lieutenant stopped Bell at the post-office. She begged leave to ask for letters herself, and presently reappeared with two in her hand. "These are from the boys," she said to Queen Titania: "there is one for you, and one for papa."

"You have had no letter?" said Tita.

"No," said Bell somewhat gravely, as I fancied, and for some time after she seemed rather thoughtful and anxious.

As we paused underneath the archway in front of the sunlit quadrangle of Christ Church College, the letters from the boys were read aloud. This is the first one, which shows the pains a boy will take to write properly to his mother, especially when he can lay his hands on some convenient guide-book to correspondence:

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR MAMMA: I take up my pen to let you know that I am quite well, and hope that this will find you in the enjoyment of good health. My studies are advancing favably, and I hope I shall continue to please my teacher and my dear parents, who have been so kind to me and are anxious for my well-fare. I look forward with much delight to the approaching hollidays, and I am, my dear mamma,

"Your affectionate son, JACK."

"P. S. He does gallop so; and he eats beans."

Master Tom, on the other hand, showed that the fear of his mother was not on him when he sat down to write. Both of them had evidently just been impressed with the pony's galloping, for the second letter was as follows:

"COWLEY HOUSE, TWICKENHAM.

"MY DEAR PAPA: He does gallop so, you can't think [this phrase, as improper, was hastily scored through] and I took him down to the river and the boys were very Impertinent and I rode him down to the river and they had to run away from their clothes and he went into the river a good bit and was not afraid but you know he cannot swim yet as he is very young Harry French says and Doctor Ashburton went with us yesterday my

dear papa to the ferry and Dick was taken over in the ferry and we all went threw the trees by Ham House and up to Ham Common and back by Richmond bridge and Dick was not a bit Tired. But what do you think my dear papa Doctor Ashburton says all our own money won't pay for his hay and corn and he will starve if you do not send some please my dear papa to send some at once because if he starvves once he will not get right again and the Ostler says he is very greedy but he his a very good pony and very intelgent dear papa Doctor Ashburton has bawt us each a riding-whip but I never hit him over the ears which the Ostler says is dangerus and you must tell the German gentleman that Jack and I are very much obled [scored out] obledg [also scored out] obliged to him, and send our love to him and to dear Auntie Bell and to dear Mamma and I am my dear papa your affexnate son. TOM."

"It is really disgraceful," said the mother of the scamps, "the shocking way those boys spell. Really, Doctor Ashburton must be written to. At their age, and with such letters as these—it is shameful!"

"I think they are very clever boys," said Bell; "and I hope you won't impose extra lessons on them just as they have got a pony."

"They ought not to have had the pony until they had given a better account of themselves at school," said my lady severely; to which Bell only replied by saying, in a pensive manner, that she wished she was a boy of nine years of age, just become possessed of a pony and living in the country.

We spent a long time in Christ Church College, more especially in the magnificent hall, where the historical portraits greatly interested Bell. She entered into surmises as to the sensations which must have been felt by the poets and courtiers of Queen Elizabeth's time when they had to pay compliments to the thin-faced, red-haired woman who is here represented in her royal satins and pearls; and wondered whether, after they had

celebrated her as the Queen of Beauty, they afterward reconciled these flatteries to their conscience by looking on them as sarcasm. But whereas Bell's criticism of the picture was quite gentle and unprejudiced, there was a good deal more of acerbity in the tone in which Queen Tita drew near to speak of Holbein's Henry VIII. My firm belief is, that the mother of those two boys at Twickenham, if she only had the courage of her opinions, and dared to reveal those secret sentiments which now find expression in decorating our bed-rooms with missal-like texts, and in the use of ritualistic phrases to describe ordinary portions of the service and ordinary days of the year, would really be discovered to be— But let that pass. What harm Henry VIII. had done her, I could not make out. Any one may perceive that that monarch has not the look of an ascetic; that the contour of his face and the setting of his eyes are not particularly pleasing; that he could not easily be mistaken for Ignatius Loyola. But why any woman of these present days, who subscribes to Mudie's, watches the costumes of the princess of Wales, and thinks that Dr. Pusey has been ungenerously treated, should regard a portrait of Henry VIII. as though he had done her an injury only the week before last, it is not easy to discover. Bell, on the other hand, was discoursing to the lieutenant about the various workmanship of the pictures, and giving him a vast amount of information about technical matters, in which he appeared to take a deep interest.

"But did you ever paint upon panel yourself, mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said Bell: "I was at one time very fond of it. But I never made it so useful as a countryman of mine once suggested it might be. He was a Cumberland farmer who had come down to our house at Ambleside, and when he saw me painting on a piece of wood he looked at it with great curiosity.

"'Heh, lass,' he said, 'thou's pentin' a fine pictur' there, and on wood, too. Is't for the yell-house?'

"'No,' I said, explaining that I was

painting for my own pleasure, and that it was not a public-house sign.

"'To please thysel', heh? And when thou's dune wi' the pictur', thou canst plane it off the wood, and begin another—that's thy meanin', is't?'

"I was very angry with him, for I was only about fifteen then, and I wanted to send my picture to a London exhibition."

"Why, I did see it down at Leather-head!" said Von Rosen. "Was not that the picture on panel near the window of the dining-room?"

"There now!" said Titania to the girl, who could not quite conceal the pleasure she felt on hearing that the count had noticed this juvenile effort of hers, "come along, and let us see the library before we go into the open air again."

In the library, too, were more portraits and pictures, which these young people were much interested in. We found it impossible to drag them along. They would loiter in some corner or other, and then, when we forsook our civil attendant and went back for them, we found them deeply engrossed in some obscure portrait or buried in a huge parchment-bound folio which the lieutenant had taken out and opened. Bell was a fairly well-informed young woman, as times go, and knew quite as much of French literature as was good for her; but it certainly puzzled Tita and myself to discover what possible interest she could have in gazing upon the large pages of the Encyclopædia while the lieutenant talked to her about Diderot. Nor could it be possible that a young lady of her years and pursuits had imbibed so much reverence for original editions as to stand entranced before this or that well-known author whose earliest offspring had been laid hold of by her companion. They both seemed unwilling to leave this library, but Von Rosen explained the matter when he came out, saying that he had never felt so keenly the proverbial impulses of an Uhlan as when he found himself with these valuable old books in his hand and only one attendant near. I congratulated the authorities of Christ Church College on what they had escaped.

Of course we went down to the river some little time after lunch, and had a look from Folly Bridge on the various oddly-assorted crews that had invaded the sacred waters of the Isis in the absence of the University men. When the lieutenant proposed that we too should get a boat and make a voyage down between the green meadows, it almost seemed as if we were venturing into a man's house in the absence of the owner; but then Bell very prettily and urgently added her supplications, and Tita professed herself not unwilling to give the young folks an airing on the stream. There were plenty of signs that it was vacation-time besides the appearance of the nondescript oarsmen. There was a great show of painting and scraping and gilding visible among that long line of mighty barges that lay under the shadow of the elms, moored to tall white poles that sent a line of silver down into the glassy and troubled water beneath. Barges in blue and barges in cream and gold, barges with splendid prows and Gorgon figure-heads, barges with steam-paddles, and light awnings over the upper deck, barges with that deck supported by pointed arches, as if a bit of an old cloister had been carried down to decorate a pleasure-boat,—all these resounded to the beating of hammers, and were being made bright with many colors. The University barge itself had been dragged out of the water, and was also undergoing the same process, although the cynical person who had put the cushions in our boat had just remarked, with something of a shrug, "I hope the mahn as has got the job 'll get paid for it, for the 'Varsity crew are up to their necks in debt—that's what they are!"

When once we had got away from Christ Church meadows, there were fewer obstructions in our course, but whether it was that the currents of the river defied the skill of our coxswain, or whether it was that the lieutenant and Bell, sitting together in the stern, were too much occupied in pointing out to each other the beauties of the scenery, we found ourselves with fatal frequency running into the bank, with the prow of the boat

hissing through the rushes and flags. Nevertheless, we managed to get up to Iffley, and there, having moored the boat, we proceeded to land and walk up to the old church on the brow of the hill.

"It's what they calls eerly English," said the old lady who showed us over the ancient building. She was not a talkative person: she was accustomed to get over the necessary information rapidly, and then spend the interval in looking strangely at the tall lieutenant and his brown beard. She did not betray any emotion when a small gratuity was given her. She had not even said "Thank you" when Von Rosen, on calling for the keys of the church, had found the gate of her garden unhinged, and had labored fully ten minutes in hammering a rusty piece of iron into the wooden post. Perhaps she thought it was Bell who had driven down the gate, but at all events she expressed no sense of gratitude for its restoration.

Near an old yew tree there was a small grave—new made and green with grass—on which some careful hand had placed a cross composed exclusively of red and white roses. This new grave, with these fresh evidences of love and kindly remembrance on it, looked strange in the rude old churchyard, where stones of unknown age and obliterated names lay tumbled about or stood awry among the weeds and grass. Yet this very disorder and decay, as Tita said gently, seemed to her so much more pleasant than the cold and sharp precision of the iron crosses in French and German graveyards, with their grim, fantastic decorations and wreaths of immortelles. She stood looking at this new grave and its pretty cross of roses, and at the green and weather-worn stones, and at the black old yew tree, for some little time, until Bell, who knows of something that happened when Tita was but a girl, and her brother scarcely more than a child, drew her gently away from us, toward the gate of the churchyard.

"Yes," said the lieutenant, not noticing, but turning to the only listener remaining, "that is true. I think your

English churchyards in the country are very beautiful, very picturesque, very pathetic indeed. But what you have not in this country are the beautiful songs about death that we have—not religious hymns, or anything like that, but small, little poems that the country-people know and repeat to their children. Do you know that one that says,

Hier schlummert das Herz,
Befreit von betäubenden Sorgen ;
Es weckt uns kein Morgen
Zu grösserem Schmerz.

And it ends this way :

Was weinst denn du ?
Ich trage nun muthig mein Leiden,
Und rufe mit Freuden,
Im Grabe ist Ruh' !

There was one of my comrades in the war—he was from my native place, but not in my regiment : he was a very good fellow—and when he was in the camp before Metz his companion was killed. Well, he buried him separate from the others, and went about till he got somewhere a gravestone, and he began to cut out, just with the end of a bayonet, these two verses on the stone. It took him many weeks to do it, and I did hear from one of my friends in the regiment that two days after he had put up the stone he was himself killed. Oh, it is very hard to have your companion killed beside you, and he is away from his friends ; and when you go back home without him, they look at you as if you had no right to be alive and their son dead. That is very hard : I knew it in Sixty-six, when I went back to Berlin, and had to go to see old Madame von Hebel. I do hope never to have that again."

Is there a prettier bit of quiet riverscenery in the world than that around Iffley Mill ? Or was it merely the glamour of the white day that rendered the place so lovely, and made us linger in the open stream to look at the mill and its surroundings ? As I write there lies before me a pencil-sketch of Bell's, lightly dashed here and there with water-color, and the whole scene is recalled. There is the dilapidated old stone building, with its red tiles, its crumbling plaster, its wooden projections and small windows, half hidden amid foliage. Far-

ther down the river there are clumps of rounded elms visible, but here around the mill the trees are chiefly poplars, of magnificent height, that stretch up lightly and gracefully into a quiet yellow sky, and throw gigantic lines of reflection down into the still water. Then out from the mill a small island runs into the stream ; the wood-work of the sluice-gates bridges the interval ; there is a red cow amid the green leafage of the island, and here again are some splendid poplars rising singly up from the river-side. Then beyond there is another house, then a wooden bridge, a low line of trees, and the river, in a sharp curve, glimmers in the light and loses itself behind low-lying meadows and a marginal growth of willow and flag.

For very shame's sake, the big lieutenant was forced to offer to take Tita's oar as we once more proceeded on our voyage, but she definitely refused to endanger our lives by any such experiment. A similar offer on the part of Bell met with a similar fate. Indeed, when this little woman has once made up her mind to do a certain thing, the reserve of physical and intellectual vigor that lies within the slight frame and behind a smooth and gentle face shows itself to be extraordinary. Place before her some arithmetical conundrum that she must solve in order to question the boys, or give her an oar and engage her to pull for a certain number of miles, and the amount of patient perseverance and unobtrusive energy she will reveal will astonish most people. In the mean time, her task was easy. We were going with the stream. And so we glided on between the green banks, under the railway bridge, past the village of Kennington, past Rose Isle, with its bowers and tables and beer-glasses, and lounging young fellows in white trousers and blue jackets, and so on until we got up to Sandford Lock. Here also we fastened the boat to the bank close by the mill, and went ashore for half an hour's stroll. But while Tita made direct, as she generally does on entering a new village, for the church, the lieutenant went off in quest of her, and when we came back to the boat, he

had a wonderful story to tell us. He had made friends with some innkeeper or other, and had imbibed from him a legend which was a curious mixture of fact and inference and blunder. Von Rosen had doubtless mistaken much of the Oxfordshire *patois*, for how could any one make a reasonable narrative out of the following?—"And he told me it was a farmer's house in the village—the village of Sandford, I suppose—and while they took it down to repair it, they were lifting up the floors, and many strange things were there. And he said among the nonsense and useless rubbish they were finding there, was a hat; and the man brought the hat down to him, and he saw it was a chevalier's hat—"

"A cavalier's hat," suggested Bell, and the lieutenant assented.

"Then the farmer went up to the house, and he found some hidden letters, and one was to Ettrick—to some soldier who was then on a campaign at the river Ettrick in the north. And they found that it was in this very house that King Charles I. did cut off his beard and moustache—I suppose when he was flying from the Parliamentary army; but I am forgetting all about that history now, and the innkeeper was not sure about the battle. Well, then, the news was sent to London, and a gentleman came down who is the only surviving descender—descendant—of King Charles; and he took away the hat to London, and you will find it in the British Museum. It is a very curious story, and I would have come after you and showed you the house, but I suppose it is a new house now, and nothing to look at. But do you know when the king was in this neighborhood in escaping?"

Here was a poser for the women.

"I don't remember," says Tita, looking very profound, "to have seen anything about Oxford in Lord Clarendon's narrative of the king's escape after the battle of Worcester."

"My dear," said Bell, in accents of reproach, "that was Charles II."

"To be sure it was," returned Tita, with a gesture of impatience; "and he couldn't have come this way, for he went

to Bristol. But Charles I. was continually at Oxford—he summoned the Parliament to meet him here—"

"And shaved off his beard to curry favor with them," it is suggested.

"You needn't laugh. Of course, when he was finally defeated he fled from Oxford, and very probably disguised himself."

"And when did he fly, and whither?"

"To Scotland," said Bell triumphantly "and after the battle of Naseby."

"Good girl! And where is Naseby?"

"Well, if he fled north-east from the Parliamentary army, Naseby must be in the south-west; and so I suppose it is somewhere down about Gloucester."

"Professor Oswald, where is Naseby?"

"I do not know," says the lieutenant, "but I think it is more in the north, and not far from the country of your great man Hampden. But he was killed before then, I think."

"And pray," says Queen Tita, taking her seat and putting her oar into the rowlock, "will you please tell me what you think of those men—of Cromwell and Hampden and those—and what your historians say of them in Germany?"

"Why, they say all kinds of things about them," said the lieutenant lightly, not knowing that he was being questioned as a representative of the feudal aristocracy of a country in which the divine right of kings even yet exists—"just as your historians do here. But we know very well that England has got much of her liberty through that fight with the king, and yet you have been able to keep a balance and not let the lowest classes run riot and destroy your freedom. They were ambitious? Yes. If a man is in politics, does not he fight hard to make his side win? If he is a soldier, does not he like to be victorious? And if I could be king of England, do you not think I should like that very well, and try hard for it? But if these men had their own ambitions, and wanted to get fame and honor, I am sure they had much of righteousness and belief, and would not have fought in that way and overturned the king if they believed that was an injury to their country or to

their religion. And besides, what could this man or that man have done except he had a great enthusiasm of the nation behind him—if he did not represent a principle? But I have no right to speak of such things as if I were telling you of our German historians. That is only my guess, and I have read not much about it. But you must not suppose, because we in Germany have not the same political system that you have, that we cannot tell the value of yours, and the good it has done to the character of your people. Our German historians are many of them professors in universities, and they spend their lives in finding out the truth of such things; and do you think they care what may be the opinion of their own government about it? Oh no. They are very independent in the universities—much too independent, I think. It is very pleasant when you are a very young man to get into a university, and think yourself very wise, and go to extremes about politics, and say hard things of your own country; but when you come out into the world, and see how you have to keep your country from enemies that are not separated by the sea from you (as you are here in England), you see how bad are these principles among young men, who do not like to be obedient, and always want to hurry on new systems of government before they are possible. But you do not see much of those wild opinions when a war comes and the young men are marched together to save their country. Then they forget all the democratic notions of this kind: it is their heart that speaks, and it is on fire, and not one is ashamed to be patriotic, though he may have laughed at it a week before."

"It must be very hard," said Bell, looking wistfully at the river, "to leave your home and go into a foreign country, and know that you may never return."

"Oh no, not much," said the lieutenant, "for all your friends go with you. And you are not always in danger: you have much entertainment at times, especially when some fight is over, and all your friends meet again to have a sup-

per in the tent, and some one has got a bottle of cognac, and some one else has got a letter from home, full of gossip about people you know very well. And there is much fun, too, in riding over the country, and trying to find food and quarters for yourself and your horse. We had many good parties in the deserted farmhouses, and sometimes we caught a hen or a duck that the people had neglected to take, and then we kindled a big fire and fixed him on a lance, and roasted him well, feathers and all. Then we were very lucky to have a fire and good meat, and a roof to keep off the rain. But it was more dangerous in a house, for it was difficult to keep from sleeping after you had got warm and had eaten and drunk, and there were many people about ready to fire at you. But these are not heroic stories of a campaign, are they, mademoiselle?"

Nevertheless, mademoiselle seemed sufficiently interested, and as Tita and I pulled evenly back to Iffley and Oxford, she continually brought the lieutenant back to this subject by a series of questions. This modern maiden was as anxious to hear of the amusements of patrols and the hairbreadth escapes of daredevil sub-lieutenants as was Desdemona to listen to her lover's stories of battles, sieges, fortunes and moving accidents by flood and field.

That was a pleasant pull back to Oxford in the quiet of the summer afternoon, with the yellow light lying warmly over the level meadows and the woods. There were more people now along the banks of the river—come out for the most part in couples to wander along the pathway between the stream and the fields. Many of them had a good look at Bell, and the Radley boys, as they sent their long boats spinning down the river toward Sandford, were apparently much struck. Bell, unconscious of the innocent admiration of those poor boys, was attending much more to the talk of our Uhlan than to her tiller-ropes. As for him— But what man would not have looked contented under these conditions—to be strong, healthy, handsome, and only twenty-five; to have comfortable

means and an assured future; to have come out of a long and dangerous campaign with honor and sound limbs; to be off on a careless holiday through the most beautiful country, take it for all in all, in the world; and to be lying lazily in a boat on a summer's evening, on a pretty English river, with a pretty English girl showing her friendly interest and attention in every glance of her blue eyes?

You should have seen how naturally these two fell behind us, and formed a couple by themselves, when we had left the boat and were returning to our inn. But as we walked up to Carfax, Bell separated herself from us for a moment and went into the post-office. She was a considerable time there. When she came out she was folding up a letter which she had been reading.

"You have got your letter at last?" said Tita.

"Yes," said Bell gravely, but showing no particular gladness or disappointment.

At dinner she was rather reserved, and so, curiously enough, was the lieutenant. After dinner, when we were allowed half an hour by ourselves for a cigar, he suddenly said, "Why do you not interfere with that stupid young fellow?"

"Who?" I asked, in blank amazement.

"Why, that young fellow at Twickenham. It is quite monstrous, his impertinence. If I were the guardian of such a girl, I would kick him—I would throw him into the river and cool him there."

"What in all the world do you mean?"

"Why, you must know. The letter that Miss Bell did ask for more than once, it is from him; and now when it comes, it is angry, it is impertinent: she is nearly crying all the time at dinner. It is for some one to interfere and save her from this insult, this persecution—"

"Don't bite your cigar to pieces, but tell me, if you please, how you happen to know what was in the letter."

"She told me," said the lieutenant, with a stare.

"When?"

"Just before you came down to dinner. It is no business of mine—^{but when} I see her vexed and disturbed, I asked her to tell me why. And then she said she had got this letter, which was a very cruel one to send. Oh, there is no mystery—none. I suppose he has a right to marry her—very well; but he is not married yet, and he must not be allowed to do this."

"Bell at least might have told me of it, or have confided in Tita—"

"Oh, she is telling her now, I dare say. And she will tell you too when there are not all of us present. It is no secret, or she would not have told me. Indeed, I think she was sorry about that; but she was very much vexed, and I asked her so plain that she answered me. And that is much better to have confidence between people, instead of keeping all such vexations to yourself. Then I ask her why he is angry, and she says only because she has gone away. Pfui! I have never heard such nonsense."

"My dear Oswald," I say to him, "don't you interfere between two young people who have fallen out, or you will suffer. Unless, indeed—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless they happen to be angels."

"Do you know this—that he is coming to see her?"

"Well, the phaeton can hold five at a pinch. Why should not we have an addition to our party?"

"Very good! I do not care. But if he is rude to her, he will not be very long in the phaeton."

"Why, you stupid boy, you take those lovers' quarrels *au grand sérieux*. Do you think he has been positively rude to her? Nothing of the kind. He has been too well brought up for that, although he has a peevish temper. He might be with us all through the journey—"

"Jott beware!" exclaimed the count, with a kick at a cork that was lying on the carpet.

"—And these two might be at daggers drawn, and you would see nothing of it. Indeed, young people never get

extremely courteous to each other until they quarrel and stand on their dignity. Now, if you had seen that letter, you would have found it respectful and formal in the highest degree — perhaps a trifle sarcastic here and there, for the lad thinks he has a gift that way — but you would find no rhetorical indignation or invective."

The count threw his cigar into the grate. "They will be waiting for us," he said: "let us go."

We found Tita with the bezique-cards spread out before her. Bell looked up with rather a frightened air, apparently conscious that the lieutenant was likely to have spoken about what she had confided to him upon the impulse of a momentary vexation. However, we sat down.

The game was an open and palpable burlesque. Was Ferdinand very intent on giving checkmate when he played chess with Miranda in the cave? or was he not much more bent upon placing his king in extreme danger and offering his queen so that she had to be taken? The audacious manner in which this young lieutenant played his cards so as to suit Bell was apparent to every one, though no one dared speak of it, and Bell only blushed sometimes. When she timidly put forth a ten, he was sure to throw away another ten, although he had any amount of aces in his hand. He spoiled his best combinations rather than take tricks when it was clear she wanted to lead. Nay, as he sat next to her, he undertook the duty of marking her various scores, and the manner in which the small brass hand went circling round the card was singular, until Tita suddenly exclaimed, "Why, that is only a common marriage!"

"And do not you count forty for a common marriage?" he said, with a fine assumption of innocent wonder.

Such was the ending of our first day's rest; and then just before candles were lit a cabinet council was held to decide whether on the morrow we should choose as our halting-place Moreton-in-the-Marsh or Bourton-on-the-Hill. The more elevated site won the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

• NEAR WOODSTOCK TOWN.

In olde dayes of the king Arthour,
Of which that Britons speake great honour,
All was this land full filled of faerie;
The Elf-queen, with her jolly company,
Danced full oft in many a green mead.
This was the old opinion, as I read;
I speak of many a hundred years ago;
But now can no man see no elves mo'.

THE phaeton stood in the High street of Oxford. Castor and Pollux, a trifle impatient after the indolence of the day before, were pawing the hard stones, their silken coats shining in the morning sunlight; Queen Titania had the reins in her hands; the tall waiter who had been a circus-rider was ready to smile us an adieu; and we were all waiting for the lieutenant, who had gone off in search of a map that Bell had forgotten.

If there is one thing more than another likely to ruffle the superhuman sweetness of my lady's temper, it is to be kept waiting in a public thoroughfare with a pair of rather restive horses under her charge. I began to fear for that young man. Tita turned once or twice to the entrance of the hotel; and at last she said, with an ominous politeness in her tone, "It does seem to me singular that Count von Rosen should be expected to look after such things. He is our guest. It is no compliment to give him the duty of attending to our luggage."

"My dear," said Bell, leaning over and speaking in very penitent tones, "it is entirely my fault. I am very sorry."

"I think he is much too good-natured," says Tita coldly.

At this Bell rather recedes, and says with almost equal coldness, "I am sorry to have given him so much trouble. In future I shall try to do without his help."

But when the count did appear, when he took his seat beside Tita, and we rattled up the High street and round by the Corn Market, and past Magdalen Church, and so out by St. Giles's road, the remembrance of this little preliminary skirmish speedily passed away. For once more we seemed to have left towns and streets behind us, and even while there were yet small villas and gardens by the side of the road, the air

that blew about on this bright morning seemed to have a new sweetness in it, and the freshness and pleasant odors of innumerable woods and fields. There was quite a new light, too, in Bell's face. She had come down stairs with an obvious determination to cast aside the remembrance of that letter. There was something even defiant in the manner in which she said—in strict confidence, be it observed—that if Arthur Ashburton did intend to come and meet us in some town or other, there was no use in being vexed about it in the mean time. We were now getting into the open country, where pursuit would be in vain. If he overtook us, it would be through the mechanism of railways. His only chance of obtaining an interview with Bell was to lie in wait for us in one of the big towns through which we must pass.

"But why," said the person to whom Bell revealed these matters—"why should you be afraid to meet Arthur? You have not quarreled with him."

"No," said Bell, looking down.

"You have done nothing that he can object to."

"He has no right to object, whatever I may do," she said with a gentle firmness. "But you know he is annoyed, and you cannot reason with him; and I am sorry for him—and—and—and what is the name of this little village on the left?"

Bell seemed to shake off this subject from her, as too vexatious on such a fine and cheerful morning.

"That is Woolvercot; and there is the road that leads down to Godstow, and the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, in which Rosamond Clifford lived and died."

"And I suppose she rode along this very highway," said Bell, "with people wondering at her beauty and her jewels, when she used to live at Woodstock. Yet it is a very ordinary-looking road."

Then she touched Tita on the shoulder. "Are we going to stop at Blenheim?" she asked.

"I suppose so," said our driver.

"I think we ought not," said Bell: "we shall be greatly disappointed if we do. For who cares about the duke of Marl-

borough, or Sir John Vanbrugh's architecture? You know you will be looking about the trees for the old knight with the white beard, and for Alice Lee, and for pretty Phœbe Mayflower, and for Wildrake and the soldiers. Wouldn't it be better to go past the walls, Tita, and fancy that all these old friends of ours are still walking about inside in their picturesque costume? If we go inside, we shall only find an empty park and a big house, and all those people gone away, just like the fairies who used to be in the woods."

"But what are the people you are speaking of?" said the count. "Is it from history or from a romance?"

"I am not quite sure," said Bell, "how much is history and how much is romance, but I am sure we know the people very well; and very strange things happened inside the park that we shall pass by and by. There was a pretty young lady living there, and a very sober and staid colonel was her lover. The brother of this young lady was much attached to the fortunes of the Stuarts, and he brought the young Prince Charles in disguise to the house; and all the gratitude shown by the prince was that he began to amuse himself by making love to the sister of the man who had risked his life to save him. And of course the grave colonel discovered it, and he even drew his sword upon Prince Charles—"

"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant, "but do not trouble to tell me the story, for I know it very well. I did read it in Germany years ago; and I think if Colonel Esmond had thrashed the prince—"

"Oh no, you are mistaken," said Bell, with some wonder: "it is Colonel Markham, not Colonel Esmond; and the brother of the young lady succeeded in getting the prince away just before Cromwell had time to seize him."

"Cromwell!" said our lieutenant, thoughtfully. "Ah! then it is another story. But I agree with you, mademoiselle: if you believe in these people very much, do not go into the park or you will be disappointed."

"As you please," said Tita, with a smile.—I began to observe that when the two young folks agreed about anything, Tita became nothing more than an echo to their wishes.

At length we came to the walls that surrounded the great park. Should we leave all its mysteries unexplored? If one were to clamber up and peep over, might not strange figures be seen, in buff coats and red, with bandoleers and helmets; and an aged knight with a laced cloak, slashed boots and long sword; countrywomen in white hoods and black gowns; divines with tall Presbyterian hats and solemn visage; a braggart and drunken soldier of the king, and a colonel the servant of Cromwell? Or might not Queen Elizabeth be descried, looking out as a prisoner on the fair domains around her? Or might not Chaucer be found loitering under those great trees that he loved and celebrated in his verse? Or behind that splendid wall of chestnuts and elms was it not possible that Fair Rosamond herself might be walking all alone, passing like a gleam of light through the green shadows of the trees, or sitting by the well that still bears her name, or reading in the heart of that bower that was surrounded by cunning ways? Was it along this road that Eleanor came? Or did Rosamond, surviving all her sin and her splendor, sometimes walk this way with her sister-nuns from Godstow, and think of the time when she was mistress of a royal palace and this spacious park?

We drove into the town of Woodstock. The handful of houses thrown into the circular hollow that is cut in two by the river Glym was as silent as death. In the broad street that plunged down into the valley scarcely a soul was to be seen, and even about the old town-hall there were only some children visible. Had the play been played out, and the actors gone for ever? When King Henry was fighting in France or in Ireland, doubtless Rosamond, left all by herself, ventured out from the park, and walked down into the small town, and revealed to the simple folks the wonders of her face, and talked to them.

No mortal woman could have remained in a bower month after month without seeing any one but her attendants. Doubtless, too, the people in this quaint little town were very loyal toward her, and would have espoused her cause against a dozen Eleanors. And so it happened, possibly, that when the romance came to an end, and Rosamond went to hide her shame and her penitence in the nunnery of Godstow, all the light and color went out of Woodstock, and left it dull and gray and silent as it is to this day.

The main street of Woodstock, that dips down to the banks of the Glym, rises as abruptly on the other side, and once past the turnpike the highway runs along an elevated ridge, which on the one side is bounded by a continuation of Blenheim Park, and on the other slopes down to a broad extent of level meadows. When we had got up to this higher ground, and found before us an illimitable stretch of country, with ourselves as the only visible inhabitants, the lieutenant managed to introduce a remote hint about a song which he had heard Bell humming in the morning.

"I think it was about Woodstock," he said; "and if you will please to sing it now as we go along, I shall get out for you the guitar."

"If you will be so kind," said Bell, quite submissively.

What had become of the girl's independence? Asked to sing a song at great trouble to herself—for who cares to play a guitar in the back seat of a phaeton, and with two pairs of wheels rumbling an accompaniment?—she meekly thanks him for suggesting it! Nay, it was becoming evident that the girl was schooling herself into docility. She had almost entirely dropped the wild phrases and startling metaphors that so deeply shocked Tita. Sometimes they dropped out inadvertently, and sometimes, too, she gave way to those impulsive, imaginative flights that led her unthinkingly into an excitement of talk which Tita used to regard with a sort of amused wonder. But of late all these things were gradually disappear-

ing. She was less abrupt, independent, wayward in her manner. She waited more patiently to receive suggestions from others. She was becoming a good listener, and she received meekly criticisms that would but a short time before have driven her into a proud and defiant silence, or provoked some rejoinder a good deal more apt than gentle. It was very odd to mark this amiable self-discipline struggling with her ordinary frank impetuosity, although somehow, it is true, the latter had the best of it.

On this occasion, when the lieutenant had jumped down and got out the guitar for her, she took it very obediently, and then Tita sent on the horses once more. Of course you know the ballad that Bell naturally sang, seeing where she was at the moment, and the sort of music she was most familiar with.

Near Woodstock Town I chanced to stray,
When birds did sing and fields were gay,

she sang, telling the story of the forlorn damsel who was found weeping for her faithless lover, who only wished that he might come and visit her again, and think of her as "one who loved, but could not hate." Perhaps this old-fashioned ballad is not a masterly composition, but the music of it is expressive enough; and we who were familiar with Bell's ballads had got into a habit of not caring much what she sang, so long as she only continued singing.

"You would make your fortune by singing," said Tita as Bell finished.

"Perhaps," said the girl, "if all my audience were like you. But I think you must have been lent out as an infant to an old woman with an organ, and so, by merely sitting on the vibrating wood, you have become so sensitive to music that anything at all pleases you."

"No, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant, "you do yourself an injustice. I never heard a voice like yours, that has the tremble of a zither in it, and is much softer than a zither."

Bell blushed deeply, but to conceal her embarrassment she said lightly to Tita, "And how am I to make my fortune? Oh, I know—by coming in after

public dinners to sing grace and follow the toasts with a glee. I am in white silk, with a blue ribbon round my neck, white gloves, bracelets and a sheet of music. There is an elderly lady in black velvet and white pearls, who smiles in a pleasant manner: she sings, and is much admired by the long rows of gentlemen—they have just dined, you know, and are very nice and amiable. Then there is the tenor, fair and smooth, with diamond rings, a lofty expression and a cool and critical eye, that shows he is quite accustomed to all this. Then there is the stout, red-bearded man who sings last, and plays the piano for the four of us, and is very fierce in the way he thumps out his enthusiasm about the Queen, and the Navy, and the Army, and the Volunteers. What a happy way of living that must be! They will give us a fine dinner beforehand—in a room by ourselves, perhaps; and all we have to do is to return thanks for it in an emotional way, so that all the waiters shall stand round in a reverential manner. But when that is over, then we introduce a few songs, sprightly, coquettish songs, and the gentlemen are vastly amused; and you think—"

"Well, what do you think?" said I, seeing that Bell rather hesitated.

"I think," said Tita with a smile, "that you are very ungenerous, Bell, in remembering so much of what you saw the other night from the gallery of the Freemasons' Tavern. Is it fair to recall, in open daylight, in the cool forenoon, the imbecile good-nature and exuberant loyalty of a lot of gentlemen who have just dined? I wonder how many of the husbands there told their wives what sums they signed away under the influence of the wine?"

"I dare say," says one of the party, "that the wives would be sorry to see so much money go in charity which might otherwise have been squandered in millinery and extravagances."

"Don't be ill-tempered, my dear," says Queen Tita, graciously. "Women are quite as charitable as men, and they don't need a guinea dinner to make them think of other people. That is a sort of

charity that begins at home. Pray, how much did *you* put down?"

"Nothing."

"I thought so. Go to a charity dinner, enjoy yourself, and come away without giving a farthing! You would not find women doing that."

"Only because they have not the courage."

"They have plenty of courage in other directions—in getting married, for example, when they know what men are."

"Knowing that, is it not a pity they choose to make martyrs of themselves? Indeed, their anxiety to become martyrs is astonishing. But what if I say that in the next published list of subscriptions you will find my name down for about as much as your last millinery bill came to?"

"I think that a good deal more likely, for I know the state of philanthropy into which men get at a public dinner—fathers of families who ought to remember their own responsibilities, and who are impatient enough if any extra bit of comfort or kindness is wanted for their own kith and kin."

"Some such trifling matter as a fur cloak, for instance, that is bought out of a Brighton shop-window for sixty-five guineas, and is only worn twice or thrice, because some other woman has the neighbor of it."

"That is not true. You *know* the weather changed."

"The weather! what weather? Were you at Brighton at the time?"

Titania did not reply for a considerable time. Perhaps she was thinking of some crushing epigram, but at all events Bell endeavored to draw her away from the subject by pointing out another river, and asking whether this or the Glym at Woodstock was the stream associated with the "Oxfordshire Tragedy" she had just been singing. We discovered, however, that this small stream was also the Glym, which here winds round and through the marshy country that Thomas Warton described.*

* Within some whispering osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile,
And each trim meadow still retains
The wintry torrent's oozy stains;

Bell came to the conclusion that the banks by the river at this part were not sufficiently picturesque for the scene of the song, where the love-lorn heroine sits and weeps by a glassy stream, and complains that her lover is now wooing another maid.

Meanwhile, my lady had given expression to the rebellious thoughts passing through her mind, by admonishing Castor and Pollux slightly, and these accordingly were going forward at a rattling pace. We "took" Enstone. We dashed along the level highway that lies on the high ground between the Charlford Farms and Heythrop Park. We sent the dust flying behind us in clouds as we cut down to Chipping Norton; and there, with a fine sweep, we sprang up the incline of the open square, clattered over the stones in front of the White Hart Inn, and pulled up with a noise that considerably astonished the quiet village.

This large open space gives to Chipping Norton a light and agreeable appearance, and on entering the big tall inn that looks down over the square, we found everything very cleanly, bright and comfortable. The very maid-servant who served us with lunch was a model of maid-servants, and was a very handsome young woman besides, with shining light-blue eyes and yellow hair. The lieutenant at once entered into a polite conversation with her, and she informed him, in answer to his respectful inquiries, that she had just come from Folkestone.

"From Folkestone! that is a seaport, a busy place, a large town, is it not?"

"Yes, there *was* some business doing there," said the maid, with an inflection of voice which rather cast discredit on Chipping Norton.

"Don't you find this place dull?" he asked.

"Well, I can't say the people seem

Beneath a willow, long forsook,
The fisher seeks his 'custom'd nook,
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

Ode to the First of April.

to worry themselves much," she replied with a slight curl of the lip.

"That is very good for the health," said the count gravely. "Now I do think you have a very nice and even temper, that does not irritate you—"

But here Queen Titania and her companion came into the room, and the conversation ceased, for the lieutenant had at once to spring up and take charge of the books, maps and scarfs that Bell had brought in with her. And then, when we sat down to lunch, he was entirely engrossed in attending to her wants, in-somuch that he was barely civil to the more elderly lady who had from the first been his champion. As for Bell, what had become of her dislike to officers, her antipathy to the German race, her horror of Uhlans? That very morning I had heard on good authority that Bell had been asking in confidence whether England did not owe a great debt to Germany for the gift of Protestantism which that country had sent us. "And were not the Prussians mostly Protestant?" asked Bell. What answer was returned I do not know, for Queen Titania is strong on the point that the word "Protestant" is not scriptural.

"But I have quite forgotten to tell you," remarked the lieutenant, "that this morning, when I was walking about in Oxford, I came into the theatre. I saw some bills up. I went along a strange passage: I found an iron gate, and much lime and stone, and things like that. A man came: I asked him if I could see the theatre, and he took me into the place, which they are repairing now. Oh, it is a very dingy place—small, tawdry, with ridiculous scenes, and the decorations of the galleries very amusing and dirty. Why, in an old city, with plenty of rich and intelligent people, you have such a pitiful little theatre: it is only fit for a country green and wandering actors. In a great university town you should have the theatre supported by the colleges and the bequests, and hire good actors, and play all the best dramas of your great writers. That would be good education—that would be a good compliment to pay to your

great dramatists. But here, in a city where you have much learning, much money, much of your young men of good families being educated, you have only a dingy small show; and I suppose it is farces they play, and wretched dramas, for the townspeople and the farmers. That is not much respect shown to your best authors by your learned institutions."

"No wonder students find the milliners' shops more attractive," said Queen Titania with a smile.

"But I think there is always much interest in an empty theatre," continued the lieutenant. "I did go all over this poor little building, and saw how it imitated the deceptions of fine theatres in a coarse manner. I saw the rude scenes, the bad traps, the curious arrangements, which I do not think can differ much from the theatre which Shakespeare himself described, where a man was made to represent a city, if I am right."

"You are familiar with the arrangements of a theatre, I suppose?" I say to the lieutenant.

"Pray tell me if you saw anything else in Oxford this morning," says Tita hastily.

"I suppose you could produce a pantomime yourself?" I observe to the young man.

"Did you visit any more of the colleges?" says Tita at the same moment.

"Or get up a ballet?"

"Or go down to the Isis again?"

Von Rosen was rather bewildered, but at last he stammered out, "No, madame, I did not go down to the river this morning. I walked from the theatre to the hotel, for I remained much too long in the theatre. Yes, I know something about the interior of theatres. I have been great friends with the managers and actors, and took great interest in it. I used to be much behind the stage—every night at some times; and that is very curious to a young man who likes to know more than other people, and thinks himself wise not to believe in delusions. I think it is Goethe who has made many of our young men like to know stage-managers and help to ar-

range pieces. But I find that they always end by being very much in love with one of the young ladies, and then they get not to like the theatres, for they do not wish everybody to admire her and be allowed to look at her. This is very good for the theatre, however; for they take many boxes, and ask their friends to accompany them, and that pays better than to let out the seats by the year to families. Some of the young men make light of this; others are more melancholy; but afterward they have much interest in some theatres merely for the sake of the old associations."

"Oh, Bell," exclaimed Tita, turning anxiously to our companion, "did you see that your guitar was properly put away, or has it been left lying openly in the phaeton?"

"I did put it away, madame," said the lieutenant.

"Oh, thank you!" said Tita. "I am sure if some of those ostlers were to have their curiosity aroused, we should have no more music all the journey."

And thus, having got the lieutenant away from rambling reminiscences of theatres, the little woman took very good care he did not return to them; and so we finished luncheon without any catastrophe having happened. Bell had been sitting very quietly during these revelations, scarcely lifting her eyes from the table, and maintaining an appearance of studied indifference. Why should she care about the mention of any actress or any dozen of actresses? My lady's anxiety was obviously unnecessary,

CHAPTER IX.

A MOONLIGHT NIGHT.

Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junks eat.

CHIPPING NORTON is supplied with all the comforts of life. Before leaving for the more inhospitable regions in which we were to pass the night, we take a leisurely walk through the curious little town, that is loosely scattered over the

side of a steep hill. Here civilization has crowded all its results together, and Queen Tita is asked whether she could not forsake the busy haunts of men, and exchange that hovering between Leatherhead and London which constitutes her existence for a plain life in this small country town.

"Chemists' shops abound. There is a subscription reading-room. There are co-operative stores. A theatre invites you to amusement. You may have *Lloyd's News*, various sorts of sewing-machines, and the finest sherry from the wood—"

"Along with a Wesleyan chapel," she says, with a supercilious glance at the respectable if somewhat dull-looking little building that fronts the main street.

There is no reply possible to this ungracious sneer, for who can reason, as one of us hints to her, with a woman who would spend a fortune in incense, if only she had it, and who would rejoice to run riot in tall candles?

Bell takes us away from Chipping Norton, the lieutenant sitting beside her to moderate the vehemence of her pace in the event of her getting into a difficulty. First, the road dips down by a precipitous street, then it crosses a hollow in which there are some buildings of a manufactory, a tiny river and a strip of common or meadow, and then it ascends to the high country beyond by a steep hill. On the summit of this hill we give the horses a rest for a few seconds, and turn to look at the small town that lies underneath us in the valley. There is a faint haze of blue smoke rising from the slates and tiles. The deadened tolling of a bell marks the conclusion of another day's labor, for already the afternoon is wearing on apace; and so we turn westward again, and set out upon the lofty highway that winds onward toward the setting sun. Small hamlets fringe the road at considerable intervals, while elsewhere our route lies between stretches of heath and long fields. And still the highway ascends, until we reach the verge of a great slope; and, behold! there lies before us a great landscape, half in gloom, half in the dusky yellow light of the evening. And

over there, partly shutting out the dark lines of hills in the west, a great veil of rain stretches from the sky to the earth, and through it the sun is shining as through ground glass. But so far away is this pale sheet of yellow mist that we seem to be above it, and over the level and dark landscape on which it descends; and, indeed, where this veil ends the sunlight sends forth long shafts of radiance that light up level tracts of the distant and wooded country. What fate is to befall us when we get down into this plain and go forward in search of the unknown hostelry at which we are to pass the night?

"I hope the rain will not spread," says Bell, who had been telling us of all the wonders we should find at Bourton-on-the-Hill; "but even if it does rain to-night, we shall be as well off on a hill as in a swamp."

"But at Moreton-in-the-Marsh," says Tita, "there is sure to be a comfortable inn, for it is a big place; whereas Bourton-on-the-Hill appears to be only a small village, and we may find there only a public-house."

"But suppose it should clear?" says Bell. "The moon will be larger to-night, and then we can look down on all this level country from the top of the hill. We have not had a night-walk for a long time, and it will be so much more pleasant than being down in the mists of a marsh."

"And you are prepared to sleep on a couple of chairs in the smoking-room of a public-house?" I ask of Miss Bell.

"I dare say we shall get accommodation of some kind," she replies very meekly.

"Oh, I am quite sure mademoiselle is right, there is so much more adventure in going to this small place on the top of a hill," cried the lieutenant.

Of course mademoiselle was right: mademoiselle was always right now. And when that was understood, Queen Titania never even attempted to offer an objection, so that in all affairs pertaining to our trip the rude force of numbers triumphed over the protests of an oppressed and long-suffering minority.

But only change the relative positions, and then what a difference there was! When the lieutenant hinted in the remotest way that Bell might do so and so with the horses, she was all attention. For the first time in her career she allowed the interests of justice to moderate her partiality for Pollux. That animal, otherwise the best of horses, was a trifle older than his companion, and had profited by his years so far as to learn a little cunning. He had got into a trick accordingly of allowing Castor—the latter being younger and a good deal "freer"—to take more than his share of the work. Pollux had acquired the art of looking as if he were perpetually straining at the collar, while all the time he was letting his neighbor exercise to the full that willingness which was his chief merit. Now, Bell had never interfered to alter this unequal division of labor. Queen Tita knew well how to make the older horse do his fair share, but Bell encouraged him in his idleness, and permitted his companion to work out of all reason. Now, however, when the lieutenant pointed out the different action of the horses, and said she should moderate the efforts of the one, while waking up the other to a sense of his duties, she was quite obedient. When the whip was used at all—which was seldom enough, for both horses were sufficiently free—it was Pollux that felt the silk. The lieutenant fancied he was giving Bell lessons in driving, whereas he was merely teaching her submissiveness.

That golden sheet of rain had disappeared in the west, and the yellow light had sunk farther and farther down behind far bands of dark cloud. A gray dusk was falling over the green landscape, and the birds were growing mute in the woods and the hedges. In the pervading silence we heard only the patter of the horses' feet and the light rolling of the phaeton, as we sped onward down the long slopes and along the plain. We passed Four-shire Stone, the adjacent shires being Worcester, Warwick, Gloucester and Oxford; and then, getting on by a piece of common, we rattled into a long and straggling

village, with one or two large and open thoroughfares.

Moreton-in-the-Marsh was asleep, and we left it asleep. There were still a few men lounging about the corner public-house, but the women and children had all retired into the cottages from the chill night air. In some of the windows the light of a candle was visible. The dark elms behind the houses were growing darker.

Between Moreton and Bourton you plunge still deeper into this great and damp valley, and the way lies through a rich vegetation which seems to have thriven well in this low situation. The hedges along the roadside are magnificent; the elms behind them constitute a magnificent avenue extending for nearly a couple of miles; all around are dense woods. As we drove rapidly through this country, it almost seemed as though we could see the white mists around us, although the presence of the vapor was only known to us by the chilling touch of the air. On this July night we grew cold. Tita hoped there would be a fire at the hostelry on the top of the mountain, and she besought Bell to muffle up her throat, so that we should not be deprived of our ballads by the way.

At last we beheld the hill before us.

"It is not very like the Niessen," says Tita.

"But I have no doubt there is a very good inn at the top," remarks the lieutenant, "for after this hill the people would naturally stop to rest their horses."

"And we shall get up to see the sun rise, as we did on the Niessen?" asks Bell with a fine innocence, for she knows the opinions of some of us on the subject of early rising. "Do you remember the fat little woman who had walked up all by herself, and who came out by herself in the morning, and appealed to us all to tell her the names of the mountains, that she might write them down?"

"And how oddly she turned up again at nearly every railway-station we stopped at, with all her luggage around her!" says Tita.

"I believe," says Bell, "she is still sailing all through Europe on a shoal of

bandboxes and portmanteaus. I wish I could draw the fat little woman balancing herself in that circle of luggage, you know, and floating about comfortably and placidly like a bottle bobbing about in the sea. She may have drifted up to St. Petersburg by this time."

"I think *we* have," says the lieutenant, who is leading the horses up the steep hill, and who rubs his chilled hands from time to time.

We reach the centre of the straggling line of houses which must be Bourton, and behold! there is no inn. In the dusk we can descry the tower of a small church, and here the cottages thicken into the position which ought to be dominated by an inn, but there is no sign of any such thing. Have we climbed this precipitous steep, and have Castor and Pollux laboriously dragged our phaeton and luggage up, all for nothing? The count asks a startled villager, who points to a wayside house standing at the higher extremity of the row. Where is the familiar signboard, or the glowing bar, or the entrance to the stables? Von Rosen surrenders his charge of the horses and walks into the plain-looking house. It is an inn. We begin to perceive in the dusk that a small board over the doorway bears the name of "SETH DYDE." We find, however, instead of a landlord, a landlady—a willing, anxious and energetic woman, who forthwith sets to work to take our party into this odd little place. For dinner or supper, just as we choose to call it, she will give us ham and eggs, with either tea or beer. She will get two bedrooms for us, and perhaps the single gentleman will accept a shake-down in the parlor. In that room a fire is lit in a trice, a lamp is brought in, and presently the cheerful blaze in the huge fireplace illuminates the curious old-fashioned chamber, with its carpets and red table-cloth and gloomy furniture. A large tray appears—an ornamental teapot is produced. Sounds are heard of attendants whipping through the place, so anxious and so dexterous is this good woman. And Queen Tita, who is merciless in one respect, examines the cups,

saucers, forks and knives, and deigns to express her sense of the creditable cleanliness and order of the solitary inn.

Meanwhile, the horses.

"Oh," says the lieutenant, coming in out of the dark, "I have found a famous fellow—the first man I have seen in England who does his work well with grooming a horse. He is an excellent fellow—I have seen nothing like it. The horses are well off this night, I can assure you: you will see how good they look to-morrow morning."

"It is strange so good an ostler should be found here," said my lady.

"But he is not an ostler," said the lieutenant, rubbing his hands at the fire: "he is a groom to some gentleman near. The ostler is away. He does his work as a favor, and he does it so that I think the gentleman must keep some racing horses."

"How do you manage to find out all these things about the people you meet?" asked Titania with a gracious smile.

"Find out!" replied the tall young man, with his blue eyes staring. "I do not think I find out any more than others. It is people talk to you. And it is better to know a little of a man you give your horses to; and there is some time to talk when you are seeing after the horses; and so that is perhaps why they tell me."

"But you have not to see about horses when you are in a bookseller's shop at nine in the morning, and the young lady there tells you about the milliners' shops and the students," says my lady.

"Oh, she was a very nice girl," remarks the lieutenant, as if that were sufficient explanation.

"But you talk to every one, whether they are young ladies or innkeepers or grooms: is it to perfect your pronunciation of English?"

"Yes, that is it," said the young man, probably glad to arrive at any solution of the problem.

"Then you ought not to speak to ostlers."

"But there is no ostler who talks so very bad as I do: I know it is very, very bad—"

"I am *sure* you are mistaken," says

Bell quite warmly, but looking down: "I think you speak very good English; and it is a most difficult language to pronounce, and I am sure there are few Germans who can speak it as freely as you can."

"All that is a very good compliment, mademoiselle," he said, with a laugh that caused Bell to look rather embarrassed. "I am very glad if I could think that, but it is impossible. And as for freedom of speaking—oh yes, you can speak freely, comfortably, if you are going about the country and meeting strangers, and talking to any one, and not caring whether you mistake or not; but it is different when you are in a room with very polite English ladies who are strangers to you, and you are introduced, and you do not know how to say those little sentences that are proper to the time. That is very difficult, very annoying. But it is very surprising the number of your English ladies who have learned German at school, while the French ladies, they know nothing of that or of anything that is outside Paris. I do think them the most useless of women—very nice to look at, and very charming in their ways perhaps, but not sensible, honest, frank, like the English women, and not familiar with the seriousness of the world, and not ready to see the troubles of other people. But your English woman, who is very frank to be amused, and can enjoy herself when there is a time for that—who is generous in time of trouble, and is not afraid, and can be firm and active, and yet very gentle, and who does not think always of herself, but is ready to help other people, and can look after a house and manage affairs,—that is a better kind of woman, I think, more to be trusted, more of a companion. Oh, there is no comparison!"

All this time the lieutenant was busy stirring up the fire and placing huge lumps of coal on the top, and he had obviously forgotten that he was saying these things to two English women. Queen Titania seemed rather amused, and kept looking at Bell: Bell said nothing, but pretended to be arranging

the things on the table. When the lieutenant came back from the fire, he had apparently forgotten his complimentary speech, and was regarding with some curiosity the mighty dish of ham and eggs that had come in for our supper.

That was a very comfortable and enjoyable repast. When the chill of driving through the fogs of the plain had worn off, we found that it was not so very cold up here on the hill. A very liberal and honest appetite seemed to prevail, and there was a tolerable attack made on the ample display of ham and eggs. As for the beer that our lieutenant drank, it is not fair to tell stories. He said it was good beer, to begin with. Then he thought it was excellent beer. At length he said he had not tasted better since he left London.

Women become accustomed to many things during the course of a rambling journey like this. You should have seen how naturally Queen Tita brought forth the bezique-cards directly after dinner, and how unthinkingly Bell fetched some matches from the mantelpiece and placed them on the table. My lady had wholly forgotten her ancient horror of cigar-smoke: in any case, as she pointed out, it was other people's houses we were poisoning with the odor. As for Bell, she openly declared that she enjoyed the scent of cigars, and that in the open air, on a summer evening, it was as pleasant to her as the perfume of the wild roses or the campions.

However, there was no bezique. We fell to talking. It became a question as to which could find the freshest phrases and the strongest adjectives to describe his or her belief that this was the only enjoyable fashion of traveling. The abuse that was poured upon trains, stations, railway porters, and the hurry of cabs in the morning was excessive. Time-tables of all sorts were spoken of with an animosity which was wonderful to observe when it came along with the soft and pleasant undertones of our Bonny Bell's voice. Tita said she should never go abroad any more. The lieutenant vowed that England was the most delightful country in the world to

drive through. The present writer remarked that the count had much to see yet; whereupon the foolish young man declared he could seek for no pleasanter days than those he had just spent, and wished, with some unnecessary emphasis, that they might go on for ever. At this moment Bell rose and went to the window.

Then we heard an exclamation. Looking round, we found the shutters open, and lo! through the window we could see a white glare of moonlight falling into the empty thoroughfare, and striking on the wall on the other side of the way.

"It cannot be very cold outside," remarks the young lady.

"Bell!" cries Queen Tita, "you don't mean to go out at this time of night?"

"Why not, madame?" says the lieutenant. "Was it not agreed upon before we came up the hill? And when could you get a more beautiful night? I am sure it will be more beautiful than the sunrise from the top of the Niessen."

"Oh, if you think so," says my lady, with a gentle courtesy, "by all means let us go out for a little walk."

That is the way affairs began to be ordered about to suit the fancies of those young nincompoops. What little vestige of authority remained with the eldest of the group was exerted to secure a provision of shawls and rugs. Bell was not loth. She had a very pretty gray shawl. She had also a smart little gray hat which suited it; and as the hat was trimmed with blue, the gray shawl could not have a prettier decoration than the blue ribbon of the guitar. Who proposed it I cannot say, but Bell had her guitar with her when we went out into the bright wonder of the moonlight.

Bourton-on-the-Hill was now a mass of glittering silver and sharp, black shadows. Below us we could see the dark towers of the church, gleaming gray on the one side; then a mass of houses in deep shadow, with a radiance shining from their tiles and slates; then the gray road down the hill, and on the side of it this wall, with its flints sparkling. But when we got quite to the summit, and

clambered on to a small piece of common where were some felled trees, what words can describe the extraordinary view that lay around us? The village and its small church seemed to be now halfway down the hill, whereas the great plain of the landscape seemed to have risen high up on the eastern horizon, where the almost invisible stars met the dark woods of Oxfordshire. Over this imposing breadth of wood and valley and meadow, with its dark lines of trees, its glimmerings of farmhouses and winding streams, the flood of moonlight lay so softly that the world itself seemed to have grown clear from underneath. There were none of the wild glares of white surfaces and the ebony blackness of shadows which threw everything around us into sharp outline, but a far-reaching and mellow glamour that showed us the mists lying along the river-tracks, and only revealed to us the softened outlines and configurations of the land. If there had been a ruddy light in Moreton-in-the-Marsh, we should have seen it; but the distant village seemed dead, and it, as well as all the great tract of wooded country around it, was whitened over by this softened and silent and almost sepulchral radiance that lay somehow between the dark blue vault overhead and the vast plain beneath. It was but a young moon, but the exceeding rarity of the air lent strength to its radiance.

"Does not moonlight give you the impression that you can hear far?" said Bell in a rather low voice, as if the silence and the stars had overawed her. "It is like frost. You fancy you could hear bells ringing a hundred miles across the clear air."

"Mademoiselle, you will let us hear your singing in this stillness?" said the lieutenant.

"No, I cannot sing now," she said, and the very gentleness of her voice forbade him to ask again.

We passed along the road. The night air was sweet with the odor of flowers. Out in the west, where the moonlight was less strong, the stars were faintly twinkling. Not a breath of wind stirred.

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and yet it seemed to us that if any sound had been uttered all over the world, it must have been carried to us on this height. We were as gods up here in the cold sky and the moonlight, and far over the earth sleep had sealed the lips and the eyes of those poor creatures who had forgotten their sorrows for a time. Should we send them dreams to sweeten their lives by some glimpses of a world different from their own, and cause them to awaken in the morning with some reminiscence of the trance in their softened memories? Or would it not be better to drown them in the fast and hard sleep of fatigue, so that the dawn might bring them a firmer heart and no vanity of wishes? Gods as we were, we had no care for ourselves. It was enough to be. Could not the night last for ever, and keep us up here near the stars, and give us content and an absolute want of anxiety for the morrow? For Queen Titania seemed to wander on as if she were in an enchanted garden, followed by a black shadow on the gleaming white road; and her face, with all its gentleness and delicacy, seemed to have gained something of a pale and wistful tenderness as the white light shone down over the dark woods and crossed our path. As for Bell— But who can describe the grace of the figure that walked before us, the light touching the gray shawl and the fine masses of brown hair that hung all around the shapely neck and the flat, small shoulders? We four were in England, sure enough, but it seemed to us then that we were very much alone, and about as near to the starry world as to the definite landscape lying far away on the plain.

We turned, however, when it was found that the road did not lead to any view of the western country. It seemed to run along a high level, cutting through between sand-pits, farms and woods; and so we made our way back to the bit of common overlooking Bourton, and there we had a few minutes' rest before getting into the small inn, whose windows were gleaming red into the white moonlight.

"Now you must sing to us something, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant; "and

here is a fine big tree cut down, that we can all sit on; and you shall appear as Apollo in disguise, charming the natives of this landscape with your song."

"But I do not know anything that Apollo sang," said Bell, sitting down nevertheless, and taking the guitar from her companion.

"That is no matter. You must think yourself some one else: why not Zerlina, in this strange place, and you see Fra Diavolo sitting alone on the rock, and you sing of him? This is a very good place for highwaymen. I have no doubt they have sat here and watched the gentleman's carriage come up the road beneath; and then, hey! with a rush and a flourish of pistols and a seizing of the horses, and madame shrieks in the carriage, and her husband, trembling but talking very brave, gives up his money, and drives on with much swearing, but very contented to have no hurt."

"You are very familiar with the ways of highway robbers," said Bell with a smile.

"Mademoiselle, I am an Uhlan," he replied gravely.

Two at least of the party startled the midnight air with their laughter over this unintentional rebuke, but Bell, conscious of past backslidings, seemed rather discomfited, and hastened to say that she would, if he pleased, sing the song in which Zerlina describes the bandit.

She sang it, too, very charmingly in that strange silence. Knowing that we could not well see her face, she lent herself to the character, and we could hear the terror of Zerlina thrilling through her experiences of the dreaded Diavolo. "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the dark woods around us seemed to say; "Diavolo! Diavolo!" throbbed the bass strings of the guitar, and the girl's voice trembled in its low tones as she pronounced the name. If any lonely stranger had been passing along the highway at this hour, what would he have thought of this strange thing—a beautiful girl seated overhead, amid the stars apparently, with the moonlight striking on her exquisite face and her masses of hair, while she sang in a low and impassioned voice

and struck chords from some strange instrument? Would she not appear as some wild vision of the Lorelei? Or, considering that companions were visible, and some talking and jesting occasionally heard, might not this be a company of strolling play-actors, such as all honest persons were aforesaid conured to discountenance and suppress?*

You know that when Zerlina has sung the first verses of her dramatic song, Diavolo, disguised as a marquis, suddenly rises and sings the concluding verse himself. Bell accordingly handed the guitar to Count von Rosen with a pretty smile. But would a young man, on such a night, sing a ballad about a mere bandit? No! The lieutenant was not averse to act the character of Diavolo, so far as his minstrelsy went, but he adopted one of his gentler moods. Lightly running his fingers over the strings, he began to sing of Agnese la Zitella; and how had he learned to soften his voice so? The pretty Agnes was told that she was as sweet as the spring, and then she is made to call forth her lover because the night is so fair—so much fairer than the day—and so silent. 'Tis a pleasant barcarole, and conveys a message as well as another. But lest he should be thought too bold, probably, our Uhlan rose abruptly when he had finished the song, and said lightly, with a laugh, "There! was not that touching enough for Diavolo? He was a very accomplished person, to have all the rough delights of a brigand, and then go about dressed as a marquis and amuse himself with adventures. I think they treated him badly in the end, if I do remember right."

Bell did not answer. She had got back the guitar. Apparently she was looking far down over the moonlit plain, her eyes grown distant and thoughtful,

* "All persons concerned are hereby desired to take notice of and suppress all mountebanks, ropedancers, ballad-singers, etc., that have not a license from the Master of his Majesty's Revels (which for the present year are all printed with black letters, and the king's arms in red); . . . and all those that have licenses with red and black letters are to come to the office to change them for licenses as they are now altered. April 17, 1684."—*The Antiquary*, No. 1.

and as her fingers wandered over the strings, we heard, almost as in a dream, the various careless notes shape themselves into a melody—a wild, sad melody, that seemed to breathe the tenderness and the melancholy of this still night. "Silent, O Moyle, be the sound of thy waters:" perhaps that was the air, or perhaps it was the heart-breaking "Coulin"—one could scarcely say; but when at last we heard no more of it, Tita rose and said we must go indoors. There was something quite regretful in her tone. It seemed as if she were bidding good-bye to a scene not soon to be met with again.

The lieutenant gave his hand to Bell, and assisted her down the steep bank into the road, and we passed on until the window of the inn was found glimmering red through the moonlight. We cast a passing glance around. Bourton lay beneath us, asleep. The great landscape beyond remained dark and silent under the luminous whiteness of the air. The silence seemed too sacred to be broken.

"Good-night," said Tita to the lieutenant. "I hope you have spent at least one pleasant evening with us on this journey."

"I have spent many, madame," he said earnestly, "and many very pleasant mornings and days, and I hope we shall have a great many more. I do think we four ought to turn vagrants—gypsies, you call them—and go away altogether, and never go back any more to a large town."

"What do you say, Bell?" asked Tita, with a kindly if half-mischievous look.

"I suppose we get to Worcester to-morrow," said Bell, with not much appearance of joy in her face; and then she bade good-night to us all, and departed with my lady.

"There it is!" said the lieutenant, with an impatient flinging down of his cap on the table. "That is what interferes with all our pleasure. You go away on the most delightful excursion in the world—you have the most beautiful scenes and pleasant companions and freedom—everything you can wish; and then the

young lady who ought to be more happy than any one—who is at the time of life to have no care but to enjoy her prettiness and her good temper, and all that—who is the pleasant ornament of the excursion, and is a great delight to all of us,—then she is vexed and frightened because that this—this—this contemptible fellow threatens to meet her in one of those big towns. Sacker-rrrrr-ment! I do hope he will come and have it over; but if he is annoying, if he vexes her any more—"

Thus do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves in the midst of happiest circumstances. But at last there comes a time for sleep. And soon this solitary inn on the hill was as quiet and peaceful as the great world outside, where the moonlight seemed to have hushed the very winds to rest, and where the far woods and the streams and the low hills along the edge of the land lay still and dark under the cold majesty of the stars.

[*Note by Queen Titania, written at Worcester on the evening of the following day.*]—"Any comment of mine on the foregoing is at the moment unnecessary: we have other matters to engage our attention. *Arthur has come.* I can find no words to express the deep and serious annoyance which this escapade is likely to cause. All our plans may be upset, for he can scarcely explain his present wild proceedings without provoking some sort of final agreement with Bell. And suppose she should consent to be engaged to him, how are we to continue our journey? Of course he will not allow her: if he had not disliked it, he would not be here now. Certainly, I *think* Bell has acted imprudently, for I told her that if she did not answer his letter, he would be sure to imagine all manner of things, and come and see her. The consequence is, that she is, I fear, in a great dilemma, for I do not see how she can avoid either refusing him altogether or consenting to everything that he asks. And as we can't continue our journey till Monday, he will have a whole day to persecute

her into giving him an answer of some kind; and then she is so foolishly good-hearted that if he is only pathetic enough she will say "Yes" to *everything*. It is

most provoking. If we could only get this one day over, and him back to London!
T."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSSEL.

O WRECK of all chivalries! whither
Has vanished thy glory? O France!
Shall the last of thy *fleurs-de-lis* wither
Which the Uhlan has spared? Shall *his* lance
Be dropped with a gesture of pity,
Shall the bombshell in harmlessness burst,
And the shot that has furrowed the city
(Forbearing to compass the worst)
Unscathed leave the best of your foemen,
Yet ye in your cowardice fell,
Scared rulers, shoot down the one Roman
Among them—Rossel?

"*A Communist?*" Ay, and his crime was
Too fervid a faith in his cause—
Too noble a trust that the time was
The chosen of Fate, and a pause
Might rivet for ages the fetter
That Freedom, made wild through despair,
Had rent in her frenziedness. "Better
Die *then* in their fury, and *there*,
Than yet by new masters be goaded!"
Success has its bays for a Tell,
And Failure its chains: they have loaded
The "felon"—Rossel!

Ah, short-sighted zealots of Order!
Has mastery stricken you blind?
Was death the sole, pitiless warder
Whose cell had no postern behind?
The spirit whose ardor had fired
A cause that was desperate—yea,
A Breton as brave as a Bayard—
Could never have stooped to betray!
But Time shall avenge him: each lowland,
Hill, plain, with his story shall swell,
As they say: *The Gironde had its Roland—*
The Commune—Rossel!

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

I.—MR. JAMES L. CLAGHORN'S GALLERY.

TO Mr. Claghorn's gallery I recently introduced, by courtesy, a Parisian exiled by the war. Cultivated, lettered, a friend of two or three obscure poets inhabiting the Luxembourg quarter, quite a pedant in the history of tapestry and *saïence*, my friend was not at home in America. In the time that was he had possessed a number of pictures, including what he declared to be a genuine Clouet: he had some porcelain, and a few exquisite old bindings which he never opened. These had been buried, spoiled, exhumed and sold at a ruin. In this country, where he was languishing and almost moulting with homesickness, he badly needed consolation. He was courtesy itself, and easily entertained to all appearance, but when I have seen him close his eyes before a large chromo-lithograph in a parlor, I have known that it meant agony.

Such was the person—fifty years of age, bent, velvet-capped, and clean-shaved to a point an inch or two above the tops of the ears—who examined with me the pictures belonging to the president of the Pennsylvania Academy. The finished charity of his manner on entering boded ill, and made me fear that he would praise everything. The gallery comprises over a hundred and fifty oil-paintings and an extraordinary number of prints, and for my friend to assent to all these, without the least perspective in his judgment, would have been annoying to me, and to him, perhaps, fatal. Luckily, this danger was averted by the peculiar nature of the selections.

Hung as a "centre," in a conspicuous part of the Claghorn collection, is a life-sized painting of a lady at her toilet. It is a Hyacinthe Rigaud, in capital preservation. The elegant though hardly beautiful woman is represented, not at the insipid moment when the yoke of her body-linen is fastened around her

throat, but some seconds anterior to that obscurity. My companion, who had desired but never possessed a portrait by Rigaud, was interested: the lady, as if she had indeed been Montespan at a *lever*, made him at home at once. He did not quite like the specimen, and this was all the better: it led to a warm discussion, in which the portraiture of the age of Louis XIV. was explained to the foundation and lauded to the zenith. "A little too much flutter, perhaps—a trifle of artifice and pretentiousness—but what manner! what manner!" A pinch of snuff naturally gave bouquet to this eulogy. Now the fact is, Rigaud is the best possible exemplar of that peculiar explosive style of portrait which Hogarth has so exquisitely caught and caricatured in the painting of the marquis represented as hanging on the wall in the "Marriage à la Mode:" it is the one where a military fop blandly dances on to victory with a cannon, a cloak, a scarf, a battle and a cornet. *That* is the essence of Rigaud, as his portraits in the Louvre, even with the more temperate Bossuet and Louis XIV. among them, will testify. Mr. Claghorn's example, with its firmly and purely moulded white flesh and its plain but lively face, is only too good for its painter; and there is around it none of that turkey-cock expansion of plumage—lace, fur, metal and puffed and crackling silk—in which the soul of the Grand Age delighted. The agreeable thing about the picture was, however, that my exile had caught *tone* from it: he no longer glared with politeness or fibbed with heroism, but he stood before the pigments completely melted, enthralled with that genuine talismanic recognition of bric-à-brac which is a touchstone of the Frenchman's soul—diligently comparing traits with those of antiques in his recollection, and reviewing in his mind a delicious parade of Philippe de Champagnes, of Poussins,

and of Greuzes painted with cold-cream. The pathway was now easy through the whole gallery, which contains a number of pictures of the French school. Some are of an age completely past, some of that now passing, while a large quantity are the works of men just made famous—the decorated idols of the assemblies held during the Second Empire—and works which a modern Parisian will have noticed and praised and priced during the late annual exhibitions at the Palace of Industry in the Elysian Fields. The privilege of going through such a collection with one quite conversant with the career of French art, its cliques and cabals, its romanticism and its classicism, was a great one. I only hope that opinions and dogmas to which I was an interested listener, but no pledged bondsman, may not have unduly modified my estimate of the works under review.

One picture there, of high interest historically, not even a learned connoisseur could set a name to with certainty. It is "The Proclamation of the Republic of '48," and is painted in that finished, colorless manner under which a multitude of the followers of David succeeded in drowning out all their individuality. The scene takes place in the Palace Bourbon, in front of the Deputies' tribune and of the large allegorical picture which Napoleon III. veiled with green damask. Ledru Rollin, Lamartine and several other celebrities are facing the puzzled representatives, while the brave duchess of Orleans vainly presents the heirs of the dynasty to the assemblage. The painting is of moderate size, and is crowded with portrait figures, which are depicted *left-handed*, for the convenience of the intended engraving.

A couple by Louis Devedeux, one of the pupils of Delaroche, already belong to a past epoch, though the painter was still exposing new pictures in 1869. They are Oriental scenes—a "Slave Merchant" and a "Siesta"—as far as possible from the rigid photographic Orientalism of Gérôme or Boulanger. They are unctuous little debauches of color, morsels that, with all that is peachy and luscious in quality, are related rather to the loose-

drawn voluptuousness which Delacroix had a feeling for and succeeded in, than to those which our contemporary Diaz fondles and overlies and kills in his dreams.

And so, by dates and historic approaches, we emerge upon the broad stage where the great French school of the present deploys. It is a school that will surely be respectable and of interest as long as its works are preserved—a school which, though it cannot pretend to the inspiration of the great simple ages of art-belief, does all that care and scholarship may do to supply the lack of that inspiration, no longer possible in ages of iconoclasm and inquiry. How long will this school be the great exemplar? For an age longer? For a twelve-month? There are plenty of prophets who say that it is within the year past a shattered school—that the conditions under which it prospered were broken by the Prussian war. This is hardly credible; but if it be true, galleries like the present, which have been with eager appetite assimilating the choice of what France has produced within the decade, will soon have a quite inimitable preciosity.

There are here, as a matter of course, representations of a certain circle or galaxy of eminent painters whom every collector seeks, and without any one of whom a gallery would be a creed without an article omitted. Mr. Claghorn's Rosa Bonheur is one of the smallest and one of the best on the continent. This talented lady, far inferior to Henriette Brown as a genius, and in her own special line of cattle-painting immeasurably below her own brother Auguste, enjoys in England and America (and in these countries alone) a reputation much in advance of her positive merit, though not at all below that which every advocate of fair play for feminine combatants in the liberal arts must rejoice in. In Mr. Claghorn's specimen her color is less crude, her textures are less wiry, her sky is less coagulated, than her wont: it is a group of sheep under lowering clouds, and in drawing, harmony, modeling and atmosphere shows felicities she has very

seldom attained. By Bouguereau there is one of his Arcadian scenes, very classic, very faultless, but he sings a trifle flat. By Hugues Merle—who is by no means a better man than Bouguereau—there is a very much better specimen: the charm of it is that it is simply a decorative painting, what might be a panel in a Louis Quinze saloon, and is brushed with perfect grace and ease within limits perfectly familiar. When Merle attempts "Marguerites" and the higher poetry, he always trips into chalkiness, and begins to tease his color. In the present example three naked children, who are bringing up grapes and turning the wine-press, are like blossoms, and the whole composition blooms with autumn and the Golden Age. Gérôme is merely represented by a pencil-sketch, one of his "Deux Augures." Ziem has a large and richly-colored composition. There are two well-contrasted subjects with horses by Adolphe Schreyer: one is drawn from Russia, and depicts with Schreyer's unapproachable temper that pluck and endurance with which a horse of good strain will endure the storm; the other represents Arabian barbs in full caparison, and shows Schreyer in that spirit in which he is so deceptively like Fromentin. By Blaise Desgoffe there is one of those groups of bijoux from the Louvre, in the miniature finish of which hardly Gérard Dow could have excelled him, though in its even glassy surface, universally applied, he seems rather to emulate the varnishy qualities of an often "restored" Dow than its deeper merits.

The grave and somewhat ponderous talent of Gustave Brion is shown in his "Peasants Playing at Ninepins." These vineyard-dressers are evidently breaking a Sunday; but not the mischievous license of the sport, nor the dappled shadows from the trellis, nor the straining vigor of the rawboned fellow who prepares to throw, nor the spellbound delight of the girl with the flagon who pauses to watch the effect, can relieve this composition from a heavy mournfulness which goes with the artist's cha-

racter, and which found its full scope in the title-page and other illustrations to *Les Misérables*. Contrast those toilers, who strain so tensely at their pleasures, with these idlers ("On the Ramparts") of Georges Jean Vibert, who make a pleasure of duty. Here we are translated into the happiest phase of elegant comedy: it is Molière, with his silver *satiné* sunshine. The "Ramparts" are bathed with afternoon light, and the grave old standard goes puffing and ballooning on a zephyr that respects nothing: the cannon, as the accessories show, have never been used, and are mere ordnance of ceremony. The captains—one a fine spark, reprehensibly devoted to the entertainment of lady visitors, the other a pury Bumble of etiquette—are in totally dissimilar uniforms; and the fluttering strangers wonder and gape over the battlements. Such a spirit would make sport out of the Crusades and the defence of Troy.

Fine, careful model-painting of a high order is instanced in the "Odalisque" of Achille Zo, one of the scholars of Couture. Let the literary men who are so severe on "suits of drapery" and "Portrait of Miss Jugg, the Model," come and see this picture and say whether or no it is a satisfying one. It is nothing in the world but a worthless Morocco woman fixed in a position and paid to sit still, and then copied with literal fidelity. She is a coarse young thing, looking in your eyes with that impudence of untaught animalism which is so much like innocence: she breaks into a laugh, still looking. As she rolls over toward you on the divan, her pipe is thrown to the ground by the sudden supination of her hand. Her dress is stiffened with embroidery, but her hard brown flesh is firm enough to mould into sculptural shapes. It is the mere grammar of art perhaps, but it contents the eye better than much of art's idealism. Another model-picture is by Charles Brun, who also frequently paints these Moorish and Oriental subjects. This time it is a little Savoyard girl with a marmot: the key of the composition is as simple as that of "Peter Bell." The girl, in her white

frilled cap, communes with her marmot, and that is all—the rest is for the world, with its *obolus*. If Fate had given her training, she might rise to be a *bonne*; if cleverness, she would be a *grisette*, a Margaret Bellanger: as it is, with an innocence much like that of her furry little friend, she collects the halfpence of the public, and one is half surprised to find one's self paying a little tribute of sympathy in with the coin. "You Cannot Pass" is by Charles Édouard de Beaumont, not a famous nor by any means an impeccable painter, but one who has caught, in the expression of this girl who with agony offers a kiss to the guard as a bribe to give her access to her lover, a power which rather dulls the force of such pictures as the "Huguenot Lovers" and other pieces famed for sentiment. From the *Sorrows of Werther* Comte-Calix has drawn a subject also drowned in pathos: in these two wretched lovers under the elm tree, the painter, who is generally too indiscriminately bowery, flowery and milliner-like, has found a theme which keeps him grave and candid, and ensures a really poetic little bit of painting.

Only six or seven years have passed since young Edward Zamacois, the Spaniard, burst with his pictures of dwarfs upon a world rather jaded with men and women of just proportion. A few years' dazzle, and he hurries home from warlike Paris to die at Madrid after three days of pneumonia. Here is one of his earliest and very finest successes, painted while his color was still spangled and dazzling, without that tendency to black in the shadows which beset him more lately. It is the "Court Dwarfs playing Tennis." Against a background made of the bas-reliefs of a famous hôtel of Rouen, play the gilded dwarfs, old, lean, and grave as judges in a dispute about child's play: they measure the nearness of the balls with straws, maintaining the pompous gravity which they ape from the king's counselors; they are the unconscious satirists of legislation, and it is this which gives the picture its intellectual hold. Another Spaniard, left by the death of Zamacois unrivaled, is For-

tuny, whose prodigious etchings are to be seen presently among the other works of their kind.

From Italy comes Pasini, with his taste for the poetry of the desert. Among Mr. Claghorn's pictures are two very good examples of his talent: the smaller in size, though not in power, is truly admirable, being a fine instance of just the superiority a good picture has over a good photograph. The camera, with its pitifully easily-dazzled vision, is compelled to lose a great many of the tones of Nature, receiving about as much of open-air beauty as an old maid in wire goggles. A burning noonday scene like this of the caravan reduces it to a full confession of imbecility, and leaves it no resources but pure white and dirty black. *Here*, however,—putting quite aside the immeasurable advantage of color—we have literal photographic detail in individuals, a group exquisitely rounded and modeled as a whole, and a satisfactory suggestion of sky-quality and landscape. The composition is good at any distance—first as a confused harmonious grouping, then, when one's nose almost touches the canvas, as an analytical mosaic, peppered with detail from margin to margin. Another Italian, Rossi, presents two ladies, called "Marie Antoinette and the Princess Lamballe," as an excuse for treating the rich Louis XVI. costume with a singular opulence of color.

The Holland school, sure to present grave excellences, is justified by an excellent work by Lourens Alma Tadema, the archaeologist painter. In this "Pompeian Interior" we have the people of Magna Græcia as they lived and moved. An infant has just been washed, and plays, naked, with the implements of the bath, watched by mother and nurse. The latter, a bunched female, a Pegotty of the first century, squats shapeless as a dishcloth in a profusion of damp white drapery. The lady, more stately, at first sight reminds you so little of the statuary of the ancients that your first thought is of a Japanese heroine on a fan: in her parti-colored robes of strong contrasts, her penciled eyebrows, her ample dead-

black wig, piled in front into a tiara of narrow braids, she is not at all the conventional Roman beauty. She is, in fact, a creature, a compilation, of the Naples museum: only one living painter has had the fortitude to "resurrect" her; if he had not existed, she and her like would have been unknown to us, and it may be said that when he dies she will be ready to slide into a museum again. Another Dutch picture of exceptional excellence is a coast-scene by Richard Burnier: it is the acme of gray horror and dreariness. The sandhills shape themselves into slow waves of despair, the toiling billows are lead, and a burdened cloud, hanging low, succeeds in casting a vast outlineless shadow, without any sun being in existence to make it.

A landscape of another sentiment, by Flamm of Düsseldorf, is certainly one of the loveliest that exists in America, one of the loveliest anywhere. Landscape art would have little need to plead for its right of existence against figure-painting if landscape could show many such pieces of impassioned, self-controlled rhetoric as this. It is simply a piazza-scene in South Italy. The heavy curves of a fountain, a dome, a tower, a crumbling wall, are imprinted as silhouettes against a sky hushed in the religious afterglow of Mediterranean sunset: the deep, palpitating air has that sacred *loss* of color which resembles the silence after a chime of bells. One reads this picture as one reads a canto of *Childe Harold*.

Other Prussian artists are present in abundance. Knaus, the most inimitable of them, competes with the French genre-painters by means of a harvest-scene, with three people set triangularly on a hillside: you could demonstrate the *pons asinorum* from them, so defiantly stiff is the composition, but the figures are perfectly well painted and worthy of the author. The two Achenbachs are here—Andreas, with a marine view taken near Spezzia, the clouds more bladdery than usual even with him, but the water strongly indicative of coast waves, beaten up half solid with sand and foam. Preyer, the Desgoffe of Düsseldorf, comes

up like a spy out of Eshcol with four gigantic black cherries, almost too big for him to carry. Siegert has a pair of *pendants*, the best of them being an old dame engaged painfully at needle-threading.

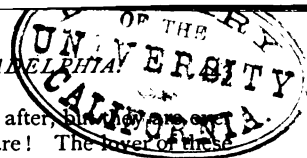
Reifstahl of Berlin has a work which highly commends him. Into the bell-clear sky of the Tyrol rises the broad flash of white stucco on a mountain chapel: you see the villagers crowding toward the door in a rapidly-diminishing perspective; those nearest the spectator, surprised by the elevation of the Host, kneel on the grass while yet a great way from the edifice, after the devout custom of Catholic populations. There is a keenness in the air of this picture, and a sense of fresh mountain space, that are quite admirable. An older painting, by Stange of Munich, is effective. Some mysterious perturbation is troubling the Piazzetta and Riva dei Schiavoni at Venice: you cannot tell what it is, but it excites like a drama played in a strange language. The flat side of the ducal palace looks fretted and thin like a screen as it is lifted against the red of the hurrying torches; boats are hurrying up to the quay over waters agitated with the disturbance; while aloft the bronze lion on his pillar seems to sympathize with the turmoil, and, involved in the scudding clouds, to open his black wings for a sail through the heavens.

Various respectable English names, such as Shayer and Pine, of the elder school, are marked upon slowly-darkening canvases. One landscape, by J. D. Harding, a storm-scene in Aber Valley, Wales, is splendidly sulky and passionate, like Keats's mistress "who some rich anger shows." American art also is present in abundance, selected with tact and liberality. Rothermel, the only poet in color belonging to the American school, has, among many fine examples, a very rich harmony of hues, an illustration of Buchanan Read's "House by the Sea." The latter has himself an example, a "Sprite of the Waterfall." James Hamilton, whom but for the bad taste of imitative names it would be fair to call the Turner of America, has a scene of un-

surpassed preciousness of sombre color—a view of sunset towers and a lonely, heron-guarded mere. Stanley Haseltine shows at his very best in a coast-city of Italy, admirably painted. Gifford, in a Catskill view, depicts dreamily a luscious, lotus-eating land of faëry. William Richards, in a glimpse of Wissahickon banks, shows to great advantage his pre-Raphaelite study of botanic truth. Bierstadt of course is present with one of his pretentious ignorances: trees painted without any tree knowledge hustle the sky with their dry, husky foliage; the sky itself, in this example, is of the period when Bierstadt was fond of painting firmaments in large bands of concentric colors, quite unblended, but stitched together at the edges with convenient embroideries of cloud. A well-painted lake (for the buffalo to drink at), set in a field of happily-indicated herbage, partially redeems the picture. American art cannot be completely compassed now without a mention of Boughton, who, with Mr. Vedder, is doing us so much credit in foreign critical circles. Mr. Claghorn has purchased one of Boughton's very careful Breton pictures, showing the stately *Bretannes* marching with their bundles of faggots, and the picturesque husbands idly looking on. There are many, very many other American canvases present, fully worthy of impartial attention, but who ever yet found the attention of a French connoisseur in any degree impartial? Wherever a citizen of the Grande Nation goes, he moves with an aureole of the home atmosphere around him, and into that atmosphere everything is dragged to be colored and tested. My exotic friend had passed through the gallery with the deliberation that is so flattering to the cicerone, and before a number of the pictures he had paused with the rapture of a pilgrim at the Mecca stone; many others, having seen on their easels originally or when just out of the studios, he had curious and pleasant comments for; but a quantity of them he noticed, when so directed, with some words of intense praise, and got away from with extraordinary velocity. At last, after deriving much

pleasure from his remarks, I guided him into a corner where there was a curtain, and told him he would really confer a gratification by giving his precise impression of a representative American gallery, and the true secret of those little reserves which he had not succeeded in making.

After some beating about the bush, "Why see!" said he, "the gallery is beautiful, *savante*, the trophy-chamber of liberality and taste. I will only contrast it, as a matter of explanation, with the little collection just lost by myself. At our house we were not very rich, but we had few wants, and culture was our religion. At the Hôtel Drouot I was one of the devotees whom you may have seen plunging his spectacles into the varnish of furbished-up pictures. My father was a fanatic in Bouchers, and filled a small octagon room with nymphs who were likenesses of each other. My grandfather had Spanish tastes, and once gave a family dinner when he had cheated a dealer out of a small Murillo. When I came to inherit the little museum our house had grown very old. The floors, of course, were of waxed wood, but in the entries they were of tile. The light was imperfect, owing partly to the old-fashioned sashes, and partly to a trifling weakness for stained glass with which I obscured some of the windows: every Sunday for twenty years it has been my task to change the pictures, bringing some of them away from the obscure nooks where they would have darkened and spoiled. I can close my eyes and see the little succession of dull rooms—the ceilings stretched with faded old tapestries, the doorways hushed with velvet valance, stamped leather on most of the chairs, old family needlework and convent embroidery on the rest. The walls were covered with frayed damask, on which hung the family portraits and the little accumulations of a half century. They were not many, but of what there were I knew the individual story. Pourtalès sale, Rachel sale—what do I say? a hundred auctions dating back from beyond the Revolution—and my father's Bouchers came from



the Parc-aux-Cerfs! Every picture on my walls could talk to me—of every one I knew the history, the pedigree, the sacrifice, the scandal. When they came into my sweet gray rooms, amid the faint scent of wax and leather, they were interrogated, made to tell all their secrets, their privacies. It was more than a friendship, it was a marriage. Besides, we were very select: knowing well that the world of universal art was too wide for me, I resolutely confined myself to certain accessible schools, which became my favorites. I adore Greuze—I detest David, Vernet, Ingres. Occasionally I bought a modern subject that seemed to me good, and introduced it to my pets, among whom it would glow with its bloom of youth like Helen among the old men on the wall of Troy. I leave it to you whether my little galleries had harmony, consistency, sequency, poetry and tone. And I leave it to you whether such an old anachronism as I, here in a New World, among collections snapped up in the hurry of a rapacious market, do not feel as if he had left the opal fruits of Aladdin's garden to stand in the crush of the Halles Centrales!"

A genuine picture-miser is not soon satiated, however, and my friend became comparatively modern and curious again on being taken to the department of engravings. It is the best representative collection, I am told by a catalogue-maker, now in this country. I am as far as possible from setting this up as a positive estimate or as a challenge, partly because I do not find any common standard recognized among those desperadoes who collect. With some, numbers is nothing: what they feel is the dry rage of the antiquary; they scorn all proofs but those that tempt them just at the vanishing point of the unattainable. Then there are some who are artists in spirit—who simply know when an engraving is beautiful, and prize it for exactly the amount of art it contains. For the rabid virtuoso there is a fancy value in the first dozen or two of impressions taken from a plate—taken while the burin's furrows are still "burred" and rough; the proofs are less beautiful than

those that come after, but they are ever so much more rare! The lover of these only pities the mere artist, who simply knows the best picture when he sees it, and holds him for a cheap, untechnical fellow. To him the real hero is the noble maniac who squanders a fortune on his handful of engravings quite out of print—Rembrandt's hundred-guilder etching, a proof or two before corrections of Dürer's "Saint Hubert," a few priceless orthographic errors here and there, still unchanged, in letterings, a few adorable faults of drawing before modification—perhaps the crowning glory of a scratch on the margin not yet cleaned off. In this gallery, however, we have a proprietor whose qualification is sanity. He simply has information, curiosity, enterprise, taste and means.

The engravings are not numerable, because some of the finest are illustrations of rare works, some others have been classified and bound for convenience into volumes, and the point cannot be fixed where the engraving takes on or loses its individuality. But two thousand separate engravers of celebrity are represented in the list.

The Rembrandts are here pretty full. But in the case of a Rembrandt approaching the confines of the uncompassable the proprietor is perhaps satisfied with some old contemporary counterfeit which has deceived a thousand experts. His copy of Dürer's "Little Passion," his Schoens, Teniers and Ostades, may not always be of the earliest pressure, but they are numerous and respectable. The fine etchings of Vandyck are here, but not all. Our collector's system pretends to a broad historical view of the progress of the art, with all the principal landmarks in evidence. Coming down to our own day, when the amassing of pretty engravings becomes a dissipation, the collection grows restricted again, but if the virtuoso-purist deems the presence of Dupont's "Hémicycle" and the "Marie Antoinette" to be signs of unscholarly frivolity, it is certain that those signs will be found present.

Incorporated is the interesting Koecker

collection, a series beginning with the engravers of the time of Louis XIV., and afterward very catholic in its representation. The Grand Monarch was an especial patron of engravers, and his age has excelled all others in the number of expert craftsmen pursuing the art at once. From his time downward French history is made objective with a swarm of portraits. The school of painting of the time was peculiar. Rigaud, whose work we have been examining among the pictures, is a good medium example. The problem, it seems to a profane observer, presented to themselves by this set of portraitists was to make the subject look perfectly calm and cultivate Nirwâna while involved in a whirlwind of silks, furs, gauze, jewels and every kind of thing that has a light-teasing surface. In the heart of it all their heroes have absolute mental repose: even when the positive, man, is insignificant, the comparative, manner, is superb—the spectator bathes in a saturation of manner. To the triumphs of the painters came the engravers, and refined upon perfection with certain felicities peculiar to their art. There are some phases of Nature wherein the color must be gray and the texture softly complicated; for which the burin is a better instrument of representation, or may be so, than the brush, the chisel or any artistic instrument yet invented by man. The Louis XIV. engravers had patience and plenty of time, and they played with their implement as Paganini with his bow. Sometimes they chose to represent the peculiar oily sweep of the brush, a thing which the great German and Italian engravers had not attempted: sometimes, willing to improve upon the painted portrait, they referred to Nature at once: in cases like the fibrous sheen of an ermine cape or the bloom of a powdered head the careful burin may leave the brush far behind, and approach fac-simile realization. Nanteuil, Edelinck, Masson, Drevet and his son, Balechou, Beauvarlet and Wille brought to portraiture almost every perfection: they had a thorough apprehension of social polish, they had patience inex-

haustible, and they had the sense that their art was capable of certain effects impossible on canvas. The collection under review represents all those great names, and several more of the epoch. The portrait of Brisacier, known as "The Gray-haired Man," cut by Antonio Masson in 1664, is present in more than one state: the hair in it is almost as precious as Berenice's. Drevet's Bossuet, after Rigaud, and his Cardinal Dubois, contain treatments of lace (in the first) and ermine (in the second) as beautiful as are the substances represented. Of John George Wille (German by birth, Frenchman in art) the gallery has a series of works surpassing in general completeness every European or American collection of which a printed catalogue is extant. See, for an evidence of his power, the one proof—almost unique, it is so rare—after Terburg, the painter whose passport to immortality was that he could paint satin gowns. In this, the "Instruction Paternelle," Terburg has succeeded in making his eternal satin gown speak: its glossy back is turned, but its attitude tells eloquently of blame deserved, and there is a peccadillo in every plait. The engraver has kept the perfection of texture and lustre. Another Wille of great value is here, the "Ambulant Musicians," after Dietricy, the proof of which—before the final *e* in "électorale"—is as vigorous and pure a one as ever came from the plate. From this satin school rose Bervic, a pupil of Wille's. Bervic not only did full justice to the wardrobe (as evidenced here by his great portrait of Louis XVI. in his regalia), but he emerged into higher art, as his treatment of the nude in the "Laocoon" and the "Enlèvement de Dejanire" (both here) gives proof.

The later Frenchmen, Dupont, Mercury, François, Blanchard, fine as they are, and represented in the collection by whatever of theirs is best worth having, are too recent to be discussed with the classics of art. They frequently engrave in the painting manner, giving so much of the touch, quality and richness of oil-work that they may be truly said to suggest color by their effects.

The engravers of Italy, worthy brotherhood as they are, have left some of the limits of their art unprobed. Early ones, like Marc Antonio, thought of nothing but producing a vigorous *design*: a Raphael copied by Antonio resembles the master's preparatory drawing on the canvas; the graces (not of color, but of *qualité*) which Raphael was able to float over the rigid design by means of his brush mostly escaped the engraver. Even modern Italians—copying generally from old masters—have not applied themselves, in most cases, to see how nearly a good engraving can give the impression of a good painting. Raphael Morghen, born at Florence in 1758, is one of the most famous of the modern Italian school: the collection shows a fine clear proof of his masterpiece, the "Supper," after Leonardo, before the comma following "vobis." It is not too severe a thing to say of Morghen that Leonardo's ravishing harmonies of melting shadow were beyond him, even had he worked from a well-preserved painting instead of from Matteini's drawing of a peculiarly abused one. Morghen's "Transfiguration," from Raphael, is also present on a fine early subscriber's impression. Michael Angelo and his school, designers rather than colorists, gave excellent opportunity to the engraver: such a one was seized by Toschi, a later artist, in the bold engraving of "The Descent from the Cross," after Daniele de Volterre. Raphael's "Spasalizio" is admirably interpreted in the masterpiece of Giuseppe Longhi, the charming commentator, besides, of his art, whose work, *La Calcografia*, is preserved in the Congressional Library.

This Longhi has said of Reynolds' portrait of John Hunter, as engraved by the Englishman, William Sharp, that it "seemed not engraved, but juicily painted; not painted, but as it were alive." Here is a select proof to bear out the commendation. Near by are specimens of the works of Strange in abundance, all proofs taken before retouching; some of Woollett's landscapes and battles; and a more complete representation than elsewhere exists in America of the fine

works of George T. Doo. The interesting class of mezzotintists, who so perfectly succeeded in giving to engraving the sweep and caprice of oil-painting, are included in large force. Hogarth's great scenes, in fine impressions, are here, as "captain jewels in the carcanet." Turner, in the great works he illustrated, and in the separate engravings of his larger paintings, is represented with minute and complete care. Holloway's large copies of the Raphael cartoons are also present, for what they are worth.

The world's great chef-d'œuvre, the "Madonna San Sisto" by Raphael, has been copied in the grand style by five separate first-class engravers—Steinla, Müller, Schultze, Nordheim, and, lately, Keller. Fine impressions of them all may be taken out from this series and laid side by side for comparison. When the drawing was made, by Madame Seidleman, from which Friedrich Müller worked, a portion of the painting was bent over and concealed by the frame. Steinla's engraving (here represented by an exceedingly fine proof before letters) re-copies the complete picture as Raphael left it, including the tops of the painted curtains strung upon a cord. So does the latest of all, the engraving by Keller, of which few copies have reached this country, and which seems, on examination, to surpass all the others, even the Müller. The lovely gaze, as of a startled fawn, in the dark eyes of the Madonna is in Keller's print more fascinatingly beautiful: the pope and saint at the sides seem much more earnest, and quite lose the theatrical character; while the cherubs beneath, if less regularly fair, are in the opinion of some travelers more true to the originals.

The etchings in the Claghorn collection include some modern sets that have pleased the most fastidious connoisseurs. To say nothing of those by Jacques and Jacquemart, there are the rude and singular Thames waterside sketches of the American Whistler, and the studies of Fortuny, the Spaniard, with their incredible riches of chiaroscuro.

To complete the story of the gallery,

I must not omit saying that my French connoisseur, who had, in the first place, had his attention entrapped by a few accidental paintings by his countrymen, but had then conspicuously failed in cosmopolitan sympathy, became entranced again when he was escorted through these noble engravings. Print after print—in conditions which he had seen matched or excelled in the great national library in the Rue Richelieu—did he take up like a lover, holding

every one in the true print-collector's way, firmly by the diagonal corners, in which treatment there is no danger of harming even a large engraving. He became more and more deeply absorbed, more and more oblivious of the "Halles Centrales" impression. At last, with a long breath, looking about at the unfamiliar surroundings and wearing a deprecating air, he said, "On my soul, I fancied myself upon the Quai Malaquais pricing prints!"

E. S.

BITS OF STEAMER LIFE.

AFTER sixteen years of exile in California, I found myself rolling seaward and homeward through the Golden Gate in the Panama steamer Sacramento. The parting gun had been fired, the captain, naval cloak, cap, eye-glass and all, had descended from his perch of command on the paddle-box, the engine settled steadily to its work, Telegraph Hill, Meiggs' Wharf, Black Point, Alcatraz, Lime Point, Fort Point, one by one receded and crept into the depressing gloomy fog, the mantle in which San Francisco loves so well to wrap herself. The heave of the Pacific began to be plainly felt, and with it the customary misery.

The first two days out are devoted to sea- and home-sickness. Everybody is wretched about something. No sooner is the steamer a mile beyond the Heads than we, who for years have been awaiting a blessed deliverance from California, are seized with unutterable longings to return. All at once we discover how pleasant is the land and its people. We review its associations, its life, its peculiar excitements, and the warm friendships we have made there. And now it is all fading in the fog: the Cliff House is disappearing, it is going, it is gone. Heart and stomach are contemporaneously wretched: we bury ourselves in our

berths; we call upon the steward and stewardess; we wish ardently that some accident may befall the ship and oblige her to put back. No! Not more inexorable, certain and inevitable is the earth in its revolutions, the moon in its orbit, one's landlord when the rent is overdue, than is the course of the stately vessel south. South, day after day, she plunges: the North Star sinks, the sky becomes fairer, the air milder, the ocean of a softer blue; the sunsets develop the tints of Fairyland; the sunrise mocks all human ornamentation in its gorgeousness. Light coats and muslin dresses blossom on the promenade-deck; the colored waiters develop white linen suits and faultless neckties. The sea air on the northern edge of the tropic is a balm for every wound, and forces us into content against our perverse wills.

Once fairly in the "swelter" of the tropics, and we lose appetite. Passengers come to table in the morning languid and weary. Everybody looks as though he wanted to see somebody else. Besides coffee served early in the morning, there are three meals a day to be eaten—breakfast at half-past eight, lunch at one, dinner at five. I denied myself lunch and felt lighter and better. I press this advice upon all Northern eaters going into the tropics: When you

commence feeling heavy, dull and listless; when evil spirits and horrible thoughts press upon you; when existence seems an eternal, dreadful treadmill round,—then fast. It is the stomach overworked; it is impure, dead blood on the brain: dead, bilious blood produces dead, dreary, monotonous thoughts. Until I learned this I went through and through, back and forth, in the hells of indigestion, an uneasy spirit, seeking rest and finding none.

We had a medley on board. There was a batch of sea-captains going East, some with wives, some without: one of the maritime madams, they said, could navigate a vessel as well as her husband: she certainly had a sailor balance in walking the deck in rough weather. There was a tall Mephistophelic-looking German youth, who daily took up a position on deck, fortified by a novel, a cigar and a field-glass, never spoke a word to any one, and was reported to be a baron. There were also a dogmatic young Englishman with a heavy burr in his voice, who seemed making a business of seeing the world; a stocky young fellow, one of Morgan's men during the war, and another who had seen his term of service on the Federal side; a stout lady, dissatisfied with everything, sick of traveling, dragging about with her a thin-legged husband well stricken in years, who interfered feebly with her tantrums; and a young man who at the commencement of the trip started out with amazing celerity and success in making himself popular. This last was a cheery, chipper young fellow: his stock in trade was small, but he knew how to display it to the best advantage. It gave out in about ten days, and everybody voted him a bore. He took seriously to drinking brandy ere we arrived in New York. And then came the rank and file, without sufficient individuality as yet developed to be even disagreeable.

But there was one other, a well-to-do Dutchess county farmer, who had traveled across the continent to see "Californy," and concluded to take the steamer on his way home to observe as much as he might of Central America; a man

who had served the Empire State in her legislature; a man mighty in reading. Such a walking encyclopædia of facts, figures, history, poetry, metaphysics and philosophy I never met before. He could quote Seward, Bancroft, Carl Schurz, Clay and Webster by the hour. His voice was of the sonorous, nasal order, with a genuine Yankee twang. I tried in vain to spring on him some subject whereof he should appear ignorant: one might as well have endeavored to show Noah Webster a new word in the English language. And all this knowledge during the trip he ground out in lots to order. It fell from his lips dry and dusty. It lacked soul. It smelt overmuch of histories, biographies and political pamphlets. He turned it all out in that mechanical way, as though it were ground through a coffee-mill. Even his admiration was dry and lifeless. So was his enthusiasm. He kept both measured out for occasions. It is a pleasant sail along the Central American coast, to see the shores lined with forests so green, with palms and coconuts, and in the background dark volcanic cones; and this man, in a respectable black suit, a standing collar and a beaver hat, would gaze thereon by the hour and grind out his dusty admiration. Among the steerage passengers was a bugler who every night gave a free entertainment. He played with taste and feeling, and when once we had all allowed our souls to drift away in "The Last Rose of Summer," the Grinder in the midst of the beautiful strain brought us plump to earth by turning out the remark that "a bewgle made about as nice music as any instrument goin', ef it was well played." Had he been thrown overboard he would have drifted ashore, and bored the natives to death with a long and lifeless story of his escape from drowning.

Dames Rumor and Gossip are at home on the high seas. They commence operations as soon as their stomachs are on sea-legs. Everybody then undergoes an inspection from everybody else, and we report to each other. Mrs. Bluster! Mrs. Bluster's conduct is perfectly scan-

dalous before we have been out a week : she nibbling around young men of one half—ay, one fourth—her age! The young miss who came on board in charge of an elderly couple has seceded from them ; promenades the hurricane-deck very late with a dashing young Californian ; but then birds of a feather, male and female, will flock together. Mr. Bleareye is full of brandy every morning before ten o'clock ; and the "catamaran" with the thin-legged and subjected husband does nothing but talk of her home in —. We know the color and pattern of her carpets, the number of her servants, the quality of her plate ; and yesterday she brought out her jewelry and made thereof a public exhibition in the saloon. All this is faithfully and promptly borne per rail over the Isthmus, and goes over to the Atlantic steamer. I am conscientious in this matter of gossip : I had made resolutions. There was a lady likewise conscientious on board, and one night upon the quarter-deck, when we had talked propriety threadbare, when we were both bursting with our fill of observation, we met each other halfway and confessed that unless we indulged ourselves also in a little scandal we should die ; and then, the flood-gates being opened, how we riddled them ! But there is a difference between criticism of character and downright scandal, you know : in that way did we poultice our bruised consciences.

On a voyage everybody has confidences to make, private griefs to disclose, to everybody else. This is especially the case during the first few days out. We feel so lone and lorn ; we have all undergone the misery of parting, the breaking of tender ties ; we seem a huddle of human units shaken by chance into the same box, yet scarcely are we therein settled when we begin putting forth feelers of sympathy and recognition. There was one young man who seemed to me a master in the art of making desirable acquaintances for the trip. He entered upon his work ere the Golden Gate had sunk below the horizon. He had a friendly word for

all. His approach and address were prepossessing. He spoke to me kindly. I was miserable and flung myself upon him for sympathy. The wretch was merely testing me as a *compagnon de voyage*. He found me unsuitable. He flung me from him with easy but cold politeness, and consorted with an "educated German gentleman." I revenged myself by playing the same tactics on a sea- and love-sick German carriage-maker. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," you know.

We touched at Magdalena Bay and Punta Arenas. We expected to stay at Punta Arenas twelve hours to discharge a quantity of flour. Four times twelve hours we remained there. Everybody became very tired of Costa Rica. The Costa Rican is not hurried in his movements. He took his own time in sending the necessary lighters for that flour. A boat load went off once in four hours. The Costa Ricans came on board, men and women, great and small, inspected the Sacramento, enjoyed themselves, went on shore again, lay down in the shade of their cocoanut palms, smoked their cigarettes and slept soundly, while the restless, uneasy load of humanity on the American steamer fretted, fumed, perspired, scolded at Costa Rican laziness and ridiculed the Costa Rican government, which revolutionizes once in six months, changes its flag once a year, taxes all improvements, and acts up to the principle that government was made for the benefit of those who govern. Many of the passengers went on shore. Some came back laden with tropical flowers, others full of brandy. The blossoms filled the vessel the whole night long with perfume, while the brandy produced noise and badly-sung popular melodies.

The Grinder went on shore with the rest. On returning he expressed disgust at the Costa Ricans. He thought that "nothing could ever be made of them." He had no desire that the United States should ever assimilate with any portion of the Torrid Zone. He predicted that such a fusion would prove destructive to American energy and intelligence. We had enough southern territory and tor-

por already. The wretch has no appreciation of the indolence and repose of the tropics. He knows not that the most delicious of enjoyments is the waking dream under the feathery palm, care and restlessness flung aside, while the soul through the eye loses itself in the blue depths above. He would doom us to an eternal rack of civilization and Progress-work—grind, jerk, hurry, twist and strain, until our nerves, by exhaustion unstrung and shattered, allow no repose of mind or body; and even when we die our bones are so infected by restlessness and goaheaditiveness that they rattle uneasily in our coffins.

Panama sums up thus: An ancient, walled, red-tiled city, full of convents and churches; the ramparts half ruined; weeds springing atop the steeples and belfries; a fleet of small boats in front of the city; Progress a little on one side in the guise of the Isthmus Railroad dépôt, cars, engines, ferry-boat and red iron lighters; a straggling guard of parti-colored, tawdry and most slovenly-uniformed soldiers, with French muskets and sabre bayonets, drawn up at the landing, commanded by an officer smartly dressed in blue, gold, kepi, brass buttons and stripes, with a villainous squint eye, smoking a cigar. About the car windows a chattering crowd of blacks, half blacks, quarter blacks, coffee, molasses, brown, nankeen and straw colored natives, thrusting skinny arms in at the windows, and at the end of those arms parrots, large and small, in cages and out, monkeys, shells, oranges, bananas, carved work, and pearls in various kinds of gold setting; all of which were sorely tempting to some of the ladies, but ere many bargains were concluded the train clattered off, and we were crossing the continent.

The Isthmus is a panorama of tropical jungle: it seems an excess, a dissipation of vegetation. It is a place favorable also for the study of external black anatomy. The natives kept undressing more and more as we rolled on. For a mile or two after leaving Panama they did affect the shirt. Beyond this, that garment seemed to have become un-

fashionable, and they stood at their open doors with the same unclothed dignity that characterized Adam in the Garden of Eden before his matrimonial troubles commenced. Several young ladies in our car first looked up, then down, then across, then sideways: then they looked very grave, and finally all looked at each other and unanimsly tittered.

Aspinwall! The cars stop: a black-and-tan battalion charge among us, offering to carry baggage. They pursue us to the gate of the P. M. S. S. dépôt; there they stop; we pass through one more cluster of orange, banana and cigar selling women; we push and jam into the dépôt, show our tickets, and are on board the Ocean Queen. We are on the Atlantic side! It comes over us half in awe, half in wonder, that this boat will, if she do not reach the bottom first, carry us straight to a dock in New York. The anticipation of years is developing into tangibility.

We cross the Caribbean. It is a stormy sea. Our second day thereon was one of general nausea and depression. You have perhaps heard the air, "Sister, what are the wild waves saying?" On that black Friday many of our passengers seemed to be earnestly saying something over the Ocean Queen's side to the "wild, wild waves." The Grinder went down with the rest. I gazed triumphantly over his prostrate form, laid out at full length on a cabin settee. Seward, Bancroft, politics, metaphysics, poetry and philosophy were hushed at last. Both enthusiasm and patriotism find an uneasy perch on a nauseated stomach.

But steam has not robbed navigation of all its romance. We find some poetry in smoke, smokestacks, pipes, funnels and paddles, as well as in the "bellying sails" and the "white-winged messengers of commerce." I have a sort of worship for our ponderous walking-beam, which swings its many tons of iron upon its axis as lightly as a lady's parasol held 'twixt thumb and finger. It is an embodiment of strength, grace and faithfulness. Night and day, mid rain and sunshine, be the sea smooth or

tempestuous, still that giant arm is at its work, not swerving the fractional part of an inch from its appointed sphere of revolution. It is no dead metallic thing: it is a something rejoicing in power and use. It crunches the ocean 'neath its wheels with that pride and pleasure of power which a strong man feels when he fights his way through some ignoble crowd. The milder powers of upper air more feebly impel yon ship; in our hold are the powers of earth, the gnomes and goblins, the subjects of Pluto and Vulcan, begrimed with soot and sweat, and the elements for millions and millions of years imprisoned in the coal are being steadily set free. Every shovelful generates a monster born of flame, and each, as he flies sighing and groaning through the wide-mouthed smokestack into the upper air, gives our hull a parting shove forward.

A death in the steerage—a passenger taken on board sick at Aspinwall. All day long an inanimate shape wrapped in the American flag lies near the gangway. At four P. M. an assemblage from cabin and steerage gather with uncovered heads. The surgeon reads the service for the dead; a plank is lifted up; with a last shrill whir that which was once a man is shot into the blue waters; in an instant it is out of sight and far behind, and we retire to our state-rooms, thinking and solemnly wondering about that body sinking, sinking, sinking in the depths of the Caribbean; of the sea monsters that curiously approach and examine it; of the gradual decay of the corpse's canvas envelope; and far into the night, as the Ocean Queen shoots ahead, our thoughts wander back in the blackness to the buried yet unburied dead.

The Torrid Zone is no more. This morning a blast from the north sweeps down upon us. Cold, brassy clouds are in the sky; the ocean's blue has turned to a dark, angry brown, flecked with white caps and swept by blasts fresh from the home of the northern floe and iceberg. The majority of the passengers gather about the cabin-registers, like the house-flies benumbed by the first cold snap of autumn in our Northern kitchens.

Light coats, pumps and other summer apparel have given way to heavy boots, overcoats, fur caps and pea-jackets. A home look settles on the faces of the North Americans. They snuff their native atmosphere: they feel its bracing influence. But the tawny-skinned Central Americans who have gradually accumulated on board from the Pacific ports and Aspinwall, settle inactively into corners or remain ensconced in their berths. The air which kindles our energies wilts theirs. The hurricane-deck is shorn of its awnings. Only a few old "shell-back" passengers maintain their place upon it, and yet five days ago we sat there in midsummer moonlit evenings.

We are now about one hundred miles from Cape Hatteras. Old Mr. Poddle and his wife are traveling for pleasure. Came to California by rail, concluded to return by the Isthmus. Ever since we started Cape Hatteras has loomed up fearfully in their imaginations. Old Mr. Poddle looks knowingly at passing vessels through his field-glass, but doesn't know a fore-and-aft schooner from a man-of-war. Mrs. Poddle once a day inquires if there's any danger. Mr. Poddle does not talk so much, but evidently in private meditates largely on hurricanes, gales, cyclones, sinking and burning vessels. Last night we came in the neighborhood of the Gulf Stream. There were flashes of lightning, "mare's tails" in the sky, a freshening breeze and an increasing sea. About eleven old Mr. Poddle came on deck. Mrs. Poddle, haunted by Hatteras, had sent him out to see if "there was any danger;" for it is evident that Mrs. Poddle is dictatrix of the domestic empire, Mr. Poddle ascended to the hurricane-deck, looked nervously to leeward, and just then an old passenger salt standing by, who had during the entire passage comprehended and enjoyed the Poddletonian dreads, remarked, "This is nothing to what we shall have by morning." This shot sent Poddle below. This morning at breakfast the pair looked harassed and fatigued.

The great question now agitating the mind of this floating community is,

"Shall we reach the New York pier at the foot of Canal street by Saturday noon?" If we do, there is for us all long life, prosperity and happiness: if we do not, it is desolation and misery. For Monday is New Year's Day. On Sunday we may not be able to leave the city: to be forced to stay in New York over Sunday is a dreadful thought for solitary contemplation. We study and turn it over in our minds for hours as we pace the deck. We live over and over again the land-journey to our hearthstones at Boston, Syracuse and Cincinnati. We meet in thought our long-expectant relatives, so that at last our air-castles become stale and monotonous, and we fear that the reality may be robbed of half its anticipated pleasure from being so often lived over in imagination.

Nine o'clock, Friday evening. The excitement increases. Barnegat Light is in sight. Half the cabin passengers are up all night, indulging in unprofitable talk and weariness, merely because we are so near home. Four o'clock, and the faithful engine stops, the cable rattles overboard, and everything is still. We are at anchor off Staten Island. By the first laggard streak of winter's dawn I am on the hurricane-deck. I am curious to see my native North. It comes by degrees out of the cold blue fog on either side of the bay. Miles of houses,

spotted with patches of bushy-looking woodland—bushy in appearance to a Californian, whose oaks grow large and widely apart from each other, as in an English park. There comes a shrieking and groaning and bellowing of steam-whistles from the monster city nine miles away. Soon we weigh anchor and move up toward it. Tugs dart fiercely about, or laboriously puff with heavily-laden vessels in tow. Stately ocean steamers surge past, outward bound. We become a mere fragment of the mass of floating life. We near the foot of Canal street. There is a great deal of shouting and bawling and counter-shouting and counter-bawling, with expectant faces on the wharf, and recognitions from shore to steamer and from steamer to shore. The young woman who flirted so ardently with the young Californian turns out to be married, and that business-looking, middle-aged man on the pier is her husband. Well, I never! Why, you are slow, my friend, says inward reflection. You must recollect you have been nearly out of the world these seventeen years. At last the gangway plank is flung out. We walk on shore. The little floating-world society, cemented by a month's association, scatters like the fragments of an exploding bombshell, and Gotham swallows us up for ever from each other's sight.

PRENTICE MULFORD.

ELLE ET LUI.

PICTURE to yourself a salon of 1833, one of those famous gatherings of the beauty, the fashion, the genius of Paris that glorified the Sunday evenings at the Arsenal. Poets and painters chatted together in the quiet corners; Lamartine and Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Vigny and Victor Hugo, with the other young journalists who had been setting the Seine on fire with their revolutionary

notions in literature as well as politics, might be seen like wandering comets threading the mazes of the revolving crowd: Chateaubriand and De Balzac were there to represent sentimentalism and realism, while M. Beyle (Stendhal) was gathering materials for his caustic critiques. His mission was to put down vanity, and he seemed to be looking for it in every one he met, that he might

immediately attack it. "But I do not think he was malicious," said one of his lady friends: "he gave himself too much trouble to appear so!"

Among all the brilliant crowd no one attracted more attention than a young man about twenty-three years of age, slender, not very tall, and dressed with extreme fastidiousness. His abundant curls of light hair were most carefully arranged to set off his well-shaped head, and his dark whiskers and almost black eyes gave vigor and force to his physiognomy. The Grecian outline of his nose and the noble arch of his forehead increased his air of high-bred distinction, still further heightened by the fire of genius which lit up his expressive face. It was the Byron of France, as his contemporaries loved to call him; the poet of youth, as he called himself, of whom Heine said that at thirty he was a man with a splendid past, and whom Sainte-Beuve painted with one of his delicately felicitous touches as "Cherubino at a masked ball, playing the part of Don Giovanni;" the petted prodigal of Paris; the best-loved man in life, the best-loved poet after death,—the brilliant Alfred de Musset. Like Victor Hugo, he began to write for the public at eighteen, and found himself famous after the publication of his *Contes d'Espagne*, when he was but twenty. On first leaving college the versatility that is often a characteristic of genius led him, like a will-o'-the-wisp, into many false ways. He studied law, medicine, painting, and even spent a short novitiate in a banking-house. Then the writers of the *Globe* got hold of him—Lamartine, Victor Hugo, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve—and enlisted him in their eager and hot-headed ranks. It was under their stimulating influence that he wrote the *Contes d'Espagne*, and from that moment his fortune as a writer was assured. His life was like that of some lush young plant forced into premature luxuriance and bloom in the torrid atmosphere of a hot-house, wasting its sap in one splendid burst of beauty, to wither before it has time to keep the promise of its youth. Taine compares him to a blood-horse

dashing across country, stimulated by the odors of the flowers and the magnificent novelty of the vast sky to frantic efforts which destroy everything before him, and will soon destroy himself. "He asked too much of things," says this acute critic: "he wanted to drain life in one fierce and eager draught; he would not gather, would not taste its grapes, but tore them away in one cluster, bruised, pressed and wrenched them off, and was left with stained hands and a thirst as ardent as ever. Thence those sobs, echoed by all hearts. What! so young and already so weary! So many precious gifts—an intellect so fine, a tact so delicate, a fancy so mobile and so rich, a flame so precocious, so sudden a blossoming of beauty and of genius, and at the same instant anguish, disgust, cries and tears! What a medley! With the same gesture he adores and he curses. The eternal illusion, the invincible experience, are side by side in his soul to struggle, and to rend it. He has grown old, and he is still young: he is a poet, and he is a skeptic. The Muse and her tranquil beauty, Nature and her immortal freshness, Love and its happy smile,—all the crowd of divine visions has scarcely passed before his eyes when we see hurrying up, amid sarcasms and curses, all the spectres of debauchery and death. Like a man in the midst of a feast who drinks from a chiseled goblet, standing in the foremost place, amid applause and the blare of trumpets, with laughing eyes and joyful heart, warned and quickened by the generous wine which courses through his veins, and whom all at once we see turn pale: there is poison in the bottom of the cup; he falls with the death-rattle in his throat; his feet beat convulsively upon the silken carpets, and all the feasters watch him with terrified eyes. This is what we felt the day when the best-loved, the most brilliant among us, suddenly shivered at an unseen blow, and sank down with a death-groan among the lying gayety and splendor of our banquet.

"Ah well! such as he was, we love him always; we can listen to no other; all beside him seem cold or false. . . .

He was not a simple dilettante, he was not content to taste and to enjoy : he has left his mark upon human thought. He has suffered, but he has invented : he has fainted by the way, but he has produced."

To all the charms of this striking genius and beauty were added the fascinations of his conversation, as full of marvelous variety as his writings. He would pass from some delicate fancy or some profound thought into a mood of fierce and bitter irony, to suddenly dispel the gloom he had himself evoked by a burst of childlike gayety. There was no resisting the impetuosity of his spirits—he carried everything before him. "He had all the characteristics of the lover," says Madame Colet—"an imagination always on the alert; a child's carelessness of facts and of fleeting time; a mockery of fame, an indifference to opinion, and an absolute oblivion of everything which was not the desire of the moment."

These last few words are peculiarly significant. If the theory be true that we carry always within us the latent germ of disease that will one day cause our death, more especially was it true of De Musset that he bore within his own breast the elements of his destruction. He seemed to be absolutely destitute of principle—the slave of every impulse, the victim of his ardent and headlong temperament, the prey of every momentary passion that seized upon his inflammable heart. Add to this his utter incapacity for seeing anything but the desire of the instant, and what a fatal temperament we have to launch upon the treacherous waters of Parisian life!

But with all his weakness he had the soul of a great poet. He never lost the consciousness of the ideal life, love, poetry, that he was for ever betraying, for ever defiling, and yet for ever seeking. It was as though that Ideal, an attendant genius, walked ever by his side, and when, in the midst of the riotous revelry, the calm eyes met his, the wine-cup fell from his hand and the apples of delight turned to bitter ashes upon his lips. His life was a succession of brilliant achievements, unbridled indul-

gence, and sudden revulsions of self-contempt and disgust. "Suspended between the heavens and the earth," said one who knew him well, "longing for the one, curious about the other, disdainful glory, appalled at the universal emptiness, uncertain, tormented, changeable, he lived alone in the midst of men, fleeing from solitude, and yet finding it everywhere. The power of his own soul fatigued him. His thoughts were too vast, his desires too immense: his feeble shoulders bent beneath the burden of his genius. He sought among the imperfect pleasures of the earth the oblivion of that unattainable good which he had seen from afar."

Among the brilliant crowd that our poet met at the Arsenal that evening was a woman of about twenty-nine, chiefly noticeable among the brighter and younger beauties for the splendor of her dark eyes and the grace of her perfect hand. Below the smooth bands of thick black hair which swept across her forehead and fell in two short curls upon her neck, those eyes seemed to burn with an inner fire which lit up all the face. The rest was plain enough, but such was the fascination of that face that many were known to speak of it as the most beautiful they had ever seen. It was the face of Aurora, Madame Dudevant, best known to that circle of *beaux esprits* as George Sand, the audacious writer of *Indiana* and *Lélia*.

"Happy are the women who have no histories!" some one says. But Aurora had a history. She had spent a singular childhood among the country scenes and country children of Nohant, getting up miniature battles which left the nursery strewn with fragments of dismembered dolls, organizing societies of little peasants to snare the birds in winter, erecting flower-strewn altars in some mossy cave to a strange and entirely original fetish, weaving romances by the hour together before she could even put pen to paper. Always the busy brain, the sensitive heart, the inflexible will. As she grew older the continual bickerings between mother and grandmother grew to be intolerable, their incessant jealousy made

her life miserable, and she was thankful to take refuge from this persecuting affection in the Couvent des Anglaises at Paris. Here she went through all the phases common to the convent of the period, from *diable* to *dévoté*. By the time she was seventeen, domestic dissensions, severe study, physical and mental weariness had so worn upon her precociously-excited brain that she tried to drown herself, but was happily unsuccessful. The mania for suicide that possessed her at this time was in part inherited, and though her attempt at the ford had cured her of a desire for a watery death, she found herself attracted by an almost irresistible longing to pistols and to poisons. At last, with rest and better health, the mania gradually passed away. At eighteen she was married to a man for whom she always professed a tranquil esteem and friendship, but whose temperament was entirely uncongenial, and in a few years she was living in Paris again with her two children, supporting herself by painting portraits, by ornamenting snuff-boxes with miniature groups of flowers, and by her pen, going about in the costume of a young student to save the numberless little expenses of a woman's dress, and living in a garret upon scanty means enough. Whatever we may think of her theories of life and of marriage, we cannot but admire her sincerity and her heroism; and when we read the sad words which she has set down in her *Lettres d'un Voyageur*, we can better appreciate the hard and dreary nature of that life which too many of us have been apt to consider one of reckless freedom.

"Launched upon a fatal career," she writes, "guilty neither of cupidity nor of extravagant desires, but the prey of unforeseen reverses, burdened with the care of dear and precious existences, of whom I was the only support, I have never been an artist, although I have felt all the fatigues, all the excitement, all the ardor and all the sufferings belonging to that sacred profession: true glory has not crowned my labors, because I have rarely been able to wait for inspiration. Hurried, obliged to earn

money, I have driven my imagination to work without troubling myself about the co-operation of my reason; I have forced my Muse when she has refused to yield; she has revenged herself by cold caresses and sombre revelations. It is the want of bread which has made me morbid: it is the grief of having to force myself to an intellectual suicide which has made me bitter and skeptical."

There is but one thing that can add to the sadness of this revelation: it is, that this is the history not of one woman, but of hundreds of women all over the world.

It was while she was leading this toilsome and precarious life that she met Alfred de Musset. At first attracted only by the curiosity of a poet, he was soon seized by one of those irresistible passions that were perpetually swaying his restless soul, and in a few days they were inseparable. There is a special, though involuntary, attraction to a poet in a woman of genius, says Madame Colet in her book called *Lui*. "But with such women the inevitable lovers' quarrels are multiplied: they spring from every contact of two beings of equal worth, but whose sensations and aspirations may be nevertheless very diverse. In such a union the joys are extreme, but so are the sufferings." It is all very well in a moment of happiness to be able to exalt the woman one loves as wiser and stronger than any of her sex, but when it comes to a dispute, to feel that that superior intelligence is calmly reading your own, is analyzing your character and taking stock of your weaknesses, is a terrible contingency at which masculine pride naturally shudders. Such a case brings up one of the strongest arguments for the theory of "counterparts" in marriage. Some one declares it to be fatal for a wife to excel in her husband's favorite pursuit. If he be a musician, the less she knows about music, except to have a sympathetic love for it, the better. To be able to criticise her husband's performances with a knowledge equal—nay, perhaps superior—to his own, would be risking their wedded happiness. And to place

side by side in the harness of matrimony two of the *irritable genus* is indeed rather a dangerous experiment. The extreme sensitiveness to every impression which causes the æolian harp to vibrate with a breath brings forth discords as easily as harmonies, and the heart of an artist (whether he be poet, painter or musician) is but a human harp. Every touch sets the strings quivering — impossible but that they should sometimes jangle. And when we think of two of these susceptible natures acting and reacting on each other, with all the little circumstances of our daily lives, which float by a phlegmatic temperament unheeded, the source to them of immense delight or misery, it is a wonder not that there are so many unhappy marriages in the artistic world, but that any are successful.

In the case we are considering at present there were not only the ordinary difficulties to be encountered, but there were radical differences of character, which could not fail, sooner or later, to produce dissension. Alfred de Musset was, as we have seen, a type of the purely artistic organization intensified by the French element of race. It was impossible for him to conceive of existence except in the present tense—to see anything beyond the now and here. The idea of duty was wanting in his consciousness. Like a man born color-blind, to whom red and black are the same, he realized no difference between *I will* and *I ought*. He was a perfect embodiment of the old poetic representation of Genius as an immortal child. He writes of himself:

My first verses were a little child's;

My second still a youth's;

The last were scarcely to be called a man's.

With this lack of moral strength he united all the attractive qualities of childhood — its irresistible gayety, its spontaneous generosity, its unceasing *verve* and enthusiasm, its rapid joys and sorrows, its endless capacity for pleasure, its insatiable appetite for novelty, its helpless appeal to strength and wisdom, its quick recognition of both. He was like the children who go to seek the pot

of gold at the end of the rainbow, and who find that the end of the rainbow always overhangs some dangerous morass. He was always seeking the ideal at the other end of the rainbow of his fancy, and much mire he traversed in pursuit of it. No wonder that when he met with a woman of genius, of great talents and of lofty aspirations, with clean hands and a pure heart, he should throw himself headlong at her feet, and think he had found rest for his soul at last.

But Aurora, in spite of her earnest and devoted affection for him, in spite of her thorough appreciation of his genius, was not the counterpart he sought. She was attuned to a different key. While he was particularly individual, positive, determined, she seemed an incarnation of pure intellect, cold, judicial and general. Contrary to the usual feminine type, her sympathies were more with the race than with the individual, more abstract than concrete. Universal Nature appealed to her profoundly: hence the superb landscape painting we find in her books, the fine sketches of storm and sunshine. Her novels are usually the embodiment of some abstract idea—her dramatis personæ are charged with the duty of working it out in the course of their conversations. The women in her books are almost always the incarnation of part of herself: they are made of a portion of her own heart, as Eve was taken from Adam's side. They represent not her complete personality, it is true, but certain of her own attributes or mental conditions, rarely a separate idiosyncrasy. They are given to long and sometimes rather prosy harangues, even at pic-nics and on other inauspicious occasions, to much moralizing, and to lengthy discussions of the utopias of the day. They have something too much usually of "the reason firm, the temperate will," and lack that gracious caprice which goes a long way to make up the fascination of the *ewige weiblichkeit*. Their pride as reasonable beings forbids them to act from mere impulse, and their capitulation, however sudden it may seem, is the result of a long siege of silent argument. Like the goddesses

of old, they envelop themselves in the clouds before they descend to their adorers.

In fact, the central point of Aurora's character was precisely that which was wanting in De Musset—moral principle, unflinching devotion to duty. It may seem strange to assert this of a woman who in many ways has overstepped the boundary-lines which we should draw to define right living, and whose books have been so often regarded with holy horror. But we venture to assert that no one can study her character or read her works with calm, unbiased judgment without deciding that in all things she has acted up to her highest idea of duty, that in her life and in her books she may have made mistakes—as who of us has not?—but that they have been errors of judgment, not sins against conscience. Duty was ever her first and last consideration.

To endeavor to unite two such characters in a lasting attachment was like trying to yoke together fire and water. We can fancy the struggles of the widely-differing organizations—the one, a calm, clear intelligence, self-poised and independent, seeing clearly the antecedents and the consequences of every act, earnest, devoted, unflinching, resolute, but stern, unyielding, and devoid of that exquisite sensibility to the moods of another which alone could satisfy the exactions of the singular organization with which it was brought in contact; the other eager, impetuous, ardent, undisciplined, full of good impulses and great ideas, but a weathercock swayed by every wind of passion, the slave of an untrained genius and an ungoverned heart. The one weary of never-ceasing efforts to chasten and reform this unruly spirit, her endless devotion met with ingratitude and scorn, her kindness misinterpreted, her affection rejected, her instant submission to the whim of the moment imperiously demanded; the other, conscious of dashing like a wave upon an unyielding rock, ever running against that unflinching sense of duty, ever repulsed by the cold upbraidings of the preacher when longing

for the tender sympathy of love. Pardon was to be had, indeed, for all sins, but it was to be earned first. Love was to be relegated to its appropriate place among the pleasures of life, and to come in after the labor of the day, like the sugar-plums of a dessert. Work was work, and not a sentiment, not an emotion was to be allowed to escape till it was over. Then the Loves and the Graces were bidden to the banquet, and then the Loves and the Graces very naturally would not always come. Affection was not the golden thread upon which all the hours of life were to be strung, but the heart-shaped bead at one end of the necklace. This measured rule, this heart trained to beat in time to the music of labor, was hardly to be understood by our poet. Aurora's was one of those natures to whom great sacrifices are a delight, but petty ones a fetter and an impossibility. She was capable of watching by a poet's sick-bed for three sleepless weeks, but she could not see the need of giving him an hour of sympathy and comfort out of the time she had set aside for work. He, on the contrary, was equal to anything that was outside of the realm of law and order. He reveled in the unexpected, and detested the preordained from the bottom of his heart. It needed not only infinite charity, but infinite tact, to guide this rudderless nature through the perils of its storm-tossed way. And that tact, born only of keen perception and the most delicate sympathy, Aurora seemed to lack. Walking through life with her eyes steadily fixed upon the pole-star of her purpose, she trampled every obstacle beneath her feet, and she expected the same fortitude and endurance from all who accompanied her. If they could not keep up with her, let them fall behind: she could not alter her course to save the bleeding feet or to comfort the weary spirits. That she was sometimes aware of this failure to make allowance for others we see in an occasional passage in her history of her life; such as this, for example: "The seal of true greatness is never to exact from others the hard things it imposes upon itself."

And being the servant of her reason, that reason, like all servants, sometimes played her false. It led her to reduce life too much to a set of philosophical axioms, and to expect of human nature the regularity of the heavenly bodies. She made no allowance for perturbations, but expected the hearts of her friends to revolve in their constant and changeless orbits around their central sun. That overruling reason, too, was constantly tempting her to dissect what she should have been content to enjoy, to analyze what it was enough to feel. She was in this akin to Margaret Fuller, of whom Lowell writes :

And yet, O subtle analyst,
That canst each property detect
Of mood or grain, that canst untwist
Each tangled skein of intellect,
And with thy scalpel eyes lay bare
Each mental nerve more fine than air !
O brain exact, that in thy scales
Canst weigh the sun and never err !
For once thy patient science fails,
One problem still defies thy art :
Thou never canst compute for her
The distance and diameter
Of any simple human heart.

We can easily foresee the fate of such a connection — contentions, struggles, misery and final rupture. One shade less of philosophy, one ray more of compassionate love, one touch of that divine sympathy which has been called the genius of the heart, and the Aurora which shone upon the poet's waking might have broadened for him into the perfect day. But it was not to be.

It needs all the remembrance of that sad confession we have already quoted to enable us to pardon the sad ending of the story. "It is the want of bread which has made me morbid," she says : "it is the grief of having to force myself to an intellectual suicide which has made me bitter and skeptical." But we cannot help feeling how far the head must have got the better of the heart, how far the peculiarly French fondness for morbid study of emotion must have triumphed over the delicacy of the woman, when we find her anatomizing her old love in her famous novel called *Elle et Lui*, dissecting the character of the dead poet

who had thrown himself, heart and soul, at her feet, for the amusement of a curious world, eager to know the particulars of their relations to each other. Paul de Musset, outraged through all his fiery nature by what he deemed an insult to his brother's memory, retaliated in a fierce and bitter sketch called *Lui et Elle*, and this again was followed by a more impartial statement, though still in defence of the poet, by Madame Colet, called *Lui*. Any one of the books is dreary in the extreme. To watch the wrecking of a noble ship can never be a cheering or a helpful spectacle, and to see two great souls, the one drifting to destruction, the other powerless to aid what it so longed to save, but only hastening the end, is the saddest sight that can be seen by mortal eyes. Except in the interests of mental anatomy, the three books had better never have been written, except perhaps it be Madame Colet's, for the sake of the charity it inspires us with toward the Byron of French poetry. It has much merit also in the fine thoughts and keen reflections that go far to justify its existence.

The impartial critic can hardly help noting how impossible it is, with all the help of special pleading on either side, quite to disguise the truth as concerns the history of these two natures. Their characteristics were so salient, so unmistakable, the differences in their organization so patent, that no history of infinite exaction on the one side, of infinite sacrifice on the other, can quite blind us to the real state of the case. We shut the volumes with a sigh, and it is Madame Colet, after all, who teaches us the great lesson of charity. "To those who have no visible superiority," she says, "are readily ascribed concealed treasures, while even every-day virtues are refused to those exceptional beings endowed with rarer gifts. . . . Before wondering at the deterioration of a noble soul, we should know by what blows it has been struck and wounded, and what it has suffered through its very greatness." KATE HILLARD.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER VI.

O Doubt! O Doubt! I know my destiny:
I feel thee fluttering bird-like in my breast:
I cannot loose, but I will sing to thee,
And flatter thee to rest.

WILL Grace come to Aytoun for her letters? or will she let them go for the trash they are? Hortense is thinking this as she sits at the breakfast-table. Philip wonders too. But no one would think he was very much interested in anything but the morning paper. He is, however, for he says to Hortense as he leaves the table, "Can't you choose your occupation this morning so as to be within call if you are needed. You were shamefully out of the way the day Grace called: don't be remiss again."

"Don't torment the girl," Hortense replies, without giving any promise. And then she adds, as if on second thought, "She will hardly be fool enough to come here."

"We shall see if those letters are not magnets. I will promise not to torment Grace, however. I only hope she will be as kind to me." And Philip saunters out to smoke his morning cigar.

Hortense is not devoid of a little womanly curiosity, and therefore she takes her seat where she can see the approach of any carriage up the avenue. Busy as she is with her sewing, she is able to glance up now and then, and somehow she always happens to look out of the window.

She is rewarded after a time for her watchfulness by the appearance of a pair of horses trotting swiftly up the graveled road; and soon she knows they draw Grace Robson's coupé, and that Grace herself is in it. "Surely she must value those stupid letters," Hortense thinks, but she does not move from her seat, as she is sure she will not be inquired for to-day.

Philip too is on the lookout for the coupé. He comes from amongst the bare, leafless trees, and helps Grace out

of her carriage with grave politeness—not with the same gay look that he wore the day old Aytoun led her captive.

He takes her into the library again, and seats her in the same spot where she sat on that bright October morning, and he is casting rather mournful glances out of his handsome eyes at the blank space on the wall where he then told her he intended to hang a picture of her pretty self.

Grace's glance follows his, and the old desire comes into her heart also to see herself hanging amongst those fine old-fashioned dames. But she will not let it possess her, and says quickly, "Was it either kind or gentlemanly in you, Mr. Dunbar, to bring me here?"

"I was sorry to trouble you," says Philip. "But I did not think you would mind the drive very much, as the day is pleasant after the storm."

"I should not think you would care to see me—" Grace begins.

But Philip interrupts her with, "I shall always be glad to see you. I am not one to feel unkindly toward a person who has once made me happy."

Grace thinks she had better steer into shallow water, so she says, "My letters, please: I have come, as you desired, for them."

"Why are you so anxious for these miserable letters, Grace?" asks Philip. "You may as well let me have them as the earnest of our past love."

"You do not mean to say you will not give them to me, after making me come here for them?" cries Grace in alarm.

"Certainly not. Only I should like to know why you are so anxious for them."

"I suppose every girl likes to have her letters—under such circumstances," says Grace, evasively.

"It is interesting to know the feelings of every girl under such circumstances. I suppose my being a man alone makes me feel indifferent as to who owns my letters to you."

Grace is not quite sure that Philip is not sneering at her, so she says, pettishly, "My letters, if you please, Mr. Dunbar. I am in somewhat of a hurry, and I have your word that you will give them to me."

"And you must not blame me for wishing to give them into your own hands," Philip replies, changing his scoffing tone into a tender one. "I come of an old-fashioned race, and what we prize we are very careful of. The knights in the olden times did not part with even a knot of ribbon entrusted to them by their lady-loves, except to give it back when reclaimed. Should I be less careful of your letters than my forefathers were of a knot of ribbon?"

Not having lived in the olden time on which Philip is so eloquent, and not having had any forefathers save some respectable spinners, who would have fought over something as substantial as a bale of cotton, but never over a knot of ribbon, Grace does not know what to say in answer to Philip's fine speech. But she does know that he is very handsome, and that he is looking down upon her very tenderly. But she is not going to give up her quest so easily, so she says, "Then, as you can give the letters into my own hands, I will take them, if you please."

"Grace, what have I done to make you treat me so?" asks Philip, still regardless of her request. "Is it that you are heartless? or is it because you mistrust me?"

Grace's heart is beating too perceptibly for her to doubt her owning one. And so she says, she thinks with truth, "I am very sure I am not heartless."

"Then you must mistrust me. Do you doubt my love for you, Grace?"

At home Grace has had considerable doubts, but here at Aytoun, with Philip raining tender looks on her, she does not doubt so much. Yet she would rather not answer his question.

Philip is not contented with her silence, so he asks again, "Do you doubt my love for you?"

"Sometimes I do," answers Grace, trying to be bold and to tell the truth.

"But not now—not when you are with me, Grace?"

She does not answer him, and he does not press her, but asks, "What is it that has separated us, Grace?"

"They say such dreadful things of you," she answers, trying to deal in generalities and going back to the old story.

"'They say' is not very definite. And how do you know they tell the truth? It is some money-affairs, I suppose, the gossip is about—some matters you do not understand in the least. And these are the raw-head-and-bloody-bones which have scared you from me!" Philip adds, reproachfully.

"These are not raw-head-and-bloody-bones, as you call them. Only children are frightened at such names. These are facts," says Grace very decidedly.

"Facts! Do you think these blatant cotton-spinners are more honest than I am? Or that they can judge the actions of a gentleman? Are you going to let these facts, as you call them, part us and keep you from old Aytoun?"

"If you would but prove that they are not true!" and Grace looks up at him uneasily.

"I have given you my word that they are false, and that is all a gentleman can do. They take good care that only vague rumors reach my ears: they are afraid I shall hold them to account, I fancy. So I find nothing really to contradict, and I cannot blame those who do not know me for believing what they hear. But you, at least, after your promise to marry me,—you ought to have given me your full trust."

"I did not mistrust you at first," Grace cries passionately. "I tried to shut my ears: I did not want to hear their cruel talk. You ought never to have given them the opportunity to say what they do of you."

Philip shakes his head doubtfully: "You were not like the deaf adder, I fear, Grace. It did not require the charmer to charm very wisely for you to be caught. I should like any of your friends—Gerald Alston included—to try to tell any of their precious tales into Hortense's ear."

"Hortense is your sister," replies Grace.

"And you were only my *fiancée*! You do well to remind me that our sisters are more true and loyal than our sweethearts. And yet that is not the judgment of the world generally."

"No one would be cruel enough to speak before Hortense. But with me it was different," Grace says by way of excuse.

"But because you heard it was not necessary for you to believe; and not even to tell me, but to write me such a poor little note of dismissal! It was cowardly in you, Grace."

It was cowardly, Grace knows, yet she had acted by counsel—wise counsel: she had had no doubt of it at the time. She had feared Philip's reproaches, and had tried hard that there should be no interview. She has more to fear than his reproaches, though, if she does not want to marry him, she will find.

"Grace, think well before you refuse me again. Will you not be happier here with me than at Bridgeford? Can't you queen it at Aytoun, and forget the scandal and gossip of the miserable town? And, Grace, once here, no one will gain-say you. There have been many happy lives in these old walls: I do not despair of making yours happy also."

Philip's handsome eyes are on her, and so are the eyes of all the fine ladies his ancestresses. The glamour of Aytoun is on her too. No wonder, then, that the gossip of Bridgeford seems false and vulgar, and dies away from her remembrance as the shrill clang of all its mills has died away in the distance.

Love-making is as insipid to the third party as ever Grace's vapid little notes were to Hortense. So let us shut the door on them, and leave the future mistress of Aytoun with its present lord. Into Grace's ear let Philip pour his pretty speeches, for neither you nor I, good reader, have much faith in them.

An hour later Grace drives away from Aytoun without her letters. Why should she want them if she has determined to add more of them to the packet?

"I did not need you, as it happened,"

Philip says to Hortense, looking into the room where she is sitting wondering if Grace will ever go, and what she and Philip can have to say to each other now that their engagement is off.

"Grace does not seem to have minded the tête-à-tête, as you feared she would," Hortense returns dryly.

"I should think not," Philip says with a laugh. "You can congratulate me, if you like. Grace has thought better of it, and Aytoun, I hope, is saved to us."

"Your engagement is on again?" Hortense asks in amazement.

"Yes. I was sure Grace would be tractable if I could only get her here. You women are a trifle unscrupulous when you are ambitious."

And after this dogmatical sentence Philip lights another cigar and resumes his walk. Certainly a pleasanter one, as he feels very confident now of paying off all scores against Aytoun.

Grace Robson is by no means sure that she has done wisely, now that she is once more in Bridgeford. The scandal about Philip Dunbar takes more shape here. It is not the idle breath it seemed to her whilst she sat in the library at Aytoun. And, besides, there are other eyes which have almost as much influence over her as Philip's have, though they are by no means so handsome.

This she feels more as the twilight comes on, and before it is well dark she has worked herself into a state of nervous expectancy anything but pleasant. Her drawing-room is brilliantly lighted, for Grace is timid and dislikes shadows.

She is alone, and moves about restlessly, now walking up and down the room, then stopping to toy with some of her costly knickknacks, and now examining herself in one of the mirrors. It is not vanity, however, which prompts her to look at the pretty reflection, but mere restlessness.

At last the door-bell rings in the same startling way Hortense heard it the day she came to pay her visit of congratulation. There is a quick yet heavy step on the stairs, and through the open door enters Gerald Alston.

Grace tries to greet him indifferently, but does not succeed. She has somewhat the air of a child that has just perpetrated a piece of mischief, and expects to be taxed with it. But fortunately Gerald does not notice her uneasiness. He is too anxious to put the question which has been uppermost in his thoughts ever since he left his own rooms, to begin with the ordinary topics of conversation. He asks at once, "Did you get your letters?"

He looks surprised, as well as displeased, at the brief "No" Grace gives in answer to his question.

"Did you turn coward and fear to go to Aytoun? Oh, Grace, I am ashamed of you!"

Grace is a coward, a shameful coward, and therefore she does not like to be called one. So she answers, as if aggrieved, "I did go to Aytoun."

"And did not get your letters?"

"I changed my mind about them, and did not bring them."

"Did not dare to ask for them or insist upon having them?"

"I changed my mind, I tell you."

"From pure cowardice, I presume," Gerald says scornfully.

"This is the second time you have called me a coward," Grace replies; and to prove she is not one she looks up defiantly into the face bent down toward her with a displeased frown on it.

"Why did you come away without the letters if you are so brave?" he asks.

"Because," she replies slowly, "I renewed my engagement with Philip Dunbar."

Grace feels relieved as soon as the murder is out. But she is rather frightened at hearing a deep curse pronounced, not against herself, but the man she is supposed to love much better than herself.

"I might have known it!" Gerald says bitterly. "Fool that I was, to urge you to go to Aytoun for those miserable letters! What is there in this Philip Dunbar which seems to charm you as a snake does a bird?"

"There is a good deal in him that I meet with in no other man of my ac-

quaintance," says Grace angrily, for if she cannot always answer Philip's sarcasm, she can Gerald's plainer mode of speech. "Philip Dunbar is a gentleman, and knows how to treat a lady with courtesy."

"A gentleman!" exclaims Gerald, taking up her words in an exasperating way. "A gentleman! Pray, does he show his breeding in the way he pays his debts? Or in what do you perceive it?"

"In his manners," Grace answers shortly.

"In his manners!" Gerald quotes on. "Of course he is soft and sweet when he wants you to pay his bills for him. He would be a fool if he were not."

"I suppose you have no bills, and you are not in need of any money," Grace says rather pointedly.

"You are right," Gerald replies. "I am no cat's paw, soft and velvety, yet ready to wound the hand that strokes me."

Grace is not fond of metaphor, so she does not answer him.

"Did Philip Dunbar make any confessions to you?" asks Gerald sneeringly. "Did he tell you it is your money he wants?"

"I do not know that I am bound to tell you what he said. But if it is any satisfaction for you to know it, I don't think he ever mentioned money."

"And you do not think that it is your half million he is after?"

"I ought. I have heard you say it often enough for it to make some impression on me," Grace says sullenly.

"Yet you might as well own the truth, and say you do not believe me."

Grace does not answer this, but says, "Philip has hid nothing from me. He told me very plainly that he is a good deal embarrassed."

"He did, did he? And, woman-like, you took his cool impudence for a confession. Did he tell you also how much he needs to rid him of these embarrassments—that his beloved Aytoun is heavily mortgaged, house, lands, even his family pictures and the silver?"

Grace starts a little. Certainly she

did not know it was so bad as this. But she says at once, "I don't see why my money cannot be used to pay off the mortgage if I choose to do it. I have a fancy for Aytoun, and I am not so poor that I cannot afford to have fancies, I suppose."

"Certainly not, if you buy the place in your own right. But to pay for it for Philip Dunbar is quite another thing."

"I can do that too if I please," Grace says curtly.

"I suppose you can. And yet I think you would like the man you call your husband to have a fair name, and at least to be spoken to by the people in his own set."

"Oh," Grace says, with a little laugh, "you will all be eager for my invitations when I am mistress of Aytoun."

"I shall not, for one, if Philip Dunbar is master," Gerald answers decidedly. "I suppose," he continues, "Dunbar's haughty sister is as eager for the match as he is, and is as sweet as a rose, as she knows very well how to be on an occasion. And yet Bryan Bonham, for one, never goes near Aytoun now-a-days."

"If you mean Hortense," Grace replies, not caring to notice the bit of information Gerald gives her about Bryan, "I did not see her to-day. I have no reason to suppose that she even knew I was in the house."

"She knew it well enough, and would not ppt out her hand to save her sister woman from such a fate as yours is. Philip Dunbar has set his trap well. It is a plain 'will you walk into my parlor? says the spider to the fly;' and you were just as innocent as ever the fly was."

"You can say vain, if you please, and wish to make your fable applicable. Well," Grace continues with a little sigh, "if I have my foible, I am not different from the rest of mankind. You have a desire stronger than your liking for a cigar, I suppose, only you are wise enough to keep it to yourself. I am more open, and confess my weakness is to be mistress of Aytoun."

Oh, Grace, Grace, some one has wisely said if a woman talks long enough, she will tell you all that is in her heart.

Why don't you keep to monosyllables, and so be safe? Of course Gerald Alston has his weakness, his longing, but he is far too wise to tell it, even into your small ear.

Gerald is watching her as eagerly as ever Delilah must have watched Samson to see if he had opened his heart truly to her. She is honest in her confession, he sees, and he says quietly, "I do not blame you for the wish. Aytoun is a fine old place, and you would make a worthy mistress of it. Will you promise me, on your honor, to marry the owner of Aytoun?"

"I have told you I am engaged to Philip Dunbar," Grace says coldly, not liking his sudden change of manner.

"But I want your promise."

"You shall have it, then. I shall certainly marry the owner of Aytoun. Will you come to the wedding?"

All through the night, whenever Grace woke, and even the next morning, Gerald Alston's face as he asked her, "Will you promise me, on your honor, to marry the owner of Aytoun?" haunted her.

Had he, after besetting her for months, maligning Philip on all occasions, telling her every evil thing he could of her lover,—had he at last fallen into her caprice? and does he think, as she does, that living at Aytoun is the most desirable thing in life?

She half wishes she had confessed her weakness—as she is pleased to call her ambition—to Gerald long ago, if by so doing she could have so easily changed his opinion of Philip. He was fonder of her than she had thought if he was so anxious that her whim should be gratified, even at some personal cost to himself. She would ask him to Aytoun often, and Philip would like him better when he knew he had stood his friend at last.

Yet with all her pretty plans for rewarding Gerald, and her self-gratulations, Grace is uneasy. She is not one to go her own way boldly even if unwisely, but rather she is apt to answer quickly to the moods of others. A happy state of being, perhaps, for a woman when the husband is chosen, but alas for her in the choosing!

CHAPTER VII.

For one, the gold is far and dim;
 For one, a glimpse of things to be;
 But here it sparkles, at the brim
 Of full felicity.

"HORTENSE, will you put down that everlasting seam and come out for a walk? One would think your Ulysses was roving over the world as of old, instead of practicing law in Bridgeford, and that all your love lay in your needle's point."

Hortense does not defend herself. She has a contempt for a man's strictures on needlework, and she is rather glad of an excuse to lay aside her sewing and go out.

"Come this way: I want to consult you about a clearing I am thinking of making," Philip says as she joins him ready for the walk.

They start off gayly, Hortense leaning on Philip's arm, chattering to him like a bird in spring. She will have to give up this handsome brother of hers soon to Grace Robson—give him up with but slight reservation—for the six weeks are nearly spent, and with the life hereafter at Aytoun she will have but little to do.

The old home will not be hers much longer, and the most she can expect will be an occasional day spent with Philip, if Grace will be kind enough to ask her. This Hortense has thought whilst sewing in the library. But in the fresh, frosty air, leaning on Philip's arm, she will not worry herself with thoughts of the future, but enjoy the present. For some reason she feels this is her last walk with Philip, and she would fain have no clouds to mar the perfect sunshine.

How long Philip will keep off the subject of Grace she does not know, but she will do her best to make him talk of something else, if possible.

"What the deuce are the sheep in that field for?" is Philip's first remark. "Hill must be asleep. There will not be a blade of grass left when he finds them there."

"They prefer grass to turnips, and have had no trouble in choosing," Hortense replies, her quicker eye discovering a gap in the fence between the fields.

"Let the creatures alone, to browse according to their inclination."

"I wish we were all sheep, if our desires could be so limited—a choice between grass and turnips, and no marrying nor giving in marriage. They are nearer the commonly-received ideas of heaven than I thought."

"Eating turnips or baaing at each other?" Hortense asks.

"Hortense," Philip says suddenly, ignoring her question, "when are you and Bryan going to set up your own establishment?"

"As soon as you are done with me," Hortense replies.

"It would be quite effective," Philip goes on to say, "if we were both to be married at the same time. The only two of the Dunbars that are left married by the same ceremony would make quite a fine article for the Bridgeford newspapers."

"Thank you! I will wait for my obituary for so lengthy a notice. 'Miss Dunbar in simple white muslin, and—'" She does not finish her sentence by a description of Miss Robson in white silk and lace.

"I don't see why you must figure in white muslin," says Philip. "Can't you get what you need in Bridgeford?"

"Yes, and forego teaspoons and table-linen. You forget Bryan is as yet a poor man, and he does not want a fine wife."

"He will not be as poor as you think. There will be plenty of money at Aytoun, and you don't suppose I shall let my only sister pinch and economize?" Philip says with a little pressure of her arm.

"Thank you!" Hortense answers, gratefully. "But Bryan and I are willing to try the dinner of herbs, with love for seasoning—"

She is sorry for the quotation before she ends it, for Philip says quickly, "And you will leave the stalled ox for Grace and me? But it will not be as bad as that, I hope. There is no reason for us to hate each other."

"I defy her to hate you," Hortense rejoins, looking with eyes brimming with love at Philip.

"It is a poor thing, this-fuss about a wedding, in any case," Philip goes on to say. "I wish you women had more sense in such matters. Why will you, just for the love of a little display, drag a poor fellow up to be stared at by all your acquaintance? These church weddings, as they are managed now-a-days, are heathenish instead of Christian affairs. You should have strength of mind enough to drop such fashions."

Philip is dreading his own wedding, and his appearance before the Bridgeford fashionables after his long disappearance. But Hortense does not fathom the reason of his dread, and says, "I shall have the desired strength of mind. Bryan and I will have the most private wedding possible not to look like a runaway match."

"Then I will persuade Grace to follow your example. Let the two weddings be on the same day, Hortense, and then I shall have an argument to support my request."

"No," Hortense replies decidedly. "It would be cruel in you not to let Grace look her very prettiest and wear her diamonds. You must make the most of your rich bride. Besides, Bryan and I have no day fixed as yet."

She does not add that she will not risk Bryan's refusal to stand by Philip's side even on such an occasion. It is her greatest trial, this dislike which her lover has for her brother, but as she believes it is only a prejudice, she hopes it will die out under her influence.

"I am glad you will live in Bridgeford," Philip says, giving up the point of the double wedding, as he sees himself it is not altogether feasible. "We will have the old style of living back at Aytoun, and Grace will need some hints from you. She is good-tempered enough not to mind being taught a little by you."

"I think she is good-tempered," Hortense replies, really knowing but very little about her future sister-in-law, yet in her heart determining not to interfere with her as mistress of Aytoun.

"I am sorry you have not seen more of each other," Philip resumes. "Grace

told me the other day you had been but once to see her, and then only for a few minutes."

"Yes, I have been negligent," Hortense admits.

"I told her you were a good deal taken up with Bryan. I suppose that is a good excuse, and certainly it is one Grace ought to be satisfied with. You must go to-morrow."

Hortense promises, and now hopes Philip has exhausted the subject and will talk of something else. But no: he rambles on, not saying anything brilliant, but still recurring to the same topic.

Presently he tells Hortense what improvements he intends to make in the place—expensive improvements, which it will take a good deal of money to complete; and she knows very well where he expects to get it.

Hortense, like many girls with no fortune, thinks a man has no right to spend his wife's money for his own advantage, though the law may give him that privilege. Fortunately, rich women are accustomed to take more practical views, or there might be more matrimonial jangling than there is. But Hortense is shrinking from Philip's talk of improvements as if he hurt her; and he never guesses it, and goes over old schemes of his father's and grandfather's which had been abandoned for want of the necessary means.

Hortense is glad that they have reached at last the piece of woods Philip thinks of clearing. It is a broad belt of hickory and oak which lies on the roadside and screens the house from the view of travelers on the high-road in the summer-time. The trees are grand old ones, remnants of the original growth of the land, such as will grow only on virgin soil, and once cut down their like will never be seen, on that spot at least.

Hortense is clearly against an axe touching them: "There is plenty of land idle—why cut down such trees?"

"But their wood is valuable, and the new ground is rich, and the trees are useless standing here."

"They screen the house from the road,

and there are no finer trees on the place. It is a sin to destroy such growth—only a degree less, in my opinion, than murder."

Philip argues for the fine field he will have if he clears the land, and Hortense listens to him impatiently, determined not to be convinced. She is leaning against one of the trees she would fain save, and Philip is sitting on the top rail of the fence, facing her.

They are both so eager in their discussion they never hear the sound of horses' feet approaching up the road. The sound is not very marked, for the two horses are walking very slowly, as if not to interrupt the conversation their riders are apparently engrossed in.

Hortense stands facing the road. She is scornfully listening to Philip's eulogy on the strength of new land. Suddenly she catches sight of the riders, and she is glad Philip's back is turned to them. She hopes they will pass without his perceiving them, for it is Grace Robson and Gerald Alston, and they are talking too earnestly to notice the two who are standing in the woods so close to the highway.

Hortense tries to look as if she had seen no one coming up the road—no one behind Philip of whom he has been talking during so much of their walk. But Grace has caught sight of them, and a deep blush tells more plainly than words can that she shrinks from the meeting. Hortense's eye flashes at the blush—if it were one of coy pleasure she would have smiled at it—and she raises her head haughtily as Gerald Alston looks at her with no love in his cold gray eyes.

Philip is giving the difference between the yield of old ground and new, and he is rather surprised at the haughty look which has come into Hortense's face. But he too now hears the sound of the hoofs, and he turns quickly and raises his hat courteously, with no cloud whatever on his handsome face. Grace bows awkwardly and hesitatingly in return, and Gerald Alston rides on without lifting his hat to any one.

Philip returns to the merits of the new ground, as if only interrupted by casual

passers-by, until both are out of sight: then he says a little abruptly, "Come, Hortense, there is no use in staying here in the cold;" and somewhat hurriedly he leads the way toward the house.

There is no more gay talking of the wedding-day and of the improvements Aytoun is to see. Philip has grown suddenly moody and silent.

"I wonder if she is playing false?" Hortense thinks, and she looks at Philip compassionately. But he does not heed her looks, or say a word about Grace, in the way either of excuse or of fault-finding; and Hortense is silent because he is so.

All the pleasure of Hortense's walk has vanished, and in her heart she wishes she had stayed at home with her much-abused sewing. And then she grows angry with Grace on her own account, for the echo of Philip's wedding-bells was to have been her own, and how will Bryan take it if there is to be another postponement?

CHAPTER VIII.

And he who stands upon a slippery place
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

THE next morning at breakfast there are two letters for Philip in the letter-bag, and Hortense watches him furtively from behind the coffee-urn as he examines them. One, she is confident, is from Grace, for she knows now that young lady's style of envelope, and the cipher on it is large and imposing enough to be recognized at once. The other note Hortense is not curious about, nor does she feel at all aggrieved when Philip, after glancing at it, puts it into his pocket. Grace's note is so much more interesting in her eyes that she busies herself with the cups and saucers, so as not to scan Philip's face too closely as he reads it.

"Grace has rather improved in her penmanship," Philip says, throwing the note dexterously across the table within Hortense's reach, and she at once takes heart and thinks the girl has written a pretty apology for her yesterday's offence in riding with Gerald Alston, or perhaps

an invitation, which, if accepted, she hopes may make matters straight in a feminine way, without the humiliation of a vindication of her conduct.

But Hortense finds out her mistake as she reads the harmless-looking little note, for Grace has written again to break her engagement. It is a cowardly note, Hortense thinks as she reads it. Evidently the girl could not speak to Philip so coldly, and knows she could not. The two small pages are taken up chiefly with a prayer that he will regard this poor little missive as decisive, and will not seek an interview with her.

"As if I should trouble myself for such a jilt!" Philip says scornfully. "I hope she will not come again to Aytoun, as she did when she wanted her letters."

Hortense is glad to find Philip adopts this view of Grace's shabby behavior: she was afraid he would take it more to heart than he seems inclined to do.

"She has not the grace to write a proper note," Hortense says, a little bitterly. "I think, myself, you are well rid of her."

"If you could only say the same for Aytoun!" returns Philip; and having lost all appetite for his breakfast, he leaves the table and goes out.

Hortense has many anxious thoughts this morning. Philip's disappointment, Grace's heartlessness—there must be more in both than appears on the surface, and for the latter there is no clew that she can find to read the riddle, unless Gerald Alston could furnish it.

Then Bryan's face comes before her, when she will have to tell him what she fears will inevitably postpone her own wedding, for how can she leave Philip so forlorn as he is just now? He must get a little used to this disappointment before she flits from him. And she goes over some arguments which she hopes will be convincing to Bryan, though she cannot help having grave doubts of it.

Later in the day the thought flashes upon her that Philip expected to pay off the mortgage out of Grace's fortune. Has he any other plans now? If not, can she aid him? Her own fortune is not large—a bare ten thousand—but if it

could assist Philip, if he could make any arrangement with it to keep old Aytoun, Philip should be very welcome to it.

Hortense waits impatiently for the dinner-hour to arrive, so that she may speak to Philip, for the six weeks Mr. Lancaster warned her of are nearly spent now, and there is no time to lose. But instead of Philip there is only a message from him, telling her he has had to ride some distance from home on business, and that she is not to wait dinner for him.

She is not altogether sorry for his absence, for she wishes to go to Bridgeford and see Mr. Lancaster. He may be able to make the necessary arrangements to meet the mortgage, and in that case Philip cannot refuse her money as he did when she had offered it to him. So, as soon as dinner is over, Hortense starts on her walk to Bridgeford.

It is a gloomy, threatening afternoon, and the clouds are skurrying over the sky as if they would fain get out of the way of the rude wind and not do his wild work to-night.

Hortense rather enjoys the walk. She has been sitting still all the morning absorbed in perplexing thoughts, and now the exercise is a relief to her. Then, too, being of a sanguine temperament, she believes she has found a solution of her troubles in the arrangements which her visit to Mr. Lancaster may enable her to make to-day. So she walks to Bridgeford quickly—so quickly she is surprised when she finds herself in the bustling town.

She will not pass Grace Robson's house to-day, lest she may chance to see her pretty face, and she does not care to glance at it, for she does not feel kindly toward the girl on Philip's account. So she turns up the side street she found refuge in before, on the day she avoided meeting Gerald Alston.

Hortense passes the same row of tenement-houses, and looks with some interest to see if the house which then wore its shabby badge of mourning has a more cheerful aspect now that the corpse has been carried out of it. But it looks even more forlorn and dismal

with its windows bowed, as if afraid to let in God's sunlight, and from each shutter a black streamer floats out on the wind to tell the careless passer-by that there has been a death here, unlike the bloody stain on the Israelitish door, which told of God's mercy and the death angel's passing by. But we of this day trumpet our griefs and draw the veil over our blessings.

There is the same rushing, noisy stream of life pouring out of Blidale Mill as when Hortense passed there last, but she does not feel the same pity for the overworked women and children as she did then. Only there is a sense of relief that Aytoun and Blidale will not be associated together; and then there is a little pang of remorse that she is glad at what must be a cause of heart-ache to Philip, poor fellow! For she thinks his indifference is assumed, and that the woman he was to have married in a few short weeks must have some hold on his heart.

Mr. Lancaster is in, and ready to hear what she has to urge. She always finds him patient and interested, and she is very grateful to him, and trusts him as her one true friend. For Philip has his own annoyances and troubles to dwell on, and Bryan sees always a ready path for her out of all her difficulties; and besides, so many of her cares arise from Philip's embarrassments she does not like to dwell on them to Bryan, fearing his strictures.

This afternoon Mr. Lancaster seems surprised at what she has to tell him, and annoyed as well. The match off between Grace and Philip brings a grave look into his face. "It will make a difference to Aytoun, I fear," he says, with concern.

"That is what I came to see you about. Will the money I have be enough to pay off the mortgage?" Hortense asks.

"Your money! I hope not," Mr. Lancaster says heartily.

"But I would rather have Aytoun saved than anything else."

"Do you know who holds the mortgage?" Mr. Lancaster asks, not noticing what she says.

Hortense mentions the name, a little surprised that Mr. Lancaster should ask the question.

"It has changed hands lately. I wrote to Philip about it yesterday, but I doubt if my note was in time for the mail. If the old parties held the mortgage, I should have no trouble in making an arrangement, backed by your ten thousand. Now it is very doubtful, and I can't promise you success. I am almost glad I cannot."

"Glad, Mr. Lancaster!" Hortense says reproachfully.

"Yes, glad. Your money cannot clear off the debt against the old place, but would only stave off the difficulties for a while; and I do not care to see you beggared for that."

"If we can stave the sale off, as you say, Philip may be able to manage. I would rather see the old home his than have a fortune myself. And I am not afraid of Philip's turning me out of doors when I am, as you say, a beggar."

She speaks lightly, as if all the trouble is at an end, but in her heart she is woe-fully disappointed that there is a doubt of Mr. Lancaster's success. She had so hoped to tell Philip when she went home that Aytoun was safe, for the present at least, that now she is rather desponding, and is anxious to get away from her old friend's admonitions.

But he does not let her off so easily, but goes into some lengthy explanations, to which Hortense gives no heed. She has gone through too much to-day to care whether she is to have a legal hold on Aytoun. If she had, it would be all waste paper so far as she is concerned, for a male Dunbar has always held the place, and she is not one to break through old customs. So her friend need not keep her so long with his vain explanations.

It is so dark when Hortense leaves Mr. Lancaster's there is not much risk of her being recognized, and she can walk boldly past Grace Robson's without a fear. Bryan even could not tell her from any other belated female, and she is glad he cannot, for he is the one above all others she does not care

to see to-night. To-morrow she will feel braver, and can meet his disappointment, perhaps his upbraidings, with more philosophy.

The moon is struggling to rid herself of the wind-driven clouds—struggling ineffectually though, for she no sooner frees her bright face from one than another sweeps over and seems to cover her up hopelessly. Only from time to time does she manage to give a ghastly, uncertain light.

Hortense is rather glad that the clouds are to be on the winning side, for she does not like to be out so late, and would rather go her lonely way unseen, slipping past any wayfarer unrecognized in the dark. As yet she has met no one, and she begins to get used to her lonely walk in the dark, and falls to thinking of yesterday's hopes and to-day's disappointments. Her thoughts are full enough to drive out all fears, until she hears the sound of a horse's hoofs behind her.

Hortense is glad to find she is near the skirt of wood she and Philip argued over yesterday—glad, too, to remember that a part of the fence is down, and that she can turn into the wood until the horse and his rider have passed. She had not expected such protection when she pleaded for the trees yesterday.

The man is riding slowly toward her, and Hortense finds she was mistaken in thinking it was his horse the sound of whose hoofs she had heard, for in the distance she can hear the almost wild gallop of another horse. Apparently, the man nearest her is riding slowly in order to be overtaken.

Hortense is not frightened, only desirous to be out of sight, lest the moon should chance to show her face; so she creeps into the wood and crouches behind one of the giant trees until the road is clear again.

It seems to her that she waits a long time there. Her position is constrained and uncomfortable, and it is not pleasant to be hiding even behind one's own trees, and for no other reason than that you do not care to be seen.

The horseman in the rear is rapidly

gaining on the one before, who still rides on at a quiet gait. Hortense supposes he must be near the edge of the wood now, but it is far too dark for her to distinguish anything, and she does not feel much interest in their movements—only anxious that they should go on quickly. She is too far from the road to hear any words they may say in an ordinary tone of voice.

Standing there waiting for the tramp of the hoofs to die away, Hortense is startled by the sharp report of a pistol. One of the men must have fired it in reckless sport, and the two horses now are galloping furiously, and seemingly side by side.

She is startled and a little frightened, and she waits in her hiding-place until all sounds die away in the distance.

Then she thinks, with a feeling of relief, that she is not more than a hundred yards from her own gate, and there is not much chance of any one else being on the road for that short distance. Bryan was right in his faultfinding, and she will take care not to be caught by the darkness again in her walks from Bridgeford.

So she comes out from her hiding-place into the road, and walks hastily toward the gate. Suddenly she stumbles, almost falls, over something. A fallen tree, no doubt, for she has not chosen the middle of the road, but keeps close to the wood. Whatever it is, Hortense stops and stoops over it, peering at it with a strange feeling of alarm, as if she had touched unholy ground. While she is bending there, striving to see what the darkness fain would keep from her, the moon struggles to the edge of a cloud and in a ghastly way shows her a man lying at her feet.

Quickly Hortense kneels down and speaks to him. Getting no answer, she feels in the uncertain light for his arm, and her fingers glide down to the wrist and linger upon the pulse. Failing to find the life she is seeking for, she rises and listens anxiously for any sound of a passer-by, as eager now to meet one as a little while ago she was to avoid the dead man there. Alas! how our

simplest actions often do others a great harm! and Hortense questions somewhat sadly whether, if she had walked on boldly, this life would not have been spared, and a poor soul kept free from blood-guiltiness.

Her best plan, she thinks, will be to go to the house and send help—some of the farm-hands, who can carry the sad burden to where it will at least have shelter from the storm, which is gathering fast. She moves away in haste, and then stops. She cannot bear to leave this poor body on the roadside alone in the darkness, even to go and call for help.

Again the moon has broken a way out of the clouds, and shines down clearly on the dead man's face. But is he really dead? for there is blood flowing from a wound in his head. She stoops to bind it, but sees her handkerchief is too small to be of use, and she must search in the wounded man's pocket for his own. He was not killed for plunder, for his pocket-book is safe.

Hortense binds the wound tightly and stops the flow of blood, but whether it is a helpful or a useless work she cannot tell. He has neither moved nor moaned under her hands.

She has given all the help she can now, and she must leave him and send others to his assistance. And as she rises to go she gives a lingering glance at this man robbed of his sweet life almost within reaching distance of her—looks lingeringly into his white upturned face, and a horror comes into her eyes, for there at her feet she sees the still, pale features of Gerald Alston.

Just then she hears the sound of wheels rolling over the frozen road, and the rough voices of workmen singing to beguile the time. They are moving in the same direction with the wind, and she can almost distinguish the words of their uncouth song.

But for the very reason that she can hear them so plainly she knows her cry for help will never reach their ears. She will have to step into the middle of the road and stop them, or they may chance to drive over the dead or dying man for

whom she needs their assistance. If the moon will only shine out a little longer!

She is moving into the middle of the road when just at her feet she sees a pistol. It has fallen from the murderer's hand, and he has not dared to stop and pick it up, fearful that the eye of his victim, still seeing, might recognize him, or thinking the search would be fruitless in the dark. Hortense remembers that his horse's feet had never slackened their speed, even when the pistol was fired.

Hortense, though she does not remember it now, had once told this same Gerald Alston that constitutional timidity made her fear the sight of firearms, and he had sneered at her. He was past sneering now, and no womanly cowardice has kept her from giving him all the help she can. And yet this girl, who has never quailed where most woman would have done so, now shivers and grows pale at the mere sight of the pistol at her feet, and hesitates to pass it that she may go into the middle of the road to stop the wagon, which is not so far off now that her cry will not be heard, though it is hid from sight by a turn in the wood. The pistol which the moon is shining on has made her forget even the still form lying so close to her on the roadside, and which a few minutes ago she was so eager to succor. Suddenly she stoops and picks up the deadly thing she feared so a moment ago, and with it in her hand crosses the road and again takes refuge in the wood, crouching behind a tree, her dress tightly drawn around her, for fear the moonlight will reveal her hiding-place.

Crouching there, she has a dim hope that the wagon will pass on and the men never see what is lying so still and rigid by the roadside. But no: the moon, mocking her, throws its full light upon the road. The horse starts and shivers: the singing ceases, the men get out, and with a sudden exclamation examine the object that lies before them. "Murdered!" they say, "but not killed at once, for has he not tied his handkerchief over the wound to stop the blood?—a useless effort, for he died in spite of it."

"No robber did the deed," they decide, "for the man's watch and purse are safe. Not self-murder either, for there is no weapon near him."

And so there is but one verdict—he met his death by the hand of a foe. And Hortense shudders as she hears their words.

The men take long to consult upon what is best to be done—whether to leave one of their number to watch the body, whilst the rest drive to Bridgeford for the police, or to take the dead man with them and leave him at the police-station.

No one is willing to keep the weary watch by the side of the dead man, when perhaps the murderer is lurking in the woods. And so it is decided to carry all that remains of Gerald Alston in the wagon.

Hortense hears their decision with relief. If they would only move more quickly, not with the stolid slowness of their class, as if incapable of more rapid motion than that of their daily labor! When they have placed the body in the cart they still linger, for one of them proposes that they shall search round a little and see if there is not some trace of why and how the deed was done. Search round a little! Hortense knows well enough to what that search may lead. She takes in her danger—she, crouching there out of sight, with the pistol in her hand.

That a woman could not do the deed will not help her. Her innocence will not plead for her. As guiltless ones as she is, she has no doubt, have been condemned with not half the evidence which would cry out against her and leave her mute.

She fears to move, to lay down the deadly thing she holds so close to her on the ground, for a single movement may betray her. She seems to have been kneeling there an age, though it has been only a few minutes. But the men are afraid to go out of the moonlight into the woods in their quest, and at last the wagon moves slowly on, as if it were a hearse.

Some time longer Hortense kneels there—kneels there until all sounds die

away. Then she rises cautiously, creeps out of the wood into the road, passes the pool of blood the moon shines down into—passes it carefully, fearful that one telltale drop may cling to her skirts. Once safely past it, she runs swiftly up the road to her own gate, still holding tightly beneath her cloak the pistol which has killed Gerald Alston.

As she nears the house she grows more careful. She stops now and then to see if there is any one in sight; creeps up the gravel walk noiselessly; opens the hall door as if she were a thief, and steals up to her own room, glad not to have met any one. Once there, she locks her door and hides the pistol in a drawer under some clothing, locking it up and concealing the key in her bosom.

She does not light a candle, but, still wrapped in her cloak, she opens the window, draws a chair close to it, and with her arms on the ledge she keeps a dismal watch. The moon is lost in the clouds again—lost so as not to show a gleam. The hall clock strikes eight—nine—ten. Hortense never moves: she may be asleep, so rigidly she keeps in one position.

A servant knocks at her door to know if she shall lock up the house, and asks if Mr. Philip is in yet. Hortense says "Yes"—to the first question, perhaps—in a husky voice, and the servant thinks she is falling asleep, and goes off to draw the bolts and make the old house secure for the night.

An hour later all is quiet, and Hortense creeps down stairs and undoes the bolts and locks of the hall door, and then comes back to her silent, rigid watch. Twelve strokes the hall clock gives, and Hortense is still by the open window.

Two hours more she sits there. Then she hears the tread of a horse's hoofs coming up the avenue. They go in the direction of the stable, and soon a man's step is on the gravel. He comes into the house, locking the hall door behind him, and then up stairs very quietly, as if afraid of waking some one. Is it Hortense, watching in the cold, bitter wind, whom he is fearful of disturbing?

Her watch is over now. She quietly puts down the window, and throws herself, dressed as she is, upon the bed. She shivers as if from cold, but she does not seem to know it. You might think she had fainted, or was asleep, or haply dead, except that her eyes are open, wearing a look the peace of the grave could never give them.

The wind blows furiously toward morning. Some of the old trees which have stood the winter storms for centuries give up battling now, and fall crashing to the earth.

The wind shakes the old house, and howls over it as if it would unroof it and show all its secrets. The frightened

women-servants go down to the kitchen, thinking they are not safe so near the roof, and the gardener and stable-boy join them; and they talk in whispers as if some one were dead in the house, and tell stories of death and murders, until they are afraid of the very shadows thrown on the walls by the fire they have kindled on the hearth.

And through all the storm Hortense never moves. She hears nothing of all the crashing the great trees make in their fall—never heeds the wind's wild work. It seems a calm, placid night without, compared to the turmoil in her own breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A SWEDISH WATERING-PLACE.

"FEM minute före fem"—five minutes to five—and we drive up to the Gothenberg quay just in time for the afternoon boat for Särö. This is one of the merchants' easy days, and business was got through in time for a merry little three-o'clock dinner at Lorensberg—one of those suburban restaurants, nestling in trees and gay with flowers, which you find in all parts of the globe except Great Britain—before leaving town to join wives and daughters on the island. The impatient little Necken is whistling and blowing off steam, but half her male passengers still loiter on the quay, laughing and chatting to the last moment with less fortunate friends, who must go back this afternoon to two or three more hours' work at office. But now the cathedral clock strikes five, and as the steamer leaves the wharf the last laughers and chatterers swing on board over the low taffrail as coolly as Americans swarm up the hindmost car-platform of a starting train, and we are fairly off on our two hours' coasting voyage. First, five miles down the river, through a

goodly gathering of merchant craft of many shapes, sizes and nationalities, and past an old fort at the river-mouth, which, in these days of long-range guns and iron-clads, seems to have given up its functions in despair, and degenerated contentedly into a tea-garden; and then south through a maze of barren islets, against which the tiny wavelets of the tideless sea flash sleepily in the westering sun. Look how unconcernedly that old seal, basking on a rocky shelf just big enough to hold him, turns his head to stare at us. No fear of a bullet from the Necken. The knot of business-men on board are all keen sportsmen on occasion, but at present they are frock-coated and gloved, and happy enough in the enjoyment of their *Göteborgs-Posten*. Every now and then, to the west, we get a glimpse of the open sea, flecked with white sails on their way to or from the crowded Sound, till some island ridge shuts in the view again, and turns our eyes to the rough outlines of the dreary mainland coast. Suddenly, from behind a screen of bare rocks, Särö bursts into sight, a veritable oasis

of green woods and glades, like an emerald set in naked granite, looking all the lovelier by contrast with the universal barrenness of its sister islands. All too quickly the little steamer coasts along the picturesque shore, past Snäckstrand—the Shell-beach—from which juts out a tiny peninsula of flat bare rock, where half a dozen cows are basking; past the dressing-rooms and tall wooden shower-bath of the men's bathing-place; past a cluster of green huts from which the ladies bathed before last week's storm flung them into comic wreck, till a short landing-stage is reached, on which the island's population is gathered in force to welcome our arrival.

In force, I said; but you must not on that account suppose that Särö is a place of hotels and lodging-houses. Unless you have a house of your own there, or know friends who have, your chance of finding bed and board is of the slightest. Särö is indeed about as unlike the English idea of a seaside watering-place as can be. Thirty or forty years ago a German ex-apothecary's assistant bought the island, put up a house for himself on it, and began to farm the cultivable parts of the soil, taking in summer boarders at the same time, who came attracted by the scenery and sea-bathing. Then a few Gothenbergers, finding the spot conveniently near to town, as well as pleasant and healthy, took building-leases from the proprietor, and occupied the prettiest nooks and corners with pine-built villas. Their example was followed from time to time as the charms of Särö became better known: the lord of the island, quite unambitious fellow though he was, found it his interest to make a few roads and walks, establish regular bathing-places, and annex two or three "pavilions" to his house for the accommodation of stray units of humanity whom he found eager for places at his *table-d'hôte*; and now Särö has some five-and-twenty summer residences nestling among her trees, a fluctuating population of sixty to eighty visitors in and about her lord and master's house, a daily steamer to and from Gothenberg, a band, warm baths, and a full comple-

ment of boors (as they are politely called) and beggars.

The situation of the island is so good, and its actual and potential charms so great and various, that a bold and judicious outlay in building, road-making and otherwise developing its beauties would indubitably make Särö a name and its proprietor a millionaire in a very few years. Fortunately for the comparatively few who have already secured footholds in the island, the German owner is too timid or too unenterprising to push his luck, and does not care to spend a penny in puffing or setting off his property; so for the present Särö remains a kind of cross between primitive Clovelly and fashionable villa-bestead Newport.

And how is life passed at Särö? No chance of killing Time there. He runs away so fast that, early as we are astir in the mornings, the days seem all too short. Punctually at half-past 7 A. M. the boat leaves for town, and of course the lucky stay-at-homes cannot do less than accompany the small business contingent to the wharf and wave them off to work. Then a climb to Fredrikshöjd, or some other crag-top, to watch the steamer out of sight and breathe the fresh air from seaward, and home with ready appetites for breakfast. This miscellaneous dishful of codling, whiting and flounders we caught last night two miles from shore, between sunset and moonrise; that black game came down yesterday from an up-country shooting-box; and—surely the cook must have produced this deliciously bewildering variety of breads for the express purpose of ensuring the inquisitive Englishman an addition to his Swedish vocabulary. But no: experience proves it to be the ordinary equivalent of a Londoner's dry toast. White bread, limp bread, sweet bread (not calves'), hard bread, white rusks, rye rusks, and half a dozen other compounds of wheat and rye, too often perhaps flavored with aniseed, are every-day attendants at the breakfast-table. Soon after ten we start on a ramble through the tangled brakes of Nordan Skog—the North Wood—over

the narrow causeway of Al Bron—the Eel Bridge—till suddenly the island comes to a full stop in the spike-like promontory of Halsen. Under foot the thick-strewn rocks are cushioned with velvety moss, and from every cranny bilberries and cranberries struggle up invitingly; and now and then we climb some pinnacle of rock that overtops the woods, and enjoy a panoramic view of islands and the open sea beyond.

It is past one o'clock by the time we have left the ladies of our party at the path leading to their bathing-place, and scrambled a quarter of a mile over the rocks to ours. What a blessing that tides are unknown here! At any hour of the day you can count with certainty upon finding at least four feet of water at the door of your dressing-room; only it is well to look before you leap, or you may fall into the burning embrace of a jelly-fish. The attendant is both deaf and dumb, but he talks away with humorous fluency in the universal language of signs, and asks only threepence for your room and company. Refreshed and cool, we saunter home and take a siesta on mattresses spread temptingly in the shade, till three o'clock and dinner arrive together. Not even in Särö can the national institution of the "brandy-table" be omitted. While the servants are putting the soup on the table it is meet and right that all the company should congregate at a sideboard, and there coax appetite with morsels of smoked salmon, caviare, anchovies and Stilton, and a *petit verre* of Swedish brandy. At Särö, indeed, appetite seldom wants coaxing, but institutions are institutions, and one finds little difficulty in giving a practical support to that of the brandy-table. Two hours later, and the lazy after-dinner chat upon the verandah is broken up by the most energetic individual of the party clamoring for a game of ninepins. Close to the tiny villa where the king has been passing the summer in thorough freedom from the shackles of state there is a very fair bowling-alley, shaded by spreading bushes. Royalty left the island a fortnight ago, so we can take possession of

the alley without fear of intruding, and lose or win fifty or a hundred *öre* (centimes) before twilight.

How provokingly soon the sun goes down! Hot though it has been all day, the chilliness of the evening is an unmistakable reminder that Autumn is fast creeping into Summer's shoes, and—can it be?—this pile of trunks that has somehow risen in the hall since we went out means that to-morrow's steamer is to carry us all off to town for good. Next week the king will open an extraordinary session of the Diet, convened to discuss the now all-pervading question of army reorganization and national defence, and our host, as a working member of the Second Chamber, must give up holiday-making and be off to Stockholm. Well, there may at least be consolation for the loss of Särö in the ever-fresh beauties of Trolhätten and the changing scenery of the great lakes; so let us resignedly send at once and engage cabins in the next steamer taking the canal route from Gothenberg to the Venice of the North.

W. S. R.

THE HOME OF MADISON IN 1871.

NOT Montpelier, but Montpellier. "What is your authority for that?" I asked a friend. His reply was, "Mr. Madison is the authority for spelling Montpellier with two *l*'s. I have letters of his, written from his home, in which it is so spelt. Also I have letters of Mr. Jefferson addressed to him at Montpellier. The estate was named from the town in the south of France, and if you will examine Murray's *Guide-Book* or the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, you will find it so. The capital of Vermont derives its name from the same place, but the Yankees always spell wrong; and though, if you give them an inch they will generally take an *l*, they have voluntarily relinquished one in this instance."

Touching the history of Montpellier house, my friend, who was so smart and hard upon the Yankees, could give me no information. Howe's *Historical Collections* contains a wretched engraving of the house, but not a line of letterpress in regard to the date of its erection,

or anything concerning it. A cursory examination of Rives's *Life of Madison* disclosed no facts, perhaps because Mr. Rives unfortunately did not live to complete his work. The article on Madison in Appleton's *New American Cyclopædia* does not, of course, touch the subject. All that I have been able to gather about the house was obtained from a gentleman living in the neighborhood, and that, as will be seen, is meagre enough.

In reply to my letter of inquiry, he says: "The original house, comparatively a small one, was built by James Madison, Sr., the father of the President, and was the first brick dwelling erected in the county of Orange. This was the nucleus, to which the present pile was added by Mr. Madison in the first term of his presidency. The architect was a Mr. Chisholm. Who planned the house I never heard, but presume he and Mr. Madison did. Though finished in very plain style, the cost of the edifice must have been great for that period. Some of the late owners have very much modernized and improved its appearance. Many old buildings, stables, etc. have been removed. The ice-house was made by Mr. Madison, and was the first in the county. The anecdote of the old servant, who could not be made to believe that ice could be kept through the summer, and who wagered his master a wild turkey against a drink of iced grog that it could not be so kept, is well known.

"The back lawn was laid out and leveled by the farm-hands, I think. At a very late period there was an enclosure of palings in front of and very near the house, and all the change ever made in the front grounds was by the Messrs. Thornton, who greatly improved them by removing two small elevations. The natural beauty of the grounds superseded artificial efforts. At the time of my earliest recollection a Frenchman named Beasey had charge of the garden. I presume he laid it out. He certainly kept it in superb condition. I have a very distinct recollection of the trained peach trees and the luscious grapes. No alteration has been made in the garden,

except to curtail it on the upper or lawn side, which was originally circular, but now has a boundary parallel to the line of the lower end. This also, I think, was done by old Mr. Beasey, with the aid of detailed farm-hands. The construction of that succession of horse-shoe terraces which makes the garden must have been a heavy job. The cost of these improvements was probably never known with accuracy, even by Mr. Madison himself."

And this is literally all that I have been able to learn about the home of the fourth President of the United States, and one of the principal authors of *The Federalist*—so indifferent are Virginians to all things pertaining to the history of their great men. One would think that everything relating to the personal history of a man who labored so earnestly and effectively to give the Constitution that form which, in the eyes of the larger section of the Union, at least, justified the war upon the seceding States, should be treasured with the greatest care, if not by Virginians, then by those who are more concerned than Virginians in whatever pertains to the "nationalization" of the country. Is it remembered that, in a letter addressed to General Washington before the meeting of the Convention of 1787, Madison proposed a scheme of thorough centralization; that he declared himself equally opposed to "the individual independence of the States" and to "the consolidation of the whole into one simple republic," but was nevertheless in favor of investing Congress with power to exercise "a negative in all cases whatever on the legislative acts of the States, as heretofore exercised by the kingly prerogative;" and finally that he went so far as to say that "*the right of coercion should be expressly declared*"? And is it forgotten that from these extreme views he afterward conscientiously departed; that when he took his seat in Congress in April, 1789, he found himself compelled to oppose Alexander Hamilton, and, although he had warmly espoused the adoption of the Constitution, became convinced of the necessity of a strict construction of

the powers which it conferred upon the general government; and that the famous resolutions of 1798-'99, offered in the Virginia Assembly by John Taylor of Caroline, "were drawn up by James Madison, but not then a member"?

If these things, on the one hand, are remembered, and those, on the other, are forgotten, what wonder that the American people should long since have ceased to inquire where Madison lived, and to care whether his ashes have or have not decent sepulture!

It was a hot afternoon when I set forth in an ambulance (vehicle of woeful memory, which has supplanted the old family carriage and the stick-gig, once so common in Virginia) to visit Montpelier. The way led up hill and down dale through the fertile farms of Orange, and past the still charming homesteads that crown the uplands or nestle in the secluded valleys of the South-west Mountains. Entering the estate through an old-fashioned gateway, I saw ample fields clothed with the luxuriant after-growth of the harvest. The only indication of our proximity to the renowned homestead was the presence, on a distant hill, of a tall obelisk in the family burying-ground. Here we alighted, and, opening the iron gate, threaded our way through the lush periwinkles, not without fear of snakes, to the base of Madison's monument. This is of granite, as simple as possible in its style, not above fifteen feet high, and bears the following inscription:

MADISON.

Born March 16, 1751.
Died June 28, 1836.

Near it is a much smaller obelisk of marble, marked thus:

DOLLY PAYNE,
Wife of James Madison.
Born May 20, 1768.
Died July 8, 1849.

Both are as plain and unpretending stones as the humblest citizens could well have, and the latter (Mrs. Madison's) seems far from substantial. Around them are other gravestones of the ordinary pattern, inscribed with the names Marye, Conway, Macon, Willis and Lec

—relatives and connections of the Madison family.

I lingered a while in the little brick-walled graveyard. Not a living being was visible. Everything was profoundly still and sad. Being told that the house was near at hand, though no sign of it could be seen, I walked onward, passing on the way a broken-down tobacco-house—itsself a monument of a crop no longer grown in Orange. The terraced garden already alluded to slopes upward from the rear, and so does the lawn adjacent to it, concealing the house perfectly until you are right upon it, when it takes you completely by surprise. Before the crest of the low hill is reached you pass a long, low wooden building, which proves to be a bowling-alley—not Mr. Madison's, you may be sure, but the work of a later owner. A rod or two beyond the bowling-alley the rear lawn, level as a floor, carpeted thick with green sward and surrounded by tall trees of various foliage and beautiful forms, bursts upon you with truly scenic effect. "What a delightful place," you exclaim involuntarily, "for archery, croquet, skittles or any kind of open-air sport, or for an afternoon promenade, shaded as it now is, cool and sweet, and oh, so still, so very still, for not a human being is visible and not a sound is heard!"—Where are all the people?

Alas! there are but few people to be seen. The bright and happy groups of homefolk, mingling with visitors from the North and from Europe, which graced this lawn in Mr. Madison's time, assemble here no more.

Wondering much at the unbroken stillness and the absence of people, black or white, I moved onward to the back door. Mounting the steps of the porch, the floor of which betrayed in its untidiness the lack of female supervision, I plied the knocker again and again to no purpose. Tired of waiting, I cautiously opened the door, and found myself in a passage adorned with a magnificent pair of antlers and some fine old prints, such as the "Death of Montgomery," the "Surrender of the Garrison at Gibraltar," etc. While I was examining these prints,

a young gentleman wearing an expression of the deepest melancholy slowly approached.

"Where is your father?" I ventured to ask.

"My father is dead," said he in tones of deepest sadness, "but I will call my uncle."

So he did, and Mr. Carson, a whole-souled Irishman, who now owns the place, soon made his appearance and invited me into the parlor. This room is adorned with a handsome portrait of Madison, painted a few years ago in Philadelphia, some landscapes, a piano, marble centre-table, etc. I was not left long to inspect the parlor, for Mr. Carson was all enthusiasm to show me a new force-pump and to display its power. Accordingly, he hurried me to the door opening upon the front portico, and there, to my amazement, burst upon us a panorama which for beauty and extent is scarcely surpassed in all Virginia. The front lawn, extending some two hundred yards to a large gate and hedge, disclosed beyond the hedge ample fields thick set in clover and enclosed in a semicircle of dark green woods, beyond which, at a distance of ten miles or more, stretched the mighty wall of the Blue Ridge Mountains literally athwart the whole horizon. Grand and expansive as the scene was, it was chiefly remarkable for the absence of human habitations. The forest appeared to be unbroken to the very base of the mountains. Clearings and dwellings there doubtless were in that vast expanse, but they were hidden by the golden haze. Montpellier looked forth upon this wide area of natural beauty solitary and alone, as might some castle of mediæval times upon a baron's broad domains. A more impressive sight is seldom seen.

Mr. Carson forced me away from this splendid spectacle to witness the working of his new pump. Then I must see the gigantic chestnut trees, one of which was thirty, and another forty, feet in diameter; and not far away he led me to a hill overlooking a little dell carpeted with tenderest grass and shaded by nearly a hundred beautiful walnut trees

—a lovely dell indeed, where fairies might dance and revel. Then to the garden, where we feasted on grapes, pears and figs, and then back to the portico to see the sun go down in glory behind the purple battlements of the Ridge, the sky all amber and orange, and the landscape fading, melting, glooming down through all the tints of the spectrum.

The picture of Montpellier House in Howe's *Historical Collections* is, as I have said before, simply execrable. The façade, though it does not rival Upper Brandon with its noble front of two hundred and forty feet on the James River, nor tower aloft like the castellated homes of the Bruces in Halifax county, is nevertheless sufficiently imposing for the residence of a President, and fits well into the magnificent landscape which it commands. The view from Monticello is no doubt more extensive and picturesque, but the soft beauty of the scenery around Montpellier can hardly be excelled. The contrast between the rear and front lawns is most extraordinary, and enhances the beauty of both. Behind the house you are secluded from the world in nooks and levels of greenery: in front the world bursts upon you in startling grandeur, but it is still the world of Nature, for the works of men's hands are scarcely visible. I know nothing like it, nothing quite equal to it. The house is built to last for ages. There are seventy-two acres in the lawns. What a place for a student! What a home for a man of wealth and of taste! What a summer resort it would make! for there is no healthier region probably in the world. What a site for a female college or a select school for boys!

Such were my inward exclamations as I turned to take a last lingering look. Strange that this exceedingly beautiful place is almost unknown! Tourists scarcely ever visit it. Thousands pass near it on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, but not one in a thousand stops to take a look at it. James Madison is dead, and the work of his hands, the things that he established, or thought he did—this house and the Constitution

of the United States — are forgotten quite. The boys and girls of the neighboring village come here sometimes to pass a summer holiday, and that is all. Virginians will not so much as make a pilgrimage from an adjoining county to look upon the home and grave of Madison. And Montpellier, like Upper Brandon and so many other grand old Virginia homesteads, is in the market. Sooner or later they will all go. Up with the hammer! down with the homes and tombs of our mighty dead! 'Twas ever thus. "The fashion of this world passeth away."

Other sentimental comments were cut short by a lamentable discovery: one of the ambulance mules had eaten up half the rope which served as a rein. Here was a pickle indeed—darkness already come, steep rocky hills to descend, and no reins. But, with a Virginia farmer's readiness, Mr. Carson soon produced a side of upper leather and a sharp knife: the rein was spliced, and for the next hour I was too busy jumping out to open the interminable succession of Virginia plantation gates to think or care whether James Madison ever had a home. G. W. B.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY IN WEST PHILADELPHIA.

THE University of Pennsylvania has taken a new lease of life, and the fine collegiate building in West Philadelphia is rapidly approaching completion. The next academical year, beginning in the autumn of 1872, will be opened in its halls, and at that time, in our record of the dedication of the building, we shall give an exact and detailed account of its architecture. For the present we content ourselves with calling attention to the memorial windows which it is proposed to place in the chapel. At the meeting of the Society of the Alumni of the University, held at the college hall December 21, 1871, Provost Stillé exhibited a plan of the new University building, and submitted a design for a memorial window of stained glass for the chapel of the building now erecting at Thirty-sixth and Locust streets, to be

in honor of the illustrious founder of the College of Philadelphia—Dr. Franklin. The window is of Gothic form, twenty-five feet high by eleven feet wide, having in the arch three compartments. In the upper one it is proposed to place a copy of the portrait of Dr. Franklin by Martin. As it is designed also to show the changes which have taken place since the first charter was granted in 1755, the coat-of-arms of the Penn family, by whom that charter was granted, will be placed in one of the lateral compartments, and in the other the arms of the State of Pennsylvania, which granted the present charter in 1791. The lower portion of the window is divided by mullions into five panels. On the centre panel will be inscribed the famous line of Turgot, *Eripuit celo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*, and underneath a civic crown. On the panels on one side of the centre will be placed pictures of the Old Academy in Fourth street, of the printing-press used by Dr. Franklin in London, and of his discoveries in electricity; on the other side a picture of the present University, of the last improvement in the printing-press, and of the newest telegraphic machine. The portion of the window not occupied by the paintings will be of the richest stained glass, in which appropriate emblems will be worked.

This beautiful design was prepared for the window by an experienced artist in stained glass, and it will be executed by his firm, Magee, Smith & Clark, at their works in this city, under the supervision of the architect of the University, T. W. Richards, Esq.

The plan thus modestly inaugurated has been readily adopted by the graduates and friends of the University, and the Franklin window has been put in the hands of the artists. A surplus of the money subscribed has been devoted to a window to be a memorial of Rittenhouse, next to Franklin the early leader in natural science and a diligent teacher of it in the University.

Another subscription has been successfully initiated for a window as a memorial of Alexander Dallas Bache,

for many years an active teacher in the University, himself a descendant of Franklin, and famous for his successful management of the Coast Survey. Indeed, the task of finding subjects is harder than that of finding friends to supply the means of perpetuating the memory of men connected with the University. Already it is proposed to fill the other windows—there are ten in all, besides the main window, that of Franklin—on the right with a memorial of Bache, on the left with one of Rittenhouse, and then in regular succession memorials of Henry Reed, of Dr. Robert Hare, of Fulton and Fitch, of Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Robert Morris, of Bishop de Lancey and of Bishop White. In this way the decoration of the University will make it an historical gallery of men whose very names will be useful instruction to its students. The advantage of such indirect education has been too well established to need further advocacy, and we are very glad to see it recognized as a fact beyond discussion, as is done in the beautiful architectural effectiveness of the University itself, and in the subordinating of these memorial windows to the plan and purpose of the building. There can be little doubt that the "New University" will perpetuate the services rendered by the old for over a century, and in its broad field of increased opportunity extend the benefit of higher education to many thousands who will look gratefully on the stained windows dedicated to men who profited by their instruction in the same Alma Mater to serve science, literature and art. J. E. R.

NOTES.

In Mr. Frederic Eden's *The Nile without a Dragoman* there is an amusing episode designed to show the real use of donkeys' tails—a sentimental subject to which this traveler does full justice. Mr. Eden says: "Does anybody know the use of a donkey's tail? An expert—say a costermonger—would answer, 'For a crupper.' No such thing. From the beginning was Egypt and the Nile. The Nile never wanted a boat or Egypt an ass, and the tail was given to help the

one into the other. See how quickly it is done! First his forelegs are lifted in, then a man from above in the boat gives a single haul at the tail, and in goes the donkey like a shot." But in Naples quite an analogous use is made of the tails of draught-animals. While everywhere the people are cruel to their beasts, the ones most maltreated are the saddle-horses that go up Mount Vesuvius with tourists. You begin with a pitched battle among the guides as to who shall have the job of leading your Rosinante and where the said steed shall be hired. A dozen men and boys are jabbering all at once and grabbing at your bridle, and only when the scrimmage is over does the procession start. As soon as the ascent begins the leader takes the first horse by the bridle and belabors him with a stout stick; the one who follows takes the bridle of his own horse in one hand, and hangs with the other to the tail of the first animal; the next in like manner seizes also a head and a tail; and so on through the file. Were the animals made up like hobby-horses, their tails would infallibly come out, as the indolent fellows use them like pulling ropes, sustaining their weight on them, and keeping the animals from being drawn backward by punching them with sticks. Such is the "use of a tail" in Naples. Yet in this strange city, at the Feast of St. Antonio, the people take their beasts to church to be blessed—perhaps to strengthen them for the following year's abuse. On this festal occasion you often see a whole family and neighbors, to the number of twenty, heaped upon a *calesso* drawn by one poor beast. The joke is, that this is supposed to be the animal's gala day—his great annual treat—"the happiest day of all the blithe New Year." Hence he is bedecked with ribbons and garlanded with flowers, while his patrons, jubilant with the toasts they have drunk in his honor, scream at him lustily, and, as he struggles on under his enormous load, beat him with sticks dressed with greens. Naples would be a fine field for some Italian Bergh; while an investigation into the gradual caudal development in

the Mount Vesuvius saddle-horses (for a steady lengthening we think there must be) would furnish a study for Mr. Darwin.

A FRIEND who recently returned from a tour in Italy says that while traveling there he was one day surprised by receiving from his courier the following memorandum of recent expenses, which he accordingly preserved as a literary curiosity :

"Due pelele
Sessi bilgie musezo
Buate Busquie
Dizzune Pompei
Cemise pur Monsiu."

At first he was as much puzzled by this polyglot jumble as any of our readers can be, but on exercising his memory he obtained the following explanation of the riddle :

"2 Pale ale,
Sei biglietti di museo
(six tickets for the museum),
Boite de biscuits,
Déjeuner à Pompeii,
Chemises pour monsieur."

To get the real point of the joke, we must add that the courier, who had been engaged as a complete master of English, had handed this in as an English bill. Such, however, is the cosmopolitan gibberish generally spoken by European couriers, and it is in this lucid language that they explain to travelers the scenery and works of art which we go to admire.

THOUGH the snow-blockades of the Pacific Railway would appear to suggest that the charms of traveling over that route are not such as would attract the seeker for a genial climate, yet one of the correspondents who has made the trip gave a most charming picture of the delights of riding upon the Western coast, in a few hours, from the depths of winter to the heart of summer. He dined upon summer vegetables, grown upon the spot, although the engine which brought him carried upon its cow-catcher the remnants of the snow-banks it had broken through only a few hours before. Such a victory over time and space sug-

gests to us, shivering with the tardy advent of spring, that perhaps in some not so very distant future we may with the railroad realize the climatic advantages of some of the mountains in Mexico, where, in a horseback ride of an hour or two, one can pass from the torrid to the frigid zone, and where it is quite possible to lunch in a temperate clime upon the fruits of the tropics cooled with frozen snow brought from a mile higher up the mountains. Think what a novel pleasure-excursion it would be to circle the globe in two or three weeks, following closely in the wake of early green peas or asparagus, or enjoying a succession of crocuses or the trailing arbutus! Excursions will probably come to be arranged with this view. Why shall we not, with the new comforts of the palaccar, and the ambulatory habits naturally engendered by the new methods of quick transportation, come to live in the cars, so that invalids shall not be ordered by physicians to go to a milder climate, but to take lodgings on the train which circles the world upon the isothermic line of eighty or ninety degrees, as suits best their special case?

IN the life of Morrison, the missionary to China, an example of Chinese justice is given which might prove of advantage to us. The Chinese law, that a life shall be given for a life, admits of no exceptions. It seems that the captain of an English ship lying in the stream at Canton was greatly annoyed by the boats which would persist in approaching his vessel to trade with his crew. Having repeatedly ordered them away and threatened to fire upon them if they returned, he did so one evening, and accidentally killed a Chinaman. Thereupon he was seized by the authorities, who insisted upon carrying out the provisions of the law. Great efforts were made by the friends of the captain to save him, but the authorities were inexorable, until it was suggested as a compromise that, by a legal fiction, it should be considered that another English captain, of another ship, who had died from some disease about a week before the occurrence of

the killing, had been the person who did it, and, as he was dead, the rule of a life for a life was satisfied, and the captain was allowed to go free. Ridiculous as such legal quibbling seems, yet its results are quite as admirable as many of our proceedings. Look, for example, at the farce which the trial by jury has become! More substantial justice would be administered, in perhaps the majority of cases, by having the judge decide the fate of the prisoner by the impartial method of pitching up a cent, than by the more tedious and expensive one of a trial by jury, as juries are now consti-

tuted, and as jury trials are now conducted. Originally, the trial by jury was an attempt to substitute for the irresponsible power of the ruler the decision of twelve intelligent and impartial men, who should be the peers of the accused. To them the testimony was presented, and their decision was supposed to be in accordance with the facts. But now the chief qualification of a juror would seem to be his incapacity to form any opinion, and a trial to be rather a test of the stupidity of the jurors than of the guilt of the prisoner.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

La Princesse Georges. Drama, by Alexandre Dumas fils. Paris: Michel Lévy. New York: F. W. Christern.

This play was first acted in December, and the author is still smiling at the powerful moral sense which it was the means of making manifest in the Parisians. The unhappiness of the spectators in their feelings—they were really a good deal perturbed and shocked—is now soothed away, however, in the course of an instructive moral preface prepared for the booksellers' edition. The drama is meant to prove that there is no limit to the forgiving disposition of a good, innocent wife—positively none. The princess forgives in the first act, observes her author blandly, and she is still at it in the last. Princess Georges is but twenty, quite new to the world, just married for love and a title. Lest we should be allowed to think, however, that a Frenchwoman fresh from her convent is an insipid blossom, the princess soon lets us know that her ingenuousness is of the French style: quite early in the play we find her pointing distinctions in a way which shows plenty of sagacity—a sagacity savoring less of the nunnery than of the club. When she first begins anxiously excusing to the prince his own escapades, she finely reminds him that while a woman can always say no to an address, a man of honor, on the

contrary, can hardly withdraw in a case where he has inspired love. "You men, when you fall into the hands of a coquette, cannot refuse yourselves as we can." With the exception of this somewhat sly proposition, the princess is a pearl, nay an oyster, of beautiful ignorance, imbedded in a sadly knowing society. If the ideas and conversation of the ladies of the Second Empire are delineated in the after-dinner talks of the princess's intimates, we must go back for a parallel to the Roman ladies of the empire of Claudius and Messalina. These baronesses and countesses, when they settle themselves for a session with closed doors, talk in a way incredibly limited and low. "I protest," says one of them, "if it were not for the post-prandial cigar of the gentlemen, there would be no getting along. Blessed be the cigar! The cigars of the husbands are the vacations of the wives." The noble heads of these titled matrons are exclusively occupied with ideas of conjugal falsehood, and they express themselves in the freest undress: "It is perhaps rather good in us to remain honest women;" and the speaker, the wife of a traveler, has her reason. The wrongs of the Princess Georges, which are at the base of the drama, are discussed in the same scene with easy wit and raillery, the party being at the time guests of

hers, and her mother present, a tough old worldling who listens with complacency. The temptress who is sowing all the mischief, though she does not happen to be included at the moment, is one of the circle, lives next door, and has dined with the princess yesterday. Her dear friends tear her to shreds. She is a beauty with corn-colored hair, metallic and determined, the legitimized daughter of "Lord Hatherbrok" and a piano-teacher—an educated adventuress "who talks four or five languages, an indispensable thing when one may have to ask one's road of the first traveler who passes." She has set a deliberate net for the prince and his—or rather his wife's—fortune. The victim has already practiced divagations with *Lais* in the country, and is arranging to elope with her to-morrow, meanwhile lavishing on her husband money-accommodations that involve half the princess's dowry. The ineffably nauseous character of this Prince Georges, who lies to his wife with every resource of lying as an art and every cowardice of lying as a sin, can only be appreciated in the satisfying fullness of the play itself. He is guilty of the abject lie, the frank, sincere lie, the maudlin lie, the poetic lie, the heroic lie. Finally, in the last act, the infatuation of this respectable prince is stimulated afresh by the reproaches of his wife; whereupon, with a coolness that is a choice trait—much as a man packs up for the sea-side—he prepares to "go over" to the opposing attraction. Meanwhile the opposing attraction's husband, whose jealousy the princess has vaguely kindled, is waiting armed in his porter's lodge. Up to this time, through a long history of doubts and of neatly-administered fibs, the princess has apparently been on the lookout for striking situations in which to assert her exceptional faculty of forgiveness. At the beginning of things, indeed, in the exasperation induced by the report of a too-successful spy of hers, she determines to kill her erring lord, and sends for her mother to assist at the purposed tragedy; but the cool old lady assures her that such Cenci affairs are completely out of date. "Kill a truant husband!" says this adviser in æsthetics: "it would be like putting on leg-of-mutton sleeves and a bird of paradise to play the guitar on a claw-foot sofa!" The princess, after this unanswerable argument, has a revulsion into that exhaustless forgiveness which becomes her key-note throughout the

drama. Even at the last, when her husband outdoes himself by flatly proposing to go at once with his carpet-bag from her saloon and presence to the residence of her rival, the indefatigable pardoner relents from mere force of habit, and detains him in conversation until the hot-headed husband in the distance has had time to come across another victim. This victim, explains the author in his preface, is an innocent one, a ram of Abraham. It is a soft youth, who has just been developing his innocence by explaining and analyzing his adulterous passion to one of the married ladies of the play, at great length and with a sense of lofty emotion. The ram comes just in time to be slain for the sacrifice. Prince Georges, who only hears of this superfluous rival when he is dead, is, however, cured of his passion with the moral levity of a Mantalini. The curtain falls on him crawling beseechingly across the stage to beg the hand of his wife, who thus has a chance to continue the action beyond the frame of the tableau, and pardon him once more behind the drop. The sentimental depravity of this weak construction is not much relieved by the vain and egotistic preface with which the son of his father has puzzled the Parisians. Is my play immoral? says M. Dumas. Yes, of course it is immoral. Life is immoral, society is immoral, experience is immoral. My public is shocked at first, but it has never been tardy in coming up and handsomely forgiving me for its own mistake. It will come again, and bring along its son, its wife. Not its daughter, however, says M. Dumas, who is convinced that the contact of the world is not a suitable thing for the cheek of the young person. And indeed the Princess Georges, with her motiveless incontinence of pardon, and void propensity to victimization, does not make a very edifying *Griselda*. As to the quality of the drama as a literary production, although it contains plenty of neat and pointed expressions, and has no ragged ends left anywhere, we have seldom passed upon an art-work which we thought so palpably the work of a period of decline.

Le Casi ed i Monumenti di Pompeii. Napoli: Detken e Rocholl.

A luxurious popular work on the antiquities of Pompeii is now issuing at Naples, in a series of numbers about as large superficially as a page of the *New York Herald*.

It seems to be well directed, being a fluent and readable résumé of such facts as had been amassed by professional archæologists, along with some results of excavations made since the heavy archæological works were written. The especial title of the publication to notice, however, lies in the large chromo-lithographic illustrations, of which three go to every number. No. 29 contains, for example, the exquisite dancing bronze called "Narcissus," in front and back views six inches high, with imitations of the strange bluish oxidations. Another number has the quaint little "Silenus," with its lifelike air of staggering under a weight. The celebrated Pompeii paintings (of mythology, etc.) are taken off in outline, and are failures, the artists for the work being Germans, and giving us an ultra-classical hardness, in lieu of the happy-go-lucky, vase-painting manner of the originals, quite inimitable except by the camera. The reproductions of arabesque walls and panels are decidedly the best things here, and are of infinite usefulness to the decorator. In reviewing their variety and richness we get the feeling that Raphael, when preparing his famous vignettes for the loggie of the Vatican, got wonderfully near to the Greek sentiment of which these are a tradition, though his master-work had nothing like the profusion of this journey-work. We have represented on these panels a maze of the strangest caprices—plants, animals, railings, balconies, men and divinities, stamped on the rich black or vermilion grounds, and all subdued in their shapes to the necessities of ornament with consummate tyranny. Among the painted grill-work and columnar designs we can find every falsehood of drawing, every baseness of Greek architecture in decadence, and ignorance of scientific perspective: here, among other things, is the ugly "interrupted pediment," undermined at the apex to enclose an urn—a fatuity of the first century which we are apt to think only came in with the Bourbons; and all the falsehoods, confusions and patches combine into the most cheerful and captivating motives of adornment. Among the illustrations to the work are panoramic views of the buried city, showing the vulgarity of the ordinary chromo, while the figure-paintings of Pompeii, as we have hinted, must be considered as unrepresented, the best of these outlines being inferior to the dingiest photographs by Sommer and Behles. The lithographing is

done by Richter & Company at Naples, and the whole work is due to German enterprise. We have omitted, in our very partial enumeration of the pictorial subjects, the full-length portraits, as we may call them, of the old Pompeians, obtained by pouring plaster into the lava cavities occupied by their bodies; also doors and other pieces of wood-work, long since perished by charring, but faithfully moulded by the same process. Designs of jewelry and mosaics likewise abound.—Mr. F. W. Christern, New York, receives subscriptions.

Études diplomatiques sur la question d'Orient. Première partie: Protocole de St. Pétersbourg, 4 Avril, 1826. Traité de Londres, 6 Juillet, 1827. Deuxième partie: Navarin. Stuttgart: Imprimerie Mäutler frères, 1870-71.

The study of the Oriental question is the great school of all diplomatists. That which renders it so unsatisfactory to the layman—the complicated nature of its history, the clashing interests of all the powers, the impossibility of foretelling its crisis, and the hopelessness of anticipating its final solution,—all this gives it an extraordinary value for the pedagoguism of diplomacy, which has still to pass its *examen rigorosum* in this thorny field.

The author of the above work is Count Greppi, so far as we remember the first modern Italian statesman who has ventured to appear unofficially before the public with an historico-political treatise. At any rate, the programme which he announces for the solution of the vexed Eastern question in general, and especially the mission of Italy in it, is strikingly novel and original. The author holds two things to be impossible: first, that European Turkey can exist much longer in its present form; secondly, that Russia can ever obtain Constantinople, for at this day the saying of Napoleon Bonaparte, that its possession by the czar meant Russian world-rule, is more true than before. What he deems feasible and consonant with the interests of all the great powers is, that European Turkey, together with the Archipelago, should be made into a Greek-Slavic confederation, whose nucleus might be the present Greek monarchy, enlarged by Macedonia, Thessaly and Epirus—that Constantinople itself should be constituted a free city under the joint protectorate of the great powers,

with the Bosphorus open to the ships of all nations. In this programme the author expressly assumes that Russia will renounce her traditional designs for the conquest of Turkey, and especially of Constantinople, when she sees herself opposed by the whole of civilized Europe, and be content with planting the Cross on the mosque of St. Sophia, the liberation of her co-religionists, and the same right to the navigation of the Black Sea as other nations.

At the close of the preface the author alludes to Italy in the following terms: "Italy, as the heir of the glorious traditions of Venice, Genoa, Pisa and Amalfi, by its geographical position, the configuration of its coasts, the maritime spirit of its people and the large number of its vessels which float upon the Eastern waters, is destined to give to the Oriental question a new phase. If unforeseen events should attract the attention of Europe once more to the East, if the ancient antagonism should be again awakened, then Italy, bound by no precedent, would be peculiarly fitted to mediate between the just claims of Russia and the suspicious apprehensions of the other powers."

The Book of the Mainzo-i-Khard. By C. W. West. London, 1871.

The *Book of the Spirit of Wisdom* is one of the most interesting relics of Persian antiquity, and contains material of the highest importance to the history of the Christian and the Mohammedan dogmas. Its editor, Mr. West, conclusively shows in his introduction that the work was composed in its present form in the times of the Sassanides, most likely in the reign of King Chusrav I. (531-579), and not by a priest, but probably by a high officer of state in the hours of an enforced leisure.

There seems no reason to doubt that the ethical and dogmatic tendencies of the work before us agree in general with the state religion then prevailing in Persia, but whether they agree equally with the original views of Zoroaster is a question that is open to argument. Alexander the Great ordered in the frenzy of a drunken orgie the monuments of Persepolis to be burnt, so that few original texts of the Avesta have been saved, and the doctrine of Zoroaster in its completeness is therefore probably lost for all time to come. But aside from this, we learn from the history of the Achæmenides, from the monu-

ments of Persepolis, Bihistun, Hamadan and Suza, and from Ezra, Nehemiah, Herodotus, Ktesias, Thucydides and Xenophon, much to justify us in assuming that the doctrine of Zoroaster had undergone in the time of the Sassanides many essential changes on material points. Under the Achæmenides, as under the Sassanides, it was the state religion, but there is nowhere a trace of intolerance and fanaticism: the nations subjected to the Persian sceptre enjoyed the fullest religious freedom, and we possess on this point the express testimony of Ezra and Nehemiah. On the other hand, we know with equal certainty that in the time of the Sassanides the persecution of Jews and Christians was the order of the day, and led to several wars between Persia, Armenia and the East Roman empire.

The doctrines of repentance, of the Eucharist, of purgatory, of the *novissimus*, find their prototypes in Parseeism: Islamism also has adopted many doctrines from the same source; for instance, the prayers on appointed days, the bridge Tschinevad, the angels, etc. Several texts of the Koran in relation to the last judgment agree almost literally with isolated passages in the *Book of the Spirit of Wisdom*.

Mr. West is entitled for his publication to the thanks of all scholars who are interested in the history of our religious and ethical systems. The work, in the edition before us, is printed in Parsee, Sanscrit and English, the latter having been very judiciously selected, because the editor had to depend for patronage not so much on the Jew purchasers in Europe as on the Parsees of India, who are mostly familiar with the English language.

Die Arbeitergilden der Gegenwart, von L. Brentano, Doctor der Rechte und der Philosophie. Zur Geschichte der Englischen Gewerkvereine. Leipzig: Duncker und Humblot, 1871.

In spite of this general title, the author deals in his first volume, as well as in the second soon to follow, with an exclusively special state of things—namely, that which obtains in England. At the same time the general title of the work is fully justified, because the present condition in England is eminently calculated to serve as a standard for all other countries. The author approached the question of the trades' unions

with some misgivings, but a careful study, facilitated by a long residence in London, soon led him to perceive that the organization of trades' unions is necessary to supplement political economy on a basis of perfect freedom. It is strong evidence of the great confidence placed in the young German scholar that an English society should have requested him to write the introduction to a collection of the Guild statutes of the United Kingdom. This introduction, issued in the English language, as well as a larger treatise which appeared in one of the quarterlies, and was afterward rewritten and enlarged, constitutes the main bulk of the work before us. It treats, first, of the history of the English trade guilds; secondly, of their origin—a subject which has never before been critically examined.

La Voce del Sacerdote italiano, riflessioni e proposte del Sacerdote Clemente Tacchini. Rome, 1871.

This work will fascinate the reader with its ripe judgment, philosophic culture, and the courage with which it endeavors to trace the abuses and errors of the Roman Church back to their fountain-head. Tacchini believes in the possibility of a reformation which would restore the Catholic Church to her lost evangelical simplicity and primitive form. The sophisms and fallacies of the system

which have injured both religion and country are fearlessly laid bare. After a lucid explanation of the causes which have led to the overthrow of the political sovereignty of the popes, the last of which was the end of a long chain of historical facts that had operated for centuries adversely to the Roman theocracy, the author asks: "What shall the Italian clergy, especially the lower, do in the face of this accomplished fact? Wait? Dispute? Or counsel?" In an exhaustive examination of these three possibilities, he rejects first the passive waiting, on account of the irreparable evil which the schism between church and state causes to both, destroying on the one hand the social ideal, and on the other the ecclesiastical unity. From this stand-point he demonstrates, in logically historical connection, that all the strife, all the scandal, which has ever yet disturbed the Christian state springs from the pretended imperishability and universalism of the theocratic authority claimed over society, because the exception, made a rule, has turned a transient form of government, which corresponded with the social condition and the popular intelligence of a certain period, into a permanent and unchangeable one. The result of this was the oppression of the laity, and, with the demoralization of the oppressed, the corruption of the oppressors themselves.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Macaronic Poetry Collected; with an Introduction by James Appleton Morgan, A.M. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

Those who read between the lines can, we think, be sensible of a persistent little Peterkin, who puts in with a "What good came of it at last?" after the very best macaronic verse ever written, in the manner of a refrain. We therefore enumerate it among Mr. Morgan's merits that he has made a not exhaustive, though a somewhat exhausting, collection. It is hard to sympathize with the class of intellect, in which a really full meal of macaronics would provoke any feeling but that of mortal satiety. Mr. Morgan, however, lets

up at his three hundredth page, hardly setting forth the whole of his choicer selections even, and suppressing the multitude of inferior wonders. To feel as did the two or three really hearty patrons of this verbal cat's-cradle is possible only for a class of minds which, loving letters, loves them as a means rather than as an end. We shall name these patrons in a minute or two. They are of that order of intellect which has succeeded in forgetting that language is the poor medium of the thought, to be kept as diaphanous as possible, but which gives more or less precious time to toying with the medium, and forcing it to take on the semblance of in-

tellectual function. They are kindred with that class of collectors who pay a monstrous price for Hogarth's print of the "Midnight Conversation" in its state "before the insertion of the lemon" alongside the punch-bowl. With all this tribe of *précieux* the idea carried is of little interest in comparison with the curiousness of the vehicle. Hence the intrinsic fatuity of their labors, and hence, except in the close coteries where they amicably bore one another to death, the supreme ennui of their company. The present collector is therefore to be praised for his three graces of selecting his macaronics well, of constantly going off from his theme among all sorts of literary vagaries that are not macaronics at all, and finally of nipping himself in the bud. The book in hand is, after all, much better reading than an encyclopædia article on the subject: the compiler has his field well under survey, and manages his investigations with learning and his excursions with grace: the specimens he brings away are the best macaronics in the world; and he presents them with little odd jests, timid plays upon words or bits of amateur erudition which make him companionable and diverting. He is, throughout this little work, a lawyer in vacation: his quotations are unpasted from a half dozen of awkward-looking scrap-books; and he has possessed himself of the authorities which treat of his hobby, of which the chief one in English is *Sandy's Specimens*, published in London in 1831, and now out of print and of most people's memory. The history of macaronic writing is quite mouldy and mediæval. The plague infests the monkish writings as early as the twelfth century. The oldest poem of the kind is Fossa's *Nobile Vigonce Opus Incipit*, written in 1494; but Folengi, who published at Venice, in 1517, the *Opus Merlini Cocaii, Poeta Mantuani Macaronicorum*, is regarded as the father of the style, which has retained from him its Italian attributes and name. In Italy the *maccherone* derives his quality at once from the popular viand, and is a "pudding-headed fellow:" when the word crept into English use it changed its sense slightly, and the macaroni among our forefathers, upon his comradeship with whom our own Yankee Doodle plumed himself, were rather fops than dullards. The early efforts of the motley Momus were formidable, and when we mention that Folengi's *Baldus* was in two volumes, and that the

next macaronic, by Capella, was in six cantos of one hundred and fifty lines, we show how deliberate was the laughter of the Revival period. The macaronic became quickly popular in Germany, France and England, and grew to be the favorite wear for satirists. In it were scourged the vices of the priesthood, the inexhaustible quarry of the times, and thus it attains some fashion of dignity as one of the less worthy cloaks of the Reformation. Such a jest-book, published at Venice in 1515, threw the witty Erasmus into such convulsions of laughter that an abscess in the face from which he suffered burst, thus anticipating the lancet of the surgeon or barber. Shakespeare entangles the tongues of his wits (*e. g.*, Holofernes, in *Love's Labor's Lost*) with a good deal of sufficiently bad Latin, and Molière has a neat macaronic passage of doctor's lingo in the patient's case submitted to Argan, the *Malade Imaginaire*, in his new capacity of physician. In England odd infusions of the classic tongues are found to be popular in the earlier Christmas carols, dating from the sixteenth century. Skelton dabbled in this kind of wit, and William, the son of John Drummond (of Hawthornden), fixed, by his *Polemo Middina* (midden or dunghill fight), one of the numerous points of departure for the vogue into which the art expanded, and became one of its many "fathers." For ordinary modern ears, however, as we assume, there is not much heart or laughter in the syllables of Cicero until the dean of St. Patrick's begins to mince them into those jumbled compounds which he sends to Dr. Sheridan—"Mollis abute" and the like—which our editor will not allow to be macaronics proper, calling them "Piecemeal;" while for real amusement in consonance with the taste of the age most readers will perhaps have to confine themselves to Dr. Holmes, whose *Æstivation* seems so artlessly true to a peculiar mood—the natural literary exudation of a heated scholar sick of his lexicons. Breitmann, who is a whole world in himself, and whose fun is, for lovers of German dialectics, quite priceless and inimitable, brings up the list of Mr. Morgan's contemporary favorites, under the name of "Mr. Godfrey Leland." Getting into modern times, however, when literature is vulgarized and made "realistic" with every base word that anybody ever took a fancy to, or any novelist or poet has overheard at a railway-station,

our editor becomes aghast at the indefinite boundaries of what macaronics may be, until we find him quite confused over Burns, the greatest of the "dialect poets," who he fancies may be ranked with the macaronic writers, and enmeshing himself with Pigeon English, Hosea Biglow, thieves' Latin and La Langue Verte. The English classic macaronists, however—and it is to medleys containing and based upon our own language that Mr. Morgan's selections are confided—are few in number, and are thus catalogued, from the beginning of the true English literary period: Skelton, Drummond, Thomas Coryate, George Ruggle, Edward Benlowes, the two William Kings, Thomas Sheridan, Alexander Geddes, Felix Farley, Tom Dishington. From Ruggle is quoted a scene out of the singular dramatic *jeu d'esprit*, *Ignoramus*. From Folengi, the Italian originator of the style, Mr. Morgan takes four pages, dropping for the purpose his rule to cite only English macaronics. Of course there are plenty of college divagations in this sort; and a natural prominence is given to American mixed poems of whatever sort: two of them are on the "Death of the Sea-Serpent," and include a lucubration on that theme most incredibly stated to have been written by a young lady ignorant of Latin, a patient of Dr. Barrows of New York, while under the influence of hysteria. Mr. Morgan strikes the note of common sense in inclining to think it no composition of hers, but the regurgitation of something long ago committed to memory and lost sight of. He is not so lucky, however, in another of his explanations: happening to refer to that phrase of baffling origin, "Consistency's a jewel," he informs the reader that the line is claimed to be originally found printed in *Murtagh's Collection of Ancient English and Scottish Ballads*, in a stanza beginning "Tush, tush, my lassie, such thoughts resign," etc. The examination of a library catalogue would have taught him whether the very seemly and probable name of Murtagh was to be found among ballad-collectors, and whether the solution of the problem, over whose vanished difficulty he exults in eight or ten lines, was really much nearer than of old. The fact is, the solution was communicated to the newspapers in a letter dated a year or two ago, signed A. KANNARD. And it accounted for another orphaned and wandering line—"Though lost to sight to memory dear"—

with a second bit of poetry just as neat and credible as the "Tush, tush, my lassie." We are not meaning, however, to impeach the generally very creditable correctness of the work—a work the mere quoted portion of which supposes a familiarity with almost every written language. Our editor, not unnaturally, is most diverting when he diverges from the strictness of the rule he sets himself, and unpacks his prodigious erudition in word-puzzles. On palindromes, anagrams, chronograms and the like he is weighty but succinct, quoting most of the best specimens, although he does not meddle with cryptograms, leaving Poe's famous one in *The Gold Bug* uncited. He copies, however, in a division saved for the purpose in the middle of his book, three exceedingly rare and difficult pieces of alliteration. One, "Pugna Porcorum," of the date of 1720, is a Latin poem occupying sixteen pages, every word in which begins with the letter *P*. The second is Henry Harder's "Canum cum Catis," four pages of verses entirely in *C*; and the third is the "De Laude Calvarum," another Latin poem altogether in *C*, occupying eight of the ordinary duodecimo pages of which the book is composed. Of later work he does not forget to give some tastes of Father Prout's wonderful polyglot faculty, or Maginn's knack at Latin paraphrases, as exemplified in the well-known version in that language of "Back and Side Go Bare," from *Gammer Gurton's Needle*. In short, he has given us a thesaurus of almost every literary diversion commended by utter uselessness, and contrived on the way to leave the impression a gentleman and student always makes.

Memoir of Ulric Dahlgren. By his Father, Rear-Admiral Dahlgren. With Portrait. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The father of Ulric Dahlgren lived only long enough to finish this labor of love, and it was left for his widow to give it its present form. It may well take its place alongside the lengthening series of volumes enshrining the memory of those who fell in the rebellion. Ulric Dahlgren's name was in everybody's mouth when his daring feats attracted attention in the almost monotonous regularity of the movements of the great armies fighting in Virginia. Yet his face, prefixed in fair engraving, and the story of his life, show plainly enough that he possessed characteristics of almost all true heroes—a man-

ner quiet almost to excess, and a fixity of purpose that did not need words or care for much expression in advance of the sense of desperation of the deeds he strove to do. It is not easy to find material for biography in a life spent so quietly as was Dahlgren's before his sudden plunge into the whirl of war, and no attempt is made, if indeed the material be extant, to give any detailed account of his raids, except in so far as was needed to refute the foolish stories of his violent purposes, which were invented to excuse the senseless brutality exhibited to his dead and mangled body by his captors, and, worse still, by those who stood high in authority over them. It is not perhaps generally known that Dahlgren's raid around Richmond was imitated by an officer of the German army in its forward movement into France: that officer had visited Dahlgren just before he started on his last and fatal ride, and had heard it talked over very freely. On his return to his own army, that of Würtemberg, he made frequent reference to Dahlgren's care in preparing his plan of operations, and on the first opportunity he repeated it, and with brilliant success, as far as the diverse objects of the two could be compared. Dahlgren had an immense deal of actual work of destruction to do—the German only to make a tour of observation: his return was rewarded by very substantial tokens of approval. Poor Dahlgren's deeds are recorded by his father in very earnest and naturally warm words of praise. It is perhaps a fault of the book that it is pitched in too high a key, that events simple in themselves are told in a sort of unnatural elevation—natural enough to a father mourning a dead son, but still less likely to give readers a fair measure of the real achievements—and very fine they were—of this gallant boy. He was little more—not yet twenty-one—when he fell, and that after four campaigns, and two raids of his own devising, in which he exhibited qualities far beyond the mere bravery which had gained him his first distinctions. It was natural enough that his father should have been led to perpetuate in some way his own very competent judgment and that of other friends who show their admiration of his son's services.

The sermons, addresses, poems and other additions to the father's *Memoir* are of course in place, but they do not in any way

serve to give us any idea of the man in whose praise they were written. Shall we never learn that the best way to perpetuate a brave memory is to tell the story of what was done, and leave to our listeners or readers to make their own comments?

The Little Moorland Princess. Translated from the German of E. Marlitt, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

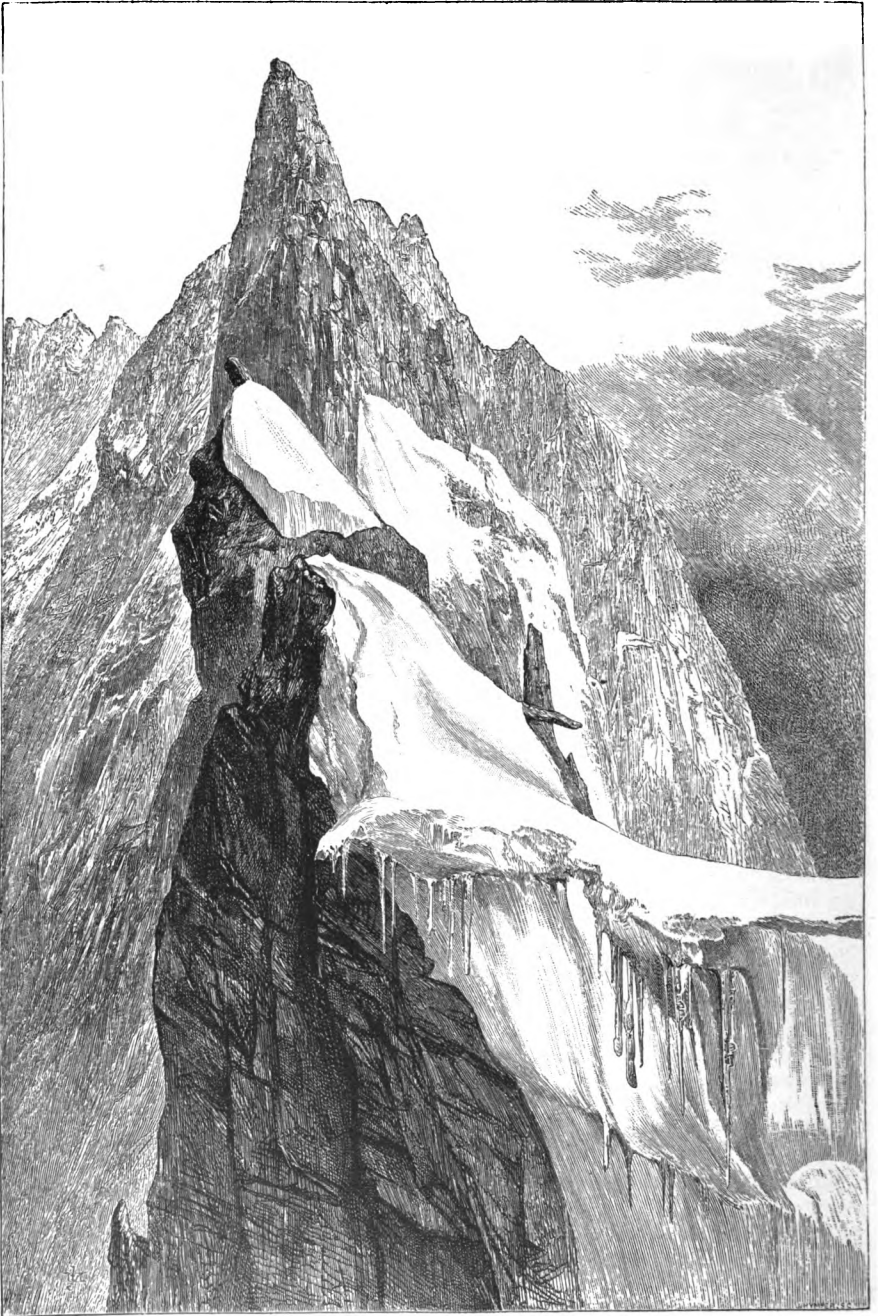
The general inferiority of German novels to the novels of France and England may be ascribed to the strongly ideal tendencies of the German intellect, combined with the excessively prosaic nature of ordinary German life. As German philosophy has delighted to soar into the limitless regions of pure speculation, so German fiction has reveled in the lawless domain of pure fantasy. It is only within a recent period that German writers, under the stimulus of foreign examples, have set themselves to the delineation of actual life, and this, in most cases, with a decided preference for such phases of life as could be made to wear a picturesque or romantic aspect. Nobles, peasants and students had become familiar to us long before Freytag, in *Soll und Haben*, made what seemed to be considered a wonderful innovation by depicting the habits and manners of the burgher class, not without a considerable admixture of the "stock properties" of romance. Yet this may be regarded as the farthest limit yet reached by German fiction in its realistic tendencies. Later writers, for the most part, have shrunk from following in the same direction, and Freytag himself, in *Die Verlorene Handschrift*, like Auerbach in *An der Höhe*, has struck into the more congenial field of philosophical romance, where the interest centres on the solution of some moral or intellectual problem. On the whole, we know of no German writer of note whose productions deal so largely with domestic life as those of E. Marlitt, and even these owe much of their popularity at home and abroad to a skillful blending of the fanciful with the real, the latter element being made subordinate without being absolutely deficient. In other words, the charm of her stories lies not so much in their fidelity to Nature as in the graceful and agreeable visions which they summon before the mind. In *The Little Moorland Princess* the author works with a

freer and lighter touch than in either of her former books. The characters and incidents are more varied, the story moves more rapidly, and the complexities of the plot are deftly woven and skillfully unraveled. The earlier scenes, in which the heroine, ignorant of her origin and unconscious of her attractions, runs wild upon the moor, have a peculiar attractiveness, and show to advantage that freshness of fancy which is the author's highest gift, and which lends to her pictures something of the fascination with which the roseate tints of morning invest the commonest landscape. The hero, Herr Claudius, belongs to a type which lady novelists, and, we suppose, readers generally of the same sex, regard as that of the model man, but which is not recognizable to the masculine eye as possessing the familiar attributes of fallen nature. It is scarcely necessary to say of the translation that it has all the ease and spirit which distinguish Mrs. Wister's versions.

Books Received.

- History of Louis Philippe, King of the French. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Serving Our Generation, and God's Guidance in Youth. Two Sermons preached in the College Chapel, Yale College, by President Woolsey. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
- The Elementary Music Reader: A Progressive Series of Lessons, prepared expressly for use in Public Schools. Book First. By B. Jepson. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
- Centenary Address delivered before the Society of the New York Hospital by James William Beekman, Monday, July 24, 1871. Published by the Society.
- Eating and Drinking: A Popular Manual of Food and Diet in Health and Disease. By George M. Beard, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- The Living Female Writers of the South. Edited by the author of "Southland Writers." Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.
- View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages. By Henry Hallam, LL.D., F.R.A.S. Students' edition. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Bubbles and Ballast: Being a Description of Life in Paris during the Brilliant Days of Empire. By a Lady. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.
- English Lessons for English People. By the Rev. Edwin A. Abbott, A. M., and J. R. Seeley, A. M. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Poems and Ballads of Goethe. Translated by E. E. Aytoun, D. C. L., and Theodore Martin. New York: Holt & Williams.
- What the World Made Them. By the author of "Travels of an American Owl." New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Great Wonders in Little Things. By Rev. Sidney Dyer, A. M. Philadelphia: The Bible and Publication Society.
- Recollections of the East Tennessee Campaign. By William H. Brearley. Detroit: Tribune Office.
- Ancient History of the East. By Philip Smith, A. B. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Dogs and their Doings. By the Rev. F. O. Morris, B. A. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Cues from All Quarters; or, The Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Monsieur Antoine. By George Sand. Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- Durton Abbey: A Novel. By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Redfield's Travelers' Guide to the City of New York. New York: J. S. Redfield.
- Health and its Conditions. By James Hinton. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Yo Semite: A Poem. By Jean Bruce Washburn. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co.
- A Voyage Around the World. By N. Adams, D. D. Boston: Henry Hoyt.
- Christine. From the French of Louis Einault. New York: J. S. Redfield.
- Dukesborough Tales. By Philemon Perch. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.
- Half Hours with Modern Scientists. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
- The Pearl of Antioch. By the Abbé Boyle. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co.
- The Sunny Path. By Mrs. Caroline E. K. Davis. Boston: Henry Hoyt.
- Reveries of Song. By C. M. Birch. London: Bell & Daldy.
- Elder Park. Boston: Henry Hoyt.





THE SUMMIT OF THE COL DOLENT.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1872.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.

CHAPTER XVI.

VALLEY OF AOSTA, AND ASCENT OF THE
GRANDES JORASSES.

THE valley of Aosta is famous for its bouquetins and infamous for its cretins. The bouquetin, steinbock, or ibex, was formerly widely distributed throughout the Alps. It is now confined almost entirely, or absolutely, to a small district in the south of the valley of Aosta, and fears have been repeatedly expressed in late years that it will speedily become extinct.

But the most sanguine person does not imagine that cretinism will be eradicated for many generations. It is widely spread throughout the Alps, it is by no means peculiar to the valley of Aosta, but nowhere does it thrust itself more frequently upon the attention of the traveler, and in no valley where "every prospect pleases" is one so often and so painfully reminded that "only man is vile."

It seems premature to fear that the bouquetins will soon become extinct. It is not easy to take a census of them, for, although they have local habitations, it is extremely difficult to find them at home. But there is good reason to believe that there are at least six hundred

still roaming over the mountains in the neighborhood of the valleys of Grisanche, Rhêmes, Savaranche and Cogne.

It would be a pity if it were otherwise. They appeal to the sympathies of all as the remnants of a diminishing race, and no mountaineer or athletic person could witness without sorrow the extinction of an animal possessing such noble qualities; which a few months after birth can jump over a man's head at a bound, without taking a run; which passes its whole life in a constant fight for existence; which has such a keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature, and such disregard of pain, that it will "stand for hours like a statue in the midst of the bitterest storm, until the tips of its ears are frozen"! and which, when its last hour arrives, "climbs to the highest mountain-peaks, hangs on a rock with its horns, twists itself round and round upon them until they are worn off, and then falls down and expires"!!!* Even Tschudi himself calls this story wonderful. He may well do so. I disclaim belief in it—the bouquetin is too fine a beast to indulge in such antics.

Forty-five keepers, selected from the most able chasseurs of the district, guard

*Tschudi's *Sketches of Nature in the Alps*.

its haunts. Their task is not a light one, although they are naturally acquainted with those who are most likely to attempt poaching. If they were withdrawn, it would not be long before the ibex would be an extinct wild animal, so far as the Alps are concerned. The passion for killing something, and the present value of the beast itself, would soon lead to its extermination. For as meat alone the

visit, if any skins or horns were for sale, and in ten minutes was taken into a garret where the remains of a splendid beast were concealed—a magnificent male, presumed to be more than twenty years old, as its massive horns had twenty-two more or less strongly-marked knobby rings. The extreme length of the skin, from the tip of the nose to the end of the tail, was one mètre sixty-nine



THE BOUQUETIN.

bouquetin is valuable, the gross weight of one that is full grown amounting to from one hundred and sixty to two hundred pounds, while its skin and horns are worth ten pounds and upward, according to condition and dimensions.

In spite of the keepers, and of the severe penalties which may be inflicted for killing a bouquetin, poaching occurs constantly. Knowing that this was the case, I inquired at Aosta, upon my last

centimètres (about five feet seven inches), and from the ground to the top of its back had been, apparently, about seventy-seven centimètres. It is rare to meet with a bouquetin of these dimensions, and the owner of this skin might have been visited with several years' imprisonment if it had been known that it was in his possession.

The chase of the bouquetin is properly considered a sport fit for a king, and His Majesty Victor Emmanuel, for whom it is reserved, is too good a sportsman to slaughter indiscriminately an animal which is an ornament to his domains. Last year (1869) seventeen fell to his gun at one hundred yards and upward. In 1868, His Majesty presented a fine specimen to the Italian Alpine Club. The members banqueted, I believe, upon its flesh, and they have had the skin stuffed and set up in their rooms at Aosta. It is said by connoisseurs to be badly stuffed—that it is

not broad enough in the chest and is too large behind. Still, it looks well-proportioned, although it seems made for hard work rather than for feats of agility. From this specimen the accompanying engraving has been made.

It is a full-grown male about twelve years old, and if it stood upright would measure three feet three and a half inches from the ground to the base of its horns. Its extreme length is four feet

seven inches. Its horns have eleven well-marked rings, besides one or two faintly-marked ones, and are (measured round their curvature) fifty-four and a half centimètres in length. The horns of the first-mentioned specimen (measured in the same way) had a length of only fifty-three and a half centimètres, although they were ornamented with nearly double the number of rings, and were presumably of double the age, of the other.*

The keepers and the chasseurs of this district not only say that the rings upon the horns of the ibex tell its age (each one reckoning as a year), but that the half-developed ones, which sometimes are very feebly marked indeed, show that the animal has suffered from hunger during the winter. Naturalists are skeptical upon this point, but inasmuch as they offer no better reason against the reputed fact than the natives do in its favor (one saying that it is not so, and the other saying that it is so), we may perhaps be permitted to consider it an open question. I can only say that if the faintly-marked rings do denote years of famine, the times for the bouquetin are very hard indeed; since in most of the horns which I have seen the lesser rings have been very numerous, and sometimes more plentiful than the prominent ones.

The chef of the keepers (who judges by the above-mentioned indications) tells me that the ibex not unfrequently arrives at the age of thirty years, and sometimes to forty or forty-five. He says, too, that it is not fond of traversing steep snow, and in descending a couloir that is filled with it will zig-zag down, by springing from one side to the other in leaps of fifty feet at a time! Jean Tairraz, the worthy landlord of the Hôtel du Mont Blanc at Aosta (who has had opportunities of observing the animal closely), assures me that at the age of four or five months it can easily

* Mr. King, in his *Italian Valleys of the Alps*, says, "In the pair [of horns] I possess, which are *two feet* long, there are eight of these yearly rings." It would seem, therefore (if the rings are annual ones), that the maximum length of horn is attained at a comparatively early age.

clear a height of nine or ten feet at a bound!

Long live the bouquetin! and long may its chase preserve the health of the mountaineering king, Victor Emmanuel! Long life to the bouquetin! but down with the cretin!

The peculiar form of idiocy which is called cretinism is so highly developed in the valley of Aosta, and the natives are so familiarized with it, that they are almost indignant when the surprised traveler remarks its frequency. One is continually reminded that it is not peculiar to the valley, and that there are cretins elsewhere. It is too true that this terrible scourge is widespread throughout the Alps and over the world, and that there are places where the proportion of cretins to population is, or has been, even greater than in the valley of Aosta; but I have never seen or heard of a valley so fertile and so charming—of one which, apart from cretinism, leaves so agreeable an impression upon the wayfarer—where equal numbers are reduced to a condition which any respectable ape might despise.

The whole subject of cretinism is surrounded with difficulty. The number of those who are afflicted by it is unknown, its cure is doubtful, and its origin is mysterious. It has puzzled the most acute observers, and every general statement in regard to it must be fenced by qualifications.

It is tolerably certain, however, that the centre of its distribution in the valley of Aosta is about the centre of the valley. The city of Aosta itself may be regarded as its head-quarters. It is there, and in the neighboring towns of Gignod, Ville-neuve, St. Vincent and Verrex, and in the villages and upon the high-road between those places, that these distorted, mindless beings, more like brutes than men, commonly excite one's disgust by their hideous, loathsome and uncouth appearance, by their obscene gestures and by their senseless gabbling. The accompanying portrait of one is by no means overdrawn: some are too frightful for representation.

How can we account for this partic-

ular intensity toward the middle of the valley? Why is it that cretins become more and more numerous after Ivrea is passed, attain their highest ratio and lowest degradation at or about the chief town of the valley, and then diminish in numbers as its upper termination is approached? This maximum of intensity must certainly point to a cause, or to a combination of causes, operating about Aosta, which are less powerful at the two extremities of the valley; and if the reason for it could be determined, the springs of cretinism would be exposed.

The disease would be even more puz-



A CRTIN OF AOSTA.

zling than it is if it were confined to this single locality, and the inquirer were to find not merely that it was almost unknown upon the plains to the east and in the districts to the west, but that the valleys radiating north and south from the main valley were practically unaffected by it. For it is a remarkable circumstance, which has attracted the notice of all who have paid attention to cretinism, that the natives of the tributary valleys are almost free from the malady—that people of the same race, speaking the same language, breathing the same air, eating the same food, and

living the same life, enjoy almost entire immunity from it, while at the distance of a very few miles thousands of others are completely in its power.

A parallel case is found, however, on the other side of the Pennine Alps. The Rhone valley is almost equally disfigured by cretinism, and in it, too, the extremities of the valley are slightly affected compared with the intermediate districts—particularly those between Brieg and St. Maurice.* This second example strengthens the conviction that the great development of cretinism in the middle of the valley of Aosta is not the result of accidental circumstances.

It was formerly supposed that cretinism arose from the habitual drinking of snow- and glacier-water. De Saussure opposed to this conjecture the facts that the disease was entirely unknown precisely in those places where the inhabitants were most dependent upon these kinds of water, and that it was most common where such was not the case—that the high valleys were untaunted, while the low ones were infected. The notion seems to have proceeded from cretins being confounded with persons who were merely goitred, or at least from the supposition that goitre was an incipient stage of cretinism.

Goitre, it is now well ascertained, is induced by the use of chemically impure water, and especially hard water; and the investigations of various observers have discovered that goitre has an intimate connection with certain geological formations. In harmony with these facts it is found that infants are seldom born with goitres, but that they develop as the child grows up, that they will sometimes appear and disappear from mere change of locality, and that it is possible to produce them intentionally.

It is not so certain that the causes which produce goitre should be regarded

* It was stated a few years ago that one in twenty-five of the natives of the Canton Valais (which is chiefly occupied by the valley of the Upper Rhone) were cretins. This would give about thirty-five hundred to the canton. At the same time the valley of Aosta contained about two thousand cretins.

as causes of the production or maintenance of cretinism. It is true that cretins are very generally goitrous, but it is also true that there are tens of thousands of goitrous persons who are entirely free from all traces of cretinism. Not only so, but that there are districts in the Alps and outside of them (even in our own country) where goitre is not rare, but where the cretin is unknown. Still, regarding the evil state of body which leads to goitre as being, possibly, in alliance with cretinism, it will not be irrelevant to give the former disease a little more attention before continuing the consideration of the main subject.

In this country the possession of a goitre is considered a misfortune rather than otherwise, and individuals who are afflicted with these appendages attempt to conceal their shame. In the Alps it is quite the reverse. In France, Italy and Switzerland it is a positive advantage to be goitred, as it secures exemption from military service. A goitre is a thing to be prized, exhibited, preserved—it is worth so much hard cash; and it is an unquestionable fact that the perpetuation of the great goitrous family is assisted by this very circumstance.

When Savoy was annexed to France the administration took stock of the resources of its new territory, and soon discovered that although the acres were many the conscripts would be few. The government bestirred itself to amend this state of affairs, and after arriving at the conclusion that goitre was produced by drinking bad water (and that its production was promoted by sottish and bestial habits), took measures to cleanse the villages, to analyze the waters (in order to point out those which should not be drunk), and to give to children who came to school lozenges containing small doses of iodine. It is said that out of five thousand goitrous children who were so treated in the course of eight years, two thousand were cured, and the condition of two thousand others was improved; and that the number of cures would have been greater if the parents "had not opposed the care of the government, in order to preserve the priv-

ilege of exemption from military service." These benighted creatures refused the marshal's bâton and preferred their "wallets of flesh!"

No wonder that the préfet for Haute-Savoie proposes that goitrous persons shall no longer be privileged. Let him go farther, and obtain a decree that all of them capable of bearing arms shall be immediately drafted into the army. Let them be formed into regiments by themselves, brigaded together and commanded by cretins. Think what *esprit de corps* they would have! Who could stand against them? Who would understand their tactics? He would save his iodine and would render an act of justice to the non-goitred population. The subject is worthy of serious attention. If goitre is really an ally of cretinism, the sooner it is eradicated the better.

De Saussure substituted heat and stagnation of air as the cause of cretinism, in the place of badness of water. But this was only giving up one unsatisfactory explanation for another equally untenable; and since there are places far hotter and with pernicious atmospheres where the disease is unknown, while, on the other hand, there are situations in which it is common where the heat is not excessive, and which enjoy a freely circulating atmosphere, his assumption may be set aside as insufficient to account for the cretinism of the valley of Aosta. And in regard to its particular case it may be questioned whether there is anything more than an imaginary stagnation of air. For my own part, I attribute the oppression which strangers say they feel in the middle of the valley not to stagnation of air, but to absence of shadow in consequence of the valley's course being east and west; and believe that if the force of the wind were observed and estimated according to the methods in common use, it would be found that there is no deficiency of motion in the air throughout the entire year. Several towns and villages, moreover, where cretins are most numerous, are placed at the entrances of valleys and upon elevated slopes, with abundant

natural facilities for drainage—free from malaria, which has been suggested as accounting for the cretinism of the Rhone valley.

Others have imagined that intemperance, poor living, foul habits and personal uncleanness sow the seeds of cretinism; and this opinion is entitled to full consideration. Intemperance of divers kinds is fruitful in the production of insanity, and herding together in filthy dwellings, with little or no ventilation, may possibly deteriorate *physique* as much as extreme indulgence may the mind. These ideas are popularly entertained, because cretins are more numerous among the lower orders than among the well-to-do classes. Yet they must, each and all, be regarded as inadequate to account for the disease, still less to explain its excess in the centre of the valley; for in these respects there is little or no distinction between it, the two extremities and the neighboring districts.

A conjecture remains to be considered regarding the origin of cretinism which is floating in the minds of many persons (although it is seldom expressed), which carries with it an air of probability that is wanting in the other explanations, and which is supported by admitted facts.

The fertility of the valley of Aosta is proverbial. It is covered with vineyards and cornfields, flocks and herds abound in it, and its mineral resources are great. There is enough and to spare both for man and beast. There are poor in the valley, as there are everywhere, but life is so far easy that they are not driven to seek for subsistence in other places, and remain from generation to generation rooted to their native soil. The large numbers of persons who are found in this valley having the same surnames is a proof of the well-known fact that there is little or no emigration from the valley, and that there is an indefinite amount of intermarriage between the natives. It is conjectured that the continuance of these conditions through a long period has rendered the population more or less consanguineous, and that we see in cretinism an example, upon a large

scale, of the evil effects of alliances of kindred.

This explanation commends itself by reason of its general applicability to cretinism. The disease is commonly found in valleys, on islands or in other circumscribed areas in which circulation is restricted or the inhabitants are non-migratory; and it is rare on plains, where communications are free. It will at once be asked, "Why, then, are not the tributary valleys of the valley of Aosta full of cretins?" The answer is, that these lateral valleys are comparatively sterile, and are unable to support their population from their internal resources. Large numbers annually leave and do not return—some come back, having formed alliances elsewhere. There is a constant circulation and introduction of new blood. I am not aware that there are returns to show the extent to which this goes on, but the fact is notorious.

This conjecture explains, far better than the other guesses, why it is that cretinism has so strong a hold upon the lower classes, while it leaves the upper ones almost untouched; for the former are most likely to intermarry with people of their own district, whilst the latter are under no sort of compulsion in this respect. It gives a clue, too, to the reason of the particular intensity in the centre of the valley. The inhabitants of the lower extremity communicate and mix with the untainted dwellers on the plains, whilst the conditions at the upper extremity approximate to those of the lateral valleys. Before this explanation will be generally received a closer connection will have to be established between the assumed cause and the presumed effect. Accepting it, nevertheless, as a probable and reasonable one, let us now consider what prospect there is of checking the progress of the disease.

It is, of course, impossible to change the habits of the natives of the valley of Aosta suddenly, and it would probably be very difficult to cause any large amount of emigration or immigration. In the present embarrassed condition of Italian finances there is very small chance

of any measure of the sort being undertaken if it would involve a considerable expenditure. The opening of a railway from Ivrea to Aosta might possibly bring about, in a natural way, more movement than would be promoted by any legislation, and by this means the happiest effects might be produced.

There is little hope of practical results from attempts to cure cretins. Once a cretin, you are always one. The experiments of the late Dr. Guggenbühl demonstrated that some *half*-cretins may even become useful members of society if they are taken in hand early in life, but they did not show that the nature of the true or complete cretin could be altered. He essayed to modify some of the mildest forms of cretinism, but did not strike at the root of the evil. If fifty Guggenbühls were at work in the single valley of Aosta, they would take several generations to produce an appreciable effect, and they would never extirpate the disease so long as its sources were unassailed.

Nor will the house which has been built at Aosta to contain two hundred cretin beggars do much, unless the inmates are restrained from perpetuating their own degradation. Even the lowest types of cretins may be procreative, and it is said that the unlimited liberty which is allowed to them has caused infinite mischief. A large proportion of the cretins who will be born in the next generation will undoubtedly be offspring of cretin parents. It is strange that self-interest does not lead the natives of Aosta to place their cretins under such restrictions as would prevent their illicit intercourse; and it is still more surprising to find the Catholic Church actually legalizing their marriage. There is something horribly grotesque in the idea of *solemnizing* the union of a brace of idiots; and since it is well known that the disease is hereditary, and develops in successive generations, the fact that such marriages are sanctioned is scandalous and infamous.

The supply, therefore, is kept up from two sources. The first contingent is derived from apparently healthy parents;

the second, by inheritance from diseased persons. The origin of the first is obscure; and before its quota can be cut off, or even diminished, the mystery which envelops it must be dissipated. The remedy for the second is obvious, and is in the hands of the authorities, particularly in those of the clergy. Marriage must be prohibited to all who are affected, the most extreme cases must be placed under restraint, and cretins whose origin is illegitimate must be subject to disabilities. Nothing short of the adoption of these measures will meet the case. Useless it will be, so long as the primary sources of the disease are untouched, to build hospitals, to cleanse dwellings, to widen streets, or to attempt small ameliorations of the social circumstances of the natives. All of these things are good enough in themselves, but they are wholly impotent to effect a radical change.

No satisfactory conclusion will be arrived at regarding the origin of cretinism until the pedigrees of a large number of examples have been traced. The numerical test is the only one which is likely to discover the reality. The necessary inquiries are beyond the powers of private persons, and their pursuit will be found sufficiently difficult by official investigators. Great reluctance will be exhibited to disclose the information which should be sought, and the common cry will certainly be raised that such scrutiny is without general advantage and is painful to private feelings. But in matters which affect mankind in general, individual feelings must always be subordinated to the public interest; and if the truth is to be arrived at in regard to cretinism, the protests of the ignorant will have to be overridden.

Cretinism is the least agreeable feature of the valley of Aosta, but it is, at the same time, the most striking. It has been touched upon for the sake of its human interest, and on account of those unhappy beings who—punished by the errors of their fathers—are powerless to help themselves; the first sight of whom produced such an impression on the most earnest of all Alpine

he declared, in a twice-repeated expression, its recollection would never be effaced from his memory.

On the 23d of June, 1865, my guides and I were reposing upon the top of Mont Saxe, scanning the Grandes Jorasses with a view to ascending it. Five thousand feet of glacier-covered precipices rose above us, and up all that height we tracked a way to our satisfaction. Three thousand feet more of glacier and forest-covered slopes lay beneath, and *there*, there was only one point at which it was doubtful if we should find a path. The glaciers were shrinking, and were surrounded by bastions of rounded rock, far too polished to please the rough mountaineer. We could not track a way across them. However, at 4 A. M. the next day, under the dexterous leading of Michael Croz, we passed the doubtful spot. Thence it was all plain sailing, and at 1 P. M. we gained the summit. The weather was boisterous in the upper regions, and storm-clouds driven before the wind and wrecked against our heights enveloped us in misty spray, which danced around and fled away, which cut us off from the material universe, and caused us to be, as it were, suspended betwixt heaven and earth, seeing both occasionally, but seeming to belong to neither.

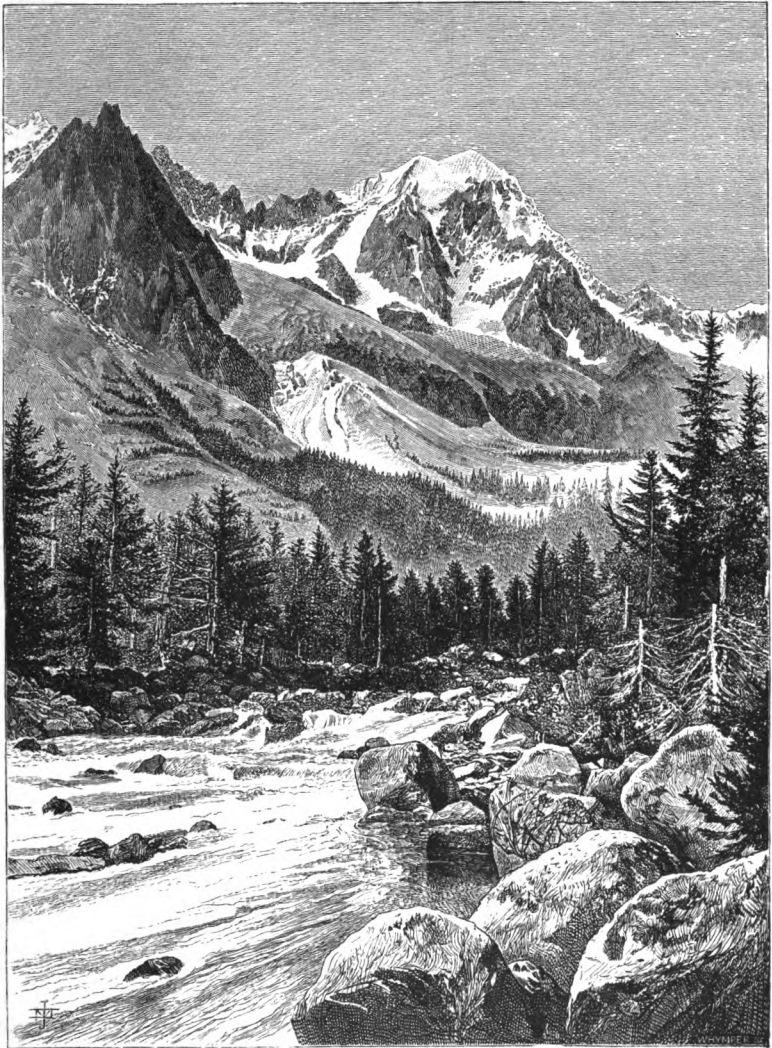
The mists lasted longer than my patience, and we descended without having attained the object for which the ascent was made. At first we followed the little ridge shown upon the accompanying engraving (The Grandes Jorasses from the Val Ferret), leading from our summit toward the spectator, and then took to the head of the corridor of glacier on its left, which in the view is left perfectly white. The slopes were steep and covered with new-fallen snow, flour-like and evil to tread upon. On the ascent we had reviled it, and had made our staircase with much caution, knowing full well that the disturbance of its base would bring down all that was above. In descending, the bolder spirits counseled trusting to luck and a glissade: the cautious ones advocated

avoiding the slopes and crossing to the rocks on their farther side. The advice of the latter prevailed, and we had half traversed the snow to gain the ridge when the crust slipped and we went along with it. "Halt!" broke from all four unanimously. The axe-heads flew round as we started on this involuntary glissade. It was useless—they slid over the underlying ice fruitlessly. "Halt!" thundered Croz, as he dashed his weapon in again with superhuman energy. No halt could be made, and we slid down slowly, but with accelerating motion, driving up waves of snow in front, with streams of the nasty stuff hissing all around. Luckily, the slope eased off at one place, the leading men cleverly jumped aside out of the moving snow, we others followed, and the young avalanche which we had started, continuing to pour down, fell into a yawning crevasse, and showed us where our grave would have been if we had remained in its company five seconds longer. The whole affair did not occupy half a minute. It was the solitary incident of a long day, and at nightfall we re-entered the excellent house kept by the courteous Bertolini, well satisfied that we had not met with more incidents of a similar description.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE COL DOLENT.

FREETHINKING mountaineers have been latterly in the habit of going up one side of an alp and coming down the other, and calling the route a pass. In this confusion of ideas may be recognized the result of the looseness of thought which arises from the absence of technical education. The true believer abhors such heresies, and observes with satisfaction that Providence oftentimes punishes the offenders for their greediness by causing them to be benighted. The faithful know that passes must be made between mountains, and not over their tops. Their creed declares that between any two mountains there *must* be a pass, and they believe that



THE GRANDES JORASSES AND THE DOIRE TORRENT, VAL FERRET (D'ITALIE).

the end for which big peaks were created—the office they are especially designed to fulfill—is to point out the way one should go. This is the true faith, and there is no other.

We set out upon the 26th of June to endeavor to add one more to the passes which are strictly orthodox. We hoped, rather than expected, to discover a quicker route from Courmayeur to Chamounix than the Col du Géant, which was the easiest, quickest and most direct pass known at the time across the main chain of Mont Blanc. The misgivings which I had as to the result caused us to start at the unusual hour of 12.40 A. M. At 4.30 we passed the chalets of Pré du Bar, and thence, for some distance, followed the track which we had made upon the ascent of Mont Dolent, over the glacier of the same name. At a quarter-past eight we arrived at the head of the glacier, and at the foot of the only steep gradient upon the whole of the ascent.

It was the beau-ideal of a pass. There was a gap in the mountains, with a big peak on each side (Mont Dolent and the Aiguille de Triolet). A narrow thread of snow led up to the lowest point between those mountains, and the blue sky beyond said, Directly you arrive here you will begin to go down. We addressed ourselves to our task, and at 10.15 A. M. arrived at the top of the pass.

Had things gone as they ought, within six hours more we should have been at Chamounix. Upon the other side we knew that there was a couloir in correspondence with that up which we had just come. If it had been filled with snow, all would have been well: it turned out to be filled with ice. Croz, who led, passed over to the other side, and reported that we should get down somehow, but I knew from the sound of his axe how the *somehow* would be, and settled myself to sketch, well assured that I should not be wanted for an hour to come. What I saw is shown in the engraving—a sharp aiguille (nameless), perhaps the sharpest in the whole range, backed on the left by the Aiguille de Triolet; queer blocks of (probably) pro-

togine sticking out awkwardly through the snow; and a huge cornice from which big icicles depended, that broke away occasionally and went skiddling down the slope up which we had come. Of the Argentière side I could not see anything.

Croz was tied up with our good manila rope, and the whole two hundred feet were paid out gradually by Almer and Biener before he ceased working. After two hours' incessant toil, he was able to anchor himself to the rock on his right. He then untied himself, the rope was drawn in, Biener was attached to the end and went down to join his comrade. There was then room enough for me to stand by the side of Almer, and I got my first view of the other side. For the first and only time in my life I looked down a slope of more than a thousand feet long, set at an angle of about fifty degrees, which was a sheet of ice from top to bottom. It was unbroken by rock or crag, and anything thrown down it sped away unarrested until the level of the Glacier d'Argentière was reached. The entire basin of that noble glacier was spread out at our feet, and the ridge beyond, culminating in the Aiguille d'Argentière, was seen to the greatest advantage. I confess, however, that I paid very little attention to the view, for there was no time to indulge in such luxuries. I descended the icy staircase and joined the others, and then we three drew in the rope tenderly as Almer came down. His was not an enviable position, but he descended with as much steadiness as if his whole life had been passed on ice-slopes of fifty degrees. The process was repeated, Croz again going to the front, and availing himself very skillfully of the rocks which projected from the cliff on our right. Our two hundred feet of rope again came to an end, and we again descended one by one. From this point we were able to clamber down by the rocks alone for about three hundred feet. They then became sheer cliff, and we stopped for dinner, about 2.30 P. M., at the last place upon which we could sit. Four hours' incessant work had brought

us rather more than halfway down the gully. We were now approaching, although we were still high above, the schrunds at its base, and the guides made out, in some way unknown to me, that Nature had perversely placed the only snow-bridge across the topmost one toward the centre of the gully. It was decided to cut diagonally across the gully to the point where the snow-bridge was supposed to be. Almer and Biener undertook the work, leaving Croz and

good ones. The form is of more importance than might be supposed. Of course, if you intend to act as a simple amateur and let others do the work, and only follow in their steps, it is not of much importance what kind of ice-axe you carry, so long as its head does not fall off or otherwise behave itself improperly. There is no better weapon for cutting steps in ice than a common pick-axe, and the form of ice-axe which is now usually employed by the best guides is very like a miniature pick. My own axe is copied from Melchior Anderegg's. It is of wrought iron, with point and edge steeled. Its weight, including spiked handle, is four pounds. For cutting steps in ice the pointed end of the head is almost exclusively employed: the adze-end is handy for polishing them up, but is principally used for cutting in hard snow. Apart from its value as a cutting weapon, it is invaluable as a grapnel. It is naturally a rather awkward implement when it is not being employed for its legitimate purpose, and is likely to give rise to much strong language in crushes at railway termini, unless its head is protected with a leathern cap or in some other way. Many attempts have been made, for the sake of convenience, to fashion an



MY ICE-AXE.

myself firmly planted on the rocks to pay out rope to them as they advanced.

It is generally admitted that veritable ice-slopes (understanding by *ice* something more than a crust of hard snow over soft snow) are only rarely met with in the Alps. They are frequently spoken of, but such as that to which I refer are *very* rarely seen, and still more seldom traversed. It is, however, always possible that they may be encountered, and on this account, if for no other, it is necessary for men who go mountaineering to be armed with ice-axes, and with

ice-axe with a movable head, but it seems difficult or impossible to produce one except at the expense of cutting qualities and by increasing the weight.

Mr. T. S. Kennedy (of the firm of Fairbairn & Co.), whose practical acquaintance with mountaineering and with the use and manufacture of tools makes his opinion particularly valuable, has contrived the best that I have seen; but even it seems to me to be deficient in rigidity, and not to be so powerful a weapon as the more common kind with the fixed head. The simple instrument

which is shown in the annexed diagram | is the invention of Mr. Leslie Stephen,

and it answers the purposes for which he devised it—namely, for giving better

hold upon snow and ice than can be obtained from the common alpenstock, and for cutting an occasional step. The amateur scarcely requires anything more imposing, but for serious ice-work a heavier weapon is indispensable.

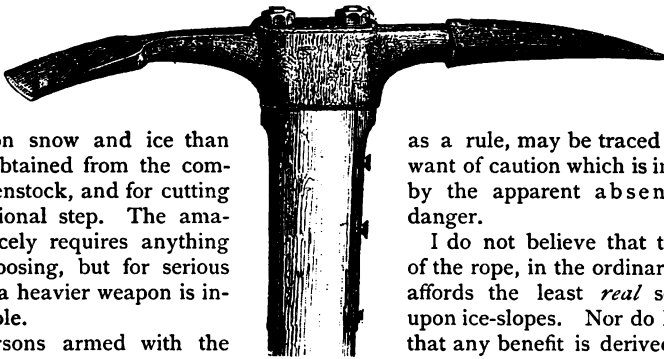
To persons armed with the proper tools, ice-slopes are not so dangerous as many places which appeal less to the imagination. Their ascent or descent is necessarily laborious (to those who do the work), and they may therefore be termed difficult. They *ought* not to be dangerous. Yet they always seem dangerous, for one is profoundly convinced that if he slips he will certainly go to the bottom. Hence, any man who is not a fool takes particular care to preserve his balance, and in consequence we have the noteworthy fact that accidents have seldom or never taken place upon ice-slopes.

The same slopes covered with snow are much less impressive, and *may* be much more dangerous. They may be less slippery, the balance may be more easily preserved, and if one man slips he may be stopped by his own personal efforts, provided the snow which overlies the ice is consolidated and of a reasonable depth. But if, as is more likely to be the case upon an angle of fifty degrees (or anything approaching that angle), there is only a thin stratum of snow which is not consolidated, the occurrence of a slip will most likely take the entire party as low as possible, and, in addition to the chance of broken necks, there will be a strong probability that some, at least, will be smothered by the dislodged snow. Such accidents are far too common, and their occurrence,

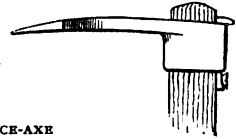
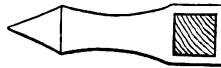
as a rule, may be traced to the want of caution which is induced by the apparent absence of danger.

I do not believe that the use of the rope, in the ordinary way, affords the least *real* security upon ice-slopes. Nor do I think that any benefit is derived from the employment of crampons.

Mr. Kennedy was good enough to present me with a pair some time ago, and one of these has been engraved.

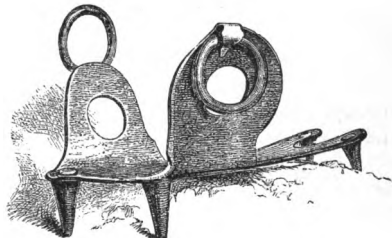


KENNEDY ICE-AXE.



STEPHEN ICE-AXE

They are the best variety I have seen of the species, but I only feel comfortable with them on my feet in places where they are not of the slightest use—that is, in situations where there is no possibility of slipping—and would not wear them



CRAMPONS.

upon an ice-slope for any consideration whatever. All such adventitious aids are useless if you have not a good step in the ice to stand upon, and if you have got that nothing more is wanted except a few nails in the boots.

Almer and Biener got to the end of their tether: the rope no longer assured their safety, and they stopped work as we advanced and coiled it up. Shortly afterward they struck a streak of snow that proved to be just above the bridge of which they were in search. The slope steepened, and for thirty feet or so we descended face to the wall, making steps by kicking with the toes and thrusting the arms well into the holes above, just as if they had been rounds in a ladder. At this time we were crossing the uppermost of the schrunds. Needless to say that the snow was of an admirable quality: this performance would otherwise have been impossible. It was soon over, and we then found ourselves upon a huge rhomboidal mass of ice, and still separated from the Argentière glacier by a gigantic crevasse. The only bridge over this lower schrund was at its eastern end, and we were obliged to double back to get to it. Cutting continued for half an hour after it was passed, and it was 5.35 P. M. before the axes stopped work, and we could at last turn back and look comfortably at the formidable slope upon which seven hours had been spent.*

The Col Dolent is not likely to compete with the Col du Géant, and I would recommend any person who starts to cross it to allow himself plenty of time, plenty of rope and ample guide-power. There is no difficulty whatever upon any part of the route, excepting upon the steep slopes immediately below the summit on each side. When we arrived upon the Glacier d'Argentière our work was as good as over. We drove a straight track to the chalets of Lognan, and thence the way led over familiar ground. Soon after dusk we got into the high-road at Les Tines, and at 10 P. M. arrived at Chamounix. Our labors were duly rewarded. Houris brought us champagne and the other drinks which are reserved for the faithful, but before my share was consumed I fell asleep in an arm-chair. I slept soundly until daybreak, and then turned into bed and went to sleep again.

* I estimate its height at 1200 feet. The triangulation of Captain Mieulet places the summit of the pass 11,624 feet above the sea. This, I think, is too high.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASCENT OF THE AIGUILLE VERTE.

MICHEL CROZ now parted from us. His new employer had not arrived at Chamounix, but Croz considered that he was bound by honor to wait for him, and thus Christian Almer of Grindelwald became my leading guide.

Almer displayed aptitude for mountaineering at an early age. Whilst still a very young man he was known as a crack chamois-hunter, and he soon developed into an accomplished guide. Those who have read Mr. Wills' graphic account of the first ascent of the Wetterhorn* will remember that when his



CHRISTIAN ALMER.

party was approaching the top of the mountain two stranger men were seen climbing by a slightly different route, one of whom carried upon his back a young fir tree, branches, leaves and all. Mr. Wills' guides were extremely indignant with these two strangers (who were evidently determined to be the first at the summit), and talked of giving them blows. Eventually they gave them a cake of chocolate instead, and declared that they were good fellows. "Thus the pipe of peace was smoked, and tranquillity reigned between the rival forces." Christian Almer was one of these two men.

* *Wanderings among the High Alps*, 1858.

This was in 1854. In 1858-'59 he made the first ascents of the Eiger and the Mönch, the former with a Mr. Harrington (?), and the latter with Dr. Porges. Since then he has wandered far and near, from Dauphiné to the Tyrol. With the exception of Melchior Anderegg, there is not, perhaps, another guide of such wide experience, or one who has been so invariably successful; and his numerous employers concur in saying that there

is not a truer heart or a surer foot to be found amongst the Alps.

Before recrossing the chain to Courmayeur we ascended the Aiguille Verte. In company with Mr. Reilly I inspected this mountain from every direction in 1864, and came to the conclusion that an ascent could more easily be made from the south than upon any other side. We set out upon the 28th from Chamounix to attack it, minus Croz, and plus



ON THE MER DE GLACE.

a porter (of whom I will speak more particularly presently), leaving our comrade very downcast at having to kick his heels in idleness, whilst we were about to scale the most celebrated of his native aiguilles.

Our course led us over the old Mer de Glace, the glacier made famous by De Saussure and Forbes. The heat of the day was over, but the little rills and rivulets were still flowing along the surface of the ice; cutting deep troughs where the gradients were small, leaving

ripple-marks where the water was with more difficulty confined to one channel, and falling over the precipitous walls of the great crevasses, sometimes in bounding cascades, and sometimes in diffused streams, which marked the perpendicular faces with graceful sinuosities.* As night came on, their music died away, the rivulets dwindled down to rills, the rills ceased to murmur, and the spark-

* Admirably rendered in the accompanying drawing by Mr. Cyrus Johnson. The "ripple-marks" are seen in the engraving upon p. 502.

ling drops, caught by the hand of frost, were bound to the ice, coating it with an enameled film which lasted until the sun struck the glacier once more.

The weathering of the walls of crevasses, which *obscures* the internal structure of the glacier, has led some to conclude that the stratification which is seen in the higher glacier-regions is *obliterated* in the lower ones. Others—Agassiz and Mr. John Ball, for example—have disputed this opinion, and my own experiences accord with those of these accu-

gled strata of pure and of imperfect ice, and see clearly enough that the primitive structure of the glacier has not been effaced, although it has been obscured.

We camped on the Couvercle (seventy-eight hundred feet) under a great rock, and at 3.15 the next morning started for our aiguille, leaving the porter in charge of the tent and of the food. Two hours' walking over crisp snow brought us up more than four thousand feet, and within about sixteen hundred feet of the summit. From no other direction can it



ON THE MER DE GLACE.

be approached so closely with equal facility. Thence the mountain steepens. After his late severe piece of ice-work, Almer had a natural inclination for rocks; but the lower rocks of the final peak of the Verte were not inviting, and he went on and on, looking for a way up them, until we arrived in front of a great snow-couloir that led from the Glacier de Talèfre right up to the crest of the ridge connecting the summit of the Verte with the mountain called Les Droites. This was the route which I intended to be taken, but Almer pointed out that the gully narrowed at the lower part, and that if stones fell we

rate observers. It is, undoubtedly, very difficult to trace stratification in the lower ends of the Alpine glaciers, but we are not, upon that account, entitled to conclude that the original structure of the ice has been obliterated. There are thousands of crevasses in the upper regions upon whose walls no traces of bedding are apparent, and we might say, with equal unreasonableness, that it was obliterated there also. Take an axe and clear away the ice which has formed from water trickling down the faces and the weathered ice beneath, and you will expose sections of the min-

should stand some chance of getting our heads broken; and so we went on still more to the east of the summit, to another and smaller couloir which ran up side by side with the great one. At 5.30 we crossed the schrund which protected the final peak, and a few minutes afterward saw the summit and the whole of the intervening route. "Oh, Aiguille Verte!" said my guide, stopping as he said it, "you are dead, you are dead!" which, being translated into plain English, meant that he was cock-sure we should make its ascent.

Almer is a quiet man at all times.

When climbing he is taciturn, and this is one of his great merits. A garrulous man is always a nuisance, and upon the mountain-side he may be a danger, for actual climbing requires a man's whole attention. Added to this, talkative men are hindrances: they are usually thirsty, and a thirsty man is a drag.

Guide-books recommend mountain-walkers to suck pebbles to prevent their throats from becoming parched. There is not much goodness to be got out of the pebbles, but you cannot suck them and keep the mouth open at the same time, and hence the throat does not become dry. It answers just as well to keep the mouth shut, without any pebbles inside—indeed, I think, better; for if you have occasion to open your mouth you can do so without swallowing any pebbles.* As a rule, amateurs, and particularly novices, *will not* keep their mouths shut. They attempt to "force the pace;" they go faster than they can go without being compelled to open their mouths to breathe; they pant, their throats and tongues become parched; they drink and perspire copiously, and, becoming exhausted, declare that the dryness of the air or the rarefaction of the air (everything is laid upon the air) is in fault. On several accounts, therefore, a mountain-climber does well to hold his tongue when he is at his work.

At the top of the small gully we crossed over the intervening rocks into the large one, and followed it so long as it was filled with snow. At last ice replaced snow, and we turned over to the rocks upon its left. Charming rocks they were—granitic in texture, gritty, holding the nails well. At 9.45 we parted from them, and completed the ascent by a little ridge of snow which descended in the direction of the Aiguille du Moine. At 10.15 we stood on the summit (13,540 feet), and devoured our bread and cheese with a good appetite.

I have already spoken of the disappointing nature of purely panoramic

views. That seen from Mont Blanc itself is notoriously unsatisfactory. When you are upon that summit you look down upon all the rest of Europe. There is nothing to look up to—all is below: there is no one point for the eye to rest upon. The man who is there is somewhat in the position of one who has attained all that he desires—he has nothing to aspire to: his position must needs be unsatisfactory. Upon the summit of the Verte there is not this objection. You see valleys, villages, fields; you see mountains interminable rolling away, lakes resting in their hollows; you hear the tinkling of the sheep-bells as it rises through the clear mountain air, and the roar of the avalanches as they descend to the valleys; but above all there is the great white dome, with its shining crest high above; with its sparkling glaciers, that descend between buttresses which support them; with its brilliant snows, purer and yet purer the farther they are removed from this unclean world.

Even upon this mountain-top it was impossible to forget the world, for some vile wretch came to the Jardin and made hideous sounds by blowing upon a horn. Whilst we were denouncing him a change came over the weather: cumulous clouds gathered in all directions, and we started off in hot haste. Snow began to fall heavily before we were off the summit-rocks, our track was obscured and frequently lost, and everything became so sloppy and slippery that the descent took as long as the ascent. The schrund was recrossed at 3.15 P. M., and thence we raced down to the Couvercle, intending to have a carouse there; but as we rounded our rock a howl broke simultaneously from all three of us, for the porter had taken down the tent, and was in the act of moving off with it. "Stop, there! what are you doing?" He observed that he had thought we were killed, or at least lost, and was going to Chamounix to communicate his ideas to the *guide chef*. "Unfasten the tent and get out the food." But instead of doing so, the porter fumbled in his pockets. "Get out the food," we roared, losing all patience. "Here it is," said our worthy

*I heard lately of two well-known mountaineers who, under the influence of sudden alarm, *swallowed their crystals*. I am happy to say that they were able to cough them up again.

friend, producing a dirty piece of bread about as big as a half-penny roll. We three looked solemnly at the fluff-covered morsel. It was past a joke—he had devoured everything. Mutton, loaves, cheese, wine, eggs, sausages—all was gone past recovery. It was idle to grumble and useless to wait. We were light, and could move quickly—the porter was laden inside and out. We went our hardest—he had to shuffle and trot. He streamed with perspiration; the mutton and cheese oozed out in big drops; he larded the glacier. We had our revenge, and dried our clothes at the same time, but when we arrived at the Montanvert the porter was as wet as we had been upon our arrival at the Couvercle. We halted at the inn to get a little food, and at a quarter-past eight re-entered Chamounix amidst firing of cannon and other demonstrations of satisfaction on the part of the hotel-keepers.

One would have thought that the ascent of this mountain, which had been frequently assailed before without success, would have afforded some gratification to a population whose chief support is derived from tourists, and that the prospect of the perennial flow of francs which might be expected to result from it would have stifled the jealousy consequent on the success of foreigners.*

It was not so. Chamounix stood on its rights. A stranger had ignored their regulations, had imported two foreign guides, and furthermore he had added injury to that insult—he had not taken a single Chamounix guide. Chamounix would be revenged! It would bully the foreign guides: it would tell them they had lied—they had not made the ascent! Where were their proofs? Where was the flag upon the summit?

Poor Almer and Biener were accordingly chivied from pillar to post, from one inn to another, and at length complained to me. Peter Perrn, the Zermatt guide, said on the night that we returned that this was to happen, but the story seemed too absurd to be true. I now bade my men go out again, and follow-

* The Chamounix tariff price for the ascent of the aiguille is now placed at four pounds *per guide*.

ed them myself to see the sport. Chamounix was greatly excited. The bureau of the *guide chef* was thronged with clamoring men. Their ringleader—one Zacharie Cachat, a well-known guide, of no particular merit, but not a bad fellow—was haranguing the multitude. He met with more than his match. My friend Kennedy, who was on the spot, heard of the disturbance and rushed into the fray, confronted the burly guide and thrust back his absurdities into his teeth.

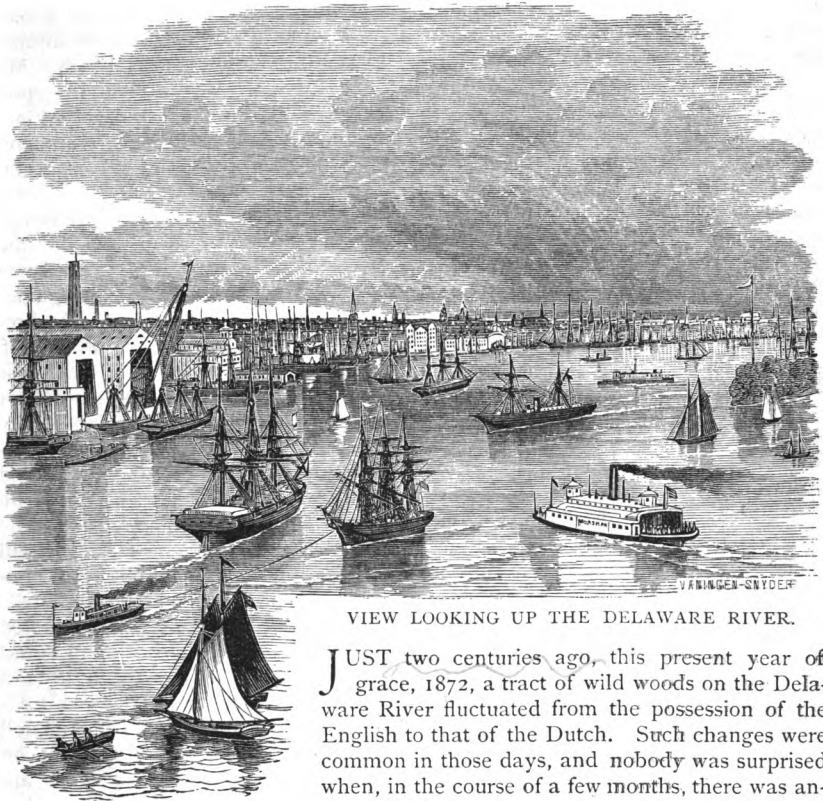
There were the materials for a very pretty riot, but they manage these things better in France than we do, and the *gensdarmes*—three strong—came down and dispersed the crowd. The guides quailed before the cocked hats, and retired to cabarets to take little glasses of absinthe and other liquors more or less injurious to the human frame. Under the influence of these stimulants they conceived an idea which combined revenge with profit. "You have ascended the Aiguille Verte, you say. *We* say we don't believe it. *We* say, Do it again! Take three of us with you, and we will bet you two thousand francs to one thousand that you won't make the ascent!"

This proposition was formally notified to me, but I declined it with thanks, and recommended Kennedy to go in and win. I accepted, however, a hundred-franc share in the bet, and calculated upon getting two hundred per cent. on my investment. Alas! how vain are human expectations! Zacharie Cachat was put into confinement, and although Kennedy actually ascended the aiguille a week later with two Chamounix guides and Peter Perrn, the bet came to nothing.†

The weather arranged itself just as this storm in a teapot blew over, and we left at once for the Montanvert, in order to show the Chamouniards the easiest way over the chain of Mont Blanc, in return for the civilities which we had received from them during the past three days.

† It should be said that we received the most polite apologies for this affair from the chief of the *gensdarmes*, and an invitation to lodge a complaint against the ringleaders. We accepted his apologies and declined his invitation. Needless to add, Michel Croz took no part in the demonstration.

SKETCHES OF PHILADELPHIA.*



VIEW LOOKING UP THE DELAWARE RIVER.

of Fortune's wheel, and the thinly-scattered settlers on Delaware received notice to renew their allegiance to the crown of England. This was the last time that the site of Philadelphia changed owners before it became, in common with other parts of the United States, independent enough to own itself.

Six years later, the ship *Shield*, from Hull, was sailing up the Delaware, bound for Burlington, and, when passing a place called by the Indians "Kúeque-náku," sailed so close to the bold bluff

* The illustrations accompanying this article are from *Philadelphia and its Environs*, a profusely illustrated description of the city and its surrounding points of interest, including Fairmount Park, which will be published shortly by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

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other turn

which formed the river-bank that her spars struck the overhanging boughs of the trees. Thereupon, says the chronicler, "the passengers were induced to exclaim, 'What a fine place for a town!'" Conceive, if you can, some modern Methuselah who, having sailed with the other passengers for Burlington on that memorable voyage, and dwelt in distant lands ever since, should now return, and on some fine morning of this year again come sailing up the Delaware! Would he not need to rub up both his spectacles and his geography before he could recognize the "high and dry bank," with the densely-wooded table-land behind it, in the crowding houses stretching now beyond the reach of his tele-

scope; or the silent river, then for the first time furrowed by a keel, in the sail-flecked and steamer-burdened stream up which he would now make his way?

In the days when Methuselahs were possible life did not move so fast. One could "go into a far country" for a hundred years or so, and find things on his

return pretty much as he had left them; but in these days, and especially in this country, progress is so rapid that one cannot retire from the world for a single week without feeling that he has lost something and dropped behind the age.

Let us walk about the Philadelphia of 1872, and see what we can find in it that



SCENE ON CHESTNUT STREET.

is worthy of notice, or rather what of all the noteworthy subjects that crowd upon us we shall have time to notice.

We find a busy, thriving city, with a boundary enclosing one hundred and twenty square miles of territory, with a population of six hundred and seventy-five thousand souls, lodged in one hundred and twenty thousand dwelling-houses, operating eighty-five hundred factories, and producing three hundred and forty millions of dollars' worth of manufactures annually. Here is a flattering display of figures, and the more

one tries to realize them the bigger they seem.

But whether we come from the East, over three thousand miles of sea, or from the West, over three thousand miles of land, or, with our imaginary Methuselah, from the Past, over two hundred years of time, we do not visit first the shops and factories, or even the "objects of interest," in order to see Philadelphia. We begin with an outside view. We step from the *dépot* or the wharf into a street-car, pay our willing six cents and our begrudged one cent,

and are rolled away to our hotel. We eat our dinner, and, afterward, our first "object of interest" is Chestnut street.

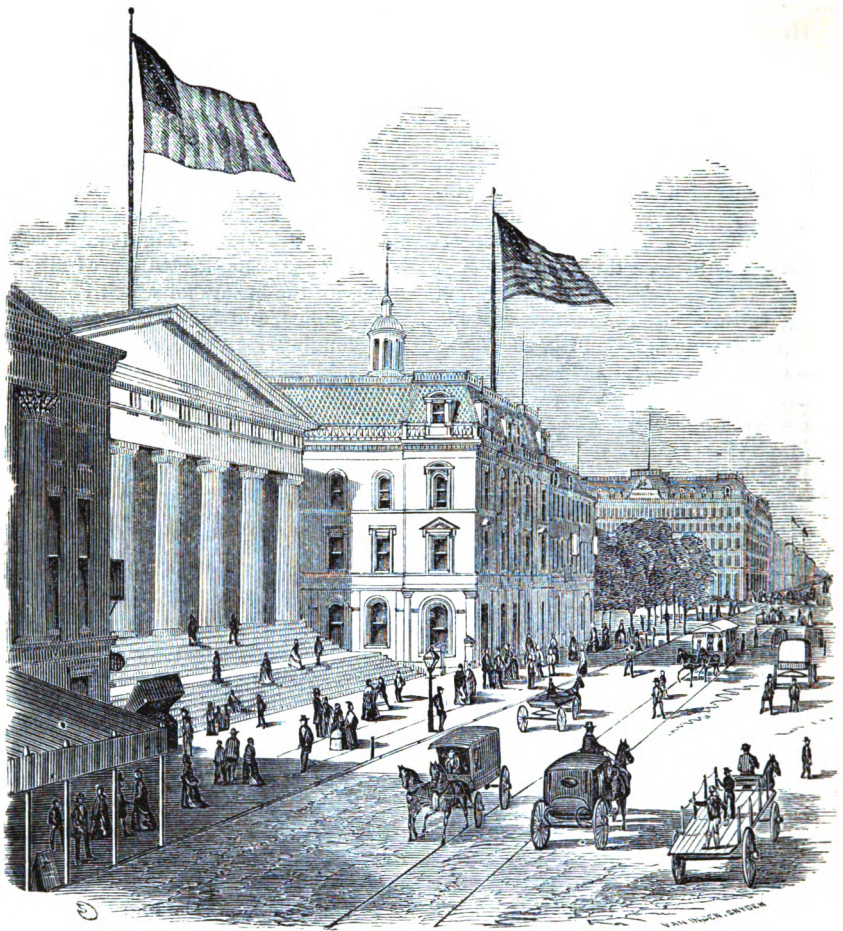
Chestnut street, the Philadelphia of Philadelphia, with its throngs of gayly-dressed promenaders on the dollar side and its comparatively untrodden shilling side; with its gorgeous show-windows set in the fronts of handsome stores, its rattling carriage-way, its fashion and its folly and its show, who hath seen Chestnut street hath seen the life of the city. Varied are the aspects of this beautiful street, and various are the phases of life one may see along its course. Early in the morning its pavements are thronged with a multitude of people, a stream of human life setting steadily and swiftly eastward. These are the toilers, the bone and sinew, the sturdy understratum upon which society and the state itself are built. And as in the progress of civilization, so in this miniature of it, the pioneers march first. The men who dig and delve, the workers with brawn and muscle only, lead the van of the army of toilers. To these succeed workers a little higher in the social scale, whose work is of a finer order—store-clerks, shop-girls, tradesmen; then the brain-workers—the innumerable host of clerks in banks and offices, writers, accountants, bookkeepers; and, finally, as the morning grows old, and it is time for the important business of the day, come the merchant princes, the men of wealth and standing—men whose movements are recorded and whose will is felt across a continent: these come last, and with their coming the full life and vigor of the day begin.

Now there is no longer a tide setting steadily in one direction, but, instead, the street is filled with an ever-shifting throng of intermingling people whom it is almost impossible to classify. Many of them are idlers seeking to kill time or visitors setting out to "see the sights." Many, perhaps most, of them are ladies taking a morning walk, or combining business and pleasure by doing small shopping; for it has been remarked that the first lady-shoppers in the morning rarely wish to make extensive purchases,

but almost invariably have a pattern which they wish to match, and, the match being found, they buy enough to finish some article already under way. So universal is this custom that dry-goods clerks designate all their early customers by the general title of "matchers." As the day rolls on the aspect of the street changes again, and it puts on its fashionable attire. All the long afternoon it rustles with silks and shines with bright colors. Its sidewalks are brilliant now with the beauty for which Philadelphia is noted, and the street is recognized as belonging, for the time being, to the ladies, by right of possession and occupancy. This is the aspect under which Chestnut street should be seen; and, thus seen on a fine day, it will not soon be forgotten.

At this time, perhaps more than at any other, is Chestnut street the epitome of the city. Beginning at the Delaware, it cleaves its way first through the realms of commerce, between gloomy buildings dark with age and redolent of all the unsavory things which seem to pertain so conspicuously to the sea—past stores with uncouth signs designed to catch the eyes of the seafaring men who stand in groups about them; gradually losing the aspect of the sea as it climbs the hill and enters the region of the wholesale trade—a region of high walls and narrow sidewalks, made still narrower by perpetual bales of cotton and boxes of dry-goods, and barrels, and crates, and bulky packages; a region of money-changers and telegraph-wires and of much work done in a magical kind of way, which makes small stir, but is productive of great results.

Here is little of the fashion and the brilliance of the upper street, but, instead, a throng of busy men, of loitering errand-boys, lusty-throated newsboys and vagrant street Arabs. Here the apple-woman flourishes and the cake-stand is well patronized. Here the peanut-roaster is continually in motion, the itinerant vender of unwholesome sweets plies a lucrative trade, and numerous gastronomic temptations bear witness to the appetites of men.



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND THE POST-OFFICE.

Above Fourth street is the region devoted to the public business. Here are the Custom-house, the Post-office and the United States Court rooms, the Mayor's Office and Independence Hall; while on the other side of the street stand the Philadelphia Bank, the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, the Board of Trade rooms, and the American Hotel.

Above this we come to the domain of mind, the region especially favored by the newspapers. Here are the *Ledger*, the *Day*, the *Bulletin*, the *German Demokrat*, the *Press*, and the *Sunday Transcript*, all near neighbors; and round

the corner, in Seventh street, the *Age*, the *Post*, the *Star*, the *Item*, and the *Herald* agree far more closely in choice of location than they do in politics. Three-fourths of the daily papers published in the city are here included within the limits of a single square.

Now comes a region of light and fashion and beauty—an enchanted ground where visions of wondrously beautiful things constantly rise before the eyes of lovely princesses, who vainly sigh to possess them unless they know and can wield the incantation which dissolves the spell—the one mystical word *Schats*

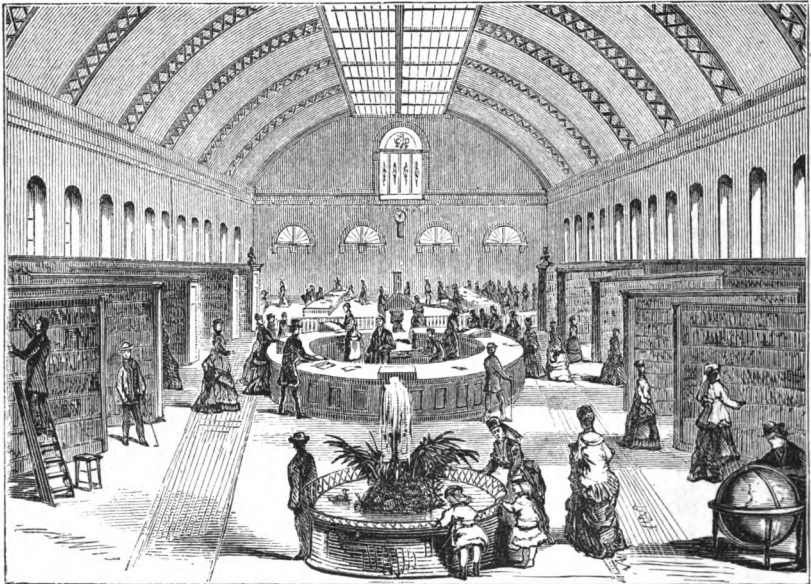
as the Maelstrom in the old story grinds out the salt which freshens and keeps alive the sea.

Out of the glitter and the pageantry into the peaceful quiet of home and its associations goes the street. For square after square its course lies between stately dwellings, until it leaps the Schuylkill and runs at first past blocks solidly built, then by pleasant country-seats, and loses itself at last among peaceful farms.

Thus it is with the city, whether we view it historically, socially or geograph-

ically. Beginning with the landing of a few adventurous spirits, who settled by the water's edge, and depended on the seldom-visiting vessels for their intercourse with the world at large; expanding with time to bold enterprises of trade and manufactures; early made a favorite home of literature and science; now a fair city, beautifully situated and handsomely built.

So in its social aspect: the foundation of the city's prosperity is found in the enormous amount of labor constantly performed in it, in trade and commerce and manufactures; and on these, and



MERCANTILE LIBRARY—INTERIOR.

out of these, grow wealth and ease and luxury. The geographical disposition of the city follows closely the line indicated by Chestnut street, with one important exception—there is no section of the street which epitomizes the vast industrial works which are the city's chief support. But they may be classed next to the retail trade, as they seem to linger on its outskirts. They form a region of smoke and dirt and noise, but beyond them lie the homes of the people, and beyond these the country.

Six o'clock strikes, and before the

echoes have died away the tide which rolled so strongly eastward in the morning is flowing with even heavier current toward the west. The day is done, and the tired workers, pouring out from store and mill and factory, are returning to those cheap but comfortable homes which Philadelphia provides so liberally for her mechanics and artisans, and of which she is so justly proud. We will follow them presently, but we have not yet seen all the phases of life on Chestnut street.

There is silence and comparative

solitude for the space of about an hour after the stores have closed and the business of the day is ended; and then the tide flows again on its way to theatres and other places of amusement. All the evening there is more or less of life on this street, contrasting strongly with the quiet of the neighboring thor-

oughfares. Later in the evening, when the theatres close and their audiences are again homeward bound, there is still another flow of life along the street, but it is of short duration, and when it ends the curtain falls and the drama of the day is ended. True, there is still much to be seen. The pavements echo all



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

night long to the tread of passing feet. The hotels are open and the horse-cars run all night, but we have seen the street, and there is nothing to be gained by tarrying longer.

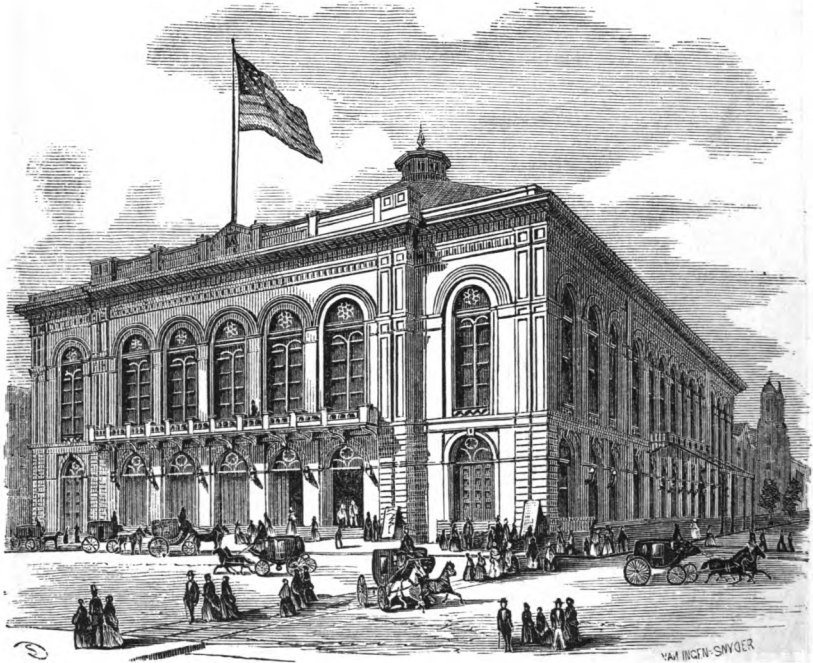
As we visit Chestnut street to see the people, so we visit Broad street to see handsome buildings. It is not too much to say that in the course of a few years this will be the handsomest street on the

continent. A boulevard fifteen miles in length, one hundred and fifteen feet wide, straight as an arrow, and lined from end to end with magnificent public and private edifices,—this is what Broad street is destined to be in the near future. Already the finest buildings in the city stand on its course. Beginning with Horticultural Hall and its next neighbor, the Academy of Music—the latter

the largest opera-house in the United States—passing the grandest Masonic Hall in the country, and the site of what are designed to be model buildings for municipal purposes—passing numbers of beautiful churches and aristocratic residences—Broad street has already so far wrought out its destiny that it is now inevitably fixed, and must go on to a glorious culmination. Other streets may degenerate and fall victims to the ever-

grasping spirit of Trade, but this cannot: it must ever be the most beautiful avenue of the city.

Arch street has been the street of homes ever since it has had an existence. It is a prim old Quaker street, and the houses, ranged in long uniform rows along its squares, have a sober, Quakerish look about them. It has ever seemed proud of the honor of containing the grave of Franklin, and has



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

watched over it so assiduously that it has forgotten to keep pace with Time, and has an ancient air, as if the last century had not yet entirely faded away from it. Nevertheless, modern improvements are slowly forcing their way, and the eastern end of the street is now given up to business. It has forgotten enough of its early prejudices to consent to the establishment of a theatre—though it still insists upon having only the legitimate drama represented in it—and there are a couple of quietly good hotels along its route.

Let us next step over to Market street, the great business centre. No fashionable promenade here: dainty dresses and glossy boots would suffer much tribulation among these piles of boxes and barrels and on these unswept crossings. Here are two miles of street devoted to business, pure and simple, hard and practical. Immense wholesale houses, huge freight *dépôts*, trains of cars, and endless lines of drays, carts and wagons, loaded with every conceivable object of barter and sale, from silks to steam-engines,—these are the prominent features

of Market street. Unless one is interested in particular buildings, any one square of this street may serve as a sample of the whole.

Delaware avenue is a street *sui generis*,

and should not be omitted. Running along the bank of the Delaware, one side of it is lined with solid blocks of wholesale houses which deal in the products brought by sea, and in the various



VIEW ON MARKET STREET.

commodities incident to marine equipage; while on the other side rolls the Delaware, its broad bosom covered with arriving and departing sails. Puffing tugs dash hither and thither, ferry-boats glide across to the Jersey shore, steamers ply up and down, and great ships come and lie at the wharves, their bowsprits reaching far over the street, and almost

breaking the windows on the other side. All along the street tall ships on one side confront tall houses on the other; all along it rushes an endless stream of drays, carts and wagons piled high with merchandise; and all along it is a panoramic succession of strange and curious scenes. At Spruce street wharf a fleet of oyster-boats is unloading immense quan-

ties of the luscious bivalves, which men seated on the wharf or on the decks of the vessels are rapidly divesting of their shells. During the heated term, when the months have no *r* in their names and oysters are tabooed, this fleet disappears, only to be immediately replaced by another, which discharges on Dock street wharf, next adjoining, such moun-

tains of fruit and vegetables that one stands appalled at the thought that all this is but one day's rations for the great city, and that to-morrow morning an equal supply must be on hand. Here, in the season of peaches, early risers may see stores of fruit of bewildering vastness discharging from vessels which have come hither in the night. The



VIEW ON DELAWARE AVENUE.

wharf is piled with boxes and baskets, the street is encumbered with them, they fill up the sidewalk, and an army of wagons can scarcely carry them away.

There are some peculiar ways of living here. The ubiquitous fruit-stand is, of course, at almost every corner; cakes and pies thickly covered with powdered sugar attract the hungry sailors and

warehousemen, and sidewalk restaurants, with formidable bills of fare, abound in this as in other business streets. At one corner a negro tempts you with a basket of boiled crabs; at another an Italian adds hot fritters to the attractions of his stand. Provided with a bowl of dough, a charcoal furnace and a frying-pan half filled with

melted lard, he scoops up a spoonful of dough, drops it into the pan, and in a few moments takes it out again, a brown, savory, unctuous mass, which the hungry workmen eagerly buy and shift from hand to hand until it is cool enough to eat. In summer, corn-fritters take the place of the winter "dough-balls," and are no less eagerly relished. At these plebeian restaurants every article on the bill of fare costs either five or ten cents. Beefsteak, pork-and-beans, ham-and-eggs, and a long list of meats and vegetables, are each ten cents, and the supply of each article is sufficient for a moderate dinner. A favorite dish is "pot-pie," of which a heaping plateful is furnished for a dime. Tea and coffee are contained in large copper vessels kept hot by spirit-lamps: their price varies at different establishments, from five to ten cents a cup. For some inscrutable reason pie and milk seem to be inseparably associated in the minds of the venders, and a glass of milk is furnished with whatever kind of pie the guest chooses to call for. These humble restaurants are largely patronized by newsboys, 'longshoremen, car-drivers, sailors and negroes. They have no sympathy with the pampered appetites of the more aristocratic portion of society, and make no distinction of dishes for different meals.

Before visiting the noted buildings which abound in the city, let us cast a glance at the homes of the people. These are the chief cause of the rapid growth of the city and the wide extent of ground covered by it. There is no overcrowding, but each family has a house to itself, or, at most, shares it with one other, and the poorest as well as the richest may have a sufficient extent of living room. In all the outskirts of the city, and in many places in the heart of it, are squares of two- and three-story brick houses, the homes of the laboring classes and of those in moderate circumstances. They are cheap and comfortable, and are connected with the business part of the city by numerous lines of horse-cars, which run almost literally past every man's door, and transport

him at a trifling expense to the most distant quarter of the city.

In the newer portions of the city and on the outskirts are great numbers of more pretentious houses built in couples, and generally of some kind of stone, a favorite variety being brownstone laid up in the rubble or "hap-hazard" style. Each of these twin dwellings has a pair of diminutive yards in front and a couple of larger proportions in the rear. Each half contains a parlor, sitting-room and kitchen on the first floor, three bed-rooms and a bath-room on the second floor, and on the third either two or three more rooms. These are for people who can afford to pay from eight hundred to twelve hundred dollars a year rent.

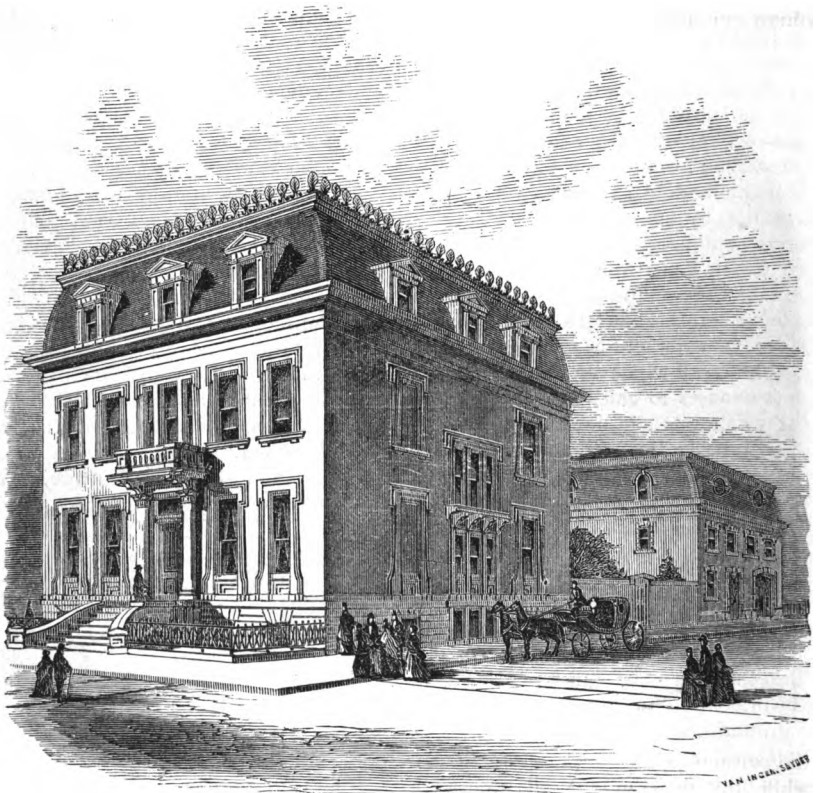
All through the more aristocratic streets are stately private houses, each built according to the owner's fancy, breaking up the long lines of uniform dwellings which would otherwise earn for Philadelphia the reputation for monotony which she now unjustly bears, and pleasing the eye of the passer-by with new and varied beauties of design and finish. The number of such houses is a flattering indication of the wealth of the city.

The growth of the city is a subject of unceasing wonder to strangers. Last year's record looks large on paper, but to appreciate it fully one should visit the outskirts and see the amazing rapidity with which the ground is covered with substantial buildings. Here are the figures for 1871: 7 foundries, 64 factories, 127 stores, 732 unclassified buildings, and 5365 dwellings! Total, 6295, or enough to make a city as large as Harrisburg—all put up in a single year.

It is interesting to watch the growth of a city, not by a series of comparisons carried through a long period of time, but by a steady process of brick and mortar carried on under the very eye of the observer, and so rapidly that he can appreciate the progress made in a single day. A characteristic scene of this kind was displayed a few months ago in the neighborhood of Diamond street, the northern limit, for the time being, of several up-town streets. Here a deep depression in the surface of the ground

was to be filled and graded before the work of building could go on. The brick phalanxes had been pushed up to the very verge of the cavity, and the last regiments were then fast forming into line. Behind them, as far as the eye could reach, stood solid ranks of houses where scarcely more than a twelvemonth before had been open fields, and before the lines could be thrown across the

newly-opened street there must be a place prepared for them to stand on. This was then being done. A multitude of carts sent avalanches of earth down the high embankment, which was constantly encroaching on the shallow duckpond thirty feet or more below the level of the street. On the south side of the street a quarter of a mile of houses were growing simultaneously upward from the



WALNUT STREET RESIDENCE.

surface of the new-made ground, scarcely yet settled in its bed. A convenient brickyard, established on a reserved lot, was industriously turning out kilnfuls of bricks, which were built into houses within sight of the spot where the clay was dug; and a short distance below, Diamond street itself was just being opened. By the time this article is printed all those houses, and thousands more which were

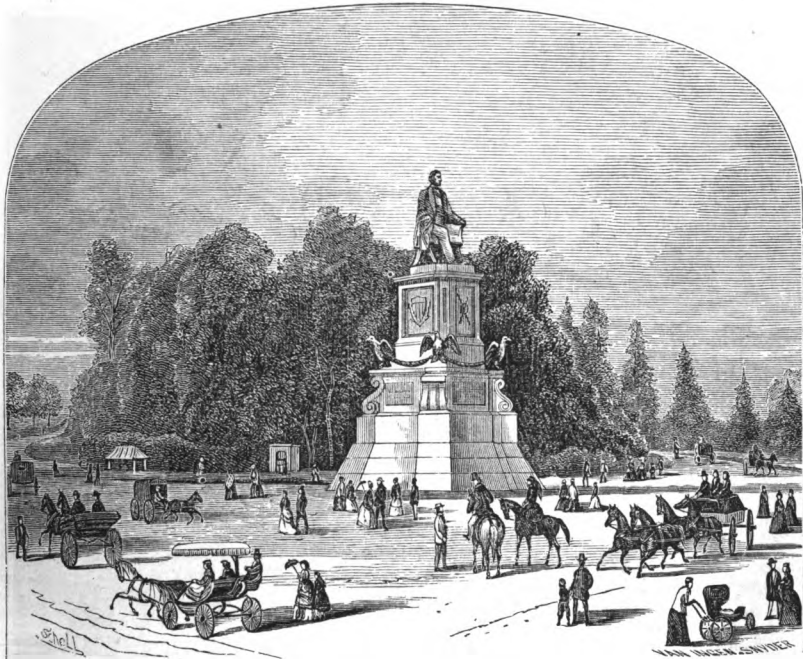
then in the same stage of growth, will be finished and occupied, to be succeeded by equally solid blocks rising still beyond them, and pushing the outskirts of the city farther and farther into the green fields around it.

This seems to answer the question continually arising in one's mind as he surveys the throngs in the business part of the city: "Where do all the people

live?" What they live on may be guessed from the returns for the year 1871, when the city consumed 125,000 beeves, 11,000 cows, 200,000 hogs, 790,000 sheep and 420,000 barrels of flour, and drank, or otherwise disposed of, 13,569,041,211 gallons of water, to say nothing of other fluids. No record is kept of the vegetables, which must make an enormous aggregate in the course of the year.

We have seen, too, how the Philadelphian conducts himself on week-days.

On Sunday, if piously inclined, he goes to church: if not, he has a wide range of cheap and healthful recreation in which to indulge. He can always go to Fairmount Park, whose hospitable gates, leading to eleven miles of shade and greenery, are never closed, and which can be reached for a few cents from any part of the city; and he does go there, twenty thousand of him at a time, on pleasant afternoons. It is noticeable, however, that the majority of the Sun-



LINCOLN MONUMENT.

day visitors to the Park are Germans; while the crowds that fill the public squares at the same time display quite as marked a preponderance of Irish. The American, of course, is to be seen everywhere, but the genuine American mind is not yet entirely emancipated from the strict Sabbath-keeping views of his ancestors. Those who go out seem to prefer a quiet stroll on Broad street, and the more dashing spirits dearly love a spin behind a fast team along the same noble boulevard. Many pleasant resorts are also within easy reach by

rail, and the Germantown and Norristown railroad transports thousands every Sunday during the summer to little parks or shady groves in the environs of the city and to the lovely valley of the Wis-sahickon. Other thousands go on cheap steamboat-excursions up or down the Delaware; and all have the means, if they wish to use them, to secure rest and recreation from the toils of the past week and to store up health and strength for the duties of the coming one.

The "lions" of Philadelphia are well known to fame. There are few school-

children in any part of the United States who are not familiar with the names of Independence Hall, the Treaty Tree and Girard College; and there are, perhaps, still fewer who know any more about them than their names. Every true Philadelphian is immensely proud of Independence Hall—"the Birthplace of Liberty," as he is fond of calling it—and

of Carpenters' Hall, the place where the first Continental Congress met; where the first steps were taken in the great movement which culminated in Independence Hall; where Adams, Hancock, Jefferson, Henry and their compeers made the walls ring with patriotic eloquence; and where the independence of the nation had its real birth. The



SCENE ON BROAD STREET.

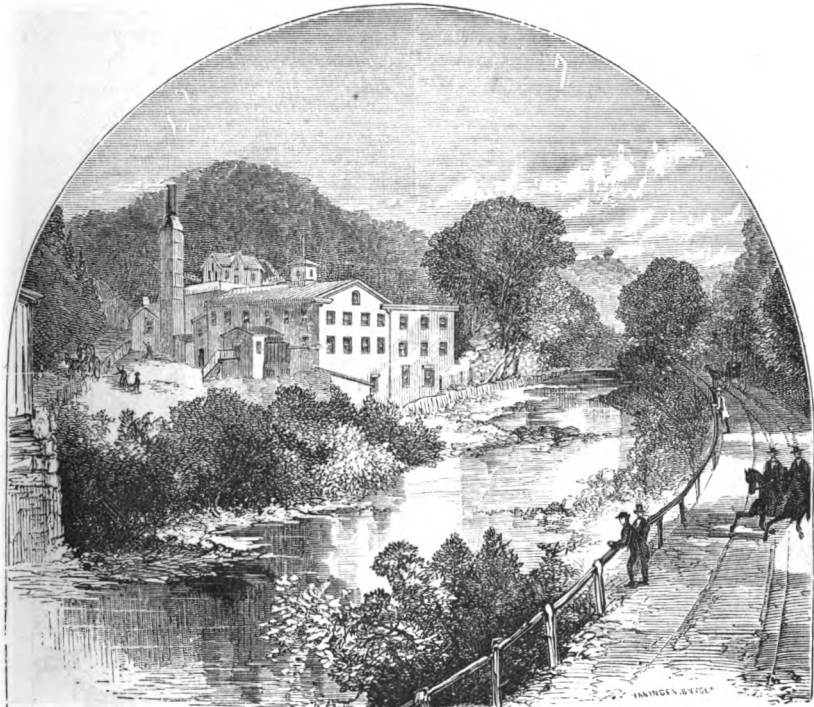
worthy Company of Carpenters have rescued the place from the degradation in which it was sunk so long, have hung its walls with interesting mementoes, and dedicated it as an object of respect and patriotic veneration for ever; but so retired is it in its little court below Fourth street that hundreds pass it daily without knowing of its existence.

The Treaty Monument in Kensington, which marks the spot where the old elm tree stood under which Penn made his memorable treaty with the Indians, and Franklin's Grave, in the old churchyard on the corner of Fifth and Arch streets, are also among the relics of the past which Philadelphia venerates and religiously preserves.

The two old churches which date back to the foundation of the city are well worth a visit. The "Old Swedes' Church," in Southwark, is the most ancient church edifice in the city, and Christ Church, on Second street, above Market, is but a few years its junior. Both are rich fields of antiquarian study. The first is chiefly interesting from its age (it was built in 1700), and from the fact that its yard contains the remains of Alexander Wil-

son, the ornithologist. The other is identified with all the early history of the city, from the time of Penn to that of Washington.

Girard College is too well known to need description. Built in accordance with the will of Stephen Girard, who bequeathed two millions of dollars for its erection and support, it has ever been the grandest charity of which Philadelphia could boast. It now maintains and



SCENE ON THE WISSAHICKON.

educates five hundred and fifty "poor white male orphans"—a number which the municipal Board of Public Trusts hopes, in time, to treble.

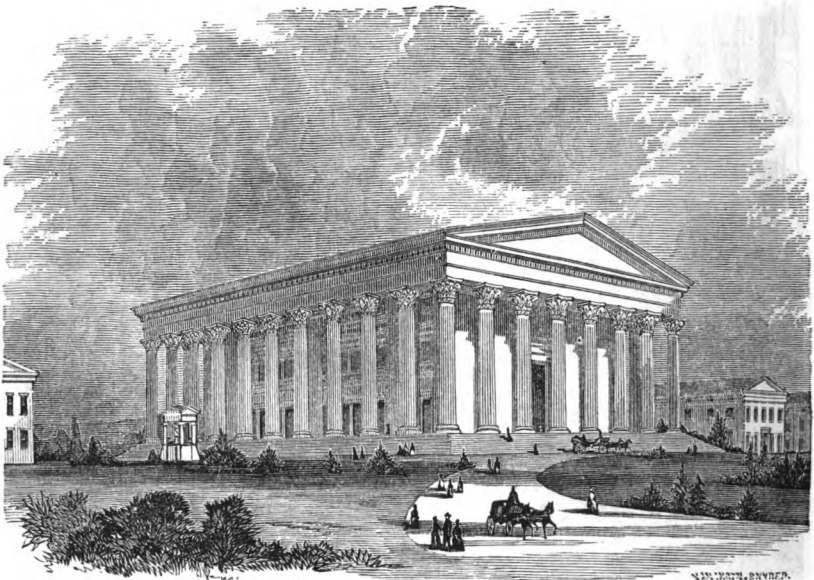
Philadelphia was the first city in the Union to adopt the combined police-and-fire-alarm telegraph system; and since the recent establishment of an organized and paid fire department this system has been more efficient than ever before.

In walking along the streets the visitor will often notice iron boxes of uncouth

form and inscribed with certain almost illegible letters and figures, attached to telegraph-poles, while up the pole extends a stout iron rod connecting with a wire at its upper end. These are signal-boxes: every fire-engine house, police station, and railroad dépôt in the city is supplied with one, and, as we have seen, there are many attached to poles in the open air. Every member of the police force has a key to these boxes, and is furnished with instructions how to use

them. Patrolman 520—let us say—in making his rounds discovers a fire in house No. 1750 Vine street. He immediately goes to the nearest signal-box—say No. 23—opens it and finds within a surface of wood with a stout brass lever projecting from it. Grasping this lever, he draws it downward as far as it will go, releases it and locks up the box. Until recently the regulations required that the lever should be drawn down four times, but this is now changed. Drawing down the lever winds up the spring of a simple clockwork arrange-

ment, part of which is a ratchet wheel having, in this instance, five teeth arranged in two groups—one of two teeth, the other of three. As this wheel revolves its teeth touch a small spring, thus forming an electric current and telegraphing to the central office every contact of tooth and spring. The effect would have been called magical a hundred years ago. In a back room in the mayor's office, at Fifth and Chestnut, sits a young man surrounded by telegraph instruments, with wires radiating in every direction, and all the appurtenances of



GIRARD COLLEGE.

a telegraph office scattered about. The moment Patrolman 520 performs his simple manipulation at box 23, two miles away, a little gong at the elbow of the operator in the mayor's office strikes first twice and then thrice, while at the same time a strip of paper issues from a neat wooden box on his table, marked with five dashes of ink in the same order. The signal on the gong and the message on the paper are repeated ten times, to avoid all possibility of mistake; but long before the repetition is finished the operator has touched a key and sent the

news of the fire to every part of the city. Instantly six engines, of those nearest the scene of the fire, start to the rescue of the burning building: and so rapidly is it all done that when the warning signal had to be sent four times the arriving engines sometimes interrupted the policeman while he was yet giving the alarm. Neck and neck with the steamers comes the wagon of the Insurance Patrol with its load of men, who quickly remove as many of the contents of the house as possible, and spread waterproof covers over the rest. Ropes stretch-



VIEW ON ARCH STREET.

ed across the street keep back the crowd of idlers which is an inevitable accompaniment of every fire, and, protected by these, the firemen work with a daring and skill sure to save the building if they have a reasonable chance to do so.

Here, for the present at least, these random and desultory sketches of the

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city must close. They do not pretend to give an adequate idea of its extent, its resources or its influence: they are simply descriptive jottings of what struck the writer as a few salient points of interest; while many other points, not perhaps less worthy of notice, have been passed over in silence. H. C. S.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER X.

THE AVENGER.

Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets and minister the urn.

SURELY nine o'clock was early enough for breakfast at this remote little inn on the top of the hill; and indeed, when we parted the night before, after our moonlight improvisation of *Fra Diavolo*, that was the hour agreed upon. Nine o'clock! Going down at a quarter-past eight, with some notion that the lieutenant might have sat up half the night consuming his wrath in the smoking of many cigars, and might now be still in bed, I heard voices. Sometimes there was a laugh—and no one who had once heard Bell's musical laugh could ever mistake it. When I went into the parlor, which had been the lieutenant's bed-room, I found that all traces of his occupation were gone; a fire was burning brightly in the grate, the breakfast-tray was laid, and Bell sat at the open window talking to Von Rosen himself, who was standing out on the pavement in the full blaze of the morning sunshine that now filled the main thoroughfare of Bourton-on-the-Hill.

Bell looks round with a startled air.

"My dear," I say to her, "traveling is doing you a world of good. Early rising is an excellent thing for young people."

"I did not know when you might want to start," says Bell gently, and rather averting her eyes, for which there was no reason whatever.

At this moment Queen Titania came down looking brisk and cheerful, as she always does in the morning. She glanced at the fire, at the clean table, at Bell sitting by the window and at the blaze of sunlight on the wall on the other side of the street, which threw Von Rosen's figure into bold relief. Apparently this pleasant picture put her into an excellent humor, and she said to the

lieutenant, with one of her brightest looks, "Well, have you been making discoveries this morning? Have you made the acquaintance of many people? Has Bourton-on-the-Hill anything peculiar about it?"

"Oh yes, madame," said the lieutenant gravely, "something very singular, which you will not like to hear. This is an English village, in the middle of the country, and yet they never have any milk here—never. They cannot get any. The farmers prefer to make butter, and they will not sell milk on any inducement."

"Why," said Tita, "that is the reason of our having no milk with our tea last evening. But is there no one the landlady can beg a little milk from?"

The lieutenant looked at Bell, and that young lady endeavored to conceal a smile. They had evidently been speculating on Tita's dismay before we came down.

"The great farmer in the neighborhood," continued the lieutenant gravely, "is a Mrs. Phillips. I think she owns all the cattle, all the milk. I did send to her a polite message an hour ago to ask if she would present us with a little of it; but no: there is no answer. At the moment that mademoiselle came down I was going up to Mrs. Phillips's farm to get the milk for you, but mademoiselle was too proud for that, and would not allow me to go, and said she would not take it now, since the woman had refused it."

"And how did you propose to overcome Mrs. Phillips's obstinacy?" asked Tita, who seemed possessed by a fear that sooner or later the predatory instincts of this Uhlan would get us into trouble.

"Oh, I do not know," said the lieutenant, and with that he held out a small book he had in his hand. "See! I have made more discoveries this morning. Here is a note-book I have found

of a young lady at school, who has been staying, perhaps, at this house; and it has given me much amusement—oh, very much amusement—and instruction also. It is just the same as if I had been in the school with her, and she has told me all about her teachers and the other girls, and all that. Shall I read some to you?"

"Now, *is* it fair," said Bell, "to peep into a young lady's secrets like that?"

"But I have done so already," replied Von Rosen coolly. "I have read it all, and now I will tell you some of it. First, there are addresses of friends—that is nothing. Then there are stitches of knitting—that is nothing, only the young lady seems correct and methodist—no, methodical, I should say. Then there are notes of lectures, and very much good information in them—oh, very good indeed. I am not surprised your English young ladies know very much. Let me see: 'Epic poetry we like, because they treat of great men and great actions. *Paradise Lost* admired for its noble language. Milton a Puritan. England receives solidity of character from the Puritans. Dryden and Byron are not read, although very great. Byron hated his own race—is not a good poet to read.' This is very good instruction, but she hastens now to put down something about two other girls, who were perhaps at the lecture. She says: 'Shocking, impertinent, ill-bred creatures: my spirit recoils from them.' Then there is a question addressed to her neighbor: 'Do you see how Miss Williams has got her hair done?'"

Here Queen Titania protested against these revelations, and would have held out her hand for the book, but the lieutenant only stepped back a few inches from the window and said, seriously, "There is much better information to come. Here she puts down in order the phrases which one of the masters has used to her class—polite phrases, she says, to use to ladies: '1. You degrade yourselves. 2. How much more kitchen-maidism? 3. Simply offensive. 4. It shows how you have been brought up. 5. I will put a stop to this impertinence.

6. Silence, ladies! 7. Pretty conduct! Will your dignity allow you to sit down?' I am afraid he has had an unruly class. But just at the end of this there is a very curious thing. There are three lines all surrounded by a scroll, and do you know what is written?—'A woman can do *anything* with a man by not contradicting him;' and underneath the scroll is written, 'Don't I wish this was true? HELEN M——.' None of the rest is written so clearly as this."

"Count von Rosen, I will *not* listen to any more!" cried Tita. "It is most unfair of you to have been reading this young lady's confessions."

"I get them in a public inn: I have the right, have I not?" remonstrated the count. "It is not for pleasure, it is for my instruction, that I read. Oh, there are very strange things in this book."

"Pray give it to me," said Bell quite gently.

He had refused to surrender it to Tita, but the moment that Bell asked for it he came forward and handed it in through the window. Then he came in to breakfast.

Little time was spent at breakfast, the sun was shining too brightly outside. We called for our bill, which was brought in. It was entitled "Bill of Fare." Our dinner of the previous evening was called tea, and charged at the rate of one shilling a head. Our breakfasts were one shilling each. Our bed-rooms were one shilling each. Any traveler, therefore, who proposes to stay at Bourton-on-the-Hill, cannot do better than put up at the inn of Widow Seth Dyde, especially as there is no other; and I heartily wish that he may enjoy something of the pleasant companionship, the moonlight and the morning freshness that marked our sojourn on the top of this Worcestershire hill.

Then into the phaeton again, and away we go through the white sunlight and the light morning breeze that is blowing about those lofty woods. There is a resinous odor in the air, coming from the furze and the ferns. The road glares in the sunlight. Overhead the still blue is scarcely flecked by a cloud, but all

the same there is a prevailing coolness that makes the driving through the morning air delicious. It is a lonely country, this stretch of forest and field on the high level between Bourton and Broadway. We pass Bourton Clump, and leave Bourton Wood on the right. We skirt Upton Wold, and get on by Furze Heath. Then, all at once, the land in front of us seems to drop down: we come in sight of an immense stretch of blue plain, from which the thin mists of the morning have not wholly risen. We are on the top of the famous Broadway Hill.

By the side of the road there is a strange, old-fashioned little building, which is apparently a wayside chapel. Count von Rosen jumps down to have a look at this odd relic of our former Catholicism, which has remained on the summit of this hill for several centuries. He can discover nothing but a sign which tells that this sacred edifice now contains wines, spirits and beer; so he comes back and goes up the corner of a field opposite, where a middle-aged man, surrounded by some young folks, is making hay. In the utter stillness of the place we can hear all the questions and answers. The small building is not so very old: it never was a church. The stones there mark the boundary between Gloucester and Worcester. The view from this place is considered unrivaled for extent: you can see the Black Sandy Mountains on a very clear day.

"Indeed!" says the count. "Where are they, the mountains you speak of?"

"I don't know, sir—I've heerd tell on 'em—I never wur theear."

Going down this steep hill, Tita looks anxious. A bad stumble, and we should go rolling over this little wall down into the ravine beneath. One has a far-off reminiscence of Switzerland in watching the horses pulling back at the pole in this fashion, while every bend of the road seems more precipitous than its predecessor. Then we get down to the plain, rattle through the level and straggling village of Broadway, and get into the fields again, where the sun is lying warmer than it was up over the top of the hill.

There is a small boy in a smock-frock sitting underneath the hedge, whittling a stick, while a shepherd's dog lies on the grass beside him.

"Evesham?" calls out the count as we pass, merely because there has been a little doubt about the road.

"Naw, zir," was the answer, uttered with a fine *sang-froid*.

Of course we pull up directly.

"Isn't this the way to Evesham?" I ask.

"Yaas, zir," says the boy, really looking up from his stick, but sitting still.

"This is the way to Evesham?"

"Yaas, zir."

"Do you know where it is?"

"Naw, zir."

"He is a very cautious boy," says the lieutenant, as we drive on—"a very cautious boy indeed."

"If he had been asked properly at first," says Bell with great gravity, "he would have given a proper answer. But when you say 'Evesham?' of course the boy tells you this is not Evesham."

Evesham, when we did get to it, was found a very bright, clean and lively little town, with the river Avon slowly gliding through flat meadows, forming a sort of loop around. In the quaint streets a good amount of business seemed to be going on; and as we put up the phaeton and horses at the Crown, and went off for a brief ramble through the place, we found quite an air of fashion in the costume of the young ladies and the young gentlemen whom we met. But the latter, although they had copied very accurately the prince of Wales's dress of the previous year, and had very stiff collars and prominent canes, had an odd look of robust health in their cheeks, which showed they were not familiar with Piccadilly and the Park; while the former, although they were very pretty and very neatly attired, ought not to have turned and pretended to look into the shop-windows in order to have a look at Bell's pretty gray dress and hat, and at Queen Titania's more severe but no less graceful costume. But Evesham does not often entertain two angels unawares, and some little curiosity

on the part of its inhabitants may be forgiven.

The people of Evesham are not much given to boating on the Avon; and so—postponing our usual river-excursion until we should reach the Severn—Bell besought us to go into a photographer's establishment and make experiments with our appearance. The artist in question lived in a wooden house on wheels, and there were specimens of his handiwork nailed up outside. Our entrance apparently surprised the photographer, who seemed a little nervous, and perhaps was a trifle afraid that we should smile at his efforts in art. But surely nothing could be more kindly than Bell's suggestions to him and her conversation with him; for she, as a professional herself, conducted the negotiations and arranged the groups. The artist, charmed to see that she knew all about his occult processes, and that she was a very courteous and kindly visitor, became almost confidential with her, and began to talk to her of us three as if we were but blocks of wood and of stone to be played with as these two savans chose. Of the result of the various combinations into which we were thus forced little need be said. Queen Titania came out very well, her pale, dark, clear-cut face telling in every picture, and even making you forget the tawdry bit of brass and the purple velvet of the frame. As for the rest of us, a journey is not a good time to have one's portrait taken. The flush of healthy color produced by the wind and by much burning of the sun may look very well on the natural face, but is apt to produce a different effect on glass.

The lieutenant, for example, roared with laughter when he saw himself transfigured into a ferocious bandit, with a great black beard, a dark face, with two white holes where his light-blue eyes should have been. But the moment he had laughed out he caught sight of Bell's face. The young lady looked very much vexed, and her eyes were cast down. Instantly the young man said, loud enough for the artist to hear, "I do seem to myself very ridiculous in this English

costume. When you are used to uniforms for a very long time, and all at once get into this common dress, you think yourself some other person, and you cannot help laughing at the appearance yourself makes."

Bell's eyes said "Thank you" as plainly as eyes could speak, and then she paid a very grave and gentle compliment to the artist, whom we left beaming with pride and gratitude toward the young lady.

"To go flirting with a traveling photographer!" says Queen Tita, as we went in to luncheon: "for shame, Bell!"

"No, it was only mademoiselle's good nature to the poor man," said the lieutenant with an unnecessary tone of earnest protest. "I do think he is the very happiest person in Evesham to-day—that he has not been so happy for many a day."

"I think the portraits are very good," says Bell, looking down, "if you consider how he has to work."

"Now you know you can't excuse yourself, Bell," says my lady. "You paid him compliments that would have turned any man's head; and as for the truth of them—or rather the unblushing perversion of truth in them—"

But at this moment Tita happened to be passing Bell's chair, and she put her hand very gently on the young lady's head and patted her cheek—a little caressing action which said more than a thousand protestations of affection.

Our setting out for Worcester was rather a dismal business. Were we school-children who had been playing truant, that we should regard with apprehension a return to town? Or were Bell's vague fears contagious? In vain the lieutenant sought to cheer her. She knew, and we all of us knew, that if Arthur Ashburton chose to come and ask to see her, nothing would be easier than for him to discover our whereabouts. He was aware of our route, and had been told the names of the principal towns at which we should stop. A party of four come from London in a phaeton is not a customary occurrence, and a brief inquiry at the chief hotels in any town

would be likely to give him all the information he required.

Then, as we afterward discovered, Bell had returned no answer to the letter he had sent to Oxford. She had been too much hurt, and had forborne to reply in kind. Who does not know the distracting doubts and fears that an unanswered letter, when one is at a certain age in life, may conjure up, and the terrible suspense that may prompt to the wildest action? We affected to share in Bell's dismay. The lieutenant seemed light-hearted, and as he relinquished his attempts to break the silence, he sent the horses on at a good pace, and hummed to himself broken snatches of a ballad, and talked caressingly to Castor and Pollux.

When we were a few miles from Evesham it occurred to us that we might as well ask if we were on the proper road. There seemed a curious quietness and picturesqueness about the wooded lanes through which we were driving in the calm of the twilight. At length we reached a turnpike at the corner of several unfrequented paths, and here an old lady was contentedly sewing, while her assistant, a pretty little girl of thirteen, collected the threepenny pieces. Well, we had only come about five miles out of our route. Instead of going by Pershore, we had struck away northward, and were now in a labyrinth of country lanes, by any of which we might make our way along through the still landscape to Worcester. Indeed, we had no cause to regret this error. The out-of-the-way road that runs by Flyford, Flavell and Broughton Hackett proved to be one of the pleasantest we had encountered. In the clear twilight we found ourselves driving through a silent and picturesque district, the only life visible in which was the abundant game. The partridges that were dusting themselves in the road before us did not get up and disappear with a strong, level, low flight toward some distant field, but walked sedately into the grass by the roadside, and then passed through the hedge. We saw several pheasants calmly standing at the outskirts of the woods.

The plump little rabbits ran about like mice around the fences. The sound of the phaeton wheels was the only noise heard in this peaceful solitude, and as we drove on, the dusk grew apace and the movements of bird and beast were no longer visible.

Then a new twilight arose—a faint, clear light shining up from below the horizon, and we knew the moon would speedily be glimmering through the black branches of the woods. The hamlets we passed showed streaks of red fire within their windows. There were glow-worms in the road, points of blue fire in the vague darkness. Then we drove into the gloom of the avenues of Spetchley Park, and finally, with still another glare appearing in the sky—this time a ruddy hue like the reflection of a great fire—we got nearer and nearer to the busy town, and at last found the horses' feet clattering on a stone street.

The thoroughfares of Worcester were busy on this Saturday night, but at length we managed to make our way through the people and vehicles up to the Star Hotel. We drove into the spacious archway, and passed into the hall while the people were bringing in our luggage. The lieutenant was, as usual, busy in giving orders about everything, when the head-waiter came up and begged to know my name. Then he presented a card: "The gentleman is staying at the Crown. Shall I send him a message, sir?"

"No," says Tita, interposing: "I will write a note and ask him to come round to dinner—or supper, whichever it ought to be called."

"Oh, has Arthur come?" says Bell quite calmly.

"So it appears, my dear," says Queen Titania; and as she utters the words she finds that Von Rosen has come up and has heard.

"All right!" he says cheerfully. "It will be a pleasure to have a visitor at dinner, madame, will it not? It is a pity we cannot take him any farther with us when we start on Monday; but I suppose he has come on business to Worcester?"

The lieutenant took the matter very coolly. He bundled Bell and Tita up stairs to look after the disposal of their effects, and then came into the dining-room to see what arrangements had been made about dinner.

"If he behaves himself, that is very well and good. You must treat him civilly. But if not, if he is foolish and disagreeable, why—"

The lieutenant did not say what would happen then. He bethought himself of the horses, and strode away down into the darkness of the yard, humming lightly, "Mädele, ruck, ruck, ruck an meine grüne Seite!" He was evidently in no warlike mood.

CHAPTER XI.

APEMANTUS AT THE FEAST.

Faire Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,
A mile forth of the townne,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the downe;

And foremost came the carlish knight,
Sir John of the north countraye;

"Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitoure,
Nor carry that lady awaye!"

"My dear," I say to Queen Titania as she is fastening a rose in her hair before going down to dinner, "pray remember that Arthur Ashburton is 'also a vertebrate animal.' He has done nothing monstrous or inhuman in paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit!" says Tita impatiently. "If he had come to see me I should not care. But you know that he has come to pick a quarrel with Bell, and that she is likely to grant him everything he asks; and if she does not there will be infinite trouble and vexation. I consider it most provoking, and most thoughtless and inconsiderate on his part, to thrust himself upon us in this way."

"And yet, after all," I say as she fastens on a bracelet which was given her nearly twenty years ago now, "is there anything more natural? A young man is in love with a young woman—"

"It is his own fault," she interposes.

"Perhaps. So much the worse. He

ought all the more to have your compassion, instead of your indignant scorn. Well, she leaves his charming society to go off on a wild rampage through the country. A possible rival accompanies her. The young man is torn asunder with doubts and fears. He writes to her. She does not answer. His anxiety becomes a madness, and forthwith he sets off in pursuit of her. Is there anything in all this to brand him as an outcast from humanity?"

"Why, look at the folly of it! If the girl had proper spirit would it not drive her into refusing him altogether?"

"Foolish, my dear, yes, but not criminal. Now the whole of you seem to look on Arthur as a monster of wickedness because he is anxious to marry the girl he is fond of."

My lady alters the disposition of the thin tracery of silver cord which runs through the brown masses of her hair, and as she thus manages to shelve the subject, she says, "I suppose we shall have a pleasant time at dinner. Arthur will be fiercely amusing. Plenty of sarcasm going about. Deadly looks of hatred. Jokes as heavy as that one Bell talks of—that was carried to the window by four men, and killed a policeman when it tumbled over."

My lady is gently reminded that this story was told of a German before the date of Bell's conversion; whereupon she answers coolly, "Oh, I do not suppose that Count von Rosen is like all Germans. I think he is quite an exception—a very creditable exception. I know I have never met any one the least like him before."

"But heroes were not common in your parish, were they?"

"They were in yours," says Tita, putting her arm within mine and speaking with the most gracious sweetness, "and that was why they took no notice of you."

We go down stairs. At the head of the large dining-room, in front of the fireplace, a young man is standing. He has a time-table in his hand, which he is pretending to read, and his hat is on his head. He hastily removes that most important part of an Englishman's attire

when my lady enters the room, and then he comes forward with a certain apprehension and embarrassed look on his face. If he had been growing nervous about his reception, there was nothing, at all events, to be feared from Queen Titania, who would have welcomed the — himself with an effusive courtesy if only she had regarded it as her duty.

"Oh, Arthur," she says, her whole face lighting up with a gladness which amazed even me, who am accustomed to watch her ways, "I am really delighted to see you! How good of you to come and spend the evening with us on so short a notice! I hope we have not taken you away from any other engagement?"

"No," says the young man, apparently very much touched by this kindness, "and—and—it is I who ought to apologize for breaking in on you like this."

"Then you will spend to-morrow with us also?" says my lady, quite lightly. Indeed, there is nothing like facing the inevitable with a good grace.

"Yes," says Arthur, rather humbly, "if you think I'm not intruding."

"Why, your coming will be quite a relief. I should never have forgiven you if you had been in our neighborhood without coming to see us."

You might think that this little speech was of the nature of a fib. But it was not, just at that moment. When people are absent, Tita is about as cool and accurate and severe in her judgment of them as any woman can be, and she is not disinclined to state her opinion. But once they come near her—and especially if she has to play the part of hostess and entertain them—the nature and exuberant kindness of the woman drive her into the most curious freaks of unconscious hypocrisy. Half an hour before she had been talking of Arthur in a way that would have astonished that young man if he had known, and had been looking forward with dismay and vexation to all the embarrassments of his visit. Now, however, that he was there—thrown on her mercy as it were—she showed him a quite inordinate kindness, and that in the most honest

way in the world. A couple of minutes sufficed to convince Arthur that he had at least one firm friend in our household.

He began to look anxiously toward the door. Presently a voice that he knew pretty well was heard outside, and then—ominous conjunction!—the lieutenant and Bell entered together. Von Rosen had held the door open for his companion, so that Bell advanced first toward our visitor. Her face was quite calm and a trifle reserved, and yet every one could see that as she shook hands with the young man there was a timid, half-concealed look of pleasure and welcome in her eyes. He, on his part, was gloomily ceremonious. He scarcely took any notice of the greeting which the lieutenant carelessly addressed to him. He accompanied us over to the table, and took a seat on the right hand of Tita with a silence that portended evil. We were likely to have a pleasant evening.

Had he possessed a little more worldly prudence or *savoir faire*, he would now have made some light excuse for his being there. He ought, for form's sake, have given us to understand that, as he was obliged to be in Oxford, he had come on by rail to pay us a visit. But, as it was, no explanation was forthcoming. Our Apemantus at the feast had apparently dropped from the skies. He looked very uncomfortable, and replied in monosyllables to the various and continuous remarks that Tita addressed to him. He had never spoken to Bell, who sat next him, and who was herself silent. Indeed, the constraint and embarrassment from which she was suffering began to vex the lieutenant, who strove in vain to conquer it by every means in his power.

The barometer steadily fell. The atmosphere grew more and more gloomy, until a storm of some sort was inevitable. The anxious efforts of Queen Tita to introduce some cheerfulness were touching to see; and as for Bell, she joined in the talk about our journey and what we had seen in a series of disconnected observations that were uttered in a low and timid tone, as if she was afraid to draw down lightning from the thunder-clouds.

Lieutenant von Rosen had at first addressed a word or two to our guest, but finding the labor not productive, he had dropped him entirely out of the conversation. Meanwhile, Arthur had drunk a glass or two of sherry. He was evidently nettled at finding the lieutenant almost monopolizing attention, for Tita herself had given up in despair and was content to listen. Von Rosen was speaking as usual of the differences between English and German ways, and social aims, and what not, until at last he drifted into some mention of the republican phenomena that had recently been manifested in this country.

Now what conceivable connection is there between the irritation of an anxious lover and republicanism? Master Arthur had never alarmed any of us by professing wild opinions on that subject or on any other. We never knew that the young man had any political views, beyond a sort of nebulous faith in the crown and the constitution. Consider, therefore, our amazement when, at this moment, he boldly and somewhat scornfully announced himself a republican, and informed us that the time was come for dismissing old superstitions and destroying the last monopolies of feudalism. There would be a heavy account to settle with the aristocracy that had for generations made laws to secure its own interests, and tied up the land of the country so that an idle population had to drift into the big towns and become paupers. All this was over. New times were at hand. England was ripe for a new revolution, and woe to them that tried to stem the tide!

The explanation of this outburst was merely this—that Arthur was so angry and impatient with the state of things immediately around him that he was possessed with a wild desire to upset and destroy something. And there is nothing so easy to upset and destroy, in rhetoric, as the present political basis of England.

Well, we looked at the lad. His face was still aglow, and there was something of triumph as well as of fierceness in it. The hero of the old Silesian song, when

his sweetheart has forgotten the vows she made and the ring she gave him is broken in two, would like to rush away into battle and sleep by camp-fires under the still night. But nothing half so ordinary would do for this fire-eater, who, because he could not very well kill a Prussian lieutenant, must needs attack the British crown. Was there any one of us four inclined to resent this burst of sham heroics? Was there not in it something of the desperation of wretchedness that was far more entitled to awaken compassion? Had Arthur been less in love he would have been more prudent. Had he controlled his emotions in that admirable fashion with which most of our young gentlemen now-a-days seem to set about the business of choosing a wife, he would not have made himself absurd. There was something almost pitiable in this wild, incoherent, ridiculous effort of a young man to do or say something striking and picturesque before the eyes of a girl whose affections he feared were drifting away from him.

The lieutenant, to whom this outbreak was particularly addressed, took the affair very good-naturedly. He said, with a smile, "Do you know who will be the most disappointed if you should have a republic in England? Why, the republicans that are very anxious for it just now. Perhaps some of them are very respectable men—yes, I believe that—but if I am not wrong the men who make the great fuss about it in your nation are not like that. Agitators—is not that what you do call them? And, if you have England a republic, do you think the government of the country will be given to those noisy persons of the present? No—that is not possible, I think. When the republic comes, if it does come at all—and I do not know how much force is in this demonstration—all your great men, your well-educated men, your men of good position and good breeding and good feeling—they will all come forward, as they do now, to see that the country is properly governed. And what will become of the present republicans, who are angry be

cause they cannot get into Parliament, and who wish for a change that they may become great persons? When you take away the crown, they will not all be kings, I think: there is too much of good sense in this country and of public spirit, that makes your best men give up their own comfort to look after the government; and so it will be then."

"I hope there will be no violent change in our time, at least," said Queen Tita.

"Madame is anxious about the Church, I know," remarked the lieutenant with great gravity, but he looked at Bell, and Bell could not altogether conceal a smile. Arthur, watching them both, noticed that little bit of private understanding, and the gloom on his face visibly deepened.

This must be said, however, that when an embarrassing evening is unavoidable, a dinner is the best method of tiding it over. The various small incidents of the feast supply any ominous gaps in the conversation, and there is, besides, a thawing influence in good meat and drink which the fiercest of tempers finds it hard to withstand. After the ebullition about republicanism, Arthur had quieted somewhat! By the time we had got down to the sweets, and perhaps with the aid of a little champagne—the lad never drank much at any time, I ought to say—his anger had become modified into a morose and sentimental melancholy, and when he did manage to speak to Bell he addressed her in a wistful and pathetic manner, as if she were some one on board a vessel and he saw her gradually going away from him, her friends and her native land. One little revelation, nevertheless, comforted him greatly; and lovers apt to magnify their misfortunes will note that he might have enjoyed this solace long before if only he had exercised the most ordinary frankness. "You got a letter I sent you to Oxford, I suppose?" he said with a studied carelessness.

"Yes," said Bell, with a little conscious color in her face as she bent down her eyes.

"I am glad I had the chance of seeing you to-night," he continued with the same effort at self-possession, "because

I—I fancied you might be unwell or some accident happened, since you did not answer the letter."

Here an awful moment of silence intervened. Everybody trembled for Bell's reply, which might provoke the catastrophe we had been seeking to postpone. "We did not go for letters on reaching Oxford," she said in a low voice. "It was late—I suppose the office was shut—and we were rather tired."

This is felt to be an awkward commencement. A deeper constraint is visible. For if she had been very anxious—this is the reflection that must naturally occur to the young man's mind—would she not have asked whether the office was shut or not? Arthur was silent.

"So it was only the day before yesterday I got your letter," Bell says, apparently feeling the silence uncomfortable, "and—and I meant to have answered it to-night—"

"Oh, you were going to answer it?" he says, with his face suddenly getting bright.

"Yes," she says, looking up with some surprise. "You did not suppose I wouldn't answer it?"

In fact, that was just what he had supposed, considering that she had been grievously offended by the tone of his letter.

"I meant to have let you know how we all were, and how far we had got," says Bell, conveying an intimation that this sort of letter might be sent by anybody to anybody.

Nevertheless, Arthur greatly recovered himself after this assurance. She had not broken off with him, after all. He drank another glass of champagne, and said, with a laugh, that he had meditated surprising us, but that the design had failed, for every one seemed to have expected him.

"And I suppose I must go back on Monday," he remarked ruefully.

This looked so very like a request for an invitation that I was bound to offer him a seat in the phaeton if he did not mind a little discomfort. You should have seen the look of amazement and

indignation which my lady darted across the table at this moment. Fortunately, Arthur did not see it. He said he was very much obliged—he feared he would have to return—if he went with us for a day or two he would inconvenience us sadly, but he would consider it before Monday morning.

After dinner Von Rosen got up and proposed that he and I should go down to the billiard-room—which is in the end of the building abutting on the stable-yard—and smoke a cigar. Surely generosity could go no farther. Arthur looked surprised, and wore quite a pleasant smile on his face when we rose and left.

But perhaps it was merely selfishness that caused our Uhlan to leave the field, for as we two went down the passage and made our way up to the spacious room, he said, "I am rather sorry for mademoiselle. She does not seem to be very glad to meet her old friend—perhaps because he is not in a good temper. That is why I did say we should go and play billiards: there will be a chance of explanation, and to-morrow he will be all right. It is foolish of him to be disagreeable. All this time of dinner I was thinking to myself how well he might make himself agreeable if he only wished—with knowing all the polite phrases with ease, and being able to talk without thinking. For me, that is different, you know. I am bound in by stupid limits, and when I think to say something nice to any one, then I stop because I know nothing of the words—just like at a wall."

He sent the red ball up and down the table in rather a peevish manner: he felt that Arthur had an advantage perhaps.

"But you talk English remarkably well."

"But I have remarked that you English always say that to a foreigner, and will not tell him when he is wrong. I know I am often wrong, and always about your past tenses—your '*was loving*,' and '*did love*,' and '*loved*,' and like that; and I believe I am very wrong with always saying '*do*' and '*did*,' for I studied to give myself free-speaking

English many years ago, and the book I studied with was Pepys's *Diary*, because it is all written in the first person, and by a man of good station. Now I find you do not say '*I did think*,' but '*I thought*,' only it is very hard to remember. And as for pronunciation, I know I am very wrong."

Well, he certainly had marked forms of pronunciation, which I have considered it unnecessary to reproduce in recording his talk. He said "*I hef*" for "*I have*," and "*a goot shawt*" for "*a good shot*." He also made occasional blunders in accent, through adopting the accent of the Latin word from which the English word is derived. But what were such trifles to the main fact that he could make himself understood, and that when he did talk he talked remarkably good sense in sufficiently intelligible English?

"But this is very strange," he said, "how much more clearly mademoiselle speaks than any English lady or any English person I have known yet. It is very remarkable to me how I have great difficulty to follow people who talk like as if they had several tongues rolling in their mouth, and others speak very fast, and others let the ends of the words slide away; but Miss Bell, she is always clear, distinct and very pleasant to hear; and then she never speaks very loud, as most of your people do to a foreigner."

"Perhaps," I say, "there is a reason for Bell's clearness of speech."

"Why?"

"Perhaps she takes pains to be very distinct in talking to you, while she manages not to show it. Perhaps other people can notice that she speaks with a little more deliberation to you than to any one else."

Von Rosen was obviously much struck. "Is that possible?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder. "I have not noticed that she did talk slow to me."

"No, she conceals it admirably, but all the same such is the fact. It is not so much slowness as a sort of careful precision of pronunciation that she af-

fects; and you ought to be very grateful for such consideration."

"Oh, I think it is very good of her, very good indeed, and I would thank her for it—"

"Don't do that, or you will have no more of it. And at present my lady is catching up a trick of talking in the same way."

"It is very kind," said the lieutenant, turning to the table with rather a thoughtful manner. "You would not have expected a young girl like that to be so reflective of other people."

Then he broke the balls, and by fair strength of arm screwed the white into the corner pocket. Nobody was more astonished than himself, except the marker. It was, indeed, the first losing hazard he had ever made, never having played before on a table with pockets. His next stroke was not so successful, and so he consoled himself with lighting a Partaga about eight inches in length.

"At all events," he continued, "your language has not the difference of *Sie* and *du*, which is a great advantage. Oh, it is a very perplexing thing sometimes. Suppose you do know a young lady very well, and you have agreed with her in private you shall always call each other '*du*,' and then before other people you call her '*Sie*.' it is very hard not to call her '*du*' by mistake, and then every one jumps up and stares at you, and all the secret is known. That is a very terrible thing."

"And please what is the interesting ceremony with which you drink *brüderschaft* with a young lady? The same as usual?—a large jug of beer, your arms intertwined—"

"No—no—no!" he cried. "It is all a mystery. You shall not know anything of that. But it is very good, it is a very pleasant thing, to have *brüderschaft* with a young lady, although you drink no beer and have no ceremonies about it."

"And what did Fräulein Fallersleben's mamma say when you called her daughter '*du*' by mistake?"

The large empty room resounded with the lieutenant's laughter. "That is a

good guess—oh! a very good guess—but not just good enough. For it was she who did call me '*du*,' and all the people were surprised, and then some did laugh; but she herself—oh, she was very angry with herself, and with me too, and for some time she called me '*Sie*' even when we were together, until it was like to be a quarrel. But one more quarrel," added the lieutenant with indifference, "was not much matter. It was usually one every day, and then writing of sorrowful letters at the night, and next morning some reconciliation. *Sackerment!* what is the use of talking of all that nonsense?"

And then once more the ball flew about the table, finally lodging in a pocket and scoring three for a miss. Indeed, our Uhlán was not at home with our big English tables, their small balls, pointed cues and perpetual pockets. Even when he got a good chance of a carrom the smallness of the balls caused him to fail entirely. But he had a very excellent cigar. It was something to be away from the embarrassment that had prevailed at dinner. Perhaps, too, he enjoyed a certain sense of austere self-satisfaction in having left to Arthur full possession of the field. On the whole, he enjoyed himself very well, and then, our cigars being finished, we had a final look at the horses, and then returned to the hotel.

"I am afraid," said Von Rosen with some alarm, "we have been negligent of our duties."

Master Arthur had left some half hour before. The ladies had retired. Only one or two of the busiest toppers were left in the bar-parlor: the waiters looked as if they considered their week's work fairly over.

"Tell me," said my Prussian friend as he got his candle, "is that young gentleman coming round here to-morrow?"

"Probably he is."

"Do you not think, then, it would be good to hire a vehicle and go away somewhere for a drive all the day, before he comes?"

"To-morrow is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Do you fancy you would get either Bell or my lady to go driving on Sunday? Don't you propose such a thing if you are wise. There is a cathedral in this town, and the best thing you can do is to study its history and associations early in the morning. You will have plenty of time to think over them to-morrow inside the building itself."

"Oh, I do not object to that," he remarked coolly as he went up stairs, "and I do not care to have too much driving: it is only to prevent mademoiselle being annoyed, as I think she was at dinner this evening—that is all. I suppose we may go for a walk to-morrow after the church-time? And he will come? Very well, he will not harm me, I am sure; but—but it is a pity—that is all."

And with this somewhat mysterious conclusion the lieutenant disappeared toward his own room.

CHAPTER XII.

A TERRIBLE DAY.

When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.

"If we could only get over this one day!" That was the burden of Tita's complaining the next morning. Arthur had been invited to breakfast, and had declined, but he was coming round to go with us to the cathedral. Thereafter, everything to Tita's mind was chaos. She dared hardly think of what the day might bring forth. In vain I pointed out to her that this day was but as another day, and that if any deeds of wrath or vengeance were hidden away in the vague intentions of our young friend from Twickenham, there was no particular safety gained in tiding over a single Sunday.

"At all events," says my lady firmly, "you cannot do anything so imprudent as press him to accompany us farther on our journey."

"Cannot the phaeton hold five?"

"You know it cannot, comfortably.

But that is not the question. For my own part, I don't choose to have a holiday spoilt by provoking a series of painful scenes, which I know will occur. We may manage to humor him to-day, and get him to leave us in an amiable mood, but it would be impossible to do it two days running. And I am not sure even about this one day."

"But what prevents his dropping down on us at any time—say at Shrewsbury, or Chester, or Carlisle—just as he has done here at Worcester?"

"I will."

That was enough. Having some regard for the young man, I hoped he would submit quietly. But lovers are headstrong, and jealousy, when it is thoroughly aroused, leaves no place in the mind for fear.

It was a bright morning. We could see, through the wire screens of the windows, the Worcester folks walking along the pavements, with the sunlight shining on their Sunday finery.

The lieutenant, as we hurriedly despatched breakfast, for we were rather late, gave us his usual report. "A very fine town," he said, addressing himself chiefly to Tita, who was always much interested in his morning rambles, "with old religious buildings, and houses with ivy, and high walls to keep back the river. There is a large race-course, too, by the river, and on the other side a fine suburb, built on a high bank among trees. There are many pleasant walks by the Severn when you get farther down; but I will show you all the place when we go out of the cathedral. This is a great day at the cathedral, they say—a chief sheriff of the county, I think they call him, is living at this hotel, and he is going; and you see those people?—they are loitering about to see him drive away."

Even as he spoke two resplendent creatures in gray and gold, resembling beef-eaters toned down in color, and gilded, advanced to the archway of the hotel with long trumpets in their hand. These they suddenly lifted, and then down the quiet street sounded a loud *fanfare*, which was very much like those

announcements that tell us, in an historical play, that the king approaches. Then a vehicle drove away from the door: the high sheriff had gone to the cathedral, while our breakfast was not even yet finished.

"He does not have the trumpets sounded every time he leaves the hotel?" said the lieutenant, returning from the window. "Then why when he goes to church? Is it exceptional for a high sheriff to go to church, that he calls attention to it with trumpets?"

At this moment Arthur entered the room. He glanced at us all rather nervously. There was less complaisance, too, in his manner than when we last saw him: the soothing influences of dinner had departed. He saluted us all in a somewhat cool way, and then addressed himself exclusively to my lady. For Bell he had scarcely a word.

It is hard to say how Queen Tita managed, as we left the hotel, to attach Bell and herself to Master Arthur, but such was the result of her dexterous manoeuvres; and in this fashion we hurriedly walked along to the cathedral. There was a great commotion visible around the splendid building. A considerable crowd had collected to see the high sheriff, and policemen were keeping a lane for those who wished to enter. Seeing that we were late, and that the high sheriff was sure to draw many after him, we scarcely expected to get inside; but that, at least, was vouchsafed us, and presently we found ourselves slipping quietly over the stone flooring. All the seats in the body of the building being occupied, we took up a position by one of the great pillars, and there were confronted by a scene sufficiently impressive to those of us who had been accustomed to the ministrations of a small parish church.

Far away before us rose the tall and graceful lines of the architecture, until, in the distance, they were lost in a haze of sunlight streaming in from the south—a glow of golden mist that struck upon the northern pillars, throwing up a vague reflection that showed us something of the airy region in which the lines of the

great arches met. We could catch a glimpse, too, of the white-dressed choir beyond the sombre mass of the people that filled the nave. And when the hushed, deep tones of the organ-prelude had ceased to sound along the lofty aisles, there rose the distant and plaintive chanting of the boys, then the richer tones of the bass came in, and then again burst forth that clear, sweet, triumphant soprano that seemed to be but a single voice ringing softly and distantly through the great building. I knew what would occur then. Somehow, Tita managed to slip away from us and get into the shadow of the pillar, with her head bent down and her hand clasped in Bell's; and the girl stood so that no one should see her friend's face, for there were tears running fast down it. It is a sad story, that has been already briefly mentioned in these memoranda. Many years ago she lost a young brother to whom she was deeply attached. He used to sing in the choir of the village church. Now, whenever she hears a choir singing that she cannot see, nothing will convince her that she does not hear the voice of her brother in the clear, distant music; and more than once it has happened that the uncontrollable emotions caused by this wild superstition have thoroughly unnerved her. For days after she has been haunted by the sound of that voice, as if it had brought her a message from the other world—as if she had been nearly vouchsafed a vision that had been somehow snatched away from her, leaving behind an unexplained longing and unrest. Partly on that account, and partly by reason of the weariness produced by constant standing, we were not sorry to slip out of the cathedral so soon as the first portion of the service was over; and so we found ourselves once more in the sweet air and the sunlight.

There was an awkward pause. Tita rather fell behind, and endeavored to keep herself out of sight, while the other members of the party seemed uncertain as to how they should attach themselves. Fortunately, our first movement was to go round and inspect the curious remains

of the old cathedral, which are yet visible; and as these were close at hand, we started off in a promiscuous manner, and got round and under King Edgar's Tower without any open rupture.

How still and quiet lay the neighborhood of the great church on this beautiful Sunday morning! It seemed as if all the life of the place were gathered within that noble building, while out here the winds from over the meadows, and the sunlight, and the fleecy clouds overhead, were left to play about the strange old passages, and sunken arches, and massive gateways, and other relics of former centuries. The bright light that lay warm on the fresh grass and on the ivied walls about lit up the flaky red surface of the old tower, and showed us the bruised effigy of King Edgar in sharp outline; while through the gloom of the archway we could see beyond the shimmering green light of a mass of elms, with their leaves moving in the sun. From thence we passed down to the river wall, where the lieutenant read aloud the following legend inscribed near the gate: "On the 18th of November, 1770, the Flood rose to the lower edge of this Brass Plate, being ten inches higher than the Flood which happen'd on December 23, 1672." And then we went through the arch, and found ourselves on the banks of the Severn, with its bridges and boats and locks and fair green meadows, all as bright and as cheerful as sunlight could make them.

Tita and myself, I know, would at this moment have given a good deal to get away from these young folks and their affairs. What business of ours was it that there should be a "third wheel to the cart," as the Germans say? Arthur was sadly out of place, but how could he help it? My lady having fallen rather behind as we started on our leisurely stroll along the river, Bell, the lieutenant and Arthur were forced to precede us. The poor girl was almost silent between them. Von Rosen was pointing out the various objects along the stream, Arthur, in no amiable mood, throwing in an occasional sarcastic comment. Then more silence. Arthur breaks away from them,

and honors us with his company. Sometimes he listens to what my lady says to him, but more often he does not, and only scowls at the two young folks in front of us. He makes irrelevant replies. There is a fierceness in his look. I think at this moment he would have been glad to have played Conrad the Corsair, or avowed his belief in Strauss, or done anything else desperate and wicked.

Why, it was natural to ask, should this gentle little woman by my side be vexed by these evil humors and perversities—her vexation taking the form of a profound compassion, and a desire that she could secure the happiness of all of them? The morning was a miracle of freshness. The banks of the Severn, once you leave Worcester, are singularly beautiful. Before us were islands, set amid tall river weeds and covered with thick growths of bushes. A gray shimmering of willows came in as a line between the bold blue of the stream and the paler blue and white of the sky. Some tall poplars stood sharp and black against the light green of the meadows behind, and far away these level and sunlit meadows stretched over to Malvern Chase and to the thin line of blue hill along the horizon. Then the various boats, a group of richly-colored cattle in the fields, a few boys bathing under the shadow of a great bank of yellow sand,—all went to make up as bright and pretty a river-picture as one could wish for. And here we were almost afraid to speak, lest an incautious word should summon up thunder-clouds and provoke an explosion.

"Have you any idea when you will reach Scotland?" says Arthur, still glaring at the lieutenant and his companion.

"No," replies Tita: "we are in no hurry."

"Won't you get tired of it?"

"I don't think so at all. But if we do we can stop."

"You will go through the Lake Country, of course?"

"Yes."

"It is sure to be wet there," said the young man.

"You don't give us much encouragement," says my lady gently.

"Oh," he replies, "if people break away from the ordinary methods of enjoying a holiday, of course they must take their chance. In Scotland you are sure to have bad weather. It always rains there."

Arthur was determined that we should look upon the future stages of our journey with the most agreeable anticipations.

"Then," he says, "suppose your horses break down?"

"They won't," says Tita with a smile. "They know they are going to the land of oats. They will be in excellent spirits all the way."

"Have you read Mr. Collins's *Cruise upon Wheels*?"

"No, I have not," says my lady.

"That, now, is a remarkably clever book."

"So I have heard people say," rejoins my lady. "It is a story of an excursion in France, is it not?"

"Yes, but"—and here Master Arthur casts his eye around the horizon—"I am afraid it will be said that you have borrowed the idea of driving to Scotland from him."

Could anything more cruel have been imagined? After she had planned the excursion with the greatest forethought and care, and invited the lieutenant, and worked hard to put everything straight for our long holiday, to say that she had stolen the notion from a book was excessively humiliating. Queen Titania could not reply, from pure vexation. She would not justify herself—repeat that she had never seen the book—point out how her project of driving from London to Edinburgh was a wholly different matter—as any person outside Hanwell might see—or appeal to our old and familiar drives around the southern counties as the true origin of the scheme. She preserved a cold and warning silence, and Master Arthur, little heeding, went on to say, "I have always found that the worst of driving about with people was that it threw you so completely on the society of certain persons, and you are bound to quarrel with them."

"That has not been *our* experience," says my lady, with that gracious manner of hers which means much.

Of course she would not admit that her playful skirmishes with the person whom, above all others, she ought to respect, could be regarded as real quarrels. But at this point the lieutenant lingered for a moment to ask my lady a question, and as Bell also stopped and turned, Tita says to him, with an air of infinite amusement, "We have not quarreled yet, Count von Rosen?"

"I hope not, madame," says our Uhlan respectfully.

"Because," she continued, with a little laugh, "Arthur thinks we are sure to disagree, merely on account of our being thrown so much into each other's company."

"I think quite the opposite will be the result of our society," says the lieutenant.

"Of course I did not refer particularly to you," said Arthur coldly. "There are some men so happily constituted that it is of no consequence to them how they are regarded by their companions. Of course they are always well satisfied."

"And it is a very good thing to be well satisfied," says the lieutenant, cheerfully enough, "and much better than to be ill satisfied and of much trouble to your friends. I think, sir, when you are as old as I, and have been over the world as much, you will think more of the men who are well satisfied."

"I hope my experience of the world," says Arthur, with a certain determination in his tone, "will not be gained by receiving pay to be sent to invade a foreign country—"

"Oh, Count von Rosen—" says Bell, to call his attention.

"Mademoiselle!" he says, turning instantly toward her, although he had heard every word of Arthur's speech.

"Can you tell me the German name of that tall pink flower close down by the edge of the water?"

And so they walked on once more, and we got farther away from the city—with its mass of slates and spires getting faint in the haze of the sunlight—and into the still greenness of the country,

where the path by the river-side lay through deep meadows.

It was hard, after all. He had come from London to get speech with his sweetheart, and he found her walking through green meadows with somebody else. No mortal man—and least of all a young fellow not confident of his own position, and inclined to be rather nervous and anxious—could suffer this with equanimity; but then it was a question how far it was his own fault.

"Why don't you go and talk to Bell?" says my lady to him in a low voice.

"Oh, I don't care to thrust my society on any one," he says aloud, with an assumption of indifference. "There are people who do not know the difference between an old friendship and a new acquaintance: I do not seek to interfere with their tastes. But of course there is a meaning in everything. What are those lines of Pope's?—

Oh say, what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?

I should not attempt to cure a woman of her instinctive liking for a title."

Tita placed her hand on his arm. After all, this excited young man was an old friend of hers, and it seemed a pity to see him thus determined to ruin his own cause. But the light talking we heard in front seemed to say that the "gentle belle" had not overheard that pretty speech and its interesting quotation.

At length, coming to a sudden bend in the river, the lieutenant and his companion proposed that we should rest for a while; and accordingly we chose out comfortable seats on the steep green bank, covered by bushes and trees, which here slopes down to the stream. The picture that lay before and around us was sufficient to have calmed the various moods and passions of these young folks if they had but had eyes for anything but their own affairs. Bell was the only one who paid attention to the world of bright colors that lay around: the lieutenant, imperturbable, easy in manner and very attentive to her, was nevertheless obviously on the watch, and certain to resent any remark that

might by chance miss him and glance by toward her. Certainly, these were not comfortable conditions for a pleasant walk: Tita afterward declared that she was calculating with satisfaction that she had already got through several hours of that terrible day.

The sun was shining far away on the blue Malvern Hills. From the level meadows the lines of pollard willows were gray and silvery in the breezy light. Close at hand the rich masses of green were broken by the red sandstone bank opposite, while the tall trees above sent straggling duplicates of themselves—colored in deep chocolate-brown—down into the lazy stream that flowed beneath us. And there, as we sat and listened for the first ominous observation of one or another of these young folks, lo! there came into the clear white and blue channel of the river a gayly-bedizened barge, that gleamed and glittered in the sunlight and sent quivering lines of color down into the water. The horse came slowly along the road. The long rope rustled over the brushwood on the bank, and splashed on the surface of the stream. The orange and scarlet bands of the barge glided away up and through that world of soft greenness that lay under the shadow of the opposite bank, and then the horse and rope and driver turned the corner of a field, and we saw them no more.

The appearance of the barge had provoked attention and secured silence. When it was gone the lieutenant turned carelessly to Arthur and said, "Do you go back to London to-morrow?"

"I don't know," said the young man gloomily.

"It is such a pity you can't come with us, Arthur!" says Bell very gently, as if begging for a civil reply.

"I have no doubt you will enjoy yourselves very well," he replies, with a certain coldness in his tone.

"We have hitherto," she says, looking down; "the weather has been so good—and—and the scenery was so pleasant—and—and—"

It was Arthur himself, singularly enough, who came to the rescue, little

knowing that he was affording her such relief.

"I don't think you have chosen the right road," he remarked. "The real reminiscences of the old stage-coach days you will find on the York and Berwick road to Scotland. I never heard of any one going to Scotland this way."

"Why," says one of the party, with a laugh that seemed to startle the silence around, "that is the very reason we chose it."

"I have been thinking for some time," he says coldly, "of getting a dog-cart and driving up the old route to Scotland."

The heavens did not fall on him. Queen Tita looked at the tips of her gloves and said nothing; but Bell, having less of skepticism about her, immediately cried out, "Oh, Arthur, don't do that: it will be dreadfully wretched for you going away on such an excursion by yourself."

But the young man saw that his proposal—I will swear it had never entered his brain before that very hour—had produced an effect, and treated it as a definite resolve.

"At least, if you are going, you might as well come with us, or meet us farther on, where the road joins," says Bell.

"No, I am not so mad as to go your way," he replied with an air of disdain. "I shall keep out of the rainy districts, and I mean to go where one can find traces of the old times still hanging about."

"And pray," I venture to ask him, "are all the old inns confined to one part of this unfortunate country? And were there no ways of getting to Scotland but by York and Berwick? I commend to you a study of Cary, my dear boy, before you start for the North, and then you will find a whole display of routes along which stage-coaches used to run. And if you should be tired of driving alone, you can do no better than strike across country from York by the old coach-road that comes on to Penrith, and so go up with us through Carlisle and Moffat on to Edinburgh."

"I am not so sure that I shall go alone," he said quite fiercely.

What did the boy mean? Was he going to drive a white elephant about the country?

"Do you know much of the management of horses?" says the lieutenant, meaning no harm whatever.

"Arthur is in the volunteer artillery—the field artillery do they call it, eh?—and of course he has to manage horses," explains my lady.

"Oh, you are a volunteer?" said the lieutenant with quite an accession of interest. "That is a very good thing. I think all the young men of this country would do much good to their health and their knowledge by being volunteers and serving a time of military service."

"But we don't like compulsion here," says Arthur bluntly.

"That," retorts the lieutenant with a laugh, "is why you are a very ill-educated country."

"At all events, we are educated well enough to have thrown aside the old superstitions of feudalism and divine right; and we are too well educated to suffer a despotic government and a privileged aristocracy to have it all their own way."

"Oh, you do talk of Prussia," says the count. "Well, we are not perfect in Prussia. We have many things to learn and to do, that we might have done if we had been preserved round about by the sea, like you. But I think we have done very well, for all that; and if we have a despotic government—which I do not think—it is perhaps because what is good for England is not always good for every other country; and if we have an aristocracy, they work for the country just like the sons of the peasants, when they go into the army and get small pay, instead of going abroad, like your aristocracy, and gambling away their fortunes to the Jews and the horse-dealers, and getting into debt, and making very much fools of themselves."

"When we of this country," says Arthur proudly, "see the necessity of military preparations, we join the ranks of a body that accepts no pay, but is none the less qualified to fight when that is wanted."

"Oh, I do say nothing against your volunteers. No, on the contrary, I think it is an excellent thing for the young men. And it would be better if the service was continuous for one, two, three years; and they go away into barrack life, and have much drill and exercise in the open air, and make the young men of the cities hardy and strong. That would be a very good army then, I think; for when the men are intelligent and educated, they have less chance of panic—which is the worst that can happen in a battle—and they will not skulk away or lose their courage, because they have so much self-respect. But I do not know whether this is safer—to have the more ignorant men of the peasantry and country-people who will take their drill like machines and go through it all, and continue firing in great danger because they are like machines. Now, if you had your towns fighting against the country, and if you had your town volunteers and your country regiments, with the same amount of instruction I think the country troops would win, although each man might not have as much patriotism and education and self-respect as in the town soldiers. Because the country troops would march long distances, and would not be hurt much by rain or the sleeping out at night, and they would go through their duties like machines when the fight commenced. But your city volunteers—they have not yet got anything like the training of your regular troops that come from the country villages and towns."

"I know this," says Arthur—"that when people talk of an invasion of this country by Prussia, a regiment of our city volunteers would not be afraid to meet a regiment of your professional soldiers, however countrified and mechanical they may be."

"Ah, but that is a great mistake you make," says the lieutenant taking no notice of the challenge. "Our soldiers are not of any single class: they are from all classes, from all towns and villages and cities alike—much more like your volunteers than your regular soldiers, only that they have much more

drill and experience than your volunteers. And what do you say of an invasion? I have heard some people talk of that nonsense, but only in England. Is it that you are afraid of invasion that you imagine these foolish things, and talk so much of it?"

"No, we are not afraid of it," says Arthur, evidently casting about for some biting epigram.

"Yet no one in all Europe speaks or thinks of such a thing but a few of your people here, who give great amusement to us at home."

"There would be amusement of another sort going," says Arthur, getting a little red.

And just at this instant, before he has time to finish the sentence, Tita utters a little scream. A stone has splashed into the stream beneath us. The author of the menace is unknown—being probably one of a gang of young rascals hidden behind the bushes on the other side of the river—but it is certainly not anger that dwells in my lady's bosom with regard to that concealed enemy. He has afforded her relief at a most critical moment, and now she prevents Arthur returning to the subject by proposing that we should walk back to Worcester, her suggestion being fully understood to be a command.

We set out. The lieutenant willfully separates himself from Bell. He joins us elderly folks on the pretence of being much interested in this question of volunteer service, and Bell and Arthur are perforce thrown together. They walk on in front of us in rather an embarrassed way. Bell's looks are cast down: Arthur speaks in a loud voice, to let us know that he is only talking about the most commonplace affairs. But at the first stile we go through they manage to fall behind, and when, at intervals, we turn to see how the river and the meadows and the groves of trees look in the sunshine, we find the distance between us and the young couple gradually increasing, until they are but two almost undistinguishable figures pacing along the bank of the broad stream.

"Well, we have got so far over the

day," said my lady, with a sigh. "But I suppose we must ask him to dine with us."

"Is it necessary, madame?" says the lieutenant. "But perhaps you might ask him to bring better manners with him."

"I am afraid he has been very rude to you," said Tita, with some show of compunction.

"To me? No. That is not of any consequence whatever, but I did think that all this pleasant walk has been spoiled to mademoiselle and yourself by—by what shall I say?—not rudeness, but a fear of rudeness. And yet, what reason is there for it?"

"I don't know," was the reply, uttered in rather a low voice. "But I hope Bell is not being annoyed by him now."

You see that was the way in which they had got to regard this unfortunate youth—as a sort of necessary evil, which was to be accepted with such equanimity as Heaven had granted to the various sufferers. It never occurred to them to look at the matter from Arthur's point of view, or to reflect that there was probably no more wretched creature in the whole of England than he was during this memorable Sunday.

Consider how he spent the day. It was the one day on which he would have the chance of seeing Bell for an unknown period. He comes round in the morning to find her sitting at breakfast with his rival. He accompanies them on a walk into the country, finds himself what the Germans call "the third wheel to the cart," and falls behind to enjoy the spectacle of seeing her walk by the side of this other man, talking to him and sharing with him the beautiful sights and sounds around. Ye who have been transfixed by the red-hot skewers of jealousy, consider the torture which this wretched young man suffered on this quiet Sunday morning. Then he walks home with her: he finds her, as we afterward learn, annoyed about certain remarks of his. He explains in a somewhat saucy manner, and makes matters worse. Then he takes to reproaches, and bids her reflect on what people will say; and here again he goes from one blun-

der to another in talking in such a fashion to a proud and high-spirited girl, who cannot suffer herself to be suspected. In his blindness of anger and jealousy he endeavors to asperse the character of the lieutenant. He is like other officers—every one knows what the Prussian officers, in general, are. What is the meaning of this thing, and the dark suspicion suggested by that? To all of these representations Bell replies with some little natural warmth. He is driven wild by her defence of his rival. He declares that he knows something about the lieutenant's reputation; and then she, probably with a little paleness in her face, stands still and asks him calmly to say what it is. He will not. He is not going to carry tales. Only, when an English lady has so little care of what people may say as to accept this foreign adventurer as her companion during a long journey—

That was all that Bell subsequently told Tita. The boy was obviously mad and reckless, but none the less he had wrought such mischief as he little dreamed of in uttering these wild complaints and suspicions. When we got back to the hotel, he and Bell had overtaken us, and they had the appearance of not being on the best of terms. In fact, they had maintained silence for the last quarter of an hour of the walk.

My lady asked Arthur to dine with us at seven, so that during the interval he was practically dismissed. Seven came, and Arthur appeared. He was in evening dress, conveying a rebuke to uncouth people like ourselves, who were in our ordinary traveling costume. But Bell's seat was vacant. After we had waited a few minutes, Queen Tita went to inquire for her, and in a few minutes returned: "Bell is very sorry, but she has a headache, and would rather not come down to dinner."

Arthur looked up with an alarmed face, the lieutenant scowled, and Tita, taking her seat, said she was afraid we had walked too far in the morning. Strange! If you had seen our Bell walking lightly up to the top of Box-hill and running down again, just by way of amusement

before lunch, you would not have expected that a short walk of a mile or two along a level river-course would have had such an effect. But so it was, and we had dinner before us.

It was not an enlivening meal, and the less said about it the better. Arthur talked much of his driving to Scotland in a dog-cart, and magnified the advantages of the York route over that we were now following. It is quite certain that he had never thought of such a thing before that morning, but the attention that had been drawn to it, and the manner in which he had been led on to boast of it, promised actually to commit him to this piece of folly. The mere suggestion of it had occurred at the impulse of a momentary vexation, but the more he talked of it, the more he pledged himself to carry out his preposterous scheme. Tita heard and wondered, scarcely believing, but I could see plainly that the young man was determined to fulfill his promise if only by way of triumphant bravado, to show his independence of us, and perhaps inspire Bell with envy and regret.

When he left that night nothing was said about his coming to see us away on the following morning. Tita had shown her usual consideration in not referring at all to our drive of the next day, which she understood was to be through the most charming scenery. And when, that same night, she expressed a vague desire that we might slip away on the next morning before Arthur had come, it was with no thought of carrying such a plan into execution. Perhaps she thought with some pity of the young man, who, after seeing us drive away again into the country and the sweet air, and the sunlight, would return disconsolately to his dingy rooms in the Temple, there to think of his absent sweetheart, or else to meditate that wild journey along a parallel line which was to show her that he, too, had his enjoyments.

[NOTE.—I find that the remarks which Queen Titania appended to the foregoing pages when they were written have since been torn off; and I can guess the

reason. A few days ago I received a letter, sent under cover to the publishers, which bore the address of that portion of the country familiarly called "The Dukeries." It was written in a feminine hand, and signed with a family name which has some historical pretensions. Now these were the observations which this silly person in high places had to communicate:

"SIR: I hope you will forgive my intruding myself upon you in this way, but I am anxious to know whether you really do think living with such a woman as your wife is represented to be, is really a matter for *raillery* and *amusement*. My object in writing to you is to say that if you can treat lightly the fact of a wife being waspish at every turn, cuffing her boys' ears and talking of whipping, it would have been better not to have made your *extraordinary* complaisance public; for what is to prevent the most ill-tempered woman pointing to these pages and saying that that is how a *reasonable* husband would deal with her? If it is your misfortune to have an ill-tempered wife, you ought not to try to persuade people that you are rather proud of it. Pray forgive my writing thus frankly to you; and I am, sir, your obedient servant, ———."

By a great mischance I left this letter lying open on the breakfast-table, and Tita, coming in, and being attracted by the crest in gold and colors on the paper, took it up. With some dismay I watched her read it. She laid it down, stood irresolute for a moment, with her lips getting rather tremulous: then she suddenly fled into the haven she had often sought before, and looking up with the clear brown eyes showing themselves frightened and pained, like those of some dumb creature struck to the heart, she said, "Is it true? Am I really ill-tempered? Do I really vex you very much?" You may be sure that elderly lady up in Nottinghamshire had an evil quarter of an hour of it when we proceeded to discuss the question, and when Queen Tita had been pacified and reassured. "But we ought to have known,"

she said. "Count von Rosen warned us that stupid persons would make the mistake. And to say that I cuffed my boys' ears! Why you know that even in the magazine it says that I cuffed the boys and kissed them at the same time—of course, in fun—and I threatened to whip the whole house—of course, in fun, you know, when everybody was in good spirits about going away; and now that wicked old woman would make me out an unnatural mother and a bad wife, and I don't know what! I—I—I will

get Bell to draw a portrait of her and put it in an exhibition: that would serve her right." And forthwith she sat down and wrote to the two boys at Twickenham, promising them I know not what luxuries and extravagances when they came home for the Easter holidays. But she is offended with the public, all through the old lady in Notts, and will have no more communication with it, at least for the present.]

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROSEMARY.

"There's Rosemary—that's for remembrance."—*Hamlet*.

PALE blossom, colored like a woman's eyes,
 Dewy, gray-blue, of pungent, spicy smell,
 Bitter in savor as dear memories,
 I will be brave to pluck thee, and to tell,
 Charmed by the mystic powers of thy spell,
 Long-buried thoughts, grave reminiscences,
 Dead glorious hopes and tenderest reveries.

Let me remember—for on such a day
 'Tis sadder to forget than to recall:
 The perfect fullness of the golden May
 Holds earth and heaven in its subtle thrall;
 Blue-green the mists that on the hilltops fall;
 Far off the river shines, swift boats slide past,
 The calm, deep sky vaults doubly high and vast;

The wild vine hugs the oak and tamarind
 With many a flower soft and delicate spray,
 And, yielding silent to the moderate wind,
 Like a thin haze of woven green and gray,
 The long, ethereal mosses stir and sway
 In joyous sympathy with bud and leaf:
 At such an hour the soul refuseth grief.

The thought of death seems no ungentle thing
 In this warm light, 'midst these reviving woods,
 Rich with the bright encouragement of Spring.
 Peace in the sky, peace o'er the woodland broods,
 And thickly peopled are these solitudes
 With souls whose dwelling is the unbounded air,
 Whose presence is a fragrance and a prayer.

Forgotten by a hollow-hearted world,
 The dead lie in their quiet graves, folk say :
 In this still landscape, with wreathed smoke upcurled
 From happy hearths, no part nor share have they,
 Nor in the resurrection of the May ;
 Nowise remembered nor remembering,
 While the glad hours lead in the dewy Spring.

The awful void that once loomed dark and wide
 Now, in these calm, changed days, is nowhere found :
 New forms arise, the want hath been supplied ;
 No scar is visible to mark the wound,
 And life again grows cheerful, sweet and sound.
 Yea, though the dead returned (folk say), their place
 Would have no welcome for the once-loved face.

'Tis false against the heroic human soul,
 The aching, uncomplaining, dauntless heart,
 That breaks not, neither fails, but can control
 The tears that to the burning eyelids start—
 The outward show of weakness—and take part
 In life when all that made it life hath gone,
 A trouble and a memory alone.

Grief dies not, but grows part of the great soul :
 Though many an outstretched hand with gentle might
 At first may move her, yet as seasons roll
 She slowly, surely learns how weak and slight
 Is every outward hold, and in the sight
 Of very Heaven feels herself alone—
 Her woe and joy none other's but her own.

On such a day, in such a spot as this,
 A presence fills the haunted, fragrant air :
 From where clear waters the green meadows kiss,
 From sunny-hearted cloud and gossamer,
 It floats and hovers near us everywhere.
 The sweet communion rests the wearied soul,
 Heals it and soothes, and the sick brain makes whole.

Blurred, wet and strange look sky and field and grass,
 But let the tears flow swift and hot again :
 How rich is life when its chief light may pass,
 And such infinity of good remain !
 This pain is no kin to the first wild pain :
 It melts beneath these sacred memories,
 And from all gracious hopes it gaineth ease.

EMMA LAZARUS.

ON FOOT IN NAVARRE.

THE stranger who enters Spain from the north is bewildered by the complete change he encounters. La Belle France, ever gay and pretty to the eye, fades out of the canvas, and the wild, broken ranges of the Pyrenees rise up one by one, bleak and frowning in the background. Picturesque pastures merge in brown, defiant sierras cleft to the corselet by gulches, ravines and rock-bound abysses. Nor is the character of the people unaffected by the nature of their surroundings. It has been well said that Africa begins at the Pyrenees.

The trim, jaunty peasant of the French vineland here becomes the bronzed and hardy mountaineer. In this region the old brigand once thrived. Travelers by diligence in times past were wont to tremble and cast furtive glances about them when plunging into the black, unroofed caves through which the road wound, and their dismal dread was not materially allayed at seeing here and there, stuck upright in a fissure, a timber cross, to mark the spot on which some luckless wight of a wayfarer had met with pillage and foul play. By moonlight ghostly shadows fell across the solitary path, and made mule, muleteer and traveler start alike whenever a cloud-hand suddenly passed over the face of the pale orb. Even at this day it is far from safe to go on foot by this route with knapsack on shoulder, as summer tourists like to do among the Alps. But that the thing can be done without resultant harm to body and mind in early manhood, however the purse may suffer, let the following extracts from the pocket journal of an anonymous American tell.

June 1, 1870.—Jocelyn and I, having decided to try a trip on foot into Northern Spain, bought ourselves stout hob-nailed shoes, Scotch-tweed suits, knapsacks and a brace of small revolvers. In our knapsacks we each carried an extra striped traveling shirt, two thin flannel under-waistcoats, half a dozen

pairs of thick woolen socks, a flask for wine and a tin case to hold sandwiches. These preparations were made in London, and a few valuable hints as to the best mode of walking were obtained from our polite acquaintances of the Alpine Club.

Dashing through France by rail, but few of the war-rumors rife at Paris came to our ears, nor did we care to hear them. Riding all night, this morning at six o'clock we stopped at St. Jean de Luz, a frontier fishing-village on the coast of Navarre, where we shall breakfast and whence make a start on foot soon after.

June 2.—Yesterday, upon quitting the train, we set out in quest of a matutinal meal of any quality, provided the quantity were ample. We had resolved to cut hotels and inns, in order the better to mingle among the natives and study their habits; so, strolling off to the shore instead of going to the village, we stood and gazed a while at the surf breaking turbulently upon the crags, and took in an excellent appetite "at the pores" from the salt sea-air.

Not far from where we loitered we saw a clay hut with potsherd roof, and lounging thither were met at the door by a burly fishwife, who stared at us in ominous silence. Jocelyn, who has learned a little Spanish in Mexico and Cuba, mustered courage and words enough to ask if she could furnish us with *almuerzo* (breakfast). The good woman shook her head, and answered in a patois of French and Spanish in the negative, but relented, and beckoned us in at the sound of some loose silver which Jocelyn was knowing enough to jingle in his pocket. This incident speaks well for our thorough disguise of gentility.

The hovel consisted of but one room, bare ground the floor and smoked pottery the ceiling. Some drift-wood was burning on a large flat stone in one corner, the room having no chimney, and

a fetid smell of dried fish drowned every thing else.

Without a word the woman proceeded to prepare some fresh bass, which she broiled on the embers and served up to us with some cold potatoes, sweet wine and hard bread, stale and crusted. Such as it was, we did ample justice to the meal, paying the price without grumbling, for the inmates of the hut were doubtless very poor. Threading the outskirts of the village, we set out at a brisk pace along a dusty country-road lined with pleasant cottages, and pushed on all the morning without meeting any novelty. At noon the sun grew so oppressive that we were glad to sink at full length under a stunted tree and fall asleep.

Toward evening we started again, and walked until nine o'clock in the cool of the twilight, when we began to think of seeking shelter for the night. Nothing either cleanly or safe-looking had we seen since leaving St. Jean. At length a clay cabin loomed up from the horizon.

"Darkness falls apace," said Jocelyn. "I am weary, not to speak of blisters inside my shoes. There is a humble but welcome roadside cot: shall we appeal to human sympathy?"

"Appeal by all means; but don't you perceive a pungent odor of—of— Let me see: is it—a cage of kangaroos?"

"I do, fastidious mortal, most distinctly, but drowsiness overpowers me. I must yield."

"Jocelyn!"

"Command me."

"Do you see that villainous-looking person smoking a cigarette on the door-sill?"

"If you refer to that swarthy but amiable native with the Arkansas toothpick in his belt, I do."

"Do you think it safe to enter?"

"Safer than to sleep in the open air."

"I'm with you then."

"Usté, can you afford us a bed for the night?"

Man stares and scowls.

Aside: "Rattle your money, Jocelyn."

Man hears it and smirks: "Enter,

señoritos. I have but one chamber, but you are welcome to it. My family and myself will sleep in the shed with the assling."

In spite of our protesting that we wouldn't hear of such a thing, an earthen lamp containing fat was lighted, two frowsy women and a litter of children were hustled out of doors neck and heels, and some coarse covering was spread on a pallet by the man; after which we turned in, half clad and supperless.

An hour elapsed. "I say, Jocelyn, are you asleep?"

"Goodness, no! How can you ask?"

"What's to be done?"

"Let's go out and sleep in the straw with the donkey."

"I can't stand it any longer."

"I'm flayed alive."

So up we got, struck a light, took a peep at the bed, shuddered, gave it up as useless, tumbled down in the middle of the floor and lay there coiled till daylight, when we called the hombre, who hoped we had rested well, cooked us a bowl of garbanzos and garlic, cheated us all he dared in the change, and gave us his blessing with fervor as we departed, commending us to the especial protection of a local edition of the Virgin, understood to be peculiarly efficacious in that region.

"I guess we've had quite enough of rustic simplicity," said Jocelyn: "suppose we contrive to catch up with a hotel at nightfall henceforth?"

"Just what I was thinking."

"How do you like garbanzos?"

"That staple and nutritious article of diet may be at least appropriately named in this instance—donkey-feed."

"So say I;" and we shook hands upon it with warmth.

June 3.—Last night we put up at the Posada de las Diligencias in the town of Irun, and had two decent meals, our first in three days. We are now over the border, and clearly within the boundaries of Spain.

The day was cloudy and close when we set out, and the air so dense that we soon felt fatigued, and were glad to rest

by the roadside. As we sat there perspiring, a little mule came ambling along with a fat, red-faced priest set on his back like a bag of meal, who good-naturedly saluted us, and stopped to wipe the drops from his dripping brow.

"Buenos días, caballeros! Warm weather this, but good for the crops and grass. Have you traveled far?"

We told him.

"It is dangerous for gentlemen to journey on foot in these parts. Men have been murdered hereabouts. You should have a guide."

It hadn't occurred to us before.

"Si, señores, by all means employ a native to take you over the mountains."

"Many thanks!"

As the puffing father jogged on we mooted the point of hiring a guide, and finally decided in the affirmative. We must have one to-morrow if possible, as we are now nearing the wilder passes of the Pyrenees.

June 6.—We are among the snowy sierras of Spain. At Vera, one of a cluster of hillside hamlets, we found a lazy, lounging fellow, Jacobo by name, whom we hired for the round trip, and Anglicised or Yankeeized into *Jake*. He wears the national costume of Navarre, has a long moustache, says he has seen service in the Spanish army, but is quite foggy as to when and where, and presents the general aspect of a reformed but regretful ruffian. As we all marched together out of Vera, the villagers eyed us with sternness and shook their heads suspiciously, as if we were three unhung highwaymen out for a lark, and I am afraid it is somehow on *Jake's* account. The steep and rugged road led us up a *poyo* which commands a fine view of the lovely valley of Vera, with its almost Swiss chalets and broad wooded slopes. At the flattest part of the path we stopped to lunch upon the contents of our cases and a bottle of Val de Peñas, which *Jake* of Spain had stuck in his girdle like a blunderbuss. To balance it, he bore an ugly Albacete knife, about two feet and a half in length, on the other side. As he uncorked the bottle for us by means of

this blade, he really looked so very untrustworthy that Jocelyn said to him, with seriousness, "Jake, my friend, how many rivals have you killed in your time?"

"Only one, señor, but many enemies."

"How many of those?"

"Dozens, señor."

"Ah! Let us hear about the rival. You needn't mind the enemies."

"Bien, señores, it was in this fashion: I was an innkeeper's boy at Sanguesa before I went to the wars and slew the enemies. I was a very docile lad, and used to pray to our Lady of the Snows thrice a day. But ah, señores! love, love got possession of me by stealth, and made me unhappy. It was with Manuel's daughter, Teresa, that I fell in love."

"Who was Manuel?"

"Ah, si: he was the innkeeper of Sanguesa with whom I lived. Teresa used to make *buñuelos* as well as the best, and I would help her ladle them out of the pot of boiling oil; but she would never let me sprinkle on the sugar—that was her province. Well, I loved her, and she said she loved me; but ah, these women, señores! they are all the same—fickle."

He seemed so overcome at this point of his narrative that we offered him a glass of the wine in our tin cup, which he took and drank with much dignity.

"Gracias, señores! One July day about dark a traveler from Pamplona put up with us, and after he had dined came out to smoke and look about him. He was young and handsome, and his evil eye fell upon Chica, as I used to call Teresa, and he engaged her in conversation—the piece of deceit!—while I turned away burning with rage in my heart of hearts.

"Next morning Chica and he sat talking together a full hour, and I saw she loved him. She had put on her best ribbon for him—the very ribbon I had given her on her birthday, señores, and which she swore before the Virgin she would only wear for my sake.

"On the succeeding evening she slipped out so slyly, and they walked in the road under the trees with the moonlight

shining on them. I saw them. Ah, señores, these women they are all the same!" (with an appealing glance at the bottle, but we were not to be touched twice by the same sentiment). "It was too much: I vowed to have his life. I did not speak to Chica that night, but went away by myself and thought and thought. At midnight I packed up my bundle, and left it at the foot of the steps. Then softly I stole to the door of the stranger's room, and, finding it bolted, climbed out of the window above and dropped down on his shutter. Swinging into the chamber, I crept up to the bed, and just then the moonlight burst out of a cloud and shone full upon it. Madness, señores! There were *two* there, sleeping soundly side by side. She never heard me. The knife went in deep. A single shudder and he was gone. I thought to kill her too, but courage failed me. I was but a tender boy, señores, and it was before I killed the enemies. Noiselessly I fled from the room, and bundle in hand stole from the inn and the town for ever. Ah, these women! they are too much for us, señores."

It would have been simply cruel to deny him a drop of solace after so much tragedy, so another bumper of Val de Peñas helped to wash down his bitter memories.

"Would you like to hear about the enemies, señores?"

"No, no, thank you—not to-day. One murder at a time is quite sufficient. But what became of Teresa?—did you never hear?"

"Si, señor. In the morning when she awoke and saw the horrid thing, she shrieked and fell in a fit to the floor—a raving maniac."

"Are you sure the enemies are all dead?"

"All, señor: I killed them myself."

To-night we sleep at Sumbillar, and I write this by the way.

June 10.—We have parted with Jake. On the morning of the 7th, when we were ready to pursue our way, the fellow was not to be found, and his absence detained us at Sumbillar until noon. To pass the time until he chose

to reappear, Jocelyn and I climbed an abrupt cliff, shady and moss-crowned, from which we drank in the charming prospect below. Hills—or mountains, rather—tower up on every hand, and hem in this warm, wooded dell, divided by the glancing, golden waters of the Bidasoa.

It was this river, it will be remembered, across which Marshal Soult retreated with a crippled army after his severe repulse by Lord Wellington at the bridge of Janci in the summer of 1813. Now, however, the stream was tranquil enough, and bore no relics upon its sunny bosom of scenes of blood and woe.

About midday Jake returned.

"Well," said Jocelyn, "I hope we have occasioned you no inconvenience?"

"Not the slightest, señores."

"We didn't know but you had gone to look after a last surviving enemy."

"You are pleased to be merry, señor. Oh no: I merely went on an errand of mercy" (crossing himself). "You see, señores, my aged mother of ninety dwells at Elizondo, and I embraced this providential opportunity to carry her all I can spare of my wages." (He had been paid in advance, by the by.) "Think of it, señores, and have pity—an aged mother of ninety!"

"I begin to doubt," said Jocelyn when we were again well on our way, "whether our friend Jake here is not only habitually addicted to falsehood, but a treacherous varlet as well. You remember what the old priest told us of robbers. We had best keep a sharp eye on him: don't you think so?"

"Pshaw! what can he do? There are two of us with seven shots apiece, and the days of brigandage are over, if they ever existed except in the crazy brains of hypochondriacs. If you doubt him, let us show him our pistols."

"No, keep quiet. I am anxious to test the question whether I am merely nervous."

Jake was moody and taciturn all day. We did a good afternoon's work, got far on our course toward Lanz, and felt a complacent consciousness that we were really accomplishing what we had set out to do, without let or hindrance.

The evening set in bleak and heavy. We were in a high hill district, some seven or eight thousand feet above sea-level, and not quite three miles from our night's goal, through Jake's dilatory proceedings in the morning. Black masses of cloud shut down upon the crooked ravines like a roof, save when they were rent by the rising wind and tossed angrily about. A peal of thunder afar off finally broke on the ear, and things began to look ominous and black with evil, particularly Jocelyn's bright eye, which was never that of a man to be trifled with.

"Don't say anything to this knave," he said very quietly.

I knew what lay underneath that perfect composure. Perhaps it would have been better for Jake of Spain if he had known also.

A few drops of rain came pattering down on the rocks. Night had closed in, and with it a settled storm. We all kept on in silence. Suddenly we missed our guide. He had vanished from before us, and was not to be seen anywhere.

"Now," said Jocelyn in a whisper, "we are near the dénouement. Cock your pistol in your pocket, and put your hand over the nipple to keep it dry. Best wrap your handkerchief about your hand. Steady!"

It had grown very dark, and the path was slippery, but we managed to hold to it by feeling, there being soil upon it which gave a softer, smoother surface than the stones at either side. No more thunder sounded. It had set in for a steady summer rain in right good earnest. Our position was anything but comfortable between drenching and apprehensions of danger.

"Is your pistol dry?" said Jocelyn hoarsely—"mine is wet."

I felt my revolver, and found it dripping and useless. "For gracious' sake, Jocelyn, what shall we do? We are defenceless."

Our plight had been deplorable enough before: it was now growing critical. We had both stopped, and were listening with painful intensity—we knew not why.

"Fred," said Jocelyn under his breath and clutching my arm, "don't stir, for your life. I just now put out my foot, and can find no ground. We are standing on the brink of a precipice!"

We both breathed hard, and remained as still as statues. A light flashed up from below us, and went out again abruptly. Again it shone full in our faces. I felt myself thrown violently on my back. A struggle short and fierce took place about me, something fell, striking among the trees, and I heard the word "Dios!" uttered beneath somewhere, in a trembling voice.

"Fred," shouted Jocelyn, "speak!"

"Jocelyn," I cried, "here! here!"

A hand grasped me hard: "Quick! Are you hurt? Come!"

I sprang to my feet, and hand in hand Jocelyn and I dashed down the steep hill or bluff for several minutes.

"We must take to the rocks," said Jocelyn.

After a lapse of time which neither of us took the pains to compute we paused, gasping, exhausted.

"I guess we are out of harm's way," said Jocelyn: "we can take it easier."

"Did you not throw somebody over the cliff, Jocelyn?"

"Yes," said he, coolly. "I believe that scamp Jake, but I'm not sure."

"He must be a footpad."

"Well, yes, in plain English, and a cutthroat in Spanish. I say, Fred, how about hypochondriacs' crazy brains—eh?"

Morning had dawned before we obtained refuge from the beating tempest in the cramped, rude hut of a grazier or shepherd, quite as shaggy in person as Orson. Primitive as it was, we there ate garbanzos without grumbling, dried our clothes, and slept on the bare floor all day with great gusto. Whether it was Jake of Spain who got his quietus, or one of his comrades in crime, we have no means of hearing in our retreat; but I am thankful to say that neither Jocelyn nor I seem to be any the worse for our wetting and little midnight adventure with the mountain marauders.

June 15.—We are still wandering

among the sierra ranges of Navarre, having penetrated as far as Caseda with infinite pleasure to ourselves. Park-like valleys, rich in shade and verdure, stretch beneath us for miles, watered by trickling, pebbly brooks, here called gabas, and by attenuated mountain torrents. Rocky crags wall the purple gorges into which it makes one so dizzy to peep that he is fain to let go his hold on the brink and sink down, down, down to destruction. And all this clustering beauty is canopied with the clearest of azure skies, flecked bountifully with fleecy cloud-wreaths. Plainly in this favored region only man, passionate and pinched with care and want, is pitiable in his stupor, squalor and superstition. The flora is curious and choice. We have culled many valuable specimens to take home.

June 20.—Doubling upon our tracks, we are now within a day's lazy walk of Elizondo. Tiring of purposeless sauntering, it occurred to Jocelyn to trace out Jake's venerable parent by way of diversion, and get from her a few facts relative to her worthy hopeful's career and present whereabouts. We have cleaned and loaded our revolvers, and are sanguine of being found equal to any ordinary emergency. By to-morrow we shall know something more—or nothing. This rough, roving life is certainly conducive to health and hardihood. We are both as hearty as if we were not by lot denizens of cities, and bound down daily in professional pursuits to the enervation and confinement of sedentary study.

June 23.—The reputation of Jake of Spain does not improve upon closer inspection. After a sound night's rest at the Posada de Archa at Elizondo, and capital refreshment next morning, Jocelyn and I equipped ourselves with fishing-tackle in case we should feel inclined to take a trout on the way, and set out to seek Madame Jake, senior. Nobody at the posada had ever heard of that estimable but most unfortunate female of venerable years, so we had to trust the matter to our lucky stars, which had well befriended us so far. The vale of Baztan in which the town of Elizondo

nestles and hides opens up finely to the view at this particular point, and numerous mountain-roads radiate hence, stony and steep. Troutng for a couple of hours is lively sport if the fish are willing, as they were not with us; at the end of which piscatory repulse we buckled bravely to the task of discovery with all the vim of Bow street detectives. An old woodman with a log on his head, *à la Espagnole*, hove most opportunely in sight. His answers were intelligent. There were several mothers of ninety in Israel, but none who owned a Jake that he knew of. "Jacobo? bien!" There was a young fellow of that name who belonged to a *young* woman in the hollow yonder: there was no old woman, however, but a whole hutful of nut-brown bantlings. With some wonder shadowed in our faces, well bronzed just then by the "livery of the burnished sun," Jocelyn and I made a bee-line for the "hollow yonder."

It was easily seen, but hard to climb to, for the hollow was in fact no hollow at all, but a slippery ledge high up on the hillside. We got to it at last. Some half dozen children of both sexes were tumbling about in the dirt with untamed freedom, and at the interruption of our presence one little urchin, bearing an appalling resemblance to Jake of Spain, stared up at us for an instant, and ran off frightened into the house. Directly, a rather plump, blooming woman of twenty-five, much marked from hard work and exposure to the weather, came to the door with a bold, self-possessed swagger, and eyed us keenly for several minutes. We went toward her.

"Does Jacobo the guide dwell here?"

"He is away, señoritos."

"You are his wife, and these are his children?"

"Si, señoritos."

"Where is his mother?"

"Dead, señoritos, these twenty years. Why seek you Jacobo? Want you a guide?"

"Si, señora — one for the mountains. When can we look for his return?"

"He is away now for more than a fortnight—I know not where."

"Ah!"

We consulted for a moment in English, when Jocelyn resumed the cross-questioning: "How long have you been married, señora?"

"Ten years, come next San Isidro, señoritos."

"Were you born at Elizondo?"

"No, señoritos—at Sanquesa."

"Did you know one Manuel, an inn-keeper at that place?"

"Ah, sí, señoritos. I am his only daughter."

Jocelyn and I exchanged significant glances.

"Did not Jacobo once kill a stranger there from Pamplona, out of jealousy?"

"Oh no, señorito. Jacobo is a peaceable fellow, and never harmed a soul, to my knowledge."

"Has he not been to the wars?"

"No, señorito. He is nothing but an honest mountain-guide."

"Jocelyn," said I, "there must be some mistake here. May there not be two Jacobos?"

Jocelyn pondered, and then replied: "My dear fellow, that black-eyed boy peeping around his mother's skirt is a sufficient proof that we are right. We are on the trail of the knave, but how are we to catch him?—that's the question.—Señora, we have heard much of Jacobo the guide. Will you have the kindness to run down to the inn as soon as he comes home, and let us know of his return? We want him very much, and will pay him well. Here is a peseta for the little one."

"Sí, señoritos—muchas gracias!"

When we were clear of her, Jocelyn said, "The scamp will suspect who we are, and be off again like a shot, I am afraid. But we can't sit here all night watching his lair. It won't pay."

"I wonder," said I, "if the woman surmises the sort of coin we intend to reward her worthy husband in when he turns up?"

"The fellow may be dead by this time, and poor Teresa (or Chica) there a 'widow with six small children,' according to the formulary. He had a pretty hard fall."

And so it all might be.

June 24.—But it wasn't. "Rogues and renegades are fire- and water-proof," runs the Castilian adage.

This morning, at the hour the larks regale themselves with song, a knock at our bed-room door disturbed the placid current of our dreams. Imagine our amazement when, in obedience to our crusty bidding, the redoubtable Jacobo himself, *in propria persona*, deliberately walked into the room, and gave us the top of the morning in Spanish, without the slightest show of embarrassment! Jocelyn and I, each supported upon an elbow and with mouth wide open, gazed long and stupidly at the early intruder, without uttering a word.

Jocelyn was the first to gain his presence of mind: "Will you be so obliging as to throw open that shutter, my good fellow? So! Gracias! Where were you hurt?"

"Hurt! hurt, señor?"

"Yes—when I flung you over the ledge?"

"I, señor? You must be still asleep. No ledge have I fallen over since my tender boyhood. I was a very gentle child, señores."

Even Jocelyn was staggered: "Well, you are an imp! Are you not bruised?"

"Not a bit. Why should I be, señor?"

"Tell me, if you please, as truthfully as you are able, what became of you when you gave us the slip that night among the mountains."

"Assuredly, señor. I will be as candid as a new-born donkey. You may trust me implicitly, except with a rival and enemies: there I am dangerous. You must know that when I lost you in the darkness of that storm on the poyo, I sought about for some hours, thinking you were hiding from me in jest—it would have been a likely practical joke, señores—then I slowly went back to Sumbillar to ask for you, but you had not been seen there. I even told them there that you might have fallen in with thieves. At the end of several days I started for Elizondo, with the intention of retracing my steps to Vera, in hopes of obtaining another engagement as

guide, for my integrity and honor are common topics of conversation among my friends. They all love me, señores."

"Jocelyn," said I, "what ought to be done with this rascal? Will you get up and give him a kicking, or shall I?"

Without replying, Jocelyn sat up slowly in bed, his countenance aglow with humor, and making a profound obeisance to Jake of Spain, addressed him as follows: "Señor Jacobo, your humble servant! I have met in my time a few expert diplomatists, but I think they must yield the palm of duplicity to you. You should seek service with the ingenuous Napoleon III. You have despatched a rival who never existed, slaughtered enemies by the dozen that lived and died but in your brain, and but the other day relieved the pressing exigencies of an aged mother of ninety who has been sleeping quietly in her grave for the last twenty years. In addition to these little miracles, you betrayed us, your benefactors, to your vile accomplices in cold blood, and would have robbed and, perhaps, murdered us, if we had been such cowards as you, or if I had not thrown you like carrion from the crag. However, we will refrain on your helpless family's account from handing you over to justice, and let you go about your villainy unharmed, if you will kindly explain to my friend and myself here how you contrived to escape unscathed from your fall among the rocks, for down you certainly went if I can believe my senses. Can you tell the truth for once in your bad life?"

Jake smiled, bowed low, and rolled up his eyes with mock sanctity as he made answer: "Ilustrisimos señores, the precipice over which you so angrily hurled me that dark and stormy night with murderous intent, happened, by the grace of God and our Lady, to be only about four feet and a half high, and at its base was a bed of mountain-moss, which held me as comfortably as a cushion. That is all. Adios, señores!"

"Jake," called out Jocelyn after him as he withdrew, "present my most distinguished respects to the innkeeper's daughter of Sanquesa."

"Bien, caballeros—muchas gracias!"

And the fellow sprang airily down stairs, whistling with easy insolence the merry Jota Aragonese.

June 27.—On leaving Elizondo we decided to regain France by the famous pass of Roncesvalles. Walking at a round but not too tiresome pace, we kept to the beaten road, and stopping at nightfall at a wretched halfway post-house, rose early next morning and pushed on briskly. About noon we struck the gorge whence the pass diverges, rested on a narrow knoll, lunched and read our guide-book, which we found far more reliable than a live guide such as ours had proved.

The hamlet of Roncesvalles lies in a lovely meadow carpeted by a velvet lawn and canopied by lofty forest trees—one of the finest pastoral plateaus in the world. As it broke upon us we involuntarily paused and pondered in delight. The ruined Augustan convent of our Lady of the Dale still stands as a sentry over the Virgin of Roncesvalles' beautiful valley-home.

We were glad to see that the village posada was almost opposite this forest sanctuary, and from the little window of our chamber we commanded a superb view of it, especially after the moon arose and its orange-tinted beams quivered among the broken towers and turrets. Truly it was a magic scene, such as the fancy loves to dwell upon throughout a lifetime.

The ground about Roncesvalles is classic in history. During the eighth century the emperor Charlemagne ruthlessly invaded Navarre at the front of a noble army bearing the saintly banner of the Cross, in order to drive out the caitiff followers of the Crescent from so fair a heritage. But, unfortunately, Moor and Spaniard, Mohammedan and Catholic, turban and plumed helmet flocked together with one accord under the same battle-flag, raised the stern war-cry of "Arm against the Francés!" and chose the brave Bernardo del Carpio for their common chieftain. At Roncesvalles the battle was fought with extraordinary desperation: the great

emperor of the West, after prodigies of personal prowess, was forced to withdraw; the carnage was merciless, and scores of mailed knights and their devoted henchmen were made to bite the dust in death. Both Cross and Crescent claimed the honor of victory, and Christian Charlemagne lost his best chivalry on that disastrous day.

The ballads of Bernardo are still chanted by the rustics of Navarre as they drive their flocks homeward at night, and in them the rout is ascribed wholly to the beneficent interposition of the Blessed Virgin of the Valley—a fact never doubted by any true Spanish believer. The Moors, on the contrary, attributed the exceeding happy result of

the conflict to the combined favor of Allah and Mohammed in smiling unison. Charlemagne himself, however, is reported to have stoutly maintained to the last that the scurvy business was brought about solely by the wiles of the devil, in his ecstasy at seeing the holy Cross and infidel Crescent warring side by side in the bonds of fellowship. Who shall presume, after these, to advance an opinion?

June 30.—To-day we start by donkey diligence for the nearest railroad station, tired of footing it, wiser by a month of novelty, and lighter in weight, spirits and pocket than when we set out upon our tramp.

DAVID G. ADEE.

A FRENCH GIRL.

THE first domicile in which I set foot on French soil was a *pension* in the Rue de Castiglione. Many Americans will recollect the place, for to many it has been, as to me, a first introduction to dark-paved entrance-vaults, to concierges living in a hole in the wall, to stone stairways which lead up through a house with musty, obscure passages, and dining-room and kitchen in the third story, and to Françaises skating every morning over the bed-room floors after deftly arranging bed and toilet-table. I sat in the breakfast-room a few mornings after I came, a large mirror opposite me reflecting every movement, another so arranged as to convey the reflection on into the passage, to a little box where the waiter, a round, handsome Italian, seemingly beset with a chronic wonder why Americans run round the world so much, arranged his forks and napkins. The room seemed full of eyes all around. I was chilly, felt very strange to the place, and not at all sure I had done a proper thing in coming down and ordering my breakfast alone: in short, quite uncomfortable.

Suddenly a door behind me opened, and Mademoiselle Ronselle, a large, well-made girl with a resolute little mouth, glided in: "Pardon, mademoiselle: is it that I am permitted to breakfast with you?" The little red mouth smiled sweetly as she seated herself at the long table. What a bath of pleasure and comfort she gave me at once! Her gay, unembarrassed grace was charming. I know I seemed *gauche* beside her.

In a moment a gentleman of my own party, Mr. Leonard, came in. It was a case of unmixed, direct fascination. He absolutely stared at Mademoiselle Ronselle, ordered tea instead of coffee, and, as he listened to her enthusiasm about last night's opera, actually drank the stuff. When she addressed him with, "Monsieur vient de St. Louis?" which she had gathered from our talk, he succumbed at once.

As soon as we rose he went and intrigued with the head-waiter to change his place at dinner so as to face Mademoiselle Ronselle. She was not remarkably pretty, though she had "a smile

which would have gilded the mud," and wonderful eyes, holding more passionate possibilities than one often reads in French eyes; but the quality of her nature just wrapped his in complete and instant isolation from every other. One most telling charm was her quickness of feeling and her unrestrained way of expressing it. Evidently no harsh, repressing frown had checked the spring of her spirit. Afterward I found this to be common with well-brought-up French girls. They are taught to regulate and express gracefully their impulses, but the fine charm of an open, fearless, innocent eye and lip is never brushed off. What we call self-control, which is really mere reticence, is not so present as with us.

John Leonard's was a kind of possession one reads of, but does not often see. The audacious, yellow-haired young American reveled in it.

At dinner the father and mother appeared—nice people, and Fortune having been kind to them, they had come up from the provinces for their first visit to the capital. "À présent," M. Ronselle said, "nous faisons le Dimanche tous les jours;" and then madame trod on his toe, for the phrase savored too strongly of the time when Sunday was their only "day out."

What pleasure they had! so sincere, so hearty! Mademoiselle Ronselle became a great favorite in the house, and went everywhere with us American girls.

One day we went to Malmaison. The air was crisp and sparkling as in America, the pink horse-chestnuts gleamed like an Aurora on the banks of the Seine, the pink parasols were flushing the Champs Elysées, the fountains seemed glad to be in Paris—as glad as we were. Out in the country were trim cottages with pear and cherry trees trained against the walls, a white wilderness adazzle with sunkissed blossoms, the tiny kitchen-gardens, crammed with daintily-kept vegetables, tossing up a vivid emerald-green against the whiteness—as the grass of an Alpine dell creeps up to the snow-peaks. The vermilion-tiled roofs—for the old thatch flowering with house-leeks and clematis is now unlawful—

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were of the same shade as the scarlet umbrellas which dotted the road, borne by the market-women, with their keen, patient eyes and bronzed foreheads coming out finely underneath their white caps.

We saw fields of buckwheat, reminding us of America. We heard also our American oriole, whose note I have listened for in vain among English groves all dripping with song. The river caught and caressed the sunbeams, so willing to be rocked thus. As we flew past a sudden blue of violets was flashed to us from the woods—naïve imperialists, wearing Napoleon's flower.

At Reuil we found a fête. It was perhaps one of the many fêtes of the "mois de Marie," or else the stony little village, near which is Malmaison, celebrated the day of its patron saint with the usual procession of young girls in white veils scattering flowers, children dressed as angels, priests and censer-boys. Not a soul was left in the houses, which were festooned outside and across the street from window to window with roses and azaleas. It was very pretty to roll into the midst of so gay a scene through arches of evergreen twined with flowers. It was almost as if they had expected us, and made ready with music and holiday garb.

We jumped out of the carriages. "Allons!" said Mademoiselle Leontine, slipping her arm in mine. "I make you to see everything. I explain all to you. Me, I understand this. We do like this at home in St. Savinien;" and casting a quick glance to see if Mr. Leonard was following, she mingled in the crowd, asking questions quickly, kindly, graciously. She was one with them at once. "Voici something of the prettiest!" and she directed us to one of the reposoirs erected at intervals along the street. Like all the others, it was made of white linen, with moss and evergreen twisted into pillars decorated by colored mosses in patterns, the roof formed of laurel leaves, close and shining, just like emerald scales. Inside of each was an altar with candles and bouquets, and when the procession halted at the door, as many as could

crowded in to kneel before the image of the saint who caused all this fuss.

Farther on was a tent with an exhibition such as I have never seen in any other place—a kind of tableaux or *poses plastiques*, taken by children from ten to thirteen robed in pure white, as nearly as possible like the drapery of a statue, elevated on a large revolving platform. The scenes were the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, and the sufferings of our Lord at the twelve stations on the Via Dolorosa. In this last the costumes were bright and carefully accurate. Evidently the grouping was by some artistic hand, but the children, with their fine perception and vivid intelligence, had added, I could not doubt, a subtle grace, a warmer meaning, in the droop of an eyelid or the poise of a limb. St. Veronica especially, a little maid with solemn brown eyes, holding out the handkerchief, was as reverent and enthusiastic as any Bavarian actor in the Passion-play of Ober-Ammergau. There was nothing dramatic: the effect was of groups of statues, for the children stood literally motionless.

The procession outside swept on to the church, the priests continuing to chant, the boys to wave their censers, for which a man gave them the time by opening and shutting something in the form of a book.

"Shall we go in?" we queried.

"Pourquoi pas?" said Leontine. "You should see all."

We were given the post of honor. There was a mass, and then a short address. Mademoiselle Leontine sat there, her hands folded in her lap, a complacent smile on her face, and such a pretty little air of having got up the whole thing for our entertainment: you would have said, a gracious young lady from a château near by, and these her faithful vassals.

When the festal pomp had left the church—the same where poor Josephine is buried—two little girls started up and began scattering lilies on the altar-steps, and a bride tripped up and was married. She would have been very pretty but that her head was cropped, for the peasants sell their tresses every four years;

but the veil and wreath hid the loss pretty well.

"Oh, how she is innocent! how she is sweet!" exclaimed Leontine; and while a little girl and boy, carrying small baskets, went round with true French grace to gather the usual alms for the poor, she pressed forward to offer her good wishes.

I don't know what it was, whether she crossed the path of a woman in the throng, or the woman hers—I thought the woman jostled her, and then was angry at her being there—but I saw Leontine shrink back with a shudder, and then bow and murmur something apologetic to the bitterest face I ever saw. There was malignity, a sneer, in every fibre. For a few seconds the cold, cruel eyes rested on Leontine steadily, the lip curled, and while we all shuddered simultaneously, she said distinctly, "*Au revoir, mademoiselle!*"

"Come out, Leontine," I said, rushing up. "Let us go! let us go!"

With the unsaid congratulations palsied on her lip, Leontine left the church. Out in the sparkling air throbbing to the music of "*Mourir pour la Patrie*," she laughed merrily. "Me, I am not superstitious," she said. "What have you, my friends? What have you, Mr. Leonard? It was a *mauvais cœur*—that is all."

With a little of the dash taken out of us we pursued our way to Malmaison. The roses which Josephine cultivated—especially the coquettish one named after her—laughed inside the railings, the laburnum blossoms lit the avenue with the gentle glow of their gold, the masses of rhododendron chanted of Virginia woods, but we hurried on to the house, with merely a look at the garden-seat where the empress received Napoleon's visit after the divorce.

On the threshold Mrs. Burnham turned: "I suppose there never was a more unhappy woman than Josephine when she entered here."

Leontine looked at her, and I saw she grew a little pale. One by one we walked into the shadow of that great grief not yet paled.

They showed us the rooms—dining-

room, bed-room, salon — smaller and plainer than we expected, with an abundance of polished woods, inlaid cabinets and beaufets, all exquisitely neat and homelike. At last we came to that sad piece of tapestry-work which has Josephine's needle stuck in it as she left it for the last time. We all shed tears as we stood and gazed. I stood next to Leontine. She trembled, and I heard a hollow sound come from her lips, "Deserted! deserted!" All at once she sank down on the floor beside the frame, crouched together in a heap, her head on her knees, in a passion of sobs. We were all thunderstruck. John Leonard rushed forward impetuously, and tried to raise her. But she resisted when she saw who it was: she pushed him away. Then he knelt down and passionately whispered something in her ear. I think he told his love in that moment. At any rate, she let him help her to rise and lead her to a window.

"We had better be off," said Mrs. Leonard, John's mother. "Poor Mademoiselle Ronselle is nervous. That woman frightened her in the church, and then this was too much for her."

"Vous croyez, madame?" said Leontine simply. "I never was nervous before."

We all studied Leontine after that.

"Bourgeoise!" said some of our party, and talked about tradespeople with a curl of the lip — an amusing curl when one reflected that all their drafts from home had a soap-and-candle or dry-goods basis, or perchance a note-shaving one.

Two years passed on, and over the brilliant, tossing sea of the Boulevards came a voice, "Peace! be still!" heard in the hissing of the first Prussian shell.

"Listen!" said I to Mrs. Burnham one October morning. "We have let the last detachment of Americans go through the lines, and now—"

"Yes, now our lot is cast in with this city for better or worse," replied Mrs. Burnham, assuming an elevated expression. "It has been our home: we will not desert it now."

Mrs. Burnham, most matter-of-fact of Americans, had risen to living for an idea, and she seated herself by the window with the mien of dame in beleaguered fortress. We were but three now—our original party had scattered.

At that window we sat for many weeks, feeling the slow tightening of the chain around us, our perceptions sharpened by the patient suffering we witnessed.

"What, in the name of mercy, is that?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham one morning as we heard overhead a terrific thumping and stamping and pounding, with bounds like those of a catamount. It continued at intervals through the day, and at night became frightful.

We appealed to Madame Brigau, our landlady. She came back to us a moment after: "Ah, madame! the poor gentleman above is desolated. He sends a world of apologies. It is long since he had a spark of fire, and for one week he has kept his bed so as not to freeze; but now it is that the bed-clothes are sold, mon Dieu! and he says he cannot feel him the legs; and so he take a little exercise."

And so—and so, after that, M. Monselet studied his Sanskrit Veda by our fire every evening, burying himself among the strange sounds, his lips moving like a priest's over a breviary, so as to be no check on our conversation. To our great delight, we had in the meagre, bright-eyed man the figure of the Scholar, the traditional type, springing up only in the old civilizations like this, of marvelous learning and marvelous poverty, and simple as a baby.

On New Year's Day, voilà, a spy! Four gendarmes came to take one of our fellow-boarders and his wife, so-disant Belgians, but they had fled just in time. Then we had a domiciliary visit. We also were foreigners. We must go instantly before the mayor of the arrondissement. In vain we protested ourselves Americans, showed the United States flag, and demanded that the United States consul should be sent for.

Quite a little crowd was on the stairs and in the court. I noticed a man in a red waistcoat, bareheaded, with black

curly hair, and caught the gleam of a black eye that sent me back into the room with a knowledge of what faces swarmed behind barricades not far from here eighty years ago.

"There is nothing to do but go quietly," said Mrs. Burnham, but I determined to make an effort. "Is it we," said I—"is it we you would accuse, who have worn ourselves out for the people of your quarter? We have given of our substance, we have eaten but two meals a day, to have a portion for your wives and daughters. You, Jacques," said I suddenly to one sullen-looking creature just outside the door—"you know that but for us your wife would have frozen her feet off standing in the line waiting for a meat-ticket. We have worked our fingers off to make you warm garments. Tenez!" and I ran to Mrs. Burnham's armoire and showed the coats and clothes that "Dorcas had made." "And as for wood—regard our wood-box! It is empty, wellnigh. Where is the rest? Gone to keep you warm."

"C'est vrai, c'est vrai," interrupted the landlady: "the ladies have the little blaze very mean now, and besides, the poor gentleman au quatrième, whose knees are no more knees to him, they have him down all the evenings to sit in the salon with them. Is it for a friend they give up their so delicate privacy? No, it is a poor creature who is none of their acquaintance, but he is of us, mes amis—nous autres."

"And to crown all," I continued to the sergent-de-ville, "you come for us when our protector is gone, to take us to the bureau, before the crowd, where it is not proper for ladies to go alone. We go not. Return in two hours—M. Burnham will then be here. Till then put a guard at the porte-cochère if it pleases you. We cannot escape up the chimney."

"Ah," cried a voice in the crowd, "these are no Americans. The Americans, they speak not French so well."

"I know that accent," said another: "it is German. Me, I have been in Germany; and she has the hair blonde just like the Prussians."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake be quiet!" said Mrs. Burnham to me. "I told you our best plan was to go along quietly."

"Ah bah!" cried another, "I have seen Americans who had the hair as that, on the Boulevard. I have driven them when I had a carriage."

"Va," said the first, contemptuously, "thou hast no eyes. The shade is quite other."

I should have laughed any other time at my safety turning on the shade of my hair, or rather on the correctness of eye of two *vauriens*. But I did not then.

"That we are Americans can easily be ascertained, you know," I said to the officer. "Return in two hours. And clear the house of madame of these ingrates. Put a guard at the door. We demand that."

The house was cleared, three sergents-de-ville were set pacing up and down outside. Mrs. Burnham devoted herself to making her "preparations."

She put on nearly all the clothes she could find, among the rest an enormous petticoat, down-quilted, which she had picked up in Switzerland, one or two worsted sacques, and a large quilted one over them. Her traveling-suit was of bearskin, cloak, cap and muff, and over the cap a thick red woolen hood was tied tightly under the chin, a Macpherson plaid round her shoulders, and as an extra wrap she threw over her arm a thick coarse skirt of blue serge we had made for a poor woman. She grasped a large American flag in one hand, the other, thrust through her muff, held one of the yard-long loaves our bread came in, and a huge bunch of wax flowers we were just making for a fancy fair. "It is as well to be prepared," she said. "We don't know what may happen."

Thus she stood, bolt-upright in the middle of the floor, holding tightly the unfurled American flag, when the mayor of the arrondissement was announced.

"Show him up," said she.

Frightened as I was, I laughed.

"Pardon, madame!" said the little man, panting and bowing low.

"We are quite ready to go," returned Mrs. Burnham: "you need not have

taken the trouble to come for us yourself."

"Mais madame does not comprehend."

"Excuse me, sir: I comprehend all I want to," she continued loftily. "I have nothing to say about it now: I cannot talk. I must save my strength for what may be before me. Have the goodness to lead the way, monsieur;" and she advanced to the door, waving him on before her.

"Mais, madame, permit that I explain—"

"Explanations would be supererogatory. We shall submit. Pass out, if you please;" and she bore down upon him waving the American flag, pressing him to the very threshold, where the little man capered about in perplexity. "Pass out! pass out! We are ready, as you see. Submission and patience are woman's only resources. I regret that my young friend"—here a reproachful look at me—"should have given way to her excitement before your officials, which I suppose has brought upon us this fresh ignominy."

The poor little man, in complete bewilderment, repeated her last word, "Ignominy?"

"Yes, ignominy," returned Mrs. Burnham: "we may feel it, I suppose, though—"

"Madame does not refer to the visit I have the honor to make her at present?"

"I most certainly do—a very unusual proceeding on your part, I take it, Monsieur le Maire."

"Pardon, madame—"

"Pardon! Do you ask my pardon?" and Mrs. Burnham's features relaxed into an angelic smile. "You have it, be assured. I am a sincere though humble Christian, I trust, and I shall harbor no resentment. You are only doing what you believe to be your duty, my poor monsieur. We too know our duty, and shall endeavor to perform it—in silence. Conduct us, if you please."

"Oh, madame, madame! be pleased to listen—"

"We are in your power. We make no resistance;" and Mrs. Burnham cast

up her eyes and took a fresh hold of her muff, flag and wax flowers.

M. le Maire struck his forehead with both hands, then plunged them in his pockets and stamped on the floor.

"As a sheep before her shearers—" commenced the lady.

"Dear Mrs. Burnham," I said, "there is some mistake: perhaps monsieur does not wish to take us away."

"Let him summon his minions," replied Mrs. Burnham, now wrought up to the highest pitch. "I have shown him I know what will honor a woman and the United States of America."

"The young lady has right," shrieked the mayor. "I come to apologize, to rehabilitate everything, to make it all level, and madame will not let me finish one sentence. If madame would remove her—her scarf and her—her coiffure, and relieve herself of the so heavy satchel, maybe she would understand."

It was indeed time to lead madame to a seat and relieve her of some of her wraps—not the satchel, though. "My bag—no!" she roused herself to say.

Just at this moment Mr. Burnham appeared at the door: "In the name of common sense, what's all this?"

"C'est un monsieur!" exclaimed the official in ecstasy.

All this time we heard nothing of our old companions. The Leonards had taken Leontine Ronselle to Germany with them, but we knew nothing more of them, except that we had heard Monsieur and Madame Ronselle had come to Paris and established themselves. One day I met a priest attached to St. Sulpice, which we called our parish-church. "Mon père," I said, "you come from a place of suffering, is it not so? Can I do anything?"

"I go to a place of suffering," he answered. "If mademoiselle went with me?"

He led me to a room where a girl had starved herself for her parents. Help had come that day, but too late. She was not in the first enthusiasm of youth, but a woman past thirty, and she had done it deliberately.

"Poor thing!" said Father Brefet, "it was her religion. All she had, for this poor family do not attend to their religious duties."

By the pallet, to my surprise, sat Leontine Ronselle, thin and pale. What astonished me more was that she was in the dress of an *ouvrière*, and her manner, though graceful and self-respecting, was entirely changed.

"Will you relieve mademoiselle?" said Father Brefet: "she is exhausted and the mother sleeps."

"I live *au cinquième*," whispered Leontine, "if you will ascend some time."

I sat down by the bed in bewilderment. An evening of dread and gloom began. Across the floor of the bare room fell the shadow of the jagged corner of the *Hôpital de la Pitié*, whose roof had been blown off the day before, and chambers laid bare, whence they had borne shattered bodies. I had never before been so near the woe of the city. I heard a shell pass over the house, followed its screaming track, and then bent my ear to hear it strike if it were not too distant. It was not, and I heard the thunder of the explosion, and then almost immediately a horrible confused outcry—howling—I don't know what to call it—an inarticulate medley of sounds, as if men, beasts and things inanimate were sending up a wail. It lasted perhaps five minutes, and died away slowly, very slowly, and the dolor and pain of the entire city seemed compressed in the last breath that floated past on the night wind.

Then all was still. I looked at the dying girl. Her ears were closed to all such sounds—her eyes were fixed on a crucifix. I rose and went nearer to her. I too had need to realize a protecting Presence of love. But I could not. The room, the house, the city, seemed utterly abandoned. The horror that once streamed from such a Cross when darkness was over all earth was upon me. I thought of the weird, horrible outcry I had heard, and still the figure with arms outstretched in helpless suffering seemed to mock us as it heard the infinite wail of all time, and moved not—nay, its feet were *nailed* to the cross.

Suddenly I perceived the dying woman had turned her head and was looking at me. She tried to speak, but her tongue refused its office. Her last words had been uttered when she said "*Ma mère*" half an hour before.

The curé returned. She pressed the cross to her breast. Her eyes turned to her mother, then back to him with a speaking gaze.

"Wonderful grace of God!" murmured he. "Behold how she unconsciously imitates her Saviour! As He from His cross looked on the mother that bore Him, so— It is her religion, *la pauvre fille!*"

Then he commenced the prayers for the dying. Leontine Ronselle had crept back again, and we knelt side by side and watched the laboring breath.

When all was over I went up with Leontine to her little room. It was bare, no fire, no comforts—nothing. "Nothing," did I say? Nay, a smile was there, a trusting, happy smile. It was filled, garnished, warmed, illumined. I looked and learned a new lesson, or rather a clear and sweet reading of an old one. She wept as she spoke of her father and mother, both dead of smallpox. They had lost their all before, for it was precisely this class of small capitalists on whom the war fell hardest.

"I have to work now," she said.

"It is hard," said I, remembering the gay vision of two years ago.

"No, it is not hard. I do not feel it hard," she replied, and again beamed that lovely smile.

She spoke frankly of John Leonard. He had been back in Paris, had gone and was to return. "It cannot be long now, they tell me."

The last words fell dreamily, and she evidently had flown off on the wing of anticipation. There was no need of commiseration here. We parted, promising to meet often.

Quite the worst feature of our imprisonment—I mean to us Americans—was the complete isolation from the world outside. True, Mr. Washburne got a bag of letters occasionally, but seldom any for our party. By long brooding

our spirit-perception, or whatever it was, sometimes became so vivid and penetrating that we saw, heard and felt the ongoings of those lives so dear to us. Since my return I have learned facts of correspondence which convince me of a capacity of perception (magnetic or other) in the soul for which we have no name, and to which the untried majority will give no credence. One memorable day I found in the London *Times*—oh, joy! joy!—three blessed, priceless lines for me from New York. In tears and foolish laughter I borrowed the paper and carried it home. A lady picked it up, and glancing over the touching list, said, "Don't you see all these are written cheerfully and give good news only? Nobody would write otherwise, even were it so." May God forgive that woman! She robbed the draught my parched lips had snatched of almost all its strength, certainly of all its sparkle.

"Alice, go to Mademoiselle Ronselle," said Mrs. Burnham one morning. "She must have news from some one we know—better than nothing. Between photography and pigeons, I know St. Louis people would manage to get a letter inside."

I went, but to my astonishment found Mademoiselle Ronselle gone. She had left us no clew to her whereabouts. I searched the neighborhood, all in vain.

Mrs. Burnham looked at me fixedly when I returned from my last ineffectual quest. "Do you know," she said, "I think John Leonard has been in Paris all the time of the siege? I have a fancy I saw him on the Boulevard yesterday. And if he has been here without letting Mademoiselle Ronselle know—"

Poor Leontine! She had disappeared, engulfed in the freezing, starving, suffering world of Paris.

A month after—it was the day before the armistice—I crossed the river sadly. Last May a flower-maker, a pretty, engaging woman we had known a good deal of, came to me timidly, asking, "Would I do her the honor to go to the font with her little baby?" Among its half dozen names she put mine, and I accompanied the proud and happy moth-

er as she carried the little queen to St. Sulpice on a lace-covered pillow. Today came the oldest child: "Oh, the baby! the baby!"

The innocent little thing lay on its mother's lap gasping: it was past crying. A splinter of a shell had taken off one of its legs, a piece of its cheek, and struck out one eye.

"Do you think she will live, mademoiselle?" said Annette.

Her husband started up from a bed in the corner. "I hope she will die," he said. "The woman is a fool. Do we want to have a child like that? What kind of life would she have? I hope she will die!" and he strode over to it and stood looking down on the little mangled, writhing form till large tears dropped on it.

"My husband says he knows not what," said his wife, apologetically.

"Non—it is not true. I say the thing I mean," rejoined the husband; and he shook his fist savagely in the direction of the forts. Quickly wheeling, he shook it in the opposite direction, toward the Tuileries, with an oath. "Is it that we are tossed between the two like footballs?" he asked, waving his hand back and forth with a tigerish glance.

It was almost the last shell thrown that took away that baby-life.

In that quarter I found what I had long sought. From something Annette's husband dropped, I knew their opposite neighbor could be no other than Leontine Ronselle. I was soon running up the stone staircase to her room. Was I always to be heralded to that sweet presence by suffering and death? Halfway up I saw a face thrust over the last balustrade, white, sharp and bitter, but I knew it for hers. She recognized me, for she disappeared, and I heard a garret door closed and bolted. No knocks, no calls of mine, could gain admittance. I went away, and came back to entreat, to conjure. Next day I came again. I haunted that stairway, that quarter, but I never could meet her, I never could melt her obstinate resolution.

I actually hovered around that house. I used to perform circles almost uncon-

sciously, having that for a centre. I felt Mrs. Burnham's guess to be true.

The gates were opened again now, and I almost think that had it not been for my feverish feeling about Leontine Ronselle, I should have gone out among the first. There was no rebound in any soul. We had lost heart. When we came to see how we had been betrayed and trifled with, how all our sufferings and sacrifices had been only the playing out of a farce, to reconcile us to a result foreseen and determined on—not even a heroic, desperate resistance!

About this time I met John Leonard, frank and hearty as ever. "Have you been here all the time, or have you just come?" I asked him.

"Oh I have been all through. I did not know you were here," he replied.

"None of your friends have known your whereabouts," I said.

"Yet I've been always round. I used to have gay times at the railway stations, watching the balloons start."

"Have you seen Mademoiselle Ronselle?" I asked. "She came back from Germany with you and your mother, I believe."

"I have not seen her since I left here a year ago."

He looked grave, but spoke readily.

"But I have seen her," I burst out.

He glanced up quickly and colored, but returned quietly, "Her father and mother died, and she has lost all."

"It was her misfortune, not her fault," said I.

"I never said it was," he replied, drawing himself up with hauteur.

"Do you remember," I continued, "that day, the first summer we were here, when we all went to Malmaison, and she sank down beside Josephine's tambour-frame, crying, 'Deserted! deserted!'"

"What right have you to torture me this way?" he roared, his eyes flaming, and he dashed out of the room.

Soon after this the tiger in the Parisians we had so often commented upon, hardly believing what we said, woke up. When we heard Rigault, then procureur-general to the Commune, had given a

laissez-passer to a priest, running, "Allow to pass M. —, who calls himself a servant of some one named God," we felt it a portent.

The shining May-days we spent in dread and watching. I saw men dragged to prison by armed women for refusing to fight. That sight always sent me back from the window quick. Not for worlds would I have caught the eye of one of those viragoes. Physicians say that the average human pulse has gained ten beats within the last fifty years. I wonder how many were gained last year in Paris? If, as the poet says, "we count time by heart-throbs," we lived years in the week before the twenty-eighth of May, when the Versailles troops triumphed.

The last two days we nearly starved to death, though provisions were in the next street, for we could not go out to get them, and had omitted to lay in any. When the barricade near us was carried, one of the last, and "Vive la Ligne!" echoed down the street, we all rushed out in rapture. That night we stood trembling and gazed at the south-western sky, lurid with flames which seemed to have a malign personality. The Commune had said it would die red-handed.

A day or two afterward, Annette, the mother of the baby killed by a shell, was very ill, and I had gone over to watch with her. My maid came for me at daybreak. Just then on the staircase was some confusion; a gendarme and I know not who else were there. I told her to run down and bring the *fiacre* to a side door, and while I waited I heard a heavy foot come up to the fifth *étage*, where I stood. I knew the floor above was empty, a range of garrets, and I turned and ran up and stepped inside a small one which the rays from an opposite one showed to be bare and deserted, and sat down on a box to wait for Valentine's footstep. It was long ere I heard that, but I heard something else which froze my blood with horror. Two women were in the opposite garret. One I could not see, but the profile of the other, by leaning forward, was within my view, I being in darkness, and the

wan, drear light of early morning revealing its cold, dull lines. Something about it seemed not unfamiliar. I sat quiet and listened.

"Give me your hand! embrace me!" said one voice. "You have been capable of avenging yourself—thus! You have put the fire to his house. To meet that in these days, it is refreshing!"

The other seemed to listen unwillingly, coldly, if I could judge from the tone and look with which her companion continued, "Bon! bon! give me the hand."

"She is frightened at what she has done!" murmured my trembling lips.

The talk went on, or rather the monologue of exultation: "They think to have it all their own way, these coquins—ah! Yet who would have thought it of you, mon enfant? And is it that he has escaped?"

"I don't know," said a voice that thrilled through my every nerve.

Was I awake? Had this come into my every-day life, this opening of horrid, shuddering secrets? I knew now whose was the last voice—Leontine Ronnelle's—and the remembered face was that of the woman who had frightened us all at the church in Reuil two or three years ago. Her "au revoir" had been a prophecy, then? "You have put the fire to his house." I could not doubt whose house it was.

Valentine's voice rose: "Mademoiselle! mademoiselle!" and I started down.

One day in December, John Leonard came to me, saying that the examination of two pétroleuses arrested for firing the house where he lived in the Rue Royale was to take place the next day at Versailles, and he had been summoned, in common with the other inmates.

"Do you know who one of these women is?" said he, looking at me intently.

"Yes, I know," I said shortly.

"You do? How?"

"No matter."

"How long have you known it?"

"From the day after it was done."

"Well," grimly, "I thought if some of you went down with me, there might

occur some chance of being of use to her."

We set off early in the morning. It was the same road by which we had gone to Malmaison on that well-remembered day. How different all without as well as within us! Every now and then we came to a heap of stones, a rude cross and an inscription like this: "Ici reposent les corps de 19 Français": farther on the same thing in German, over perhaps the same number of stranger hearts stilled for ever. Then a church with the steeple gone and roof blown off. On the outside of some barns fragments of last year's electoral addresses still hung. I saw a rag of the famous plébiscite of '70, and deciphered the emperor's "Frenchmen, I have given you twenty years of prosperity and glory!" How long ago all that seemed! One keen-witted farmer was philosophically illustrating the proverb, "It's an ill wind that blows no one any good," for he had put up palisades around his ruined domain, and charged half a franc for admittance to see the ravages. Photographs of the house were also sold for the benefit of sufferers, and pieces of riddled furniture and farm-implements as souvenirs. Ah! we needed no souvenirs.

We drove on past the prison of St. Pierre, where the poor girl we so yearned over had spent the last six months, to the place where the conseil de guerre was held. The room was large and well-filled. Other examinations came first, three or four precocious *gamins* of seventeen or eighteen, who had sat on the courts-martial of La Roquette prison, where the silver hairs of the saintly archbishop had been dabbled with blood; and then a number of men charged with assassination near Montmartre. These occupied much time in a sad persistence to prove their presence elsewhere, and it was growing dark when the tragedy drew near its end. It lacked nothing to make it look tragic when one of them, lifting his eyes to heaven, swore his innocence on the ashes of his father and mother, and another, a tall, pale man, stretched forth his long arms and ex-

claimed, "Je me tournerai vers cette grande figure divine et humaine, et je lui dirai, J'ai été enchaîné comme toi, martyrisé comme toi, et de toi seul j'attends la justice qui n'est pas de ce monde."

The examination of the two pétroleuses was adjourned till the next day, and the next day we were there again with nerves whose tension was pain.

We had to wait in the ante-room. Before long, John Leonard's ruddy face grew ashy, his strong frame shook like a leaf, and we really thought he would faint. We looked around for assistance. Near us sat a religieux who had been pointed out to us as a witness connected with the murder of M. Daguerry, curate of the Madeleine—a man with a fine face, and clear brown eyes looking inward with unutterable sadness, as if seeing again the scenes of the past months. To him I turned: "Would monsieur give the gentleman his arm to the window?"

"No, no, no," said Leonard. "Don't, Miss Alice! Stuff! Be quiet!"

"It is too close for mademoiselle here: I will get the window open for her," said the religieux in low, smooth tones; and under this pretext we followed him as he made way for us through the throng. He was a large, powerful man, in the dress of his order, with very flowing robes, and he stood in front of us and made a sort of screen, so that unobserved Mr. Leonard got a breath of the biting December blast.

"That will do," he said at length, and I knew he would not falter again.

We went in presently, the penetrating eye of the Dominican following us. The accused were shown to seats near us—Leontine white and wasted, but never so handsome. Every fibre of her face, every movement of her pliant form, had found and taken its function. Each was a separate voice for the soul within. She wore a loose waist of some scarlet stuff drawn slightly at the top, baring part of her shoulders and all her marble-white throat. It was exactly Charlotte Corday's costume in her portrait at the Luxembourg, and had much the effect of the blood-red tunic Mary queen

of Scots donned for execution. Leontine was quite French enough to have regarded this effect. By her side was the woman I had seen with her in the Rue Garancière. They told us she was the one who used to rush round, revolver in hand, during the courts-martial at La Roquette, threatening all who spoke for the prisoners. She did not seem to me of the lowest depravity. I think she was drunk—as all Paris was then—with excitement and horror.

"Avancez, citoyenne," said the president to Leontine. "Does monsieur recognize this woman?" to Mr. Leonard.

John did not look at Leontine, but steadily at his interrogator.

The president mistook the meaning of this, for he added hastily, "I wish to say, does monsieur recognize her as one of those on the stairs the night of the fire?"

"No," said Leonard, "I do not."

"You have seen those women, monsieur?"

"I have, and I know this was not one of them."

"Then you have never seen her before?"

John's face worked. He answered doggedly, "Monsieur, I am not acquainted with the manner of conducting examinations in this country. In mine we should say that was wandering far from the point. It wastes a deal of time. I was kept here dancing attendance all day yesterday. I don't see what difference it makes, even if I could say who I have or have not seen in this confounded place."

"But, monsieur, these women were found on your stairs," said the public prosecutor.

"Oh, the idea is to hang some one for the fire, whether the right one or not?"

"Ah—a—a—sacre! sacre!" and the whole court rose in a fume of indignation. The hubbub was deafening.

"Monsieur forgets himself," panted the prosecutor. "We are not a tribunal of the Commune, as he has perhaps seen them last May. We want only justice—we."

"For God's sake, don't irritate them!" whispered Mrs. Burnham.

Leonard swept the damp hair off his forehead: "I was wrong. I've no smooth ways—never had—and haven't learned them in this blasted city, which I wish to God I had never seen. But I ask your pardon, monsieur—I ask your pardon," bowing with true Western frankness to each member of the commission des grâces. "Can I do more?"

"C'est bien, monsieur—c'est tout bien! Think of it no more. Will you swear to your statements?"

Certainly he would, and he did swear up and down that he had seen and noted the women on the stairs the night in question, and that the prisoner was surely not one, perjuring himself over and over again.

There was a pause during some formalities. I had time to look at John Leonard's face, the perspiration standing on it in big drops, and wonder if he was capable of the only reparation in his power. Then I looked at the girl with the red chemise like Charlotte Corday's, and the desolate violet eyes, on trial for her life, and queried, Would it be accepted? I doubted. And I could see no way to make it possible.

"The name of monsieur," was the next question.

"That again, is not to the point," growled Leonard, "but I've no objection to telling you, especially since you've got it there on your paper. John Leonard, an American citizen."

A ring, one we all recognized, was produced. This was found on the prisoner. "Have you seen it before, monsieur?" John eyed it fixedly. He wanted to aver positively that his eyes had never rested on it, but he feared to get entangled in some net.

"Behold the initials of monsieur on the inside," continued the lawyer. "Is it your property?"

"It is none of my property," said John quickly. "As for the initials, they may mean Jacques Lesueur or Jacques anybody else: indeed, perhaps they stand for Jules Le Favre."

The joke was not well received. No one laughed.

"She must have stolen it from some-

body," said the judge. "It is too valuable for her. She is a thief, at all events."

"I did not steal it," said Leontine, speaking for the first time.

"Where did you get it then?"

"It was given to me."

"Yes, very probable. By whom, pray?"

Leontine hesitated a moment, looked round like a hunted animal. "By my fiancé," she firmly said.

"Where is he?"

"He is dead—to me," she answered, in a voice so hollow that it made a silence in the room.

John's eyes met hers for an instant—that was all: another second would have betrayed both. One flash of passionate adjuration on his part not to betray their acquaintance, for her own sake—her own sake: she was lost if she did. These lawyers were on the right scent now.

Leontine smiled. How strange was a smile on that hard, wild face! "Do you think it was this gentleman, monsieur?" said she boldly. "Ah, no: I have not a rich American fiancé—I, a poor ouvrière."

Slowly, scaldingly the words fell, in tones of the most cutting irony. Leonard withered before them.

Then he shot an angry glance from under his brows, and I almost thought him provoked to abandon his efforts, but no, he had good blood. He lifted his face firmly.

The matter was further complicated by Leonard's servant swearing he had seen the ring in his master's drawer the night before the fire.

All eyebrows were raised as the commission des grâces regarded Leonard.

He ground his teeth. "All the same, monsieur," he said after a second, "she did not steal it. It was her own property. I took it to have a little repair made a year ago, and omitted to return it."

"You then had acquaintance with the prisoner?"

"I never told you I had not."

"But we certainly understood—"

"I can't help what you understood. I don't speak your language very well."

"But you certainly comprehended clearly that in this case the girl must have been in your house the night of the fire."

"She may have been. I dare say many crowded in. It is not necessary for me to tell you that during those days, if a poor woman was found with a can of oil in her hand, her fate was sealed. Hundreds—I dare say innocent—were shot on suspicion. For the rest," fiercely, "it strikes me I am not the one under examination now, and anything else any of you may be itching to ask me must be reserved."

"En tout cas, she was in bad company," said the commissaire du gouvernement. "The wretch there is—I go not to soil the lips by saying what."

The *procès*, or whatever it is called, of the "wretch" was then separated from the other: she was sentenced, and then came a call for Leontine's advocate. There was some mistake. No one appeared.

There was a pause, a terrible pause, during which we could hear the clock ticking loudly.

Then the tall *religieux* glided forward and asked permission to defend the prisoner. It was granted him, and he advanced to her side. I cannot pretend to give even a shadow of his subtle elo-

quence. It was a simple appeal to the commission des grâces to recollect how often during these last weeks it had been their hard duty to condemn. Now let mercy speak!—give themselves that joy! There is uncertainty, there is confusion here—we know not—our best judgments are fallible. "I demand, messieurs, nothing less than a full, free pardon for this unfortunate girl!" and he raised over her scarlet-robed shoulders his long arm, its deep sleeve floating back like the snowy wing of the Angel of Mercy.

I doubt if he would have succeeded with any but a French court, but here, after a moment, the pardon he asked for was granted.

During the interval he had studied Leonard steadily. Apparently he had made up his mind before he turned away.

"This, for the present," he said to Leontine in slow rolling tones. "For the future—" He extended his hand. She turned and looked at him, a breathless, breathless look—indeed she seemed unable to look away. And when he noiselessly, with his sandaled feet, passed to the door, she followed him, on, on, with moveless eyes and passionless gait, till both were lost to our sight.

ALICE GRAY.

SISTERHOODS IN ENGLAND.

THE *Church Calendar* for 1872 shows between thirty and forty sisterhoods now existing in England, some of which have been established for upward of twenty years. They have a great diversity of names, some familiar and scriptural, as St. James', St. John's, St. Peter's and the Good Samaritan; others more sentimental and fanciful, as Holy Cross Home, Sisters of St. Saviour's Priory, Sisterhood of All-Hallows, Sisterhood of St. Ethelreda, St. Lucy's

Home of Charity, the Sisterhood of Compassion. The Guild of St. Alban's has no less than six branch-sisterhoods in different parts of England—St. Agnes', St. Hilda's, St. Faith's, etc. The Virgin Mary, naturally, is the favorite patroness, and there are St. Mary's Missions, St. Mary's Homes, the Mission Sisters of St. Mary the Virgin, and so on, until it becomes quite confusing. Some consist "exclusively of gentlewomen," like St. John's House and Sisterhood, London;

others are for women of all classes. There is an association called the "Parochial Mission-Women's Fund," intended "to reach the lowest classes of the population by means of the agency of women of the same station as themselves," which requires that the members "be *bona fide* of the lower class, having had some experience of poverty themselves." But this society does not style itself a sisterhood. Their objects, as set forth by themselves, are chiefly religious exercises and works of charity, the prominence given to one or the other differing greatly in the different establishments. Sometimes their duties include "sponsorship on behalf of the poor, choirs, choir-training and the formation of church-music societies;" sometimes a little ecclesiological upholstery, such as "illuminated scrolls, carved frames and brackets." St. Margaret's Convent enumerates among its institutions "the School of Ecclesiastical Embroidery," while others are merely asylums for aged women, like St. Edith's Hostel, Warwick, "founded on Lammas Day, 1865, in honor of St. Edith de Polesworth." One of them, St. Ethelreda's in London, thus describes its aim: "This sisterhood has been established for promoting the reverence due to our Lord in His Blessed Sacrament, and for works of mercy among the poor." Another, the Society of St. Joseph of Nazareth, "an offshoot of the Society of the Blessed Sacrament," publishes its objects as follows: "The adoration of the Blessed Sacrament by works of mercy—1. To outcast and friendless children, especially foundlings, in honor of the Adorable Mystery of the Sacred Manger of Bethlehem; 2. To the homeless, in honor of His outcast life and holy poverty; 3. To the fallen, in honor of His mercy in visiting us sinners in the Holy Sacrament of the Altar. The members must use every endeavor to establish Communities, found Hospitals, Refuges, Homes and Penitentiaries, and, where possible, to restore ancient Monasteries, and recover them for the use of the S. S. J.; also to recover the full observance of the ancient Holy Days of the Angli-

can Church, together with the beauty of holiness in Catholic Ritual." Miss Sellon's establishment at Plymouth, under the special auspices of the Rev. Dr. Pusey, obtained unenviable notoriety as to its aims and purposes from a trial which took place two or three years ago.

Among these numerous communities, that of Clewer has been longest established, and is universally spoken of as the most successful example of an Anglican Sisterhood: great praise is given to its hospitals and the nursing of its Sisters, even by those who do not think well of the mode of life. To Clewer, accordingly, I went, without prejudice or prepossession, and entirely unprepared for the sort of thing I found. The railway station is Windsor, and as I was inquiring the way of a porter a figure in the dress of a nun passed me, walking with the peculiar step which every one who comes to Europe soon learns to recognize as the conventual gait. I say, in general terms, "the dress of a nun," for it was black and clinging; there was a deep cape, a long veil, a white cap and a crucifix: there may have been special buttons which distinguished it from a nun's dress, but that was the effect. "There goes one of the Sisters," said the porter. I ran after her and asked her if she would show me the way to Clewer. She turned a sweet, fresh, intelligent young face upon me, and in a still sweeter voice assented. We walked along the dusty road together for about a mile: the autumn sun was shining with unusual brightness for England, but it was still early in the day, and the air was chilly. I noticed that my companion's hands—a lady's hands—were gloveless, and red and purple from cold. Windsor straggles out on one side in detached houses and cottages until it reaches the ugly and unpromising village of Clewer. Here my guide, who had been talking busily about the institution, stopped and said that there was a mission-school, if I would like to see it. It was a low, gabled building with some architectural pretension. As we turned in at the gate she was greeted eagerly by a group of children in the

street. She spoke to them by name, and asked why they were not at school: they gave their excuse, and the eldest girl, looking at her with beaming eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, Sister, won't you go and see Agnes soon? She *do* want to see you so!" The Sister smiled, blushed a little, looked down, and explained carelessly that "Agnes" was a sick child; but the little scene spoke for itself.

The school is a very well arranged building, sunny, clean and airy: the aspect of all the rooms was bright and wholesome. There are rooms for children of every age, also of every condition, for after attempting to classify them only according to years or learning, it has been found necessary to separate them according to their station in life—a troublesome and complicated division, but answering much better than the other. This does not include the first two rooms, one a mere *crèche*, where toddling things of two years old and under are kept out of mischief, nor the infant school; and naturally these comprise only children of the lower orders. Above these grades there are three distinct sets of classes, arranged according to the age, station and advancement of the pupils; and after a certain period the girls and boys are separate. All these are taught by members of the institution—I will not say by Sisters, for fear of making a mistake, as the complexity of degrees, marked by slight differences of dress, is bewildering to a stranger. Some of the children are inmates of the house, especially older girls who are being educated as governesses: some of these were taking music-lessons. Every possible advantage is given them. All the children looked clean and tidy, even those who were almost in rags—my Sister said that cleanliness is made a *sine qua non* with the parents; the rooms were all perfectly fresh and sweet; the children looked happy, the teachers very happy. Along the corridors were doors on either hand, over each of which was illuminated the name of a saint—St. Eulalia's, for instance, and others little known out of the calendar. These are dormitories, and the inmates are known

as belonging to the room of this or that saint. We next went into the chapel, which adjoins the schoolhouse, where were attempts at ecclesiological decoration in the way of modern stained glass, wood-carving and pictures, an altar duly arranged with candlesticks and flowers, the stations of the Cross hanging round the walls. My companion uttered a few sentiments, with which I was already familiar, about the necessity of outward beauty in worship, to which I did not reply by expressing my conviction that all modern attempts of this sort are as much beyond one class of worshipers as they are below another, and therefore must be failures for all.

We left the school, and went on beyond the thickly-built part of the village to where the houses stood sparsely again, and presently came in sight of a group of handsome buildings with a peculiar ecclesiastical stamp, difficult to define, but impossible to mistake. These were the hospital, for sixty patients; the home for indigent ladies, with accommodation for nine; the orphan asylum, for fifty; and the house of mercy, which will contain eighty "Penitents," besides the Sisters. The scale of the work took me altogether by surprise. In addition to these there are several branch establishments—a school, an orphanage, a mission and a house of charity in London, a house of mercy and hospital in different parts of Devonshire, a female penitentiary at Oxford, and a sanatorium and schools at Folkestone. At the hospital my gentle guide left me, and I was consigned to another Sister, a very striking person, with a remarkable expression of power and restrained will in her face. My interest in her was heightened by my knowledge that she was a fellow-countrywoman, and that, though not much above thirty, she had been placed at the head of a cholera hospital in London at the last outbreak. She showed me all over the hospital, discoursing quietly but steadily the while about the institution. I never saw so beautiful a hospital: its order and convenience reminded me of some of our military hospitals during the war. The

brightness and taste of its arrangements were like those of a special sick room: these were effected by a few flowers, engravings and gay-colored table- and bed-covers, which, without in the least detracting from the air of cleanliness—the first requisite in a sick room—went far to modify the ordinary hospital look, which is not cheerful. Kitchens, refectories, wards, offices, all wore the same neat, orderly, homelike aspect, and the halls and staircases are very handsome and of fine, large proportions. Every building of the establishment is planned with due regard to future additions. All the nurses and attendants wear the dress of the sisterhood.

We then went to the house of mercy, the mother-house of the society. Its object is to reclaim fallen women, who, after a certain residence, are successively called penitents and Magdalens—the latter only after having made a "profession" and received "consecration:" Sisters they never can become. Here, again, the utmost order and neatness reigned, and the desire for embellishment was visible in many engravings, photographs, illuminated mottoes and monograms, which were all of a religious character, and scarcely softened the monastic simplicity and severity of the household arrangements. The kitchen, laundries, refectories, dormitories and private apartments of the Sisters—which are separate from those of their unfortunate inmates—were samples of system and order. The chapel is very rich: they have succeeded in producing an illusory effect of the real thing: it is a complete specimen, too, of the extreme complexity which pervades the whole establishment. There is a seat for the Mother Superior, higher than the rest; there are separate places for the postulants, the novices, the full Sisters, the penitents, the Magdalens; a gallery, almost closed, for strangers, and another closely latticed, for—most sad to say—*lady penitents*, women of good position, often, alas! clergymen's daughters, who are mercifully allowed a greater share of seclusion when they seek refuge and a place for repentance here. It is impossible to describe how deeply and

painfully it affected me to think of my two companions, both young, unmarried women—one as pure as new-fallen snow—the other more like stainless marble—coming in contact with the misery of sin in such a form. Doubtless there is something poetical in the idea of these spotless spirits ministering to the fallen ones, but inasmuch as they are not angels, but mortals, it seems more fit that women who have necessarily more knowledge of life should have to deal with its darker realities.

I had no time to visit the orphanage or the home for invalid ladies, but from their external aspect there could be no doubt that the same order, propriety, taste and wonderful administrative power were paramount there. Among the branch institutions are schools for training girls for service; missions for district-visiting among the poor and sick; convalescent homes for needy women of good character who require rest and change of air; boarding-schools for young ladies; a *night-school for tramps* in the worst part of Windsor.

"How do you approach such people?" I exclaimed. "How can you hope to get the smallest hold upon them?"

"I hardly know," was the reply: "they come to the school the night or two that they stop in the place, they seem pleased that we feel interest enough in them to try and collect them, and they often leave their children with us when they go off." Verily this is spiritual bread cast upon the waters.

The sisterhood is that of St. John the Baptist. There are two orders of Sisters, the first order consisting of two classes: the postulancy lasts six months, the novitiate two years for the first class, four years for the second class, after which the member is in full fellowship and called a Confirmed Sister. The second order consists of those unable to live entirely in the community: while doing so they are subject to the same rules as the other Sisters: when in their own homes they are merely expected, as far as possible, to conform their dress and mode of life to their special profession. There are also Sisters Associate

—single women not belonging to the community, or members of either of the other orders, who devote themselves to live by the same rule as far as possible. Besides these are the Associates—ladies living in their own homes and aiding the sisterhood by prayer, collecting alms, finding places for the penitents and girls of the industrial schools, etc. No one is admitted as a Sister unless a member of the Church of England, or, if under thirty, without the consent of her parents. Each Sister who is able is expected to contribute at least fifty pounds (two hundred and fifty dollars) per annum toward the maintenance of the house. The vows are taken for life—obedience, poverty and chastity. They are scrupulous to spend as little money as possible: they travel third-class, and never call a hackney-coach when it can be avoided. This, no doubt, was also the secret of the ungloved hands on the cold morning. Their obedience is implicit and unquestioning. Although generally assigned to the work for which they have been found most fit—teaching, nursing, visiting the poor, influencing the penitents, or exercising any special talent for the use of the community—they may be sent anywhither without a moment's warning by the Mother Superior, and without any idea when they may be recalled.

The Sisters have entire freedom to correspond with, and receive visits from, their friends. There are also vacations—more properly leaves of absence—at stated times, and for a stated length of time, when they may go to them.

The rules for the penitents differ, of course, from those for the Sisters. Their probation I believe, varies according to the individual case: afterward they make the vows of poverty, obedience and mortification, and are "consecrated" as Magdalens.

Many hours passed insensibly while I was going over these different houses, and it was late in the afternoon when I drove away across Windsor Forest. Three things had struck me especially in my visit to Clewer, and after several months they are still uppermost in my

recollections. First, the noble scale and ambition of the enterprise, which strives to compass every form of charity, to lessen every shape of sin and suffering, to fill every gap in the social system as regards the needy. How far its efficiency answers to its endeavor I have been unable to ascertain: I can find no statistics sufficient to enable me to form even a conjecture, and private opinion is divided. The religious life, and not charity, is the first object of the community. Thus, the Sisters profess to minister primarily to the soul, all other aid, mental or material, being a subordinate part of their work, and all their spiritual ministry has but one channel, "the Church," as they proudly call her *par excellence*: they admit no other means of conveying spiritual succor save those which she provides, and as interpreted by modern ritualistic teaching. Every reader knows what the effect of this would be in America: how far it ties their hands and neutralizes their efforts in the native country of Anglicanism I cannot tell.

Secondly, the centralization which is observable throughout, even in the economy of the branch establishments in various parts of the country. An excessive intricacy of detail and tendency to elaboration and minutiae in all the technical arrangements—an indefinite multiplication of trivial distinctions—produce one of the most complex systems imaginable, both in theory and practice: at the same time the indications of a sole ruling mind, at once administrative and executive, the stamp of one controlling individuality, are so apparent that I asked whether there had ever been any Mother Superior before the present one. There has not: the sisterhood as it exists is her creation down to the smallest button: her hands hold the innumerable threads of every subdivision of the work, her eye follows every motion of the machine in its remotest ramifications. She must be a woman of extraordinary ability, fit to be, as she is, the head of a hierarchy; but will the scheme survive the person who has given it birth and breathes life into it at every step of the way? Is there not the inherent fatal

defect of all centralization in an institution which is animated by the pulse of a single individual?

The third and most profound impression made upon me by Clewer was its Romanizing tendency. Converting the places of worship of the established Church of a Protestant country into Popish chapels, turning one's living rooms into dilettante oratories, adopting names, titles, costumes and modes of life which, whether or not originally distinctive of Roman Catholicism, have become so by immemorial usage, the mystic ring of plain gold worn by the Sisters, the habitually lowered eyes, the gestures and genuflexions, the bobbings and duckings, may be puerile and absurd enough in themselves, and innocent perhaps in single cases, but when a community of grown women set themselves to play at being Papists the thing assumes a serious character. The affinity goes much deeper. The dropping the surname and adoption of that of some saint, with the title of Sister, is merely an expression of the renunciation of individuality, the laying down of personal responsibility, independence, free-will and private judgment, which is characteristic of the whole system. Intellectual occupation is forsworn: the Sisters say that they have no need of it—that that part of their nature seems to have fallen off, and has ceased to be felt. The moral attitude they assume is that of children, the position of the Mother Superior one of arbitrary authority, such as very few parents at the present day arrogate to themselves. Even their asceticism is done by rule; their prayer, their meditation, their daily period of silence—an excellent feature in itself—are all regulated for them. Even the spiritual nature, the one part of themselves which they profess to cherish, they put into bonds. The stifling effect of all this oppressed me momentarily more and more as I looked and listened and perceived the results. As I drove through the ferny glades of Windsor Forest, and saw the happy, irrational creatures, the dappled deer, the brown hares, the nimble squirrels, frisking in the sunlight which

slanted in broad bands between the great arcades of rugged oaks and beeches, I drew long breaths of the fresh October air with the instinctive sense of relief and escape which comes after the contemplation of voluntary slavery and captivity. I asked myself then, and have done so many times since, whether the injury which such a life must do to those who lead it does not outweigh any good that their teaching, nursing and visiting may do to others, and whether the harm of an institution based on such principles is not far more active than its usefulness. I have no intention of discussing the good and evil of a conventual life, but whatever may be said for or against it may be said of Clewer. Auricular confession and penance hold a large place in the scheme. The rule for the internal government of the Sisters I did not see, but there is a series of manuals for their spiritual instruction by the Rev. T. T. Carter, rector of Clewer, warden of the institution and coadjutor of the Mother Superior, which contain the following passages, among innumerable others of a similar tendency: Repentance and amendment of life "are the truest means of making satisfaction to the Church" for past sins. "This spirit of satisfaction will also make us severe and strict with ourselves, resolute in keeping under our body, and bringing it into subjection by fasting, mortification and self-denial. It will dispose us to be lavish in our alms-deeds and unwearied in self-denying acts of charity, in order that we may, in some degree, by such tokens of our love, *make reparation* to our gracious and merciful God." Contrition "makes us long to take a holy revenge upon ourselves." In an explanation of the Ten Commandments we are told that the first forbids "going to other places of worship besides the Church which He has ordained"—that the fourth forbids "neglect of the Holy Days of the Church." There are "prayers pleading the Seven Effusions of the Precious Blood of Jesus against the Seven Deadly Sins," and "prayers pleading the Five Sorrowful Mysteries of our Lord's Passion." Elsewhere we are told: "Devout

communicants become, as they feed upon the Body of their Lord, 'bone of His Bone and flesh of His Flesh'—an indissoluble union!"

These extracts are taken almost at random from two of the manuals: to give a full account of the whole six would be to enter into an analysis of the theology of Clewer, while my purpose is only to illustrate what I have said about the Romanizing influence which prevails there.

There is an attempt on foot to encourage an association of a less conventual character, called Deaconesses. The archbishop of Canterbury and the bishops of London, Ely, Chester, Salisbury, Peterborough, and Bath and Wells give it the sanction and approbation of their names, and the dean of Chester, the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, is its champion, or, as we are fond of saying, "exponent." The objects are stated to be: "The revival of the Primitive Order of Deaconesses, and the training of women for authorized parochial work—*e. g.*, nursing, visiting, teaching, managing charitable agencies, etc." There are institutions in London, Salisbury, Chester, Ely, Bedford and Liverpool. The peculiar position of a deaconess is described thus: "She differs from the Sister precisely as the parish clergyman does from the monk or friar. She is bound by no rule; she does not necessarily live in a community; she has taken no vow of obedience to a special Superior of her own, but is simply subject to the control of her bishop, and under the orders of the incumbent of the parish in which she is placed." In September, 1871, a conference was held for the purpose of giving some shape and system to the order of Deaconesses, and a set of definitions and rules was drawn up, which has been signed by the dean of Chester and five of the above-mentioned bishops. The rules demand that no one be admitted as a member without previous training, technical and religious; that a simple yet distinctive dress be adopted; that members shall not drop or change their names, but merely add the title of Deaconess; that members shall

be paid, but only what is enough for their bare maintenance. There have been deaconesses *de facto* working on these principles for some years past in the Church of England, but it is only now that an attempt is being made to formularize the undertaking. The system seems to combine many advantages—personal freedom with official subordination to authority—individual effort in associated work. But as yet it is only in the condition of an enterprise, and is general and indefinite in its terms.

My object has been to give facts, not to comment upon them: every reader will judge them according to his or her own bias. On the whole, the review of sisterhoods as they exist in England is far from satisfactory. The fanciful names, the extravagant observances, the ultra ideas openly professed by most of them, of which the few short extracts given at the beginning of this article are fair examples, show that the tendency is in one direction, and that is backward. They are laboring to reproduce a state of things of which it has long been the consistent effort of England to rid itself, as it has done in some measure, and is struggling—yes, struggling for its life—to do altogether. The name of Protestant they disclaim. Their first object is not charity, but devotion, and devotion kept alive by external aids in the performance of infinite and infinitesimal minutiae. In fact, strip the whole scheme of its externals, and far the greater number of English sisterhoods must perish instantly. Even if the dress of all orders were the homely cotton gown and housewifely cap and apron of Kaiserwerth, I fear that there would be far fewer candidates.

Yet I cannot accept Miss Stephens's book upon this subject as final. She appears to consider sisterhoods exclusively as they are, not as they might be. She wholly overlooks what is technically called "vocation"—a positive and predominant element in some characters; and, as a friend well remarked, she undervalues the force of religion as a motive in works of charity, forgetting our warrant for giving even a cup of cold water in Christ's name. And there

is another feature, which to some may seem only a sort of spiritual self-indulgence, but which others will recognize as one of the deepest and most imperative needs of our nature—the necessity for occasional withdrawal from the jar and clash of the world to refresh our souls by solitude and meditation, by retirement and repose; opportunities to look within and above such as ordinary life does not afford, for the soul cannot be attuned to a different key and brought into accord with higher harmonies in a moment; and what ordinary existence, with its incessant demands, gives us more than scattered moments? There is a provision in the Roman Catholic Church for this need in the practice call-

ed Retreat, and sisterhoods should afford the same occasional refuge for a weary soul. The difficulty would always be the tyranny of creed: it would be no easy matter to make room for free religious thought, however private, in a form of life where one set of religious opinions is asserted and acknowledged as supreme. I do not believe that any now existing in Europe fulfills the manifold requirements of such a community: my mind still goes back to the quaint and quiet *Béguinage* of Ghent as the best framework. There cannot be a doubt that in some form or other the desire of so many pious souls will take permanent shape.

SARAH B. WISTER.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

II.—MR. HENRY C. GIBSON'S GALLERY.

THREE tiny marble rooms from Pompeii seem to have been dipped into the sea, like Gulliver's casket, and to have floated to a bed of roses and anchored. That is the impression made by Mr. Gibson's little suit of cabinets. The sky shines through the ceilings, as it does into the House of Pansa or the House of the Faun. The figures that cover the walls are many of them riant and erotic. To get the full effect, the exploration should be made by full moonlight, in utter solitude. In such circumstances the robe of a goddess fluttering on the wall or the gray silhouette of a statue clearly pertains to some villa at Baïæ, or Parthenope, or Pompeii, or Capri. To help the illusion, there steals through the quadrangle the captivating odor of warm conservatory earth: excavations in such a precinct, one feels, should turn up a bronze Lar, or a mosaic. Through a low doorway, stooping as they enter, come the flower-scents, leaving their velvet homes to accost the

paintings and the busts. There is a perspective of rose-banks, a surrounding of color and form, a cold pale inlaid floor. Enormous sea-shells swing to and fro, holding air-plants, or flowering creepers that fill their labyrinths with perfume instead of murmur. If there were a window—but there is none—Fancy would like to sketch in, under the moon, the Bay of Naples and the gray cap and plume of Vesuvius.

Our business, however, is with the more rigid daylight view.

"Please Jove, I will never have more than a hundred paintings." Such is the anchorite vow of the owner of this gallery. But men hardly ever realize an ideal, and Mr. Gibson occasionally finds himself compelled by fate or a sudden appetite to admit a new five- or ten-thousand-dollar picture, without casting away an old one. His visitors, if they are human, usually march straight up to the "Venus," painted by Cabanel: she occupies a little pavilion against the

innermost wall, the draperies of which pavilion are dispersed around her figure—altogether centrifugally—with a slight air of mockery. This is a replica of the painting of 1863, sold to Mr. Gibson in the great Derby sale of winter before last: it is said to have belonged to Eugénie, who is probably better off without it. The "Venus" is surely very beautiful, with a completely uncelestial beauty, and with that absence of soul which evades responsibility. Granting that it is the divinity of an essentially trivial man—a painter who has more of Ovid in him than of Hesiod—the goddess has a kind of foolish, fond perfection about her. She lies arched on the wave from which she is just born, her whole boneless body twisting on it and her limbs embracing each other; one nonsensical little great toe of her curls up the reverse way, a rose petal—to be kissed, maybe; she is bedded on her warm hair, which floats, the color of honey, on the Mediterranean blue; the foam creams up, to pillow her head, into impromptu tufts and roses; she peeps from under one elbow; five little Desires, blowing conchs or catching each other's hands, link and dissolve and form again among the light clouds of the sky—the foam of the atmosphere; on the horizon an island profile, which should be Cythera, but is Capri. All this, of course, is no way to represent the divine principle of Love, but the French court-painter's "Venus" is a mischief that will never mend, and the picture laughs in the face of those who would try it by the great grave principles of Greek religious art. In tone it is shadowlessly gay: it seems to throw a light around the place, and to be modeled in excesses of brightness rather than in shades. Unashamed, alluring, and conscious of a very narrow sphere of influence, this Venus seems born to be called a baggage by our Sir Roger de Coverleys, and to go off with a piece of money.

Capri, and Capri again! The lights of Capri gleam from the distance of this pretty little folly by the painter Hamon, hung alongside. Two girls are flying, fathoms above the sea, their drapery

stretched out horizontally with the force of their motion, and their eyes staring like those of somnambules. Who is their Mab, the captain of their dream? Why, it is Dan Cupid, who has leaped right upon their shoulders, a foot on each, and is lashing them inexorably with the cord of his bow. Granting to Hamon the faculty of devising these epigrams very neatly, and of knowing just enough of the human figure to draw his pulpy puppets without absolute disgrace, we confess to a wish that he would generally confine his work to the fans which he decorated so well: what would seem charming on a semicircle of vellum in a lady's fingers seems to empty itself into nonsense when heavily framed and hung among the works of artists whose pencils are of the male sex.

In close contrast hangs a small morsel of the boudoir art of the First Empire, "Psyché enlevée," by Prudhon; the old-young torso, the drawing-room smile, the attitude with a grimace in every finger and toe—making rather hard lines for the moth-winged beings who are charged with the portage of so much wriggling grace—form a composition which Récamier and Marie Louise may have admired, but which now has some of the weediness of a last year's bonnet.

French art since Prudhon painted has been chastened to a sincerity, an anxious quest of the central channel and axis of the ideal, which—to us, at least, of to-day—seems much nearer true classicism. One can only be of his own century, and the critics of the future will doubtless discover in us affectations which we do not suspect; but, to the best sense we can attain, paintings like the "Décadence" of Couture in the Luxembourg, and statues like the "Infancy of Bacchus," by Perraud, also in the Luxembourg, come nearer to the modesty of Nature and the directness of passion than the older works to be found in the Hall of the Seven Chimneys in the Louvre, where the naked, frog-like antique heroes of Lebrun and Prudhon are assembled in what Thackeray punningly called a green old age. Mr. Gibson's gallery is not without works which

we would cite as proofs of the earnestness we mean. Over one of the doorways, for instance, rises a simple head, by Couture, which does not seem to us at all trivial or ephemeral, but rather painted to last, like a portrait by Dürer or Vandyke. Such lines as Shakespeare's: "A vision of a crowned head rises," or Shelley's: "Chatterton rose pale," seem to toll into the mind as the eye contemplates this simple bust. What young Roman or Florentine is he, whose countenance seems to bring into our presence at once the air of courts and the austerity of cloisters? We are interested, but we shall never know him, for he is only a painter's ideal; but the narrow, prominent forehead, the long bare neck, like a woman's or like Raphael's, the fastidious nostril, the eye crowded with shadows and dark reserves, and the forest of brown-black hair, make up one of those personalities which the memory cannot get rid of. He seems like the spectre of some long race, ever refining upon itself, and attenuated to a phantom by its own teasing purity and pride: the portrait might have hung in the House of Usher. In the painting of it there is the same grave sincerity as in the conception: it has limpid coloring in the shadow, firm but soft modeling, and the sense of quality everywhere. Here is a painter bringing to his work the directness, the narrowness, the singleness of aim which make him brother to Rembrandt, to Tintoretto. Couture has never traveled, he is almost illiterate, and he is a genius. Such predecessors in art as the Louvre enshrines he is conversant with, but he is no haunter of museums, no sketcher in distant countries: he is a man whom our age of pedantic scholarship has touched as little as may be, and this head alone is perhaps enough to prove that he paints with much of the innocence of the grand centuries.

Or, if we prefer something with more of the grit and fracture of the live earth-clod, we can go to Jules Breton. He is one who comprehends the immense poetry, and who has been darkened with the immense dumb sorrow, of the fields. He pronounces this poetry not at all in

the old French style of (it is a shame even to defend him from it) supposititious pastorals, garlands and shepherds' pipes. But he sees in the life of clowns their narrowed opportunities, and is penetrated with pity even during their awkward snatches of hard-won merriment. As the rustic pageant of the Host winds through the yellow cornfields, this Breton, who probably has but slender belief in transubstantiation, is struck to the soul with the tender trust of the hard-fisted spectators, who lift up their bent backs to view the solemnity, and absorb an instant's share of the ideal into their stony minds. Why should immortal intelligences be cast into such circumstances? he asks and makes us ask, until, in the presence of the rural congregation, we seem like thieves, with our apparatus of libraries, education, music, art and travel. His peasant-women repose after the day's harvesting, each a female Hercules, able to carry her sheaf with the grace of a caryatid; and they seem, as they linger or stretch their large muscles, to stand upon the brick-fields of their Babylon, faintly conscious of some happier heritage, to which, in right of their sex, they should return. The French farm-lands, with their simplicity, patient cultivation, humble ambition and moral purity, are full of the atmosphere of the pastoral, and there are interpreters, like Breton and Millet, who know it. Strange that this rarest of *motivi* has not got into literature; but French art is much more radical and penetrating, much less a thing of sophistication and of cities, than French letters.

By Breton, Mr. Gibson possesses a picture of two figures, the largest, and we believe the best, in this country. In prose, two women are gathering potatoes. In poetry and truth, a pair of Titanesses, who have battled with the earth, are stripping the dark Amazon of her scanty trophy. They stand into the sky like Druid towers, and around them stretch the immeasurable Landes; their thick frocks fall upon them like the hammered drapery of iron statues; their muscular faces are composed by the unmitigable monotony of their toil into

proud granite masks; and their huge arms, under their thickened, leathery skin, are the arms of the gladiator. What but the magic of genius could transform subjects so obstinately simple into figures of art, and make you *feel* the art beyond the subject? But so it is, and the canvas seems like a Hymn of Labor, with the burden devil-changed into a curse. The picture aches with wasted power. Dürer, as we know, has drawn a figure that has puzzled the world—a woman brooding amid all the appliances of art and labor, sullen in the very centre of improvement, and mocked by a Bat that flies away into the sunrise with "melancholy" written on its wings. Our later poet paints these women in their shipwreck of opportunity, bereft of everything that nurses womanhood into grace; and, weaving its circles in their solitary twilight, we seem to see *their* familiar, and the word upon its wings is "melancholy," too.

Another grave and virile painter, yet with something in the quality of his mind that approaches clumsiness, is Gustave Brion, here represented by a scene of a burning village. There is nothing agreeable, though plenty of the powerful, in this composition. Savagely fine is the young mother who has run out first, and who carries at the head of the fugitives her two children—one in her elbow, the other, who has saved its little windmill, in a fish-basket on her head. The man who bears the girl with a bandaged foot, the old mother in the cart, the light snow and the background of ruddy and sooty distance, are all ably painted, but without much of that indispensable in the fine arts—charm. This picture, though by a man who has done superb things, repeats one of those narrative subjects which have accumulated to nausea in the Düsseldorf school, and does not distinctly rise above the Düsseldorf manner in the painting.

An excellent, flattering example of Kaulbach permits us to set this master's art in vivid contrast with that of similar reputation from France. His subject is an allegorical female figure nursing four children; it was catalogued in the Derby

sale as "Maternal Affection"—a title which would indicate that the personage was mother of triplets at least—and sold as such to Mr. Gibson: it is, of course, a "Charity." It is by a man of philosophy and genius, who, as we all know, has the imaginative ability to think out grand compositions, crowded with the most ingenious, suggestive and explanatory incidents, and moving to an intellectual result as regularly as a classic drama. The question is, Is he a painter?—can he paint? And the answer is at least doubtful. Here are chalky highlights, thoroughly conventional forms, drawing that has neither the life-look of the model nor the transcendental purity of the antique, and old-fashioned, conventional action. The female head has that strange type so common with Kaulbach, and so purposeless and puzzling. We can only describe it by saying that the whole *muzzle* of the face, so to speak, has been seized by the fingers and drawn away forward, leaving the forehead upright, but too far back, the nose elongated, the mouth large and prominent. It may be a tribute to a favorite model, or it may have been evolved after much mathematical measurement and study of phrenology—a calculated Frankenstein of a face; but we have seen it imposed on so many Werthers, Fausts and Young Goethes as the face of a lovely woman that the monotony of the assumption has tired us.

We have thus far reviewed painters who have been inventors and thinkers and creators. It is a question whether, as artists, they were any the better for it. There is Alfred Stevens, for an instance on the other side, who has never thought out a dramatic situation in his life. He dresses a model in certain colors, puts a vase near by on a table, and copies what he sees in a picture that is a chef d'œuvre. Here is a plain woman in a velvet jacket edged with sable—harp, music, flowers, a rose at her foot—and it seems as if nothing could be finer: it is to be noticed, for instance, that the glitter of changeable silk is perfectly hit off in her skirt; this effect depends, in nature, upon depolarization, the two eyes receiving im-

ages of different colors at once, with a result only to be imitated, one would think, in the stereoscope; yet here is this magian of a painter making us see, or declare we see, all the *shake* of the changeable surface in a piece of coloring which may be perfectly viewed with one eye alone. Again, for powerful painting that is mere model painting, go to Tissot for his "Girl Reading." Her only merit is, perhaps, that she is utterly well understood and seems to be alive. She is the girl in the next street, the girl you were introduced to last evening. She is decidedly ugly, with her bull-dog sallow face, and she is absorbing the *Figaro* newspaper in a gormandizing, unlady-like manner. But she lives there where the painter has set her—lives to the tips of those long, intelligent fingers enclosing the lower part of her face like the basket-hilt of a sword. Or for something still less elevated, yet true to Nature, pass to the "Girl Deciphering the Seal," by Toulmouche. If you think a muddy skin and a bombazine dress cannot be coquettish, look at this grudging girl with some other girl's letter, who curls her body backward over the table against which she leans, catching her weight on a hand that is covered with rings, for she has many, poor worm! Or again, if the millinery of art may arrest us a little longer—it arrested Veronese and Titian, in their day, a good while—take a study of the different ways of painting white satin in the pictures here present by Baugniet and Florent Willems.

Again, for vivacity and a kind of boyish thoughtlessness and *verve*, who can tire of Vibert and Zamacois? The surfaces of things are by these artists so nimbly painted that we forget, in their spell, that there is any graver way of looking at life. The specimen of Vibert is long since celebrated, and will remain as satisfactory as anything from his hand in the country. It is the "Roll-call after the Pillage." Loaded with booty, drunk, holding each other up, swaggering, the men-at-arms form into a zigzag line in front of the captain: one, with liquor in each hand, staggers out from the Golden

Lion inn, whose tap-boy lies on the ground, dead or stunned. The foremost volunteer is a graceless and superb Don Cesar de Bazan, who has taken a prisoner—the prisoner being a magnificent white goose, for whom the lad's sabretache is the gallows. The humors of an incident, the superficies of a situation, could hardly be better displayed. The example of Zamacois is less choice, the incident being low, and the color a little too glittering—too much picked out, *un peu précieux*. An old chamberlain, whose wife must be the favorite soubrette of the establishment, is seized with misgivings in his prophetic soul as he approaches a pair of ornamented ox-horns on a chimney-piece: this is painted, however, with the rich, begemmed manner of the artist's *début*, and will hold a fair place among the limited treasures left by him at his early death.

Mr. Gibson's specimen of Gérôme is one of his cynical and cruel pictures—one of his most depressing examples of "showing up" some distant country where we hoped there was some romance left, and proving by a piece of literal transcription how vile and mean is the actuality. It is a Spanish arena, with excruciating, almost perpendicular, seats; a prosaic audience of sombreros, toques and yellow feminine veils; a villainous picador, without a shade of gallantry, with mean black eyes and broad jaws; an ugly gray horse, lame in the near foreleg; a sorrel lies dead on the sand, which is elsewhere decorated with obscure reddish blots; another embroidered bull-fighter, his legs in buckram armor, awaits the opening of the gate where the victim will appear. If there is a sermon, as some say, in the bare revelation of truth, then this revolting portrayal of the ugliness and prose of the bull-fight may do a little good, and relieve M. Gérôme's artistic soul of certain sins of seduction that now lie with some weight upon it.

In the "Halt in the Desert," M. Fromentin, in his elegant, porcelain painting style, shows several excited sheikhs interrogating each other and making a vast bustle to little purpose, after the manner

of Oriental confabulators. Schreyer, in "The Retreat," shows an Arab on a black horse, who has tied the riderless gray of some friend to his own steed: thus embarrassed, he vanishes pell-mell into a cloud of white bournouses that swarm up a low, scrubby hillside, turning, as he rides away, for a Parthian shot.

If we stand so as to get into view at once Rosa Bonheur's group of long-haired sheep, the large sheep by Schenck of Écouen, and Auguste Bonheur's cattle-picture, we shall appreciate the vast superiority of the last-named painter to both his sister and his elder rival. Schenck's flock is quite conventional, and seems to stuff up all the neighborhood. Mademoiselle Bonheur's has the blotted manner of English water-color, with the English occasional dab of hard, uncompromising white. But Auguste's cattle, how perfect they are! The red-and-white cow that drinks stands out sculpturally in the frank clear afternoon light, just yellowing enough to gild a little the white portions of its hide: it is a piece of sculpture in oils, modeled with the precision and solidity of bronze. A dark cow has lifted her head toward the herd, shaking her ear, whose shadow plays over her neck of silk. They stand in a river peacefully brimmed with high tide against a background of low hill-forms. Another painter, Troyon, gives us a black-and-white cow in a landscape too small to show his resources of scenic effect. This master, who took up animal-painting comparatively late in his career, because his landscapes were not successful to his wish, remained a landscape-painter to the close, valuing his animals principally for their relief and

contrast—incidents in his paradise, not sharers of his love. His black ox throws back his distance; his red cow contradicts his meadow: such are their functions; they are not studied as individuals, with the love of the true animalist.

A truly admirable picture by Baron Henry Leys must close our mention of the figure-pictures, and precede our enumeration of a very few of the well-chosen landscapes, in the Gibson gallery. It is a lady in white satin giving a message to a page, the two figures set like jewels in a dim, mirrored interior. It is completely different from most pictures by Leys, his voluntary crudeness being here replaced by all the distracting softness and tenderness of Rembrandt. The atmosphere here is full of air, distance and mystery, and the picture, if it does not blacken from its already dark present standard, may one day perplex the critics as a picture in which Van Ryhn himself, with all his own witchcraft of shadow, combined the silvery elegance of Terburg.

A powerful scene by E. Isabey, with duelists in a gloomy mood, we notice only to mention. The landscapes we could select for the highest praise are a lovely, fading St. Martin's summer scene by Corot, a windstorm by Oswald Achenbach, a coast-scene (under glass) by Andreas Achenbach, and a fine Swiss valley by Calame.

With which insufficient notice we leave the charming and happy little chain of Pompeian galleries belonging to Mr. Gibson. Could an old Pompeian visit them, he would brush past the landscapes and the *genre* pictures, and close himself in devoutly with the curtains of Cabanel's "Venus." E. S.

ARNOLD AT STILLWATER.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1777.

AH! you mistake me, comrades, to think that my heart is steel,
 Cased in a cold endurance, nor pleasure nor pain to feel:
 Cold as I am in my manner, yet over these cheeks so seared
 Tear-drops have fallen in torrents, thrice since my chin grew beard.

Thrice since my chin was bearded I suffered the tears to fall:
 Benedict Arnold, the traitor! he was the cause of them all.
 Once, when he carried Stillwater, proud of his valor, I cried:
 Then with my rage at his treason—with pity when André died.

Benedict Arnold, the traitor, sank deep in the pit of shame,
 Bartered for vengeance his honor, blackened for profit his fame;
 Yet never a gallanter soldier, whatever his after-crime,
 Fought on the red field of honor than he in his early time.

Ah! I remember Stillwater, as it were yesterday:
 Then first I shouldered a firelock, and set out the foemen to slay.
 The country was up all around us, racing and chasing Burgoyne,
 And I had gone out with my neighbors, Gates and his forces to join.

Marched we with Poor and with Learned, ready and eager to fight;
 There stood the foemen before us, cannon and men on the height:
 Onward we trod with no shouting, forbidden to fire till the word;
 As silent their long line of scarlet—not one of them whispered or stirred.

Suddenly then from among them smoke rose and spread on the breeze;
 Grapeshot flew over us sharply, cutting the limbs from the trees;
 But onward we pressed till the order of Cilley fell full on the ear:
 Then we leveled our pieces and fired them, and rushed up the slope with a cheer

Fiercely we charged on their centre, and beat back the stout grenadiers,
 And wounded the brave Major Ackland, and grappled the swart cannoniers:
 Five times we captured their cannons, and five times they took them again;
 But the sixth time we had them we kept them, and with them a share of their men.

Our colonel who led us dismounted, high on a cannon he sprang—
 Over the noise of our shouting clearly his joyous words rang:
 These are our own brazen beauties! Here to America's cause
 I dedicate each, and to freedom!—foes to King George and his laws!"

Worn as we were with the struggle, wounded and bleeding and sore,
 Some stood all pale and exhausted; some lay there stiff in their gore;
 And round through the mass went a murmur, that grew to a whispering clear,
 And then to reproaches outspoken—"If General Arnold were here!"

For Gates, in his folly and envy, had given the chief no command,
 And far in the rear some had seen him horseless and moodily stand,

Knitting his forehead in anger, and gnawing his red lip in pain,
Fretting himself like a bloodhound held back from his prey by a chain.

Hark! at our right there is cheering! there is the ruffle of drums!
Here is the well-known brown charger! Spurring it madly he comes!
Learned's brigade have espied him, rending the air with a cheer:
Woe to the terrified foeman, now that our leader is here!

Piercing the tumult behind him, Armstrong is out on his track:
Gates has despatched his lieutenant to summon the fugitive back.
Armstrong might summon the tempest, order the whirlwind to stay,
Issue commands to the earthquake—would they the mandate obey?

Wounds, they were healed in a moment, weariness instantly gone:
Forward he pointed his sabre—led us, not ordered us on.
Down on the Hessians we thundered, he, like a madman, ahead:
Vainly they strove to withstand us—raging, they shivered and fled.

On to their earthworks we drove them, shaking with ire and dismay;
There they made stand with a purpose to beat back the tide of the day:
Onward we followed, then faltered; deadly their balls whistled free.
Where was our death-daring leader? Arnold, our hope, where was he?

He? He was everywhere riding! hither and thither his form,
On the brown charger careering, showed us the path of the storm:
Over the roar of the cannon, over the musketry's crash,
Sounded his voice, while his sabre lit up the way with its flash.

Throwing quick glances around him, reining a moment his steed—
"Brooks! that redoubt!" was his order: "let the rest follow my lead!
Mark where the smoke-cloud is parting! see where their gun-barrels glance!
Livingston, forward! On, Wesson! charge them! Let Morgan advance!"

"Forward!" he shouted, and, spurring on through the sally-port then,
Fell sword in hand on the Hessians, closely behind him our men.
Back shrank the foemen in terror, off went their forces pell-mell,
Firing one Parthian volley: struck by it, Arnold he fell.

Ours was the day. Up we raised him; spurted the blood from his knee—
"Take this cravat, boys, and bind it—I am not dead yet," said he.
"What! did you follow me, Armstrong? Pray, do you think it quite right,
Leaving your duties out yonder to risk your dear self in the fight?"

"General Gates sent his orders—" faltering the aide-de-camp spoke—
"You're to return, lest some rashness—" Fiercely the speech Arnold broke:
"Rashness! Why, yes! tell the general the rashness he dreaded is done!
Tell him his kinsfolk are beaten! tell him the battle is won!"

Oh that a soldier so glorious, ever victorious in fight,
Passed from a daylight of honor into the terrible night—
Fell as the mighty archangel, ere the earth glowed in space, fell—
Fell from the patriot's heaven down to the loyalist's hell!

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER IX.

My own name shames me, seeming a reproach.

THE wind dies away as the day dawns, and every trace of the clouds with which it warred last night has fled, leaving a blue sky, and a dazzling sun streaming into the unshuttered windows of Hortense's room—streaming in upon the girl who lies there motionless on the bed.

Alas for the sad hearts the sunshine forces to come back into the world of daily life and put on the accustomed look and smile! When we can bow the shutters and tell the world that we would be alone with our sorrow, we are at least more fortunate than those who must spread their windows wide open, letting in the gaze of passers-by, and wearing the same mien as usual, though their hearts be very heavy.

Which has the heaviest load this morning—Gerald Alston's mother or Philip Dunbar's sister? One sits in her sorrow like a queen, and all around her bow at her requests and speak low words of sympathy; while the other must rouse herself and hide all traces of her grief. For the servants are there, and, though they are few, they are as watchful of their mistress as if they were a host. They talk about last night's storm, and they attribute Hortense's white face and Philip's late rising to the sleepless night the two must have had.

"Miss Hortense was frightened badly," the maid tells the cook. "I saw her in the hall, and her face is as white as my apron. Besides, she never went to bed last night, as you can see if you will look into her room."

Hortense is standing looking out of the dining-room window at all the havoc last night's storm has made. Seemingly, she is marking it, but her thoughts come back only now and then to the fallen trees. Yesterday she would have gone out at once and mourned each fallen giant as an old friend, but to-day she

is past caring for them. The breakfast-things stand untouched, for Hortense is waiting for Philip, who is late this morning. She is torturing herself with the question how it is best to meet him. If he had come in suddenly upon her, it would have been much easier. But now, to catch his footstep first on the stairs, then in the hall, and then to have to face him just as she did yesterday—she hardly knows if she has nerve enough to do it.

She never thinks of shunning him, for there is but little of the proud Pharisee in Hortense, haughty as some of the Bridgeford people believe her. She would never dream of any sorrow or suffering or sin separating her from Philip, for their bond is one of blood, and through it she would share all with him.

No feeling for herself is surging in her heart. Hortense Dunbar might as well be some unknown person for all the pity she will find in that heart. Philip only is written there, and what troubles her sorely is what is best for him. Would it be wisest to tell him all of last night's history—what she had found in the road, and what proof she had hidden up stairs that the work was his? If it was a woman she had to deal with, she would not hesitate. Isolation and loneliness break most women down utterly. But with a man it might be different—how different Hortense cannot tell.

Some might have deemed it their duty to read the sinning one a sermon, taking the sixth commandment for text, and illustrating it with Cain's unholy act. But Hortense is gentler and wiser. In her weak hands lies perhaps the guilt-stained soul, and she loves it none the less for this guilt, but with a tender pity.

To-day, no doubt, it would be a relief to Philip to know that there is one he can speak openly to, without avoiding any phase of his temptation and his fall. But after to-day might he not shudder at

the knowledge she has, and think sometimes that she turned away from his touch or words?

Will it not be better to leave it to himself to speak or keep silent? If he speaks she will not say she has his story by heart, and if he is silent she will not hint by word or action she knows more than he cares to tell her.

She has to come to some quick resolve, for there is a step on the stairs—a heavy step, as of an old man, and at first she fails to recognize it as Philip's. Then she remembers that a change has come over everything, and that henceforth nothing is to be to her as it was.

She hastens to the breakfast-table, to hide her face as much as possible behind the urn, for she is sure it must show some telltale traces of her last night's watch.

Her manner is very gentle, very tender, and Philip supposes she is thinking of Grace's behavior to him, and is sorry for him. He does not dream of whose face she looked into last night by the moon's ghastly light, nor does he know that she carries a key in her bosom.

"There was a dreadful storm last night," Philip begins, feeling that there must not be silence between them. "Hill tells me that some of the old trees were blown down."

"Yes," Hortense answers—"you can see them from the window."

"You must have slept soundly if you did not hear the wind," Philip goes on to say. "It blew loud enough to wake the dead."

Hortense puts down her coffee untasted. She wishes the wind *had* wakened the dead, and Gerald Alston with the rest of the cold sleepers.

Whether Philip's words recall last night's deed to his own mind she cannot tell, but she can guess why he pushes the morning paper from him, and why he leaves his breakfast almost untasted, though he makes a feint to eat it. She understands too why he makes an effort to talk.

Hortense knows all this, yet she cannot speak light words or discuss everyday things, trying to wile Philip's thoughts from what she knows they must dwell

on. There is blood between them, and it seems to gurgle up and separate them, even when she would fain cling closer to him than before.

Every little word they chance to say seems to turn on last night's deed, and unwittingly brings up before them Gerald Alston's dead face. And yet neither can tell what the other is suffering. Hortense is wondering if the missing pistol is giving Philip any anxiety, and Philip is wondering in his turn if Hortense thinks the loss of Grace Robson has worked such a mighty change in him.

A silence has fallen over both of them as icy as death. And yet they cling the one to the other, Hortense giving up all her usual employments and keeping near Philip, and he, like a frightened child who fears to be alone, is unwilling that she should leave him even for a moment.

The house seems to stifle Philip, and as the morning wears on he proposes they shall go out and see what destruction last night's storm has wrought. Hortense catches up a shawl she finds in the hall, and she and Philip go out together and see some of the wild work done last night which can never be undone. Many of the Dunbars have played under the shade of these prostrate trees, many have been sad and troubled under their green boughs, but never before have two such utterly wretched ones stood beside them.

"They make a great gap on the lawn," Philip says, touching one of the fallen trees with his foot. "I should have been very sorry a week ago. But, Hortense, Aytoun is not what it was to me. I would have made any sacrifice to keep it, even to marrying Grace Robson; but I have changed my mind now—changed it since—since last night. The old home must go, and if you go with me, I will willingly leave it."

"Leave it, Philip? Where would you go?" Hortense asks.

"Anywhere, so Aytoun is out of sight, out of hearing distance. Hortense, there are but two of us. Shall I go alone?"

"No," she says, quietly: "I will go with you."

"And Bryan?"

Bryan! Has she thought of Bryan in all this misery? Once in the night she thought of him—wished he were near her, so that she could unburden her heart to him. And then the thought came—it was Philip's secret, not hers, and her lips must be closed even to her lover. And with this heavy knowledge could she stand by Bryan's side and never flinch as if she too were guilty?

Philip is waiting for her answer—Philip, who has built up a wall between them so high no words of hers can reach him. Her lover's voice and all the sweet music of her wedding-bells were drowned out in Gerald Alston's blood. All is swept from her—the past, the future, Bryan, Aytoun. Only Philip is left to her, and they two must go hand in hand till the grave parts them.

So she says, firmly, "Bryan shall not part us. I will go with you, Philip."

"But he will try to part us," Philip returns, hastily. "We men are seldom generous, and hold fast to what we think belongs to us. Bryan will never give you up if he can help himself. It must be by your own act that you leave him."

"Then it shall be by my own act."

"You promise me this?"

"I promise you."

Philip turns and looks at her—at her still white face, at her anxious, troubled eyes—and conscience whispers, "Have mercy on her weak womanhood. Take her not with you, draw her not into the whirlpool of your misery. Let her go to Bryan. With him she will have the common lot of joys and sorrows—with you, wretchedness alone."

Philip loves Hortense, loves her better than anything on earth, and now in his sin and misery his heart pleads for her. And so he says, "Nay, Hortense, this is foolish in me. Bryan has the first claim to you. I must not let you leave him to go with me."

"Bryan can do without me," she replies, trying to speak lightly. "My word is given—I will go with you."

We cannot banish God's angels when He sends them to us in our need. So Philip accepts her promise, though he

does not know that she sees him as he is, and yet never turns away from him, though a happier lot may beckon to her.

"When shall we go?" Hortense asks after a few minutes' silence.

"Next week. You will not mind so early a fitting? Let there be no leavetaking, please. Grace Robson need know nothing of our movements."

He tries to cover up the desire that their departure shall be secret by the mention of Grace Robson's name, and does not know that Hortense would shrink from such a leavetaking and the gossip of Bridgeford as much as he would. If we only knew how few real secrets we possess, we should let go our subterfuges and be more honest in our words.

Grace need not know of their movements, for what has she to do with them now? More than she knows or will ever know till the judgment day, Hortense thinks. That Grace by her heartlessness has really caused all this misery, Hortense does not doubt. As little does she doubt that Grace will sleep and wake, dance and be merry, have her joys and pleasures, until death comes, without ever guessing that a deed of hers has caused blood-shedding. Grace, with her pretty face and not very deep heart, will live on the common life, with perhaps fewer cares than fall to the lot of most; and Hortense, crushed by another's act, robbed of her life's joy by another's deed, will live on too.

They are standing silently, the two who are to go out into the world together, held by a bond of blood, when a man rides in at the iron gate and up the avenue. They do not see him until he is nearly upon them and then both start with a sudden fear. There is no chance for Philip to get away unseen, no hope for an escape. Neither is it a time for weak, womanly fears, but for quick, quiet action, Philip thinks, as, a little pale from the thoughts he cannot put down, he advances to ask the stranger his business.

Hortense follows close behind him, ready for help, or even to fight for him as a tigress would fight. But "the guilty

are fearful where no fear is." The man is only a traveler who has lost his reckoning and would find Bridgeford; and with relieved hearts they tell him it is so straight before him he cannot miss it. But they do not tell him also that they took him for a law-officer.

"Let us go to-morrow, Hortense," Philip says as the man rides off—"to-morrow night."

And Hortense wishes he had said to-night, for a new fear has taken possession of her. But she does not urge him, lest he should guess how much she knows of what he would keep from her.

And so the day passes slowly. Both are clinging to each other, trying not to speak their thoughts, and yet dreading to be silent. They are longing for to-morrow, and yet striving to appear contented with to-day. Was this to be Hortense's life? Was it for this she was giving up Bryan and his love? And yet has she any right to hold him to his past vows, for is he not dead to her—killed last night when Philip took Gerald Alston's life from him? Would Bryan care to stand before the altar with the sister of Philip Dunbar if he knew the truth? She cannot tell, and she must risk nothing in the asking.

It is late when the brother and sister separate to-night, for there is a comfort in each other's presence, and neither of them hopes for sleep. Yet Philip is the first to say good-night, for, having the heavier load to bear, he is the greater coward of the two, and is fearful the servants may notice anything unusual in his habits.

Hortense lingers in the hall up stairs, thinking perhaps Philip will call her. But there is no sound from his room, and if he does not sleep he bears his wakefulness quietly. So she steals at last into her own room, not to try to rest, but to ponder upon what she had best do with the evidence she has kept of last night's deed. The pistol must be got rid of, for if she and Philip leave to-morrow night she cannot possibly carry it with her without Philip's knowledge. She dare not leave it behind her, for how can she tell that it will not in some

way witness against Philip? She cannot destroy it. What can she do with it?

Long does Hortense try to think of a safe hiding-spot, but she fears every place that her thoughts suggest. She cannot dig deep enough to bury it, and there is no pond which will hold it safe if an August drought should come to dry up its waters.

At last Hortense remembers that at the rapids there is a whirlpool—very small, it is true, and hardly worthy of such a name, but it is said to hold fast all which is cast into its waters. She remembers dropping a bracelet into it one day whilst looking over the cliff, and none of her party thought it of any use to try to rescue it, but counted it as a lost thing. She was sorry to lose her pretty ornament then, but she thinks of it now as an earnest that the waters will hold the pistol safe, giving no hint of what they have in their possession, until there are no seas nor water upon the earth, and man too is stripped of all the concealments he fain would wrap himself in.

This pool, which Hortense hopes will keep from Philip the knowledge that she knows his secret, is close under the cliff where she and Grace sat on the day Grace promised to marry Philip. Below the cliff the river foams and tosses itself in a wild way, forcing itself over the rocks. But between two of them it grows helpless, and for all its fuming it is held a prisoner, and in its small fury draws its own waters down; and the Bridgeford boys call it "The Whirlpool."

To find any safe hiding-place for the pistol is a relief to Hortense. The dread she has of Philip's knowing it is in her possession has made her doubly prudent. She changes her dress, though still keeping to an unnoticeable black, strews her things about, and tosses the bed she has never even lain down upon, to give it the appearance of having been slept in. The servants will not say she has kept two night-watches if they judge from the state of the room; and there will be no risk of Philip's learning that she has kept vigil as well as he.

It is well Hortense will not have much

of such work as this to do. Deception injures even the best of us, and the noblest cause becomes defiled when we stoop to falsehood to sustain it. And yet it is the penalty of all secret sin, and the guiltless may become guilty in trying to keep it hidden.

CHAPTER X.

I will not soil thy purple with my dust,
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice glass,
Nor give thee any love—which were unjust.

BEFORE the sun is up or a servant is stirring in the house Hortense is ready for her walk to the rapids. She takes the key from her bosom, and unlocks the drawer and lifts the clothing, half afraid the pistol she has concealed is not there. But yes, it is safe—safe for her to carry to the river, there to hide it for ever.

Hortense shudders as she sees it, not altogether at the thought that with it Gerald Alston was robbed of life, nor that it was the means of making Philip a murderer. These thoughts might well make her shudder and turn pale. But besides there is a nervous dread she finds it hard to conquer—a foolish fear that to touch the pistol is to enter into the very shadow of death itself.

She is standing there shivering, not at the horror the only witness of Philip's guilt must give her, but at the knowledge that she must carry for three miles at least, pressed close to her, this deadly thing which has already taken one life and might steal away hers also.

Rob her of life? Was this life so sweet to her that she should cling to it and shrink from death?

Hortense starts as she fancies she hears the sound of servants moving down stairs. She must get the better of these foolish fears, and not run the risk of Philip's finding she has the pistol. And so she grasps it firmly and hides it under her cloak.

Noiselessly she creeps past Philip's room, the thought of him giving her nerve. And then she goes down stairs swiftly, and quietly draws the bolts of the

hall door, and lets herself out into the early morning.

It is the longest, weariest walk that ever Hortense has taken, though she cuts off more than two miles by leaving the road and taking a path across the fields. She walks very hurriedly, fearing the few laborers she meets going to their work—fearing they may in some way read her errand in her face and stop and search her. She is like the child in the fairy-story, who heard the bird singing her secret sin.

She hardly understands herself, and grows angry at her want of nerve when she needs it most. She forgets the two sleepless nights she has passed, her anxiety and fears, the stretch worse than the rack, she has been on all day. If she remembered them, she would not wonder why she stumbles on as if born blind, and why she loses the path because she never heeds its turnings.

The bank of the river is gained at last, and Hortense stands just where a few months before she sat with Grace while Bryan lay at their feet. Gerald Alston, she remembers, came that morning in his shooting-jacket, and rested his gun against the tree she is leaning against now, and he sneered at her fears. Fears? Were they not premonitions? And she was angry with him. Can she be angry now with that still white face, which has cut her off from life as most care to live it?

She has little time, however, for such thoughts. She goes to the cliff and looks over. There boils and seethes the small whirlpool to which she will entrust her secret. Will it keep it safe? There is ice formed around the margin, and it requires a firm hand and steady head to drop the pistol so that it will fall into the water. Better that it should remain in her own keeping than lodge on the ice at the edge of the pool, exposed to chance observation. So she bends still farther over the cliff, drops the pistol, and as she hears the splash which tells her it is securely hidden, finds she has lost her balance, and sways to and fro for an instant, clutching idly at the air.

She thinks in that instant, with a sense

of satisfaction, that there will be nothing found on her dead body to reveal the secret she has come to hide. If Philip only knew how safely it was buried!

The next moment a hand has caught her by her dress and draws her back from the edge of the cliff, and with a desperate effort not to faint she looks up, to see Bryan Bonham's white, frightened face bending over her. It calls her back to life and suffering.

"Hortense," Bryan asks, "what does all this mean?"

She thinks that he suspects her of seeking her own death amongst the rocks in the river below them. And she half smiles at the thought, for, hard as life is to her, she is not such a coward, even if she were such a sinner.

"I leaned too far over the cliff," she answers. And then the fear comes into her mind that Bryan has seen what she threw into the whirlpool, and she asks quickly, though trying to command her voice and seem to speak indifferently, "When did you see me first?"

"But a minute ago. I hardly expected to find you here at this early hour."

"Then you did not recognize me?" Hortense says, a little relieved of her fear.

"Not at first. I only saw a woman in imminent peril of falling over the cliff, and I hastened to you. I knew you, however, before I reached you. What could have tempted you so carelessly to risk your life?" asks Bryan, almost angrily, as he recalls how near he seemed to be to losing her.

What tempted her? A brother's danger. But she does not tell him this, nor that she wishes he had let her slip over the rocks. She is weary almost to death, and a walk with Bryan will be no rest to her.

"Hortense," Bryan says as they turn to walk to Aytoun through the fields, "I am glad I have met you this morning. We do not often see each other now, so I am rejoiced to have you a little while to myself."

Hortense does not ask whose fault it is that they have seen so little of each other of late. She has not left Aytoun for months except to go to church or to

make a hurried visit to Bridgeford on business of Philip's.

Bryan would rather be called to account for his remissness than that Hortense should be so cold and silent. She does not even seem glad to have him as her companion for this long walk across the fields. "Hortense," he asks, half angry at her silence, "what has happened to change you so? I hardly know you of late."

"How am I changed?" she asks, willing only to confess to what he charges her with.

"In every way. You have no smile to greet me with, and seem to feel but little pleasure in being with me. Is the fault in me or you? If in me, what have I done?"

"Nothing," she answers sadly. "I have no fault to find with you. We have seen but little of each other lately, but that may be from circumstances, not from intention on your part. I have nothing to complain of."

"And yet you have changed: you cannot deny you have."

"I shall not try to deny it. But did you expect me to be always as I was two years ago? If so, I do not wonder you are vexed to find me altered."

"I expect to find some reason for the change. I did not suppose you would have left me a stranger to your sorrows, if it is to them I must look for this alteration," Bryan says reproachfully.

"We have had a good deal of trouble at Aytoun," Hortense replies, evasively.

"I suppose you know the old home is in danger of being sold?"

"But Aytoun will not be your home much longer."

Hortense looks up at him questioningly. Does Bryan know that she is to leave Aytoun to-night?

Bryan does not notice her startled look, and goes on: "You will come to me soon now, and will not miss Aytoun."

"There have been some changes lately," Hortense replies, relieved of her fear, which she sees now was a foolish one. "Philip's engagement with Grace is broken again — this time past all mending."

"And you mean to hint that I am again to be put off for Philip? Hortense, I shall lose all patience with you. If I am so secondary with you, compared to Philip, why did you ever engage yourself to me?"

"Philip did not need me then as he does now," Hortense begins.

"And is that the only reason you listened to me? What would you have done, may I ask, if you had married me, and Philip had needed you as much as you say he does now?"

If he would trap her in her answer, he is surprised to hear her reply hastily, "I do not know. I thank God that decision is not forced upon me."

"Speak more plainly, Hortense," Bryan says, angrily. "We two should at least understand each other. Why are you so thankful that you have not a decision to make, when the question is so simple a one?"

But can she speak more plainly? If she dare not tell him all, if she cannot tell him of Philip's crime to excuse her seeming waywardness, she had better keep silent, even if Bryan thinks the more hardly of her for it.

"Have you nothing to say?" Bryan asks coldly.

"Yes," Hortense answers, trying to speak without a faltering voice. "When I said I would marry you, I meant all I promised. I loved you as strongly as most women love—as much, at any rate, as I am capable of loving."

"As well as you loved Philip?" Bryan asks bitterly.

"Better, I thought. But everything has changed utterly since then. You cannot want me as I am now."

"Do you mean, when you speak in a past tense, that you no longer care for me—that this utter change you tell me of is, that you do not love me?"

Hortense cannot speak this falsehood. She is as true to him now as on the day she listened to his love-tale. Now that she knows she must lose him she is longing for him unutterably. She is not false to Bryan. Only, Philip's sin has shut her out from him, and yet she cannot tell him that it has.

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"Do you no longer love me, Hortense?" Bryan repeats, unwilling to read an affirmation in her silence.

"Love you? Yes, I love you. Yet, Bryan, you must let me go free all the same as if I said I hate you."

"That I will never do. I have your own confession, and I will hold you to it, no matter what reason you give for breaking your promise to marry me."

"Not if I wish to be freed from it?"

"No matter how much you wish it."

"But you *must* free me," she says vehemently. "You cannot hold me if I will not be held."

"Can't I?" he replies, smiling down on her. "I defy you to be rid of me after your confession that you love me."

He is counting on always being near her. It is only a little mile from Bridgeford to Aytoun, so cannot he press his love upon her day by day? and can she escape him? Yet to-morrow he may search for her and fail to find her.

She is tempted to let the old bond stand, and when she cannot be found, search as he may, Bryan will in time break it himself. This is the simplest way out of all her difficulties. But no, as Philip's sister she must break it. There must be no stain, no chance of stain, on Bryan's name.

"Bryan," she pleads, "why will you torture me? I tell you I cannot marry you, cannot let our engagement stand. We are forced to say good-bye to each other, and go our different ways."

"And do you think I am to be put off so easily—that I will make no fight for the old life and love? Hortense, what can you mean? In one breath you confess you still love me, and then at once you talk of our parting. You must give me some reason for it, then—something better than a seeming whim."

"It is no whim, only a sad necessity," Hortense says. "Others besides us have loved and have been forced to separate. Why should we complain?"

"Others may have separated for a sufficient cause. If you think I will blindly give you up, you are mistaken."

"You will not do it blindly if I tell you the cause is sufficient?"

"I will have your proof then, not your mere assertion. I will judge myself of the sufficient cause, not take your word for it. Hortense, cannot you see what you are asking me to do—to give up the love I have cherished for more than two years, and all the hopes born of it?—to give up all right to you, even the slight one of speaking to you calmly?—to give up all hope of having you always? Can you ask this of me, the man you still confess you love? Even if there is anything to part us, do not tell me of it. I will trust you to do me no harm."

"But I should harm you: I could not help doing so. Bryan, why make me confess so much when I would fain be silent? Is it not enough for me to say I cannot marry you?"

"No, not enough to say it. There must be something more than mere words to part us. You are speaking under some strong excitement, though you are so quiet; not from cool judgment. As if I did not know at least what is best for myself, and that is, to keep you as my own!"

"It is not best for you," Hortense replies hurriedly. "Bryan, there is that which should part us even if I stood by your side at the altar. And there are but few who would think I am wrong in resolving so."

Bryan is startled, and looks at her half angrily: "Hortense, do you know what you are saying?"

She does not flinch under his frown. She is Philip Dunbar's sister, and she must not be Bryan Bonham's wife. Neither must she put herself out of the reach of Philip, even if Bryan should urge her to. Both of her loves draw her into the same path now—the first time they have ever done so.

"I must say it," she answers firmly. "I must be as truthful as I dare to be. I must save your name from shame, mine from infamy. Because a sin is a secret one is it any the less black?"

"Sin and Hortense are not yoked together in my thoughts."

He speaks soothingly. Perhaps he begins to doubt if she is sane, and re-

members his fortunate arrival at the rapids a few minutes before.

Hortense is thankful for his faith in her, but the stronger she finds it the more reason that she should do him no wrong. "Bryan, there is something to separate us—something I dare not name even to you," Hortense says firmly.

"But you *must* name it. I will not let you go from me, leaving me uncertain of the cause."

"But I must go. I tell you I would not marry you if you were to plead with me on your knees, and knew without a doubt the reason why we separate."

"Then you have ceased to love me, Hortense?"

She does not answer him, does not even look toward him.

"And all the sweet things you said but a few minutes ago are false?"

Still she is silent.

"And you thought you would part from me, fooling me into a belief that you still loved me, and that an unhappy fate so willed it—making me think there was a reason for your change of purpose, more than a change in your feelings?"

She is like one swimming against the tide. If she hesitates, pauses a moment in her effort to save herself, she will drift back, and all her previous efforts will have been in vain. She cannot answer him, only remains silent, and this silence stings him past endurance.

"And you have been putting me off for months, pleading Philip's want of you, when your own falseness was the true reason—not letting our engagement irk you, only because you saw me so seldom—listening to my beseechings when you no longer cared to answer them? Hortense, have you neither honesty nor truthfulness to own it?"

Still she does not answer him. Better let him think what he will of her than know the truth, even if it made him cling but the closer to her.

"And you are shameless too," he says bitterly. "You would have me believe you guilty even of a sin rather than know you as you really are—merely heartless. You would play the heroic,

and make a seeming tragedy of your miserable farce."

Once before he finished she turned to answer him, but dropped her eyes when they met his, and walked on mutely. Bryan thinks he has hurt her with his bitter taunts. He does not know she only shrinks from the wrong he is doing himself, and from which she dares not shield him.

"Hortense," Bryan says, still angrily, "you must answer me. How long is it since you came to this determination to drop me? Have you been playing your pretty game of fooling me ever since you were engaged to me? When did you decide to tell me what you have to-day?"

"The night before last," she replies, and the words seem to come against her will.

"And I ask again, What decided you?"

She does not say, "Gerald Alston's dead face, and the knowledge of who killed him," but she replies, wearily, "What is the use of going back to causes? I tell you I must break our engagement, and you decide that I am false. I am content to let it rest there: why will not you?"

"Because I cannot bear to think of all my trust and all your falseness—because I would fain find a reason for your fickleness."

Again she does not answer him, for what has she to say? Only the truth, that she is steadfast to him. And if he questions her still further, what next must she tell him? Bryan is watching her face, and he reads something there—something of her love for him, something of her struggle.

"Hortense," he says very bitterly, "Philip is at the bottom of this, and you will not own it."

She starts and glances up at him with frightened eyes—eyes which have known no sleep for two weary nights. Bryan sees the start and her terrified look, and continues pitilessly: "And you are willing to sacrifice me to Philip, willing to render my life void and worthless, never heeding what you make me suffer, so

you can pamper him a while, until he finds another girl as great a fool as Grace Robson to throw you over for."

"Philip will never marry," Hortense rejoins.

"So no doubt you both think just now, whilst he is smarting under Grace's slight. He will think differently after a time, and your pretty martyrdom will go for what it deserves."

"Do you want me so much," Hortense asks, for the moment turning on him for his bitter words, "that you would taunt me into marrying you? Is it not enough that I am false and worthless, but you must hunt me to the death? Cannot you leave me to Philip if as yet he is not weary of me?"

"Yes, I surely can," Bryan replies. "But if you think I do it meekly, with a blessing on your future, you are wrong there. What right had you to come with your truthful-seeming face to fool me? what right had you to swear to love me, when I was less than nothing to you—nothing in comparison with your worthless brother? I tell you, Hortense, to his dying day Philip shall regret this piece of his handiwork."

Bryan's threat is idle. Angry as he is, he would not hurt Philip if it were in his power to do so. But by his threat he has sealed Hortense's lips. A moment ago she flinched so under his bitter words, which had seemed almost a curse, that she half decided to trust him with Philip's secret. But she will not now, but says quietly, "Let me bear the blame. Philip would not part us: he urged me yesterday to leave him and go to you—urged me strongly, with a love that thought first of my happiness."

Bryan does not notice her implied rebuke, but asks, "Then this separating from me is your own act?"

"My own," Hortense answers.

"Then there is nothing more to say. We must treat you women delicately, even if you are false and fickle. Why I should ever have trusted you is the mystery."

They have crossed the fields now, and have turned into the road not very far from Aytoun. Bryan stops here, as if

not going farther. In full view from where they stand is the belt of wood near which Gerald Alston lay the night Hortense found him with the wound in his head. But even at that sight she does not shudder, as she does at the thought that she and Bryan are parting now for ever, and that he is hurt and angry with her.

"Are we to part with only harsh words?" she asks.

"Do you wish soft, sweet ones from me now?" Bryan questions.

"They might as well be kind ones, as we are parting, perhaps, for ever."

"And do you regret the parting? I thought you wished it. I was slow to take in the fact at first, until you were at some trouble to convince me."

"And yet we need not part so bitterly. If you think me wrong, you may as well forgive me."

"If I think you wrong! If I am in doubt, there is no use in my striving to forgive you."

"Be it so, then. You are more cruel to yourself, Bryan, by far, than you are to me. And yet if at any time you find in your heart an excuse for me, it will be a comfort to me to know it."

"You will die comfortless then, I fear," he answers, roughly. "I will be more honest than you have been with me, and so will tell you, plainly, I am not one to love you after you have proved yourself unworthy. I shall do my best to forget you, to crowd you out of my heart. It may be hard to do at first, but it is worth the effort, and I will make a brave fight for it."

She does not plead any longer—she will make no more attempts to win his forgiveness, to establish peace between them. Her love is so different from his: neither doubt, nor change, nor sin could kill it. It might be forced out of the channel of perfect trust into a shallower one, but she would still love on.

Bryan sees she has turned to go, and he gives his last thrust somewhat bitterly: "If I had not met you on the cliff! If I had another day to think you true to me! But you have robbed me utterly of all trust and faith. If I had stayed

another hour by Gerald Alston's bedside, I should have been spared a long day's suffering."

Gerald Alston's bedside! Hortense turns to him again. Her eyes are asking what she cannot put into words. Then the light dies out of them as she remembers there are watches kept by the side of dead men, as well as by the side of the dying.

"I have been watching by Gerald Alston," Bryan says, answering the question he had read in her eyes a minute before. "It is better to be laid low by the cowardly hand of an assassin than to be stabbed by one whom we have loved and trusted."

"Is Gerald Alston not buried yet?" asks Hortense, feeling she must say something, and catching up in her haste the most fearful words she can use.

"He is not dead yet, only badly wounded."

"Not dead?"

"No: what made you think so? The doctors have good hopes of his recovery. His enemy did not do his cruel work as well as you have done yours."

Not dead! And there is hope!

She does not heed his taunt. All is not so completely over with them as he thinks, and she is about to tell him so, when Bryan adds, coldly, "I have been sitting up all night, and have not found my early walk as beneficial as I hoped. You will pardon me if I say Good-morning."

He lifts his hat with bare courtesy and turns down the road toward Bridgeford.

Hortense does not call him back. The reaction is too great for her, and dizzy, almost reeling, but with a feeling of intense thankfulness to Heaven, she leans against one of the trees until her weakness is somewhat past. One thought alone is uppermost—Gerald Alston is alive, and Philip's hands are clean from blood!

Bryan glances back and sees Hortense standing there, and believes she is watching him. She may take her last look, for he is not one to be fooled twice, he thinks. She must try her lessons on another.

"Philip," Hortense says, laying her hand on his shoulder as she speaks, "Gerald Alston is not dead, and the doctors have good hopes of his recovery."

She has found Philip in the library, with his arms resting on the table, and his face buried on them, thinking what thoughts she can only guess. He raises his head as she speaks, and looks as if groping to take in her meaning, and then says in a low, hurried voice, "Thank God!"

Hortense takes these words to heart as we take words of penitence on a death-bed from careless, sinful lips. Hereafter there will be less gloom in her life because of that whisper.

"Who told you he was dead?" asks Philip suspiciously.

"No one," Hortense answers quietly, for she has no fear now of losing her hold on him, no dread that he will turn away from her. "I saw him myself on the road, as I thought, dead."

"On the road? Where?" Philip asks.

"At the edge of the woods, just where he fell."

"Fell?"

He would learn how much she knows.

"Yes, fell," she answers steadily. "Just where he was shot."

"Shot? Who could—"

But she interrupts him quickly: "I found your pistol close beside him on the road."

Philip cannot disclaim it, for his name is upon it; so he asks quickly, "What did you do with it?"

"I was afraid it might do you mischief, and I have just come from throwing it into the Whirlpool, which will keep it safe."

"And you have known all this, and never turned from me? Hortense, why is your love unlike all other women's?"

She thinks he is referring to Grace, whose faithlessness has brought all this sin and wretchedness upon him. She has not forgiven Grace quite yet, and she says, a little bitterly, "You judged me by too low a standard."

"By Grace Robson's height? Do you think I have given a second thought to her since she broke with me?"

"I thought she—" and then she stops. Grace's ride with Gerald, followed by her note, she has thought all this while, was the motive of Philip's act. He understands her, and says, "What I have done does not bear a feather's weight on Grace. She may marry whom and when she pleases, and I shall only wish her joy on her wedding-day."

"What, then, tempted you?" asks Hortense.

"To do such a deed? Neither love nor jealousy. When Grace's note came there was another from Lancaster, telling me Gerald Alston had bought up the mortgage, and then of course Grace's little note informed me there was not the smallest chance of my paying it off, for I only hoped to do so with her money. Even then, though I might have cursed Alston, I never thought of working him any harm. I heard in Bridgeford some silly vaunt the man had made about owning Aytoun—a boast that he had only gained what he had long plotted for."

"Had you any words with him?" Hortense asks.

"No: I did not even see him then. I met him on the edge of the town. We were both on horseback, and I should never have known him in the dark if he had not chanced to pass under a street lamp. I was armed, and smarting under the recollection of more than one wrong, for all the scandal Bridgeford has enjoyed about me for these months past was part of Alston's work. He would win Grace by any means—Grace or Blidale Mill."

Hortense does not ask any questions. Philip may tell her as much as he pleases: she will not seek to know more than he chooses. But he does not need to be questioned, for he intends to make a clean breast of it.

"The devil prompted me, as I caught sight of Alston's face under the gaslight. I let him get ahead of me, intending to overtake him at the gate and speak to him—not kind words, you may be sure. But Harold became frightened at the rising storm and ran madly. There was no chance for words, and, as I said, the devil prompted me."

"And that was the reason you never drew your rein for even a moment?" Hortense says.

"You were there?"

"Near by, amongst the trees. I did not know any harm was done, for I heard both horses running."

"Yes, Alston's ran too, frightened by the pistol-shot. I managed to turn Harold down a side path, and so left the road to the riderless horse, and I made a circuit and came into the turnpike some miles above. At the tollgate I heard that Gerald Alston was killed, and that his horse had been found miles away. It was supposed that the man who had killed him had ridden the horse until he was foundered, and then had left him on the road, making good his own escape. The toll-keeper never dreamed to whom he was telling his story. Nor did I ever dream, Hortense,

that you knew the truth, or I might not have faced you, as I did, as if I were guiltless of Gerald Alston's blood. Yet even you cannot tell what I have suffered in knowing no act of mine could wash out the red stain. It was very fearful."

"God shield us from the consequences of all our blind and hasty deeds!" Hortense says fervently.

"And you are sure Alston is alive?"

"Very sure."

"Who told you?"

"Bryan. He watched by him last night."

"Bryan! Then life will not be so weary for you, dear, as I feared I had made it."

"The weariness is all past," is Hortense's answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FARM IN REDMUD COUNTY.

I PROMISED to show you another farm and another family in Virginia, in order that you might see for yourself whether or not Virginians have — here it is again! — "accepted the situation." To do that I must take you out of our sweet little village in a direction just the opposite of that which leads to the Grange. Let us take the railroad track again: it may not be the best road, but it is the only one, thanks to old Stickins of New York!

He is the man, you remember, who used to come to the *dépôt* in his shirt sleeves, much to the gratification, no doubt, of the Redmud belles, who make it a point of honor always to see the cars come in, and to wait on the platform till they go off. It is a great inconvenience to them, but they are willing to sacrifice themselves every day if thereby they may behold Stickins, and at the same time afford the passengers some

excuse for poking their heads out of the windows.

Stickins's house is perhaps the most imposing in the county. It is situated on the shoulder of a little mountain, has a cupola to it, and is quite the country villa in appearance. A whole-souled old gentleman, full of anecdote and humor, used to own it. Was a rank secessionist. After the war he became so melancholy that he whipped clear over, and took a thoroughly Websterian view of politics; which view he now maintains with wonderful astuteness and ability.

How Stickins ever came possessed of this fine house nobody ever knew exactly. They say his son-in-law bought it for him. Be that as it may, he no sooner came into possession than he shut up the road to Redmud village which the neighbors had been using for fifty years. That was not all. He colonized in the

rear of his farm some twenty or thirty families of freedmen. Benevolent Stickins! Every one of these freedmen voted for young Stickins for county clerk, and they elected him. Nor was this all. On the farm next to the good and loyal Stickins lived a venerable widow lady, a near connection of President Madison, and one of the purest and best of human beings. The negro colonists of the good Stickins ate up a hundred and seventy-five sheep for this poor old lady. They did not leave her a single one. Meantime, Stickins's devoted son-in-law was shearing a richer fleece. As judge of the Federal bankrupt court he owned to an income of fifteen thousand dollars, then slyly took the benefit of the Bankrupt Act himself, pocketed, it is believed, not less than two hundred thousand dollars, and fled to Omaha or elsewhere. Stickins soon followed him, and the people considered the riddance cheap.

Such things are enough to make putty boil, to say nothing of blood. Stickins not only said "keow," but milked his "keows" with his own hand; and the Richmond papers, edited by men who couldn't tell the difference between a plough-handle and the Pentateuch, used to hold the Stickins genus up to the young men as examples worthy of exact imitation. How we country-people revered the wisdom of those practical, hard-working editors!

Our farm lay a mile and a half beyond Stickins's. We called it Boscobel, because we were such virulent Puritans, you know. The tract consisted originally of five hundred acres, but we were content with two hundred and fifty acres and the house, so determined were we to recognize, if not to accept, the situation, and to sink to the level of the occasion. We took all the Richmond papers, and got plenty of practical sense—enough, indeed, to manage two such farms under the new, no-slave order of things.

I say "we." The fact is, my aunt, Mrs. Smith, bought the farm; but as I boarded with her, and gave her the benefit of that vast common sense which distinguishes the magazine-writer from

all other animated creatures, I hold myself personally responsible for the result of our new, no-slave farming, and therefore I say "we."

I say it again—"we."

The first thing was to move in. So we moved in. Now, this business of moving is not remunerative, as one Franklin, an electrician and well acquainted with the laws of swift moving, has heretofore remarked. Please consult him on this point and save me the trouble of further comment. We dumped several four-horse loads of furniture into the yard—a very pretty yard—and then lugged, or had it lugged, into the house for safety. I was surprised to see with what ease negroes could be hired to move furniture into the house.

It was a big house, and the most awkwardly and, in truth, insanelly built house I ever lived in. The former owner was once—and still is at seventy-three years of age—one of the handsomest and courtliest men in the State. Wealthy and a politician, he had just begun to modernize the house when the war broke out and estopped him. The side which looked toward the railroad was finished. It had a projecting sort of Swiss roof, the under side of which was painted sky-blue. If you will keep a copy of this magazine, and remember the above sky-blue fact, the next time you go through Virginia to New Orleans you may see the house itself; which will do you a deal of good.

The front porch was rotting down, and the only staircase was so spiral that there seemed no feasible mode of moving furniture up it unless we drew it up by a gigantic long-handled corkscrew—a jackscrew would be too short. Nevertheless, we liked it.

"It is so old-fashioned," said my cousin, Miss Smith, who had come in advance of her mother—"it is so old-fashioned!—nothing Yankeeified about it."

"Yes," said I, not very enthusiastically, as I surveyed the enormous piles of furniture which had to be arranged.

But there *was* something Yankeeified about the old house. A good two-story kitchen, about fifteen yards from the

house, and connected with it by a covered way, had been abandoned, and a cellar-room immediately under my aunt's chamber had been made the kitchen. This was simply horrible.

"Bad management," said my cousin, Miss Smith, arching her eyebrows and alluding to the family which had just vacated the fine, old-fashioned mansion.

Not every thorn has its rose, but the Yankeeified kitchen had a treasure in the person of Aunt Aggy, the cook. She was so old, so humble, so deferential, so fond of her son Jim and of a sick kitten that reposed in the ashes of her fireplace, and so glad to be permitted to retain her place!

"A good, old-timey nigger-woman," said I.

"Raised a slave," said my cousin, Miss Smith, significantly.

My aunt, Mrs. Smith, was expected every day. No time was to be lost in arranging furniture. There were plenty of negroes to move the furniture anywhere we wanted it, but none of them knew how to set up wardrobes, etc. So I went to a neighboring village and hired a likely mulatto, named Ned Halsey, to help us. He had a bad face, but knew his business, worked hard one day, got sick in the night, went out of doors and was never seen any more. With him went the only suit of broadcloth I ever expected to have in the world (it was ten years old, but not a break in it), a nice new carpet-bag and a pair of patent-leather slippers that I doted on. I advertised him at the time, and now I advertise him again. His name, I say, is Ned Halsey, and he is a mean-faced mulatto. I have reason to believe that he went to Philadelphia.

When dear good old Aunt Aggy left us a few months later, she was preceded by her eldest son, who literally staggered out of the back yard (the family were at breakfast: I was dressing, and happened to look out of the window at the moment) under the weight of one of the handsomest traveling-trunks I ever saw. That trunk was packed with things which dear Aunt Aggy had appropriated and charged to the account of Ned Halsey!

"Raised a slave," you know.

And, being Virginians, none of us had the sense or energy to get out a search-warrant, visit her cabin with a constable and recover our property. I simply wanted to kill her: that was the plan, you remember, in the days of slavery; but they wouldn't let me—said the Radicals were in power, and all that.

Miss Smith set up the furniture with her own hands, while I read *The Federalist* to her—set it all up, with the exception of a glorious old-fashioned Virginia bedstead, about twelve feet broad, which not even the neighborhood carpenters could set up. The consequence was, that when my aunt came she had to lie on her big "old-timey" bed on the floor, and lay there for six weeks. This illness of my aunt did not interrupt my political studies, but added considerably to the duties of my cousin. I must do her the justice to say that she worked harder than any negro I ever owned, and if her mother had not recovered before I finished reading *The Federalist*, I should have felt it to be my duty to help her as soon as I got through with that most delightful and practical book.

My aunt got well, and being, as Tyn-dall says of his Alpine guide, an "organized mass of force," she soon had things in pretty good trim. That is to say, she did nearly everything with her own hands. An energetic and decidedly sensible woman, she had made up her mind that negro labor could not be depended on, and after Christmas we were to have no more of it. Meantime, she had brought with her a treasure named Dick. A change of habitat of only twenty miles produced an entire change in Dick's character. He became sulky, stupid and worthless. That was not all. One day during Christmas week he sidled into the dining-room and said to my cousin, "Ef you please, Miss Lucy, I wants to borry a dost o' camfire. My father done come, and he got a headache."

The truth was, that Dick's father had jumped off the train while in full motion, had lighted on his head, rolled twenty or thirty feet, was picked up and

borne to our old kitchen, where he then lay insensible and foaming at the mouth, and so remained for many days. Dick objected to employing a doctor, "coz it cos' money." There being no poorhouse in the county, we (being unused to that sort of thing, anyway) kept Dick and his father for a long time, supplying food and fuel free of cost.

We should have been lost indeed while Dick was nursing his father had it not been for a third treasure, named Henry Clay. Henry was the smartest, politest, briskest negro in the country - side, charged more for his labor than anybody else, and got it because he worked so well and was so polite. In truth, he was very smart. Called us "Marster" and "Mistiss." Now, if you want to tickle an ex-slavedriver to death, call him "Marster." It makes him weak in the knees with delight. Call him "my marster," and he will give you the last fifty cents of fractional currency that he has got to his name. Henry Clay "marstered" and "mistiss'd" us all to our hearts' content, and we paid him seventy-five cents a day for a great many days. He stole our only gun, and is now in the penitentiary for violating his step-daughter. I am not joking. Henry Clay—and that is his real name—is really in the penitentiary. He ought to have been hung. If he had been, he would have addressed the hangman as "My marster:" I haven't a doubt of it. And it would have done the hangman good.

More than ever convinced of the utter worthlessness of free negro labor, we looked forward with fond impatience to the bright day when Mr. and Mrs. Baskins would arrive and put an end to all our woes. Mr. B. was to do general work on the farm, while Mrs. B. looked after the dairy matters. Mr. B. had high recommendations as a young man of energy and industry, who would put his hand to any kind of farm-work, and do it faithfully and intelligently. With Mr. and Mrs. Baskins, and my aunt's two sons, who were practical farmers, we expected to go right ahead and astonish the neighbors, who still obstinately cling to niggers.

I had my doubts.

Old Daniel Goss, the owner of the most productive farm in the county, and the neatest I ever saw in Virginia, told me that he had given white labor a fair trial, and had given it up as more worthless even than black labor. "The truth is," said the old gentleman, "white folks in Virginia don't know how to work. They have not been raised to it. They can oversee negroes, and that is about all they can do." That was not the worst of old Daniel's experience. He had given up white labor, but white labor had not given him up. A large family of whites, imported from the Valley, refused positively to leave him, occupied his best house, and lived there for a couple of years without paying a cent of rent or doing a stroke of work for poor old Daniel.

I knew all this, but, seeing the good-for-nothingness of negroes, said nothing to my aunt about it. What was the advice of a magazinist worth? Besides, the bargain had been struck with Mr. and Mrs. Baskins.

At length they came, and with them the baby. And the first thing we knew, Mrs. B. hired a nurse. Also a cook, if I mistake not, though I will not be positive, and complained that my aunt was not neighborly. Mrs. B. inhabited the overseer's house, and it may be that my aunt did not run over and sit with her often enough. This was bad. We overlooked it, remembering that Mrs. B.'s health was delicate—really so—and hard manual labor was what she was not used to. But this was not all. Everybody has relations, and the Baskins had theirs. Among them was a broad-faced young man who came and settled himself, and had the measles. Then we all had the measles.

This was bad, but we put up with it as well as we could, because Mr. Baskins was cheerful and obliging, ploughed all day and did the milking at night; and upon the whole things went on quite smoothly for a while. It is true, the milk decreased very much, but it was a bad time o' year for cows, and milk will diminish at times, anyhow.

Had the case been very much worse, we would not have despaired. My aunt was a woman of extraordinary intellect and of unconquerable energy. Having read all of the Richmond papers attentively, she was prepared for the new order of things, and knew exactly how to adapt herself and the farm to them. She brought with her a wagon-load of stoves, to begin with. I grieve to say that the stoves, with the exception of the cooking-stove, proved failures, and we often sighed for the big wood-fires of the good old time. Indeed, I had one. I was obliged to have an open wood-fire to read politics by. They—at least the Southern side of them—can be read aright by no other light whatsoever.

But my aunt had other strings to her bow besides stoves. The farm was to be a grass farm. That was settled, albeit the best farmers in the county still clung to wheat. To grass she would add strawberries, to strawberries dwarf pears, and she even contemplated grapes. Had not the Northern people rasped us for years because of our failure to "diversify our industry"? and did not the Richmond papers teem with accounts of fortunes made in a year or two out of peas, berries and peanuts? Was not the whole State rushing into grapes? There was money in sumac leaves—that was certain. Negroes were selling broom-sedge roots for a good price. There was a mine of wealth, we doubted not, in artichokes, if we would only utilize them. Good Heavens! the fond expectations that were raised in the minds of the people of Virginia just after the war—the trust in roots, the confidence in berries, the repose in persimmon seed, for example, the blind faith in what they had never tried and what they knew nothing about, raised by the newspapers mainly—is something to make a man tear his hair. As if the experience of two hundred years was worth nothing! As if the course of Nature was to be wholly changed because a million or two of negroes had been liberated! For my part, Wisdom incarnate that I was in matters not agricultural, I saw a fortune—no, I swear I did not think it was a fortune,

but a competency—in a village newspaper! My soul! what a fool!

The experiment was fairly, manfully and womanfully tried. All went to work with a will, except me: I read. The grass was sown, the strawberries set out, the dwarf pears set out, the orchard (a good one, apparently) carefully trimmed, the garden assiduously cultivated, corn planted; and with the expanding year our hopes sprang back on the corn and blossomed faster than the strawberries. The boys, my aunt's sons, educated gentlemen, turned out with Baskins into the burning sunshine and worked bravely. What the house-servants could not or would not do, my aunt did. Heroic old lady! Strong with the strength of a better age, when effeminated ladies had not been invented, and when nerves and dyspepsia were yet to be developed by self-indulgence, treated with drugs instead of the cowhide, she was up long before the dawn, at work everywhere and doing everything for every worthless female negro on the premises. In this she was nobly seconded by Miss Smith, who inherited the intrepid spirit, but not the superb constitution, of her mother. All the house was stirring before the crack of day. All but me. I lay in bed, brooding over the past, the d—d Yankees, the infernalness of free negroes and the prospectus of my country newspaper. But I did admire from the very bottom of my heart the energy and industry displayed by my betters, and I am bound in conscience to say that if my cousins, the boys, worked well, their mother and sister outworked them immeasurably. In fact, there was no comparison. And this, I believe, holds true of all the women in Virginia—the thoroughbreds, I mean. They so far outwork the men that there is simply no use in talking about it. For myself, it is but just to add that in that doleful interval between the morning fire-making and the blissful first nap, I can and do admire these women with a slow, steady, solid disinterestedness which might easily be mistaken for a sort of Dutch energy. I am not lazy—at least not *so* lazy.

Well, what came of all this labor and

energy, accompanied, too, by a reasonable degree of thrift? I cannot give you a detailed account, for the reason that I did not remain to see. The blessed newspaper was set going at last, and kept me fully occupied. But I did stay long enough to see the cherries ripen. And what of that? A great deal, as you shall at once perceive.

The county-road describes a rude semicircle as it passes Boscobel Farm, and along that road, for the distance of a mile, the huts of the freedmen are scattered at intervals of twenty or thirty yards. Many of these huts are within a sling's throw of Boscobel house—not one of them is more than half a mile off in a direct line. The number of negro children of all ages in these huts may be roughly estimated at one hundred and fifty. There were other children. The railroad crosses the county-road at right angles, and along the latter the houses of the white section-hands are thickly strewn. Say there were thirty white children, in all one hundred and eighty children. Here were the children, and there, on Boscobel Farm, were the cherry trees—a great many of them. They bore profusely, and they bore every year: they never failed. Dried cherries command a ready sale in every market. Will it be believed that when cherry season came not a man, woman or child could be coaxed, bribed, hired, bullied or persuaded to gather cherries on any terms, not ruinous, whatsoever? It is a positive fact.

What earthly chance was there for the strawberries?

Last summer, after my newspaper had been snuffed out, and I had gladly accepted a situation as grocer's clerk in Richmond, I made a visit to Boscobel. Baskins & Co. were gone, as a matter of course. The farm had evidently improved. It was neatly fenced from end to end, the grass was coming on finely, fat cattle were grazing on the hills, and there was an enormous breadth in corn. I did not inquire about the strawberries. Their hash was settled long ago, I knew. They told me they had gathered two or

three very large dwarf pears, and expected a full yield next year. So far so good. But the pen of white Chester pigs was jammed up against the kitchen! And the kitchen was not in the kitchen. No, nor yet in the basement under my aunt's chamber. No. It was on the main floor of the fine old Virginia mansion, next door to the dining-room, and actually in the former library! Corroding circumstance! And in that library-kitchen my aunt, who had been a belle and a wit at Williamsburg in its palmy days, who kept her carriage and pair, and never had less than four cooks at a time on her estate at Drayton Ford—there my aunt did most of the cooking herself. And my cousins, the sons of a distinguished professor, came in hob-nail boots and sat down to dinner at twelve o'clock by the watch!

This for me was the *coup-de-grâce*. I went out into the beautiful yard, mounted the horseblock under a cherry tree, smoked and mused, chewed and spat and thought; took another chew and spat, and thought hard thoughts:

"Hang me if our people ain't becoming peasants! Country life in Virginia is played out. The Virginia country gentleman is virtually extinct. Fifty years hence there will not be a trace of him. A race of boors and clodpoles will have supplanted him. Or, what is quite likely, the freedmen will own the little land that is cultivated. In place of plantations there will be patches. I can't say that I care. Old Virginia is dead: that's plain. I don't blame the negroes—not a bit of it. I am a good deal of a negro myself. I am superstitious, fond of fine clothes, musical, apt to get religion at revivals, love sunshine and hate hard work. But I do blame the Yankees. They have reduced us to poverty, freed negroes not prepared to be freed, paved the way for endless pauperism, and ripped the Southern goose that laid the golden egg of the United States revenues. They have done, as we say here in Virginia, the 'fool thing,' and now—dod blast 'em!—let 'em make the most of it." RICHARD B. ELDER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

SIAMESE COURT FASHIONS.

THE young king of Siam, cherishing a friendly regard for an American lady who had, during the reign of his late father, resided in the royal city, requested her to send him her likeness. This was accordingly done by the hands of a mutual friend, and the gift, as we learn from a recent letter, was received with marked pleasure by the monarch. But after a long and careful scrutiny, he asked with a puzzled air, "Has my friend changed her nation or her religion? It must be one or the other. The features are the same, but the *dress*? This is not the costume she wore when I saw her last."

And thus it ever is in the East. Orientals cannot possibly comprehend why the style of dress should be changed, unless of necessity. Among them each nation and tribe has its peculiar costume, as well as its insignia of religious creed; and these fashions are *perpetual*, the lapse of thousands of years ordinarily being unmarked by any special change. The loose Oriental sleeve, adopted of late years by our ladies, has been worn in China for thousands of years; the various basques, sacks and jackets, so generally prevalent among us at the present time, have all been portions of the national costume of Burmah, Siam and Malaya from time immemorial; and so of many of the styles introduced as *new* in our Western World. *Some* of their fashions, it is true, seem very absurd to our unaccustomed eyes; but ours doubtless appear equally strange to an Oriental, who regards red as the appropriate color for a bride, white for mourning, and yellow as the distinguishing costume of the clergy.

Styles never varying, wardrobes are transmitted from generation to generation, like houses or lands; and many an Eastern bride or belle makes her first entrée to society decked out in the robes,

as well as the jewels, worn by her ancestors hundreds of years ago. Very convenient, certainly, especially where one's coffers are not over well filled.

On one occasion a young American lady, then scarce sixteen years of age, was, with her friends, attending one of the court levees, where, for the first time, she was presented to His Siamese Majesty, the half-uncle of the young king who now occupies the throne. The lady being very near-sighted, wore glasses, and, never suspecting that these would be made the subject of a special remark at court, had not deemed it necessary to deprive herself of the comfort derived from their use. The extreme youthfulness of her appearance evidently surprised the king, whilst the girlish freshness of her manners and *the use of spectacles* were points he was wholly unable to reconcile with each other, as East Indians very seldom find it necessary to wear glasses at all, and never till at least fifty years of age. The surprise of His Serene Majesty at this inexplicable phenomenon rendered him, for the time, entirely oblivious of the usual forms of communicating with foreigners at this very ceremonious court, and with a degree of *empressement* that proved indisputably that ladies are not the sole monopolists in the article of curiosity, he hastened to satisfy himself on the point in question. Bending forward and fixing his eager gaze on his youthful visitor, to the temporary neglect of the rest of the party, the monarch called out in excited tones, "Will the *little* lady oblige me by coming very near the throne, that I may see her better, and speak with her without difficulty?" Then, without awaiting any reply, and regardless of the blushing reluctance with which his requisition was met on the part of the lady, he continued: "Won't you remove your glasses, that I may see your eyes more clearly, and take a seat here on

this cushion before me, that I may be able to inhale the fragrance of this fair young flower, from which the freshness of life's early dew seems scarce yet to have departed? Why, my little lady, do you wear those unsightly glasses? You are not old, nor are those bright orbs uncomely, that you should cover them from the view of others. But perhaps your lord is jealous of their bewitching glances, and would reserve for himself alone all their depth of tenderness. Tell me, my little friend, is it so?"

All this was spoken quite audibly, and in the presence of an assembly of not less than ten thousand persons, most of whom were males, including the chief nobility of the realm, the royal household, etc. As might be imagined, the lady was too sorely embarrassed to attempt any reply, and could only vainly wish that the unfortunate glasses, the innocent cause of her awkward dilemma, had been left at home. His Serene Majesty having gratified his curiosity so far as *gazing* was concerned, and finding that there was little hope of drawing the lady into conversation in a manner so public, suddenly recollected that royal etiquette required him to hold converse with his visitors only through the medium of the prime minister, and so concluded, for that time at least, not further to infringe the rules of courtly usage. The lady was therefore permitted by the regal host to withdraw from this trying ordeal to a seat among her friends and countrymen, a little to the left of the throne, and to reply in whispered tones to the questions of the king as they were repeated to her by the prime minister. Some of these were the following: "How do you contrive to remember the uses of the great number of small articles of which your costume seems to consist? Do you not sometimes put them on in a wrong place? Or is this casualty prevented by their being sewed on, each in its appropriate position, by the tailor? Do you take them off at night? or do you sleep in them, keeping them on until worn out? Do you not become very much fatigued by going through with this process every day? and would you

not prefer, for ordinary use, the simpler costume of the Siamese, reserving your own for state occasions? Does your religion forbid this change when made only in private? Are all your friends dead, that you dress in white?" (White is the mourning color of the Siamese and Chinese, and hence this interrogatory.) "How far is your country from mine? Are there very many ladies there? Are they all beautiful, with fair complexions, *white* eyes and *red* hair?" (Orientals call all eyes that are not black, *white*, and hair that is of less raven blackness than their own glossy tresses they designate as *red*. Hence the term "red-haired devil," so often applied to foreigners, is not intended in the way of opprobrium, but means simply, "foreign," or "fair-haired foreigners.") "Tell me of the birds and flowers of your country: are they more brilliant and fragrant than ours? Do the ladies of your country sing like those of Siam? Have you a great variety of instruments? Is the music most admired by your countrymen lively or plaintive in character? Is it better or worse than here in our royal city?"

These, and a great number of similar queries, were at first addressed mainly to the young lady whose glasses had won her so unenviable a distinction; and the Siamese monarch had, with genuine Oriental courtesy, chosen such topics as he naturally supposed would be most entertaining to a fair young girl still in her teens, little dreaming that a *woman*, and especially one so very youthful, had a thought upon any weightier subject than dress and agreeable pastimes.

When His Majesty's curiosity had been sufficiently gratified in criticising the persons and dress of the ladies first alluded to, the conversation became general, and was carried on with much spirit, till refreshments were brought in for the foreign guests, whom the king urged to partake freely of the choice delicacies set before them. Goblets of cool sherbet and sparkling pomegranate-juice were handed round, and tea served in tiny teapots and cups of the

purest gold. Fruits, sweetmeats and confections in endless variety accompanied these fragrant beverages, but unfortunately there was neither knife, fork nor spoon, not even chopsticks, with which to handle the tempting viands. The hospitable old monarch, finding that his guests did not eat, inquired the reason; and on being informed that they were not accustomed to eat *à la Orientale*—*i. e.*, with their fingers—he apologized for the omission, and reproved his major-domo for carelessness; upon which that functionary made a hasty exit, and returned in a few moments literally loaded with chopsticks. These the foreigners vainly essayed to make use of, much to their own mortification and the amusement of the merry-hearted old king, who again sent off the master of ceremonies, with a few earnest words spoken too low for our hearing. But we understood their import when some minutes later a magnificent set of silver knives, forks and spoons of Queen Victoria's own pattern were placed before us. All obstacles being thus removed, the guests could no longer refuse to accept His Majesty's hospitalities, while he had the pleasure of looking on and laughing to his heart's content at their expense.

The business of eating concluded, the king called upon his foreign friends to participate in a royal game which had been in vogue as far back as their historical records extended, and which no guest might refuse to share in without giving personal offence to the sovereign. After this introduction, at a signal given by the royal host, five huge baskets filled with very small limes were placed directly in front of the throne. Inviting the foreigners to scramble for the fruit, and telling them that whoever succeeded in getting the largest number should enjoy his highest favor, the king threw as many as he could hold between his two hands, in such manner as to scatter them in every direction over the widest possible space. This was repeated scores upon scores of times, and the guests, wishing to humor the whim of their host, entered heartily into the sport,

scrambling about upon hands and knees in pursuit of the limes, sometimes receiving from the merry old gentleman a hearty pelt over the head or knuckles, at which he would beg pardon, and assure his friends that it was quite accidental! After an hour thus spent, the foreigners begged leave to desist, and the native nobles took their turn at the sport.

On examination, each lime was found to contain a gold or silver coin, and as the amount thus obtained by each individual was quite considerable, the ladies and gentlemen of our party sent up the money to the king, stating that it would be a violation of the etiquette of our country to receive presents of *money*. But His Majesty begged very earnestly that the coins should be retained, though merely, he said, as a token of the royal favor and in compliance with courtly usage—not at all for their intrinsic value.

Music, vocal and instrumental, followed, then a theatrical performance, next some feats of jugglery and various national games, and the evening closed with such a brilliant display of fireworks as rarely falls to the lot of Western eyes to witness.

So strikingly, in most particulars, do Eastern and Western fashions differ that by adopting a course directly opposite to the prevalent European custom one may usually attain the most approved style of Oriental etiquette; as, for example, with us the post of honor is on the *right* hand, in the East it is at the *left*. Among Western nations inferiors *stand* in the presence of high dignitaries, but it would be death in any Oriental country for a common man to stand up before the king, thus bringing *his head on a level with that of his sovereign*. Europeans remove their *hats* in token of deferential respect—Orientals, their *shoes*. We pay visits of ceremony in the *forenoon*—they between nine in the evening and three in the morning! Our ladies compress the *waist*—the more sensible Orientals, the *feet*. And so on, in every conceivable case, contrasts meet us at every step, and Fashion has the credit of all.

EDGAR A. POE AND THE JULEPS.

JOHN R. THOMPSON succeeded Edgar A. Poe as editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*. Fresh from the University, well-to-do in the goods of this world, and justly proud of his position—for the *Messenger* then was the oldest, and certainly one of the best, magazines in the Union—Thompson lived *en prince* in a suite of apartments in Main street. One of them, furnished handsomely as a reception-room, contained a beaufet well stocked with the choicest liquors. Into this room came one morning about eleven o'clock a handsome, very intellectual-looking man, who, bowing formally, asked if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. John R. Thompson.

"Yes," said Mr. Thompson, who had already risen.

"My name," said the stranger, "is Poe."

It may be taken for granted that the youthful editor, who was never lacking in courtesy, gave his predecessor just such a reception as the occasion and the man required. If Thompson felt honored by the visit, Poe was more than gratified by the cordiality and unfeigned respect manifested by the young poet. The author of "The Raven" was now seated in an easy-chair. Conversation flowed freely and pleasantly, Poe of course taking the lead, and an hour or two slipped away seemingly in as many moments.

Poe rose to take leave. Thompson entreated him to remain. No, he had an engagement. As he turned toward the door, Poe's eye fell upon the beaufet with its glittering array of silver and cut glass, and a change passed over his grave, handsome face. In an animated tone he said, "Ah! you have a nice little arrangement there, Mr. Thompson. Perhaps you can give me something to drink."

"Indeed I can," said Mr. Thompson. "What will you have?"

"That depends upon what you've got."

Thompson enumerated several kinds of wine, whisky and French brandy, commending the last as very superior.

Poe chose brandy. Selecting a tumbler of the ordinary size, he lifted the decanter with steady hand and began to pour—one finger, two fingers, three fingers, four fingers, five!

Thompson became alarmed. "Excuse my seeming incivility," said he—"such it really is not, I assure you—but, Mr. Poe, are you—are you not taking a little—just a little—too much for your own good?"

"No, sir, not at all," was the reply. "I know myself thoroughly well, Mr. Thompson, and can gauge myself to a hair. I have had some experience in these matters, and I have discovered about brandy, good French brandy, this remarkable peculiarity—that it is least injurious when you fill the glass as nearly full as possible, and leave room for as little water as possible." And the pouring went steadily on till the tumbler was full to the very brim. "Now a drop—just a drop—of water, if you please."

The drop of water—it was barely more than that—was added, and then, to Thompson's amazement and horror, Poe drained his glass to the bottom.

He lingered a while, and Thompson, fearing the brandy might tell upon his distinguished guest after he got into the street, suggested, as adroitly and respectfully as he could, that a few moments of repose on the sofa might be of service to him.

"Oh no!" said Poe: "you need have no fear for me. The brandy is nothing. *I've already had thirteen juleps*; and now I think I'll step across the way and get my breakfast!"

Extending his hand in farewell, he bowed stiffly and was gone.

CHANG-LOO'S OBSEQUIES.

MANY years ago, when Yerba Buena Cemetery lay away over among the sand-hills in South San Francisco, there used to be many curious rites performed there at the temporary interment of Chinamen—none ever receiving final burial in strange soil, lest their unsettled ghosts be doomed to rove for ever over the desolate hills of a foreign land.

The meanest Coolie who comes bound

for a term of servitude to defray his passage is secured against this calamity by a protective religious law, and cargo after cargo of bones goes over the seas to the Celestial soil, where peace and repose are ensured them.

In early times nearly all the coffins containing their dead were of the rudest description, and an express-wagon invariably did duty as a hearse in the funeral train. A basket filled with rice, preserved fruit and a variety of viands was placed beside the body, and a cock was always killed upon the grave after it was filled. This ceremony, and the shocking wail and chant kept up by the mourners, were all that Americans usually saw or heard of the obsequies, but while in Virginia City a fortnight ago I had an opportunity of witnessing the whole scene.

I stumbled upon the show in coming through the Chinese quarter, and had my attention riveted by the prolonged and piercing cries of the mourners before I reached the spot.

The house of sorrow was a larger one than its neighbors, and, as I afterward heard, the late Celestial was a moneyed man, much respected by his friends and Chinamen generally.

A plumed and ornamented hearse stood at the door, and the coffin had just been placed in it. Silver bands and handles decorated this last receptacle, and no one, from its outside, could have guessed at the nationality of its occupant. Just as I came in sight a Chinaman laid a piece of scarlet cloth across its head, and then retired, leaving the foreground to three female figures clad in white, who were the chief mourners. They were dressed in loose white cotton suits, made exactly like their common clothes, and worn over them. Two of them were apparently over twenty—which is old for a Chinawoman—and wore long-caped conical hoods; but the other, who was girlish and pretty for one of her race, was bareheaded, and had her loose, flowing hair tied about her waist with a white girdle. A wooden bench was placed in front of the door, and on this they bowed forward, making their foreheads touch the dirt, and uttering their dirge-

notes in long, thrilling cries. A man, evidently nearly connected with the deceased, fed a small fire with paper prayers, and stirred it continually, so as to make the tinder rise and blow away on the wind; and although there were scores of Chinamen, all bustling and busy, and numerous vehicles waiting round, they seemed to make no progress, while the women moaned and the prayers fell into feathery ashes and floated off.

I never yet found an ungracious or impolite Chinaman; so I made bold to address the one nearest me, who seemed, like myself, simply an observer: from him I learned that the dead man had been the husband of the three ladies who bewailed him, and that he was a person of some wealth and consequence.

"Mellikan men all good—no gettee but one wife," said my informant with wily flattery; then, shrugging his shoulders with meek deprecation of their failing—"Chinaman likee have good many; buy two, three, all time he gettee money."

From which I argued that matrimony in China was only limited by the means of the male contractor, and that a man was permitted to get as many wives as he could support.

"This man gottee house in Carson—he gottee house here," continued the personage, who had introduced himself as Waugh-Kee. "One wife live in Carson: she all good head, and do much business. Other wives, like here, no know much, but Chang-Loo he likee them, 'cause they welly pooty."

Not an unnatural consequence: the business-wife was neglected for the beauties. Chang-Loo's fancy was not peculiar to his race.

"He come here and get welly sick: all pain; no do anything but make face and heap cry." Here he made motions imitating the effect of the most violent cramps, and proved himself a very good facial mimic. He then proceeded to narrate how, the cramps growing worse, the wives in Virginia became alarmed, and two Chinese doctors fed him with pills as large as bullets, and quarts of herb-stews—all in vain. Chang-Loo ceased to speak, and even to groan, and,

lying in this sinking state, it suggested itself to the mind of a friend to go after his other wife, which was immediately done.

Carson is connected by railway with Virginia, two hours distant, and on the evening of the day he started the friend returned with Mrs. Chang-Loo No. 1, who, beholding her lord stretched in a speechless and expiring state, rent the air with her shrieks of grief and misery. Being practical in everything, however, she did not give way to her sorrow until she had thoroughly thrashed the two neglectful wives, who had failed to do their duty by sending for her in the first place. "For," explained Waugh-Kee, "Chang-Loo gottee too much money, lend too many mans, and he no speak, so she no know where heap money gone: then she lickee them too muchee hard."

Whatever their former disagreements, the three united heartily in grieving for their one husband, and in the most plaintive and heartrending cries, that rose in desolate swells, bewailed him—bowing their foreheads in the dust, and raising their streaming eyes with looks of woe so pitiful as to touch the heart of any beholder.

Meantime, the jabbering, bustling Chinamen seemed to bring the arrangements for the procession to a close, and the American drivers of the hearse and an express-wagon came out of their perplexities sufficiently to understand that the cavalcade was to set forward by and by, and began to act accordingly. But the oldest wife ran forward with looks of anguish and kissed the coffin-head again and again, chanting over it in a series of sobs that vibrated between shrillness and inarticulate sounds.

The hearse then moved on, and with many noisy directions the Chinamen got the express-wagon in its wake, and the three widows, unaided by any help of theirs, clambered up its wheels like cats, and seating themselves in a row began an exaggerated edition of their dirge, rocking violently to and fro as they sung.

Then the nearest friends of the dead man followed, having first placed in the wagon with the widows baskets contain-

ing food and clothing, and some cutlery, meant, as I learned, for defence and protection. As soon as the carriages started the air was filled with flying squares of thin paper, each marked to represent the actual wealth of which the man had died possessed, and meant, as Waugh-Kee informed me, to delude the devil, and aid the escape of the Chinaman's soul from his clutches. To assist in this same object the friend at the house door put in and stirred up fresh prayers, and the wind seemed laden with whirling tinder and leaves.

Waugh-Kee explained: "Chinaman gottee dubbloo (or devil), all time want to catchum when him die. He welly poor, no gottee money, dubbloo catchum welly quick. Chang-Loo all rich, and dubbloo run to catchum, but money fly and makee dubbloo run all way, so Chang-Loo run welly quick and makee all right."

He said no true Chinaman would bury his friend without food and change of raiment, so that when he was prepared to rise and go on his spiritual way he might find refreshment awaiting him. He also rejoiced that Chang-Loo's obsequies had been so well managed that the smoke rose with prayers on it just as the money flew off on the wind. "He all right—dubbloo no gettee him," he concluded as the motley cavalcade wound out of sight. "By'm by ship takee over China, all good." Then with his conciliatory smile, "Me likee Mellikan too much—all good. Chinaman heap poor, no welly good. Mellikan man all right, too muchee rich: he no fear dubbloo."

Quite a group of idle Chinese and Americans of questionable character gathered round the house from which Chang-Loo had taken his final departure, to talk over the event and enjoy a social gossip. Waugh-Kee, who was of an amiable turn, evidently desired to join them; so, not to detain him, I followed the buggies and wagons that brought up the rear of the funeral cortège as they turned up the road toward the cemetery, part of which is used by the Chinese.

M. H.

NOTES.

TOBACCO antidotes were the rage a year or two ago. Newspapers were filled with advertisements of their wonderful virtues. Like other nostrums, they had their day, and now we hear no more of them. There *is* an antidote, but no physician would recommend it. It is too severe. Witness:

Ex-Governor H. H. Wells, of Virginia, used to be an inveterate smoker. He would average twenty cigars a day. He never went without them, never stinted himself, and, being a man of powerful constitution, never experienced any ill effects from them. As counsel for Cahoon, he was present in the Capitol at the time of the dreadful accident (if such it may be called), went down with the rest, and sustained frightful injuries. His breast-bone and two or three ribs were broken, to say nothing of contusions and other injuries. For a long time his life was despaired of, but his iron constitution brought him safely through. After his recovery he was surprised to find that his fondness for tobacco had disappeared entirely. Nay more, from that day to this he has not only not had any desire for his once-beloved cigar, but the very smell of it is unbearable. The violent shock to his nervous system appears to have wrought an entire change in his constitution—so great a change, indeed, that it is probable that he will never again be able to tolerate tobacco in any form.

A PARIS paper lately asked "how magistrates conducted themselves in America," and proceeded to answer by declaring that it was an every-day matter in our courts, at least in winter, to see both judges and jurymen taking off their stockings, so as to dry them on the registers in the court-rooms, while some of their number were actually free and easy enough to habitually "cut their corns." Hence, it added, when, on a recent occasion, a lawyer remonstrated against this lack of judicial decorum, the judge, glowering upon him, called out, "Mr. Attorney, I call you to order and to the respect due to this court. Mind

your own business, sir." The lawyer, abashed, continued his address to the court, and the latter proceeded with its pedal surgery!

If this amusing story is sufficiently absurd, the grave *Journal des Débats* lately contained something quite as marvelous. It declared that extremely strange electrical phenomena occur "in America, in the United States and Mexico," occasioned by "electrical tension." In winter our hair, it appears, if combed with a fine comb, stands up straight; our woolen clothes attract all floating down and dust; and it is useless to brush these particles off, because you would for ever have to repeat the job. You must use a sponge in order to get rid of the "electric dust" on the cloth. "Do you wish," proceeds the account, "to open a door? A spark from the knob stings you cruelly. Two friends, shaking hands, receive an electric shock. The end of the tongs, a candlestick—in short, all metallic objects—become so many *electric pistols*." Nay, it is not always prudent to indulge in kissing in this country, for fear of an electric shock, because sparks dart out from the approaching noses; while as to lighting the gas, you can do that easily with the electrified fingers! "Such are the phenomena which electricity produces in those countries."

WHILE the Japanese and the Chinese are opening their doors to European civilization, and coming out of them themselves, both men and women, to seek for the knowledge possessed by the outside barbarians whom they have despised so heartily up to this time, India, the seat and centre of conservatism, begins to feel the influence of the new era which seems to be opening for the world. The simple fact that thirty new journals were started there during the year is as pregnant in its meaning as the inauguration of free schools in the Papal States is for the future of Italy. Most of these journals are weeklies, but the chief thing is that they are native; nor does the movement stop here. The natives of India appear to have a very general sense of

the importance of not relying exclusively upon English aid, and a general distrust of the English schools, so that liberal subscriptions are being made by the natives for their own schools with native teachers, and the teachers themselves appear to be forthcoming, and to meet with great success. In fact, as in Japan we recently saw the overthrow of a feudal system, in India we are now enabled to see a crisis similar to the revival of learning in Europe during the Middle Ages. In Turkey the same spirit is manifesting itself, and many of the first ladies in Constantinople appear in the public streets without their veils. The English expedition to Abyssinia found that King Theodore had introduced European officers, improved firearms and military drill in his army, while the king of Dahomey has done the same. In fact, the world now offers to the student of social progress examples of every stage of social development, from utter savagism—instances of which have been collected by Professor Lubbock—to the highest civilization yet reached upon this planet. The value of these practical exemplifications of the process of social growth in throwing light upon the historical periods of our own civilization, cannot be too highly estimated, and has already done much in justifying the new spirit with which history is now studied and written.

THE overthrow of the Erie dynasty is, for various reasons, one of the most noticeable events of the time. To those who have been interested in observing during the last decade the rapid growth of the various industrial enterprises which seem to threaten the organization of a species of commercial feudalism in no very distant future, this brilliant and decisive campaign has a peculiar interest. It is interesting to observe the difference of the methods pursued in this nineteenth century from those which were in vogue during the Middle Ages when an analogous contest arose. Compare, for example, this battle of the stockholders—for it would appear that the attacking party in some involved way represented

the unfortunate stockholders of Erie, whose interests have so long been entirely ignored in the turmoil and dust of financial contests that even their existence has almost passed out of memory—fighting to secure their inherent right to dividends, with that of the barons at Runnymede wresting from a similar usurper their right to their personal liberty, that they should not be deprived of it without due process of law. The character of the two contests, the motives with which they were undertaken, the methods by which they were carried on, and the manner in which they were successful, may serve to mark the differences of our modern times from those good old days in a way that is far from incomplete. And it is quite possible that the quiet party of gentlemen who planned and carried through this startling and successful move were quite unconscious that they were probably establishing an historical precedent as were their forerunners, the rough old barons who drove King John into a political corner; or that their demonstration that stockholders have rights which railroad presidents are bound to respect may be the inauguration of an era of railway history which shall proceed as much farther than they intended it should, as the right to the *habeas corpus*, which the barons demanded only for their class, but which has in these times become the property of all.

THERE will be a possible chance now for American collectors who are attacked with a severe case of the bibliophilic mania to secure in the future European sales such manuscripts of the classics as date before the invention of printing or are valuable for their illuminations, or other bibliographical rarities in this enticing line. Sir Thomas Phillipps has retired from the contest for such to his grave, where such rarities will have no further attractions for him. In bibliographic circles his memory will survive as the collector who stands second to Heber for the omnivorous and insatiable passion which possessed him, if perchance he did not for the size and ex-

pense of his collection surpass that great collector of the earlier part of this century. In other respects, however—which are perhaps quite as worthy the ambition of men, though they may not appeal so strongly to the collector—his memory will not be as green as that of Heber. Heber was well pleased to have his books used by students, literary men and others who knew how to make use of them. He felt that he was not more than the guardian of such volumes, and he had many which could not be obtained readily elsewhere. His library was in a certain measure a circulating one, while that of Sir Thomas Phillipps was a mausoleum. His books were literally piled up in heaps, frequently in the bundles in which they came to him. The front hall was so packed with them that the front door could not be opened. With a folly, too, that is simply pitiable, he has sought to retain his dog-in-the-manger treatment of them after his death. Some years ago, Mr. James Orchard Halliwell, the well-known Shakespearian editor, incurred the lasting enmity of Sir Thomas by marrying one of his daughters, and for some time Sir Thomas's rage for the purchase of expensive books has been caused, it is said, by the desire to invest as much of his wealth as he could in personal property, so that at his death he could dispose of it by will. By the provisions of this instrument he has left his house and his books to his youngest daughter, in trust for her children, with a strict provision that neither his eldest daughter, her husband, nor any Roman Catholic should ever be allowed to enter the house. What a picture of distorted human nature this old man offers, thus nursing for years a mean and impotent hatred of his own child, and then trying thus to carry it with him after his death!

A BILL has been introduced in Congress to grant an appropriation for the purpose of trying the experiment for producing rain by the method (noticed before in these NOTES) of firing numer-

ous cannons simultaneously. Though such a method of influencing the weather seems unscientific, since it does not profess to proceed according to a well-established or carefully-considered theory, but upon a simple system of guess-work, yet the attempt is to be commended, and the money it costs will be well expended, whether it succeeds or not, provided it serves to increase the study given to the subject of the weather, and to strengthen the growing conviction that atmospheric effects are due to well-defined causes, and that by obtaining a knowledge of these last it is quite possible for mankind to obtain a control of their action, and thus intelligently influence the climate. Heretofore the weather has been considered a synonym for everything that is fickle and incomprehensible, but with the establishment of the weather bureau at Washington it has been found that, in common with all the other phenomena of Nature, the wind and the rain are subject to the action of law; and already a noticeable advance has been made in our ability to foretell the course of storms. The modern world has now at its command the materials, and the method for their use, by which in a few years more advance can be made in the comprehension of the phenomena of the weather than the world could make before in thousands of years. The telegraph, for example, affords an opportunity for conducting a series of contemporary observations over a widely-extended area of the earth's surface, and will eventually enable an observer to have reliable data gathered from all round the world at one and the same moment. Then, too, the action and effect of the electric conditions of the upper and lower atmospheres are engaging the attention of scientific observers, and the agency of these causes in producing rain are being investigated. In this connection those who are interested in the subject are waiting with eager expectation the promised text-book from Tyndall, upon *Water in Vapor, Clouds, etc.*

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

With these volumes ends, no doubt, the series of Mr. Hawthorne's personal memoranda, with which the public is now unreservedly favored. They are of a character to take the reader more closely than ever into companionship with their author, and their closing bereaves us of Hawthorne afresh.

An interruption toward the latter part of the diary marks the period when the *Marble Faun* was written. The notes lead up to that romance, flow around it, and then flow on. They are full of the observations which became the constructive parts of the story, and they embrace even the transitory flash across the author's fancy of that notion of a living modern Faun upon which the novel is founded. "I like these strange, sweet, playful, rustic creatures," he says when collecting at night his remembrances of the Villa Borghese, where there are a couple of sculptured Fauns: "their character has never, that I know of, been wrought out in literature, and something quite good, funny and philosophical, as well as poetic, might very likely be educed from them." Four days after, in the Capitol, before the Faun attributed to Praxiteles, he refers to the suggestion, and fancies that "a story, with all sorts of fun and pathos in it," might be made of a living Faun, allied to nineteenth-century characters. His first conception evidently aims more at a grasp of the sunny and sylvan graces imaginable in the race of Fauns, and less at the morbid metaphysics and the wasting of the changed Faun in prison to which he was afterward led by the imperative saturnine fancy of his latter days. He even entertains the confounding idea of the modern young lady endowed with some of the frisky and furry attributes of the tribe. The memorandum-book has in many places this light radiance of fancy, balanced in some others by the exacting peevishness of the invalid traveler. But the romance has no ups and downs, but is plunged in its own unearthly melancholy.

This diary explains in great degree the less

satisfying characteristics of Hawthorne's last great romance. In the current of that powerful work of art we are sensible of periodical lapses into a denser medium, a sort of temporary coagulation, where the author, with infinite tact, but still with something that is more like conscience than impulse, devotes himself to his Roman descriptions. It is glorified guide-book, it is true, but still, so far as it goes, it is guide-book, and preserves the medicinal flavor. It is the use he thought he ought to make of his Notes. Now it is the privilege of these Notes themselves that being on a different plane, their descriptive passages are among their best, and seem flexible and aerial as they float over the reader's imagination. Of paltry borrowing from printed information, we must be understood to say, the Notes have absolutely none. Anybody who happens to be familiar with Murray will be surprised, and probably abased in spirit, at the proud absence of every borrowed allusion, when ordinary books of travel by clever men are packed with such pillagings. The crowning charm of these transparent volumes, indeed, is their utter sincerity. Mr. Hawthorne may be thought to have made an art of his own genuineness. With a fine nicety he separates his particular film of limpid observation from all that amalgam of impressions which tourists gather from books and from converse, and his subtlety in this self-presentation is the one mark of art which his diary, in all its length, presents. From first to last it is all pure, honor-bright Hawthorne. There is no particle of manufactured emotion, or of manufactured grief at the lack of emotion. It seems probable that these running notes, often written with assiduous care in hours of great fatigue or of sickness, are the result of a literary man's old-time habit, his method of massing capital for the future expenses of his imagination. Mr. Hawthorne, therefore, in selecting at the end of his jaded evenings the quotidian tribute for his journal, knew well what sort of thing would be precious to him in going back to it for the material of his romances—knew that nothing would have any value but the original, trustworthy, genuine comment of his own soul. To these

impressions of his grand tour he hoped to refer, perhaps, for the hints of many stories yet to come. It is only the reader who can see, from these journals, that the man was getting old, that he had lost the animated and springing finger which he had laid on American scenes in his earlier diaries, and that he was about to fail: to himself, in writing them, he doubtless seemed young, capable, assimilative, and fit as ever for great work.

Through the simple lounging manner which he here wears we get, from moment to moment, strange flashes of his unmatched creative talent or his goblin-like insight. He seems rather like a sickly and weakly man compelled to carry some angel among the sights of Europe. For his own part he is filled with a sense of his shortcomings, his want of capacity to appreciate, his ignorance, his inefficacy. He is a poor chemist, rather burdened than otherwise with his responsible secret of the philosopher's stone, thrown for a short time into a new laboratory, and dutifully trying his test upon this novelty and upon that, sure that out of some of them he must enrich the world. Often the failure worries him. "I hate what I have said," he adds to an effort at refining upon Milton's epithets of "dim, religious light" as he stands in the cathedral at Florence. "This simile looked prettier in my fancy than I have made it look on paper," he says when trying to make a comparison out of the illumination of Saint Peter's. He seems very lovable, personally, when brought to the Urim and Thummim of European wonders, and conspicuously failing at the ordeal. We have in him no hint of the ordinary literary man's routine—the historic parade, the levying upon museums, the landscape suggestions. The modesty of the enchanter impresses us keenly as we think how Bulwer dealt with Pompeii, and then how Hawthorne has dealt with Rome.

The tour was a family one, and took place after the Liverpool consulship. Mr. Hawthorne appears to have been accompanied by seven persons, and the charge of the trunks and the custom-house troubles annoyed him wearily. They passed through France without apparently deriving a single intelligible impression, and embarked for Italy from Marseilles in January, 1858. After a sojourn in Rome, they reached Florence before the first of June, lumbering along in capricious stage-

coaches, with many hindrances, like the party of artists they were. Afterward, when they went to take possession of the villa called in the novel Monte Beni, they could not get in because Julian Hawthorne had forgotten the key. In the autumn the party returned to Rome, taking Sienna, San Querico, Radicofani, Viterbo and Bolsena on the way. A projected trip to Venice was prevented by the illness of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter, and he had not seen Naples; so that Rome and Florence contain almost the complete repertory of his notes, except some charming ones made at smaller places like Perugia, Assisi, Sienna and Avignon. In the subjects sketched in the two great cities, and in the persons met and profiled, we find the choice things of the journal. We continually meet with welcome first conceptions afterward elaborated for the *Faun*. Hilda's Tower, for instance—the shabby and vulgar daylight tenement of the Via Portoghese—has little touches of romance and legend added to it which prepare it for its glorified appearing in the novel. Its perpetual lamp was the vow of a nobleman whose child was held over the turret by a pet monkey: the animal bringing the infant safely down, the shrine was built and illumined according to the oath; and the light still burns, the fee of the property depending thereupon. The frayed and lovely magnificences of Monte Beni—which turns out to be a villa only a mile out of Florence—are depicted with a kind of amused sympathy. The wizard who, in the story, journeyed ever so far to look into its mysteries and recesses, is found to be simply Mr. Kirkup, out of Florence—the antiquarian with whom the world has an inappeasable controversy for "restoring" and ruining Giotto's portrait of Dante in the Bargello. It is going too far to say that Kenyon, in the romance, found his original in the sculptor Story, though the latter seems to be the writer's ideal of an artist. In fact, nearly all the *matriel* of the *Marble Faun* can be here found—objects which the writer seemed to value highly, but which came to appear almost cumbrous among the shadows of the strange personalities whom he afterward invented to live among them.

The portraits in the diary are, artistically, the best things there: every one is a rapid, expressive intaglio, full of life and character. His taking off of Powers and of Mrs. Jameson is capitally sly; that of Miss Bremer,

who gave him supper out of her poverty in her exalted chamber over the Tarpeian Rock, is exquisitely sympathetic. Of course there is childlike admiration of ex-President Pierce, who met him in Rome; and of Sumner, equally, of course, a decidedly grudging and uncongenial account. Of Browning's poetry he very felicitously says that it can seldom run far without getting into the high grass; but of the man himself he predicts, "I like Browning much, and should make him like me if opportunities were favorable." Of Mrs. Lewes, the author of *Adam Bede*, he learns that she had been the daughter of an English steward, and thus possessed exceptional acquaintance with farmers and *genre* characters.

At length, driven from Rome by the malaria in May, 1859, and bearing with him the cherished daughter whose illness had had the effect of closing utterly his diary for many weeks, Mr. Hawthorne embarked for Marseilles. His adieu to the Eternal City is so true to almost all the varying moods of the record that we will indulge ourselves with the citation of it: "After breakfast I walked on the Pincian, and saw the garden and the city, and the Borghese grounds, and Saint Peter's in an earlier sunlight than ever before. Methought they never looked so beautiful, nor the sky so bright and blue. I saw Soracte on the horizon, and I looked at everything as if for the last time; nor do I wish ever to see any of these objects again, though no place ever took so strong a hold on my being as Rome, nor ever seemed so close to me and so strangely familiar. I seem to know it better than my birthplace, and to have known it longer; and though I have been very miserable there, and languid with the effect of the atmosphere, and disgusted with a thousand things in its daily life, still I cannot say I hate it — perhaps might fairly own a love for it. But life being too short for such questionable and troublesome enjoyments, I desire never to set eyes on it again."

The irregular and fragmentary way in which the journal closes, sending solitary notes from Leamington, Bath and London, is like the broken respiration of a dying man: at last, with one short breath of home, sent up from New England, and pierced with the trumpet-call of imminent war, the record comes to an end.

The anxious and purposeless notices of

works of art with which the book is filled belong to a class in which Mr. Hawthorne was not able to excel the throng of travelers who deem it obligatory to record their thoughts. He has alternate chills and exaltations over, for instance, the *Venus de' Medici*, but technically believes it must measure right, the lowest part of the ear "being about in a straight line with the *upper lip*." It is quite unnecessary to review these art-impressions.

A Journey Round my Room. By Xavier de Maistre. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset. Translated by Mrs. Owen Wister. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

We have here two very different degrees of success in translation. The *Voyage autour de ma Chambre* is rendered in a singularly flat, literal style, without distinction or charm. No exclusively English reader would know that the original is a bit of literary jeweler's work, unmatched for purity and grace. Stendhal had his fling at it, observing that as it was said to have been rewritten seventeen times, that fact accounted for its lapidary and wheel-work style. But in the original it has dashes of soft fire, like those that seem to come from behind the opal. The obvious leaning toward the style of Sterne has more of fraternity in it than of imitation; and the fantastic scene where De Musset offers to lace the sandal of the dream-Aspasia in the presence of the dream-Plato and Dr. Cigna in his bob-wig, has all the raciness of Lamb.

In its English form, however, this finished essay seems like a paradigm for college imitation, and as such, doubtless, it will go down to fame. The American edition is decked with some miniature illustrations by Veyssier, enclosed in small cartouches, and in admirable harmony with the scope and character of the work.

Mrs. Wister, having a little more audacity, has better fortune. By using largely the discretion of the paraphrase-maker, she preserves for us many a caprice of De Musset's, or perhaps substitutes a very tolerable caprice of her own. The "*Merle Blanc*" is deliciously translated. "*Fantasio*," though cruelly cut, is fairly presented for what he is, one of the most graceful *fâneurs* in any nation's literature, and "*On ne badine pas avec l'Amour*," though sadly pruned again,

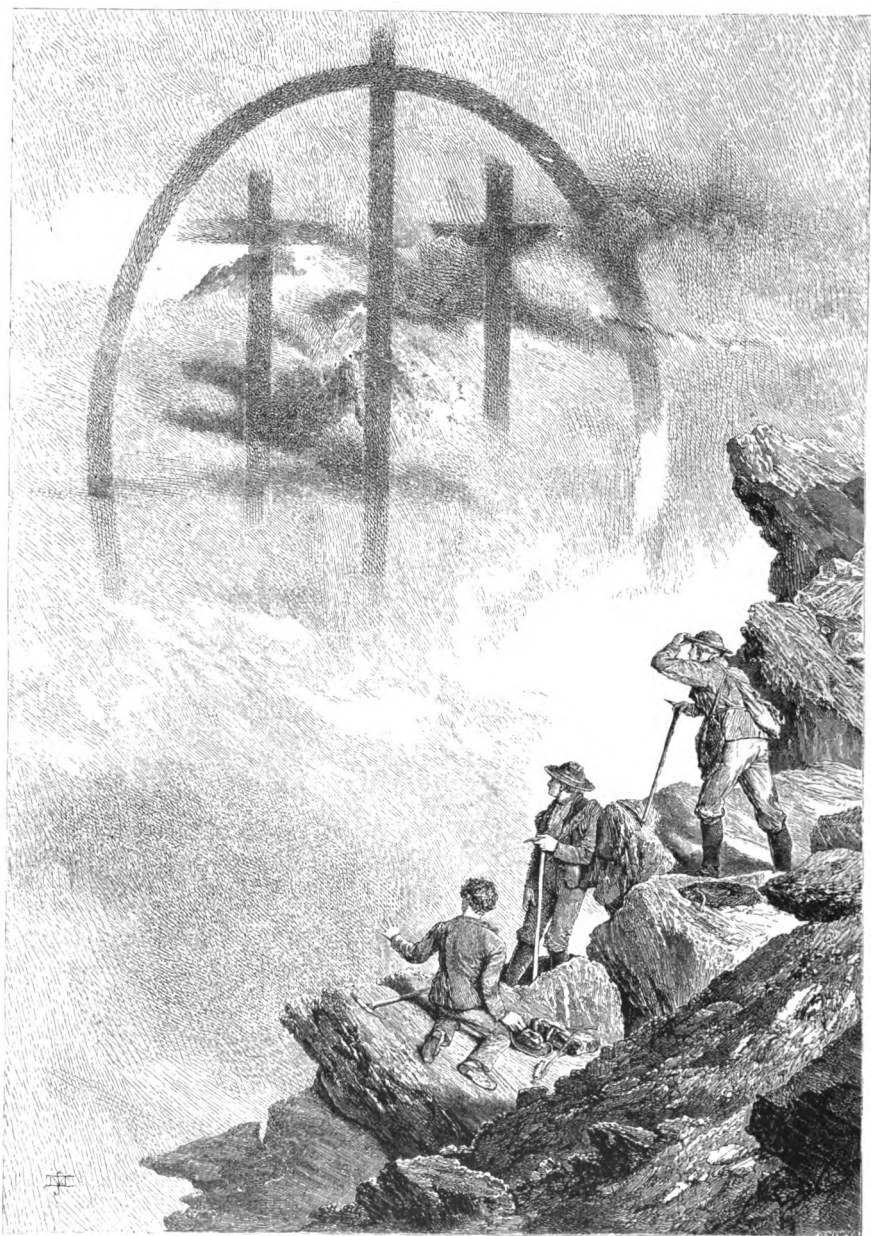
remains as a beautiful drama-poem. "Mimi Pinson" was not worth rendering, and the poems, though full of felicities, are, after all, an impossible task admirably attacked. The specimens presented are but a cupful from the well, but they have the sparkle.

The Land of Desolation: Being a Personal Narrative of Observation and Adventure in Greenland. By Isaac I. Hayes, M. D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros.

A summer's cruise along the western coast of Greenland, in company with Mr. Bradford, the artist, whose steam-yacht carried the party in pursuit of pleasure and the picturesque, has furnished Dr. Hayes with the material for a pleasant record, in which description and personal narrative are blended with historical summaries, information and speculations on glaciers and icebergs, and other matter of a solid kind, by way of ballast. The voyage extended from Julianhaab to Melville Bay, with frequent landings and explorations, affording opportunity not only for examination of the natural features of the country, but for making acquaintance also with the scanty inhabitants and observing their habits and way of life. The descriptions are agreeable, and no doubt faithful, without being too minute for the subject. Among them is an account of the kryolite mine at Iviktut, one-half the product of which (six thousand tons) is annually shipped to Philadelphia, and transported thence to Pittsburg, to be converted into commercial soda by the Pennsylvania Salt Company. This is the only mineral product of any value which Greenland supplies, and of this it has the monopoly. Fishing and hunting constitute, of course, the chief industry, yielding a slight revenue to the Danish government, which in return maintains colonies and supports missions. The Danes are, however, considered as intruders by the Esquimaux natives, though there is no longer any actual hostility between the two races. Besides much interesting and by no means heavy matter on points such as these, Dr. Hayes provides ample entertainment, in accounts of bear-hunts and other adventures, for youthful readers, who are indebted to Messrs. Harper & Brothers for a long list of books which have a special interest for them, and to which the present volume, with its copious illustrations, makes a worthy addition.

Books Received.

- The National Encyclopædia: A Compendium of Universal Information, brought down to the year 1871.** With the Pronunciation of every town and proper name. By L. Colange, LL.D., Editor of "Zell's Popular Encyclopædia." Illustrated. Part I. New York: Felt & Co.
- An Examination of Canon Liddon's Bampton Lectures on the Divinity of Our Lord.** By a Clergyman of the Church of England. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.
- Physiology of the Soul and Instinct, as distinguished from Materialism.** By Martyn Paine, A. M., M. D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- The Haunted Court, etc.** By Katherine Saunders, author of "The High Mills," etc. New York: George Routledge & Sons.
- A Treatise on English Punctuation.** By John Wilson. Twentieth edition. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.
- Falstaff and His Companions—Twenty-one Illustrations in Silhouette.** By Paul Kownewka. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Spectrum Analysis: Three Lectures, by Professors Roscoe, Huggins and Lockyer.** New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co.
- A Compendious Grammar of the Greek Language.** By Alpheus Crosby. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.
- The Hoosier Schoolmaster: A Novel.** By Edward Eggleston. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd & Co.
- Round the World. By a Boy.** Edited by Samuel Smiles. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Lord Bantam: A Satire.** By the author of "Ginx's Baby." New York: George Routledge & Sons.
- Æsthetics; or, The Science of Beauty.** By John Bascom. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.
- The Divine Tragedy.** By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
- Woman's Worth and Worthlessness.** By Gail Hamilton. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Fair to See: A Novel.** By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Water and Land.** By Jacob Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Arabesques.** By Mrs. Richard S. Greenough. Boston: Roberts Brothers.



FOG-BOW SEEN FROM THE MATTERHORN ON JULY 14, 1865.

"THE TAUGWALDERS THOUGHT THAT IT HAD SOME CONNECTION WITH THE ACCIDENT."

SEE CHAP. XXII.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

JUNE, 1872.

SCRAMBLES AMONGST THE ALPS IN THE YEARS 1860-'69.

BY EDWARD WHYMPER.



WESTERN SIDE OF THE COL DE TALÈFRE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE COL DE TALÈFRE.

THE person who discovered the Col du Géant must have been a shrewd mountaineer. The pass was in use before any other was known across the main chain of Mont Blanc, and down to the present time it remains the easiest and quickest route from Chamounix to Courmayeur, with the single exception of the pass that we crossed upon the 3d of July for the first time, which lies about midway between the Aiguille de Triolet and the Aiguille de Talèfre, and which,

for want of a better name, I have called the Col de Talèfre.

When one looks toward the upper end of the Glacier de Talèfre from the direction of the Jardin or of the Couvercle, the ridge that bounds the view seems to be of little elevation. It is overpowered by the colossal Grandes Jorasses and by the almost equally magnificent Aiguille Verte. The ridge, notwithstanding, is by no means despicable. At no point is its elevation less than eleven thousand six hundred feet. It does not look anything like this height. The Glacier de Talèfre mounts with a steady incline, and the eye is completely deceived.

In 1864, when prowling about with Mr. Reilly, I instinctively fixed upon a bent couloir which led up from the glacier to the lowest part of the ridge; and when, after crossing the Col de Triolet, I saw that the other side presented no particular difficulty, it seemed to me that this was the *one* point in the whole of the range which would afford an easier passage than the Col du Géant.

We set out from the Montanvert at 4 A. M. upon July 3, to see whether this opinion was correct, and it fortunately happened that the Rev. A. G. Girdle-

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stone and a friend, with two Chamounix guides, left the inn at the same hour as ourselves, to cross the Col du Géant. We kept in company as far as our routes lay together, and at 9.35 we arrived at the top of our pass, having taken the route to the south of the Jardin. Description is unnecessary, as our track is laid down very clearly on the engraving at the head of this chapter.

Much snow had fallen during the late bad weather, and as we reposed upon the top of our pass (which was about eleven thousand six hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and six hundred feet above the Col du Géant), we saw that the descent of the rocks which intervened between us and the Glacier de Triolet would require some caution, for the sun's rays poured down directly upon them, and the snow slipped away every now and then from ledge to ledge just as if it had been water—in cascades not large enough to be imposing, but sufficient to knock us over if we got in their way. This little bit of cliff consequently took a longer time than it should have done, for when we heard the indescribable swishing, hissing sound which announced a coming fall, we of necessity huddled under the lee of the rocks until the snow ceased to shoot over us.

We got to the level of the Glacier de Triolet without misadventure, then steered for its left bank to avoid the upper of its two formidable ice-falls, and after descending the requisite distance by some old snow lying between the glacier and the cliffs which border it, crossed directly to the right bank over the level ice between the two ice-falls. The right bank was gained without any trouble, and we found there numerous beds of hard snow (avalanche débris), down which we could run or glissade as fast as we liked.

Glissading is a very pleasant employment when it is accomplished successfully, and I have never seen a place where it can be more safely indulged in than the snowy valley on the right bank of the Glacier de Triolet. In my dreams I glissade delightfully, but in practice I

find that somehow the snow will not behave properly, and that my alpenstock *will* get between my legs. Then my legs go where my head should be, and I



see the sky revolving at a rapid pace: the snow rises up and smites me, and runs away, and when it is at last overtaken it suddenly stops, and we come into violent collision. Those who are with me say that I tumble head over heels, and there may be some truth in what they say. Streaks of ice are apt to make the heels shoot away, and stray stones cause one to pitch headlong down. Somehow, these things always seem to come in the way, so it is as well to glissade only when there is something soft to tumble into.*

Near the termination of the glacier we could not avoid traversing a portion of its abominable moraine, but at 1.30 P. M. we were clear of it, and threw ourselves upon some springy turf, conscious that our day's work was over. An hour afterward we resumed the march, crossed the Doire torrent by a bridge a little below Gruetta, and at five o'clock entered Courmayeur, having occupied somewhat less than ten hours on the way. Mr. Girdlestone's party came in, I believe, about four hours afterward, so there was no doubt that we made a shorter pass than the Col du Géant; and I believe we dis-

* In glissading an erect position should be maintained, and the point of the alpenstock allowed to trail over the snow. If it is necessary to stop or to slacken speed, the point is pressed against the slope, as shown in the illustration.

covered a quicker way of getting from Chamounix to Courmayeur, or *vice versa*, than will be found elsewhere so long as the chain of Mont Blanc remains in its present condition.

CHAPTER XX.

ASCENT OF THE RUINETTE—THE MATTERHORN.

ALL of the excursions that were set down in my programme had been carried out, with the exception of the ascent of the Matterhorn, and we now turned our faces in its direction, but instead of returning *viâ* the Val Tournanche, we took a route across country, and bagged upon our way the summit of the Ruinette.

We passed the night of July 4 at Aosta, under the roof of the genial Tairraz, and on the 5th went by the Val d'Ollomont and the Col de la Fenêtre (9140 feet) to Chermontane. We slept that night at the chalets of Chanrion (a foul spot, which should be avoided), left them at 3.50 the next morning, and after a short scramble over the slope above, and a half-mile tramp on the Glacier de Breney, we crossed directly to the Ruinette, and went almost straight up it. There is not, I suppose, another mountain in the Alps of the same height that can be ascended so easily. You have only to go ahead: upon its southern side one can walk about almost anywhere.

Though I speak thus slightly of a very respectable peak, I will not do anything of the kind in regard to the view which it gives. It is happily placed in respect to the rest of the Pennine Alps, and as a stand-point it has not many superiors. You see mountains, and nothing but mountains. It is a solemn—some would say a dreary—view, but it is very grand. The great Combin (14,164 feet), with its noble background of the whole range of Mont Blanc, never looks so big as it does from here. In the contrary direction the Matterhorn overpowers all besides. The Dent d'Hérens, although closer, looks a mere outlier of its great neighbor, and the snows of Monte Rosa behind seem in-

tended for no other purpose than to give relief to the crags in front. To the south there is an endless array of Becs and Beccas, backed by the great Italian peaks, whilst to the north Mont Pleureur (12,159 feet) holds its own against the more distant Wildstrubel.

We gained the summit at 9.15, and stayed there an hour and a half. My faithful guides then admonished me that Prerayen, whither we were bound, was still far away, and that we had yet to cross two lofty ridges. So we resumed our harness and departed; not, however, before a huge cairn had been built out of the blocks of gneiss with which the summit is bestrewn. Then we trotted down the slopes of the Ruinette, over the Glacier de Breney, and across a pass which (if it deserves a name) may be called the Col des Portons, after the neighboring peaks. From thence we proceeded across the great Otemma glacier toward the Col d'Olen.

The part of the glacier that we traversed was overspread with snow, which completely concealed its numerous pitfalls. We marched across it in single file, and of course roped together. All at once Almer dropped into a crevasse up to his shoulders. I pulled in the rope immediately, but the snow gave way as it was being done, and I had to spread out my arms to stop my descent. Biener held fast, but said afterward that his feet went through as well, so, for a moment, all three were in the jaws of the crevasse. We now altered our course, so as to take the fissures transversely, and after the centre of the glacier was passed, changed it again and made directly for the summit of the Col d'Olen.

It is scarcely necessary to observe, after what has been before said, that it is my invariable practice to employ a rope when traversing a snow-covered glacier. Many guides, even the best ones, object to be roped, more especially early in the morning, when the snow is hard. They object sometimes because they think it is unnecessary. Crevasses that are bridged by snow are almost always more or less perceptible by undulations on the surface: the snow droops

down, and hollows mark the course of the chasms beneath. An experienced guide usually notices these almost imperceptible wrinkles, steps one side or the other, as the case may require, and rarely breaks through unawares. Guides think there is no occasion to employ a rope, because they think that they will *not* be taken by surprise. Michel Croz used to be of this opinion. He used to say that only imbeciles and children required to be tied up in the morning. I told him that in this particular matter I was a child to him. "You see these things, my good Croz, and avoid them. I do not, except you point them out to me, and so that which is not a danger to you is a danger to me." The sharper one's eyes get by use, the less is a rope required as a protective against these hidden pitfalls, but according to my experience the sight never becomes so keen that they can be avoided with unvarying certainty, and I mentioned what occurred upon the Otemma glacier to show that this is so.

I well remember my first passage of the Col Théodule, the easiest of the higher Alpine glacier passes. We had a rope, but my guide said it was not necessary—he knew all the crevasses. However, we did not go a quarter of a mile before he dropped through the snow into a crevasse up to his neck. He was a heavy man, and would scarcely have extricated himself alone; anyhow, he was very glad of my assistance. When he got on to his legs again, he said, "Well, I had no idea that there was a crevasse there." He no longer objected to use the rope, and we proceeded—upon my part with greater peace of mind than before. I have crossed the pass thirteen times since then, and have invariably insisted upon being tied.

Guides object to the use of the rope upon snow-covered glacier, because they are afraid of being laughed at by their comrades; and this, perhaps, is the more common reason. To illustrate this, here is another Théodule experience. We arrived at the edge of the ice, and I required to be tied. My guide (a Zermatt man of repute) said that no one used a

rope going across that pass. I declined to argue the matter, and we put on the rope, though very much against the wish of my man, who protested that he should have to submit to perpetual ridicule if we met any of his acquaintances. We had not gone very far before we saw a train coming in the contrary direction. "Ah!" cried my man, "there is R——" (mentioning a guide who used to be kept at the Riffel hotel for the ascent of Monte Rosa): "it will be as I said—I shall never hear the end of this." The guide we met was followed by a string of tomfools, none of whom were tied together, and had his face covered by a mask to prevent it becoming blistered. After we had passed, I said, "Now, should R—— make any observations to you, ask him why he takes such extraordinary care to preserve the skin of his face, which will grow again in a week, when he neglects such an obvious precaution in regard to his life, which he can only lose once." This was quite a new idea to my guide, and he said nothing more against the use of the rope so long as we were together.

I believe that the unwillingness to use a rope upon snow-covered glacier which born mountaineers not unfrequently exhibit, arises—first, on the part of expert men from the consciousness that they themselves incur little risk; secondly, on the part of inferior men from fear of ridicule, and from aping the ways of their superiors; and thirdly, from pure ignorance or laziness. Whatever may be the reason, I raise my voice against the neglect of a precaution so simple and so effectual. In my opinion, the very first thing a glacier-traveler requires is plenty of good rope.

A committee of the English Alpine Club was appointed in 1864 to test, and to report upon, the most suitable ropes for mountaineering purposes, and those which were approved are probably as good as can be found. One is made of Manila and another of Italian hemp. The former is the heavier, and weighs a little more than an ounce per foot (103 ounces to 100 feet). The latter weighs 79 ounces per 100 feet, but I prefer the Manila rope, because it is more easy

to handle. Both of these ropes will sustain 168 pounds falling 10 feet, or 196 pounds falling 8 feet, and they break with a dead weight of two tons. In 1865 we carried two 100-foot lengths of the Manila rope, and the inconvenience arising from its weight was more than made up for by the security which it afforded. Upon several occasions it was worth more than an extra guide.

Now, touching the *use* of the rope. There is a right way and there are wrong ways of using it. I often meet, upon glacier-passes, elegantly got-up persons, who are clearly out of their element, with a guide stalking along in front, who pays no attention to the innocents in his charge. They are tied together as a matter of form, but they evidently have no idea *why* they are tied up, for they walk side by side or close together, with the rope trailing on the snow. If one tumbles into a crevasse, the rest stare and say, "La! what is the matter with Smith?" unless, as is more likely, they all tumble in together. This is the wrong way to use a rope. It is abuse of the rope.

It is of the first importance to keep the rope taut from man to man. There is no real security if this is not done, and your risks may be considerably magnified. There is little or no difficulty in extricating one man who breaks through a bridged crevasse if the rope is taut, but the case may be very awkward if two break through at the same moment, close together, and there are only two others to aid, or perhaps only one other. Further, the rope ought not upon any account to graze over snow, ice or rocks, otherwise the strands suffer and the lives of the whole party may be endangered.



THE WRONG WAY TO USE THE ROPE.

Apart from this, it is extremely annoying to have a rope knocking about one's heels. If circumstances render it im-



THE RIGHT WAY TO USE THE ROPE.

possible for the rope to be kept taut by itself, the men behind should gather it up round their hands,* and not allow it to incommode those in advance. A man must either be incompetent, careless or selfish if he permits the rope to dangle about the heels of the person in front of him.

The distance from man to man must be neither too great nor too small. About

* For example, when the leader suspects crevasses, and *sounds* for them in the manner shown in the engraving, he usually loses half a step or more. The second man should take a turn of the rope around his hand to draw it back in case the leader goes through.

twelve feet is sufficient. If there are only two or three persons, it is prudent to allow a little more — say fifteen feet. More than this is unnecessary, and less than nine or ten feet is not much good.

It is essential to examine your rope from time to time to see that it is in good condition. If you are wise you will do this yourself every day. Latterly, I have examined every inch of my rope overnight, and upon more than one occasion have found the strands of the Manila rope nearly half severed through accidental grazes.

Thus far the rope has been supposed to be employed upon level, snow-covered glacier, to prevent any risk from concealed crevasses. On rocks and on slopes it is used for a different purpose (namely, to guard against slips), and in these cases it is equally important to keep it taut and to preserve a reasonable distance one from the other. It is much more troublesome to keep the rope taut upon slopes than upon the level, and upon difficult rocks it is all but impossible, except by adopting the plan of moving only one at a time.

From the Col d'Olen we proceeded down the combe of the same name to the chalets of Prerayen, and passed the night of the 6th under the roof of our old acquaintance, the wealthy herdsman. On the 7th we crossed the Va Cornère Pass, *en route* for Breuil. My thoughts were fixed on the Matterhorn, and my guides knew that I wished them to accompany me. They had an aversion to the mountain, and repeatedly expressed their belief that it was useless to try to ascend it. "*Anything* but Matterhorn, dear sir!" said Almer—"anything but Matterhorn." He did not speak of difficulty or of danger, nor was he shirking *work*. He offered to go *anywhere*, but he entreated that the Matterhorn should be abandoned. Both men spoke fairly enough. They did not think that an ascent could be made, and for their own credit, as well as for my sake, they did not wish to undertake a business which in their opinion would only lead to loss of time and money.

I sent them by the short cut to Breuil, and walked down to Val Tournanche to look for Jean-Antoine Carrel. He was not there. The villagers said that he and three others had started on the 6th to try the Matterhorn by the old way, on their own account. They will have no luck, I thought, for the clouds were low down on the mountains; and I walked up to Breuil, fully expecting to meet them. Nor was I disappointed. About half-way up I saw a group of men clustered around a chalet upon the other side of the torrent, and crossing over

found that the party had returned. Jean-Antoine and Cæsar were there, C. E. Gorret and J. J. Maquignaz. They had had no success. The weather, they said, had been horrible, and they had scarcely reached the Glacier du Lion.

I explained the situation to Carrel, and proposed that we, with Cæsar and another man, should cross the Théodule by moonlight on the 9th, and that upon the 10th we should pitch the tent as high as possible upon the east face. He was unwilling to abandon the old route, and urged me to try it again. I promised to do so provided the new route failed. This satisfied him, and he agreed to my proposal. I then went up to Breuil, and discharged Almer and Biener—with much regret, for no two men ever served me more faithfully or more willingly.* On the next day they crossed to Zermatt.

The 8th was occupied with preparations. The weather was stormy, and black, rainy vapors obscured the mountains. Toward evening a young man came from Val Tournanche, and reported that an Englishman was lying there extremely ill. Now was the time for the performance of my vow, and on the morning of Sunday, the 9th, I went down the valley to look after the sick man. On my way I passed a foreign gentleman, with a mule and several porters laden with baggage. Amongst these men were Jean-Antoine and Cæsar, carrying some barometers. "Hullo!" I said, "what are you doing?" They explained that the foreigner had arrived just as they were setting out, and that they were assisting his porters. "Very well: go on to Breuil, and await me there—we start at midnight, as agreed." Jean-Antoine then said that he should not be able to serve me after Tuesday, the 11th, as he was engaged to travel "with a family of distinction" in the valley of Aosta. "And Cæsar?" "And Cæsar also." "Why did you not say this before?" "Because," said he, "it was not settled. The engagement is of long

*During the preceding eighteen days (I exclude Sundays and other non-working days) we ascended more than one hundred thousand feet, and descended ninety-eight thousand feet.

standing, but *the day* was not fixed. When I got back to Val Tournanche on Friday night, after leaving you, I found a letter naming the day." I could not object to the answer, but the prospect of being left guideless was provoking. They went up, and I down, the valley.

The sick man declared that he was better, though the exertion of saying as much tumbled him over on to the floor in a fainting-fit. He was badly in want of medicine, and I tramped down to Chatillon to get it. It was late before I returned to Val Tournanche, for the weather was tempestuous and rain fell in torrents. A figure passed me under the church-porch. "*Qui vive?*" "Jean-Antoine." "I thought you were at Breuil." "No, sir: when the storm came on I knew we should not start to-night, and so came down to sleep here." "Ha, Carrel," I said, "this is a great bore. If to-morrow is not fine, we shall not be able to do anything together. I have sent away my guides, relying on you, and now you are going to leave me to travel with a party of ladies. That work is not fit for *you*" (he smiled, I supposed at the implied compliment): "can't you send some one else instead?" "No, monsieur. I am sorry, but my word is pledged. I should like to accompany you, but I can't break my engagement." By this time we had arrived at the inn door. "Well, it is no fault of yours. Come presently with Cæsar, and have some wine." They came, and we sat up till midnight, recounting our old adventures, in the inn of Val Tournanche.

The weather continued bad upon the 10th, and I returned to Breuil. The two Carrels were again hovering about the above-mentioned chalet, and I bade them adieu. In the evening the sick man crawled up, a good deal better, but his was the only arrival. The Monday crowd* did not cross the Théodule, on account of the continued storms. The inn was lonely. I went to bed early, and was awake the next morning by the invalid inquiring if I had heard the news.

* Tourists usually congregate at Zermatt upon Sundays, and large gangs and droves cross the Théodule pass on Mondays.

"No—what news?" "Why," said he, "a large party of guides were off this morning to try the Matterhorn, taking with them a mule laden with provisions."

I went to the door, and with a telescope saw the party upon the lower slopes of the mountain. Favre, the landlord, stood by. "What is all this about?" I inquired: "who is the leader of this party?" "Carrel." "What! Jean-Antoine?" "Yes, Jean-Antoine." "Is Cæsar there too?" "Yes, he is there." Then I saw in a moment that I had been bamboozled and humbugged, and learned, bit by bit, that the affair had been arranged long beforehand. The start on the 6th had been for a preliminary reconnaissance; the mule that I passed was conveying stores for the attack; the "family of distinction" was Signor F. Giordano, who had just despatched the party to facilitate the way to the summit, and who, when the facilitation was completed, was to be taken to the top along with Signor Sella! †

I was greatly mortified. My plans were upset: the Italians had clearly stolen a march upon me, and I saw that the astute Favre chuckled over my discomfiture, because the route by the eastern face, if successful, would not benefit his inn. What was to be done? I retired to my room, and, soothed by tobacco, re-studied my plans, to see if it was not possible to outmanœuvre the Italians. "They have taken a mule-load of provisions." That is *one* point in my favor, for they will take two or three days to get through the food, and until that is done no work will be accomplished." "How is the weather?" I went to the window. The mountain was smothered up in mist—another point in my favor. "They are to facilitate the way. Well, if they do that to any purpose, it will be a long job." Altogether, I reckoned that they could not possibly ascend the mountain and come back to Breuil in less than seven days. I got cooler, for it was evident that the wily ones might be outwitted after all. There was time enough to go to Zermatt, to try

† The Italian minister. Signor Giordano had undertaken the business arrangements for Signor Sella.

the eastern face, and, should it prove impracticable, to come back to Breuil before the men returned; and then it seemed to me, as the mountain was not padlocked, one might start at the same time as the messieurs, and yet get to the top before them.

The first thing to do was to go to Zermatt. Easier said than done. The seven guides upon the mountain included the ablest men in the valley, and none of the ordinary muleteer-guides were at Breuil. Two men, at least, were wanted for my baggage, but not a soul could be found. I ran about and sent about in all directions, but not a single porter could be obtained. One was with Carrel, another was ill, another was at Chatillon, and so forth. Even Meynet the hunchback could not be induced to come: he was in the thick of some important cheese-making operations. I was in the position of a general without an army: it was all very well to make plans, but there was no one to execute them. This did not much trouble me, for it was evident that so long as the weather stopped traffic over the Théodule, it would hinder the men equally upon the Matterhorn; and I knew that directly it improved company would certainly arrive.

About midday on Tuesday, the 11th, a large party hove in sight from Zermatt, preceded by a nimble young Englishman and one of old Peter Taugwalder's sons.* I went at once to this gentleman to learn if he could dispense with Taugwalder. He said that he could not, as they were going to recross to Zermatt on the morrow, but that the young man should assist in transporting my baggage, as he had nothing to carry. We naturally got into conversation. I told my story, and learned that the young Englishman was Lord Francis Douglas,† whose recent exploit—the ascent of the Gabelhorn—had excited my wonder and admiration. He brought good news. Old Peter had lately been beyond the Hörnli, and had reported that he thought

an ascent of the Matterhorn was possible upon that side. Almer had left Zermatt, and could not be recovered, so I determined to seek for old Peter. Lord Francis Douglas expressed a warm desire to ascend the mountain, and before long it was determined that he should take part in the expedition.

Favre could no longer hinder our departure, and lent us one of his men. We crossed the Col Théodule on Wednesday morning, the 12th of July, rounded the foot of the Ober Théodulgletscher, crossed the Furggengletscher, and deposited tent, blankets, ropes and other things in the little chapel at the Schwarzee. All four were heavily laden, for we brought across the whole of my stores from Breuil. Of rope alone there were about six hundred feet. There were three kinds: first, two hundred feet of Manila rope; second, one hundred and fifty feet of a stouter and probably stronger rope than the first; and third, more than two hundred feet of a lighter and weaker rope than the first, of a kind that I used formerly (stout sash-line).

We descended to Zermatt, sought and engaged old Peter, and gave him permission to choose another guide. When we returned to the Monte Rosa hotel, whom should we see sitting upon the wall in front but my old *guide-chef*, Michel Croz! I supposed that he had come with Mr. B——, but I learned that that gentleman had arrived in ill health at Chamounix, and had returned to England. Croz, thus left free, had been immediately engaged by the Rev. Charles Hudson, and they had come to Zermatt with the same object as ourselves—namely, to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn!

Lord Francis Douglas and I dined at the Monte Rosa, and had just finished when Mr. Hudson and a friend entered the *salle à manger*. They had returned from inspecting the mountain, and some idlers in the room demanded their intentions. We heard a confirmation of Croz's statement, and learned that Mr. Hudson intended to set out on the morrow at the same hour as ourselves. We left the room to consult, and agreed it

* Peter Taugwalder, the father, is called *old Peter*, to distinguish him from his eldest son, *young Peter*. In 1865 the father's age was about forty-five.

† Brother of the present marquis of Queensbury.

was undesirable that two independent parties should be on the mountain at the same time with the same object. Mr. Hudson was therefore invited to join us, and he accepted our proposal. Before admitting his friend, Mr. Hadow, I took the precaution to inquire what he had done in the Alps, and, as well as I remember, Mr. Hudson's reply was, "Mr. Hadow has done Mont Blanc in less time than most men." He then mentioned several other excursions, that were unknown to me, and added, in answer to a further question, "I consider he is a sufficiently good man to go with us." Mr. Hadow was admitted without any further question, and we then went into the matter of guides. Hudson thought that Croz and old Peter would be sufficient. The question was referred to the men themselves, and they made no objection.

So Croz and I became comrades once more, and as I threw myself on my bed and tried to go to sleep, I wondered at the strange series of chances which had first separated us and then brought us together again. I thought of the mistake through which he had accepted the engagement to Mr. B—; of his unwillingness to adopt my route; of his recommendation to transfer our energies to the chain of Mont Blanc; of the retirement of Almer and Biener; of the desertion of Carrel; of the arrival of Lord Francis Douglas; and lastly of our accidental meeting at Zermatt; and as I pondered over these things I could not help asking, "What next?" If any one of the links of this fatal chain of circumstances had been omitted, what a different story I should have to tell!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

WE started from Zermatt on the 13th of July at half-past five, on a brilliant and perfectly cloudless morning. We were eight in number—Croz, old Peter and his two sons,* Lord Francis Doug-

* The two young Taugwalders were taken as porters by desire of their father, and carried provisions amply sufficient for three days, in case the ascent should prove more troublesome than we anticipated.

las, Hadow, Hudson † and I. To ensure steady motion, one tourist and one native walked together. The youngest Taugwalder fell to my share, and the lad marched well, proud to be on the expedition and happy to show his powers. The wine-bags also fell to my lot to carry, and throughout the day, after

† I remember speaking about pedestrianism to a well-known mountaineer some years ago, and venturing to remark that a man who averaged thirty miles a day might be considered a good walker. "A fair walker," he said—"a *fair* walker." "What, then, would you consider *good* walking?" "Well," he replied, "I will tell you. Some time back a friend and I agreed to go to Switzerland, but a short time afterward he wrote to say he ought to let me know that a young and delicate lad was going with him who would not be equal to great things—in fact, he would not be able to do more than fifty miles a day!" "What became of the young and delicate lad?" "He lives." "And who was your extraordinary friend?" "Charles Hudson." I have every reason to believe that the gentlemen referred to were equal to walking more than fifty miles a day, but they were exceptional, not *good* pedestrians.

Charles Hudson, vicar of Skillington in Lincolnshire, was considered by the mountaineering fraternity to be the best amateur of his time. He was the organizer and leader of the party of Englishmen who ascended Mont Blanc by the Aiguille du Goûter, and descended by the Grands Mulets route, without guides, in 1855. His long practice made him sure-footed, and in that respect he was not greatly inferior to a born mountaineer. I remember him as a well-made man of middle height and age, neither stout nor thin, with face pleasant though grave, and with quiet, unassuming manners. Although an athletic man, he would have been overlooked in a crowd; and although he had done the greatest mountaineering feats which have been done, he was the last man to speak of his own doings. His friend, Mr. Hadow, was a young man of nineteen, who had the looks and manners of a greater age. He was a rapid walker, but 1865 was his first season in the Alps. Lord Francis Douglas was about the same age as Mr. Hadow. He had had the advantage of several seasons in the Alps. He was nimble as a deer, and was becoming an expert mountaineer. Just before our meeting he had ascended the Ober Gabelhorn (with old Peter and Joseph Viennin), and this gave me a high opinion of his powers, for I had examined that mountain all round a few weeks before, and had declined its ascent on account of its apparent difficulty.

My personal acquaintance with Mr. Hudson was very slight; still, I should have been content to have placed myself under his orders if he had chosen to claim the position to which he was entitled. Those who knew him will not be surprised to learn that, so far from doing this, he lost no opportunity in consulting the wishes and opinions of those around him. We deliberated together whenever there was occasion, and our authority was recognized by the others. Whatever responsibility there was devolved upon us. I recollect with satisfaction that there was no difference of opinion between us as to what should be done, and that the most perfect harmony existed between all of us so long as we were together.

each drink, I replenished them secretly with water, so that at the next halt they were found fuller than before! This was considered a good omen, and little short of miraculous.

On the first day we did not intend to ascend to any great height, and we mounted, accordingly, very leisurely, picked up the things which were left in the chapel at the Schwarzsee at 8.20, and proceeded thence along the ridge connecting the Hörnli with the Matterhorn. At half-past eleven we arrived at the base of the actual peak, then quitted the ridge and clambered round some ledges on to the eastern face. We were now fairly upon the mountain, and were astonished to find that places which from the Riffel, or even from the Furggengletscher, looked entirely impracticable, were so easy that we could *run about*.

Before twelve o'clock we had found a good position for the tent, at a height of eleven thousand feet.* Croz and young Peter went on to see what was above, in order to save time on the following morning. They cut across the heads of the snow-slopes which descended toward the Furggengletscher, and disappeared round a corner, but shortly afterward we saw them high up on the face, moving quickly. We others made a solid platform for the tent in a well-protected spot, and then watched eagerly for the return of the men. The stones which they upset told that they were very high, and we supposed that the way must be easy. At length, just before 3 P. M., we saw them coming down, evidently much excited. "What are they saying, Peter?" "Gentlemen, they say it is no good." But when they came near we heard a different story: "Nothing but what was good—not a difficulty, not a single difficulty! We could have gone to the summit and returned to-day easily!"

We passed the remaining hours of daylight—some basking in the sunshine, some sketching or collecting—and when

* Thus far the guides did not once go to the front. Hudson or I led, and when any cutting was required we did it ourselves. This was done to spare the guides, and to show them that we were thoroughly in earnest. The spot at which we camped was just four hours' walking from Zermatt.

the sun went down, giving, as it departed, a glorious promise for the morrow, we returned to the tent to arrange for the night. Hudson made tea, I coffee, and we then retired each one to his blanket-bag, the Taugwalders, Lord Francis Douglas and myself occupying the tent, the others remaining, by preference, outside. Long after dusk the cliffs above echoed with our laughter and with the songs of the guides, for we were happy that night in camp, and feared no evil.

We assembled together outside the tent before dawn on the morning of the 14th, and started directly it was light enough to move. Young Peter came on with us as a guide, and his brother returned to Zermatt. We followed the route which had been taken on the previous day, and in a few minutes turned the rib which had intercepted the view of the eastern face from our tent platform. The whole of this great slope was now revealed, rising for three thousand feet like a huge natural staircase. Some parts were more and others were less easy, but we were not once brought to a halt by any serious impediment, for when an obstruction was met in front it could always be turned to the right or to the left. For the greater part of the way there was indeed no occasion for the rope, and sometimes Hudson led, sometimes myself. At 6.20 we had attained a height of twelve thousand eight hundred feet, and halted for half an hour: we then continued the ascent without a break until 9.55, when we stopped for fifty minutes at a height of fourteen thousand feet. Twice we struck the north-eastern ridge, and followed it for some little distance—to no advantage, for it was usually more rotten and steep, and always more difficult, than the face. Still, we kept near to it, lest stones perchance might fall.

We had now arrived at the foot of that part which, from the Riffelberg or from Zermatt, seems perpendicular or overhanging, and could no longer continue upon the eastern side. For a little distance we ascended by snow upon the arête—that is, the ridge—descending

toward Zermatt, and then by common consent turned over to the right, or to the northern side. Before doing so we made a change in the order of ascent. Croz went first, I followed, Hudson came third: Hadow and old Peter were last. "Now," said Croz as he led off—"now for something altogether different." The work became difficult, and required caution. In some places there was little to hold, and it was desirable that those should be in front who were least likely to slip. The general slope of the mountain at this part was *less* than forty degrees, and snow had accumulated in, and had filled up, the interstices of the rock-face, leaving only occasional fragments projecting here and there. These were at times covered with a thin film of ice, produced from the melting and refreezing of the snow. It was the counterpart, on a small scale, of the upper seven hundred feet of the Pointe des Écrins; only there was this material difference—the face of the Écrins was about, or exceeded, an angle of fifty degrees, and the Matterhorn face was less than forty degrees. It was a place over which any fair mountaineer might pass in safety, and Mr. Hudson ascended this part, and, as far as I know, the entire mountain, without having the slightest assistance rendered to him upon any occasion. Sometimes, after I had taken a hand from Croz or received a pull, I turned to offer the same to Hudson, but he invariably declined, saying it was not necessary. Mr. Hadow, however, was not accustomed to this kind of work, and required continual assistance. It is only fair to say that the difficulty which he found at this part arose simply and entirely from want of experience.

This solitary difficult part was of no great extent. We bore away over it at first nearly horizontally, for a distance of about four hundred feet, then ascended directly toward the summit for about sixty feet, and then doubled back to the ridge which descends toward Zermatt. A long stride round a rather awkward corner brought us to snow once more. The last doubt vanished! The Matterhorn was ours! Nothing but two hun-

dred feet of easy snow remained to be surmounted!

You must now carry your thoughts back to the seven Italians who started from Breuil on the 11th of July. Four days had passed since their departure, and we were tormented with anxiety lest they should arrive on the top before us. All the way up we had talked of them, and many false alarms of "men on the summit" had been raised. The higher we rose the more intense became the excitement. What if we should be beaten at the last moment? The slope eased off, at length we could be detached, and Croz and I, dashing away, ran a neck-and-neck race which ended in a dead heat. At 1.40 P. M. the world was at our feet and the Matterhorn was conquered! Hurrah! Not a footstep could be seen.

It was not yet certain that we had not been beaten. The summit of the Matterhorn was formed of a rudely level ridge, about three hundred and fifty feet long,* and the Italians might have been at its farther extremity. I hastened to the southern end, scanning the snow right and left eagerly. Hurrah again! it was untrodden. "Where were the men?" I peered over the cliff, half doubting, half expectant. I saw them immediately, mere dots on the ridge, at an immense distance below. Up went my arms and my hat. "Croz! Croz! come here!" "Where are they, monsieur?" "There—don't you see them down there?" "Ah! the *coquins*! they are low down." "Croz, we must make those fellows hear us." We yelled until we were hoarse. The Italians seemed to regard us—we could not be certain. "Croz, we *must* make them hear us—they *shall* hear us!" I seized a block of rock and hurled it down, and called upon my companion, in the name of

*The highest points are toward the two ends. In 1865 the northern end was slightly higher than the southern one. In bygone years Carrel and I often suggested to each other that we might one day arrive upon the top, and find ourselves cut off from the very highest point by a notch in the summit-ridge which is seen from the Théodule and from Breuil. This notch is very conspicuous from below, but when one is actually upon the summit it is hardly noticed, and it can be passed without the least difficulty.

friendship, to do the same. We drove our sticks in and prized away the crags, and soon a torrent of stones poured down the cliffs. There was no mistake about it this time. The Italians turned and fled.*

Still, I would that the leader of that party could have stood with us at that moment, for our victorious shouts conveyed to him the disappointment of the ambition of a lifetime. He was *the* man,

for the honor of his native valley. For a time he had the game in his hands: he played it as he thought best, but he made a false move, and lost it. Times have changed with Carrel. His supremacy is questioned in the Val Tournanche; new men have arisen, and he is no longer recognized as *the* chasseur above all others; but so long as he remains the man that he is to-day it will not be easy to find his superior.

The others had arrived, so we went back to the northern end of the ridge. Croz now took the tent-pole † and planted it in the highest snow. "Yes," we said, "there is the flag-staff, but where is the flag?" "Here it is," he answered, pulling off his blouse and fixing it to the stick. It made a poor flag, and there was no wind to float it out, yet it was seen all around. They saw it at Zermatt, at the Rifel, in the Val Tournanche. At Breuil the watchers cried, "Victory is ours!" They raised "bravos" for Carrel and "vivas" for Italy, and hastened to put themselves *en fête*. On the morrow they were undeceived. All was changed: the explorers returned sad—cast down—disheartened—confounded—gloomy. "It is true," said the men. "We saw them ourselves—they hurled stones at us!



"CROZ! CROZ! COME HERE!"

of all those who attempted the ascent of the Matterhorn, who most deserved to be the first upon its summit. He was the first to doubt its inaccessibility, and he was the only man who persisted in believing that its ascent would be accomplished. It was the aim of his life to make the ascent from the side of Italy

* I have learned since from J.-A. Carrel that they heard our first cries. They were then upon the south-west ridge, close to the "Cravate," and *twelve hundred and fifty feet* below us, or, as the crow flies, at a distance of about one-third of a mile.

The old traditions *are* true—there are spirits on the top of the Matterhorn! ‡

† At our departure the men were confident that the ascent would be made, and took one of the poles out of the tent. I protested that it was tempting Providence: they took the pole, nevertheless.

‡ Signor Giordano was naturally disappointed at the result, and wished the men to start again. *They all refused to do so, with the exception of Jean-Antoine.* Upon the 16th of July he set out again with three others, and upon the 17th gained the summit by passing (at first) up the south-west ridge, and (afterward) by turning over to the Z'Mutt, or north-western side. On the 18th he returned to Breuil.

Whilst we were upon the southern end of the sum-

We returned to the southern end of the ridge to build a cairn, and then paid homage to the view.* The day was one of those superlatively calm and clear



THE SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN IN 1865 (NORTHERN END).

ones which usually precede bad weather. The atmosphere was perfectly still and free from all clouds or vapors. Mountains fifty—nay, a hundred—miles off looked sharp and near. All their details—ridge and crag, snow and glacier

mit-ridge we paid some attention to the portion of the mountain which intervened between ourselves and the Italian guides. It seemed as if there would not be the least chance for them if they should attempt to storm the final peak directly from the end of the "shoulder." In that direction cliffs fell sheer down from the summit, and we were unable to see beyond a certain distance. There remained the route about which Carrel and I had often talked—namely, to ascend directly at first from the end of the "shoulder," and afterward to swerve to the left (that is, to the Z'Mutt side), and to complete the ascent from the north-west. When we were upon the summit we laughed at this idea. The part of the mountain that I have described upon page 619 was not easy, although its inclination was moderate. If that slope were made only ten degrees steeper its difficulty would be enormously increased. To double its inclination would be to make it impracticable. The slope at the southern end of the summit-ridge, falling toward the north-west, was *much* steeper than that over which we passed, and we ridiculed the idea that any person should attempt to as-

—stood out with faultless definition. Pleasant thoughts of happy days in by-gone years came up unbidden as we recognized the old, familiar forms. All were revealed—not one of the principal peaks of the Alps was hidden.† I see them clearly now—the great inner cir-

rend in that direction when the northern route was so easy. Nevertheless, the summit was reached by that route by the undaunted Carrel. From knowing the final slope over which he passed, and from the account of Mr. F. C. Grove—who is the only traveler by whom it has been traversed—I do not hesitate to term the ascent of Carrel and Bich in 1865 the most desperate piece of mountain-scrambling upon record. In 1869 I asked Carrel if he had ever done anything more difficult. His reply was, "Man cannot do anything much more difficult than that."

* The summit-ridge was much shattered, although not so extensively as the south-west and north-east ridges. The highest rock in 1865 was a block of mica-schist, and the fragment I broke off it not only possesses in a remarkable degree the *character* of the peak, but mimics in an astonishing manner the details of its form. (See illustration on page 622.)

† It is most unusual to see the southern half of the panorama unclouded. A hundred ascents may be made before this will be the case again.

cles of giants, backed by the ranges, chains and *massifs*. First came the Dent Blanche, hoary and grand; the Gabelhorn and pointed Rothhorn, and then the peerless Weisshorn; the towering Mischabelhörner, flanked by the Allaleinhorn, Strahlhorn and Rimpfischhorn; then Monte Rosa—with its many Spitzes—the Lyskamm and the Breithorn. Behind were the Bernese Oberland, governed by the Finsteraarhorn, the Simplon and St. Gothard groups, the Disgrazia and the Orteler. Toward the

sunny plains and frigid plateaux. There were the most rugged forms and the most graceful outlines—bold, perpendicular cliffs and gentle, undulating slopes; rocky mountains and snowy mountains, sombre and solemn or glittering and white, with walls, turrets, pinnacles, pyramids, domes, cones and spires! There was every combination that the world can give, and every contrast that the heart could desire.

We remained on the summit for one hour—

One crowded hour of glorious life.

It passed away too quickly, and we began to prepare for the descent.

CHAPTER XXII.

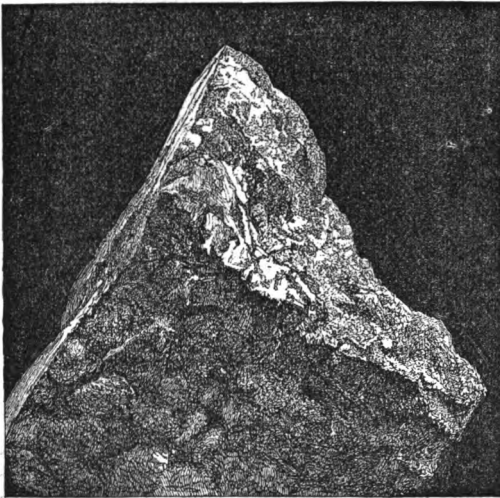
DESCENT OF THE MATTERHORN.

HUDSON and I again consulted as to the best and safest arrangement of the party. We agreed that it would be best for Croz to go first,* and Hadow second; Hudson, who was almost equal to a guide in sureness of foot, wished to be third; Lord F. Douglas was placed next, and old Peter, the strongest of the remainder, after him.

I suggested to Hudson that we should attach a rope to the rocks on our arrival at the difficult bit, and hold it as we descended, as an additional protection. He approved the idea, but it was not definitely settled that it should be done. The party was being arranged in the above order whilst I was sketching the summit, and they had finished, and were waiting for me to be tied in line, when some one remembered that our names had not been left in a bottle. They requested me to write them down, and moved off while it was being done.

A few minutes afterward I tied myself to young Peter, ran down after the others, and caught them just as they were commencing the descent of the dif-

* If the members of the party had been more equally efficient, Croz would have been placed *last*.



THE ACTUAL SUMMIT OF THE MATTERHORN.

south we looked down to Chivasso on the plain of Piedmont, and far beyond. The Viso—one hundred miles away—seemed close upon us; the Maritime Alps—one hundred and thirty miles distant—were free from haze. Then came my first love—the Pelvoux; the Écrins and the Meije; the clusters of the Graians; and lastly, in the west, gorgeous in the full sunlight, rose the monarch of all—Mont Blanc. Ten thousand feet beneath us were the green fields of Zermatt, dotted with chalets, from which blue smoke rose lazily. Eight thousand feet below, on the other side, were the pastures of Breuil. There were forests black and gloomy, and meadows bright and lively; bounding waterfalls and tranquil lakes; fertile lands and savage wastes;

ficult part.* Great care was being taken. Only one man was moving at a time: when he was firmly planted, the next advanced, and so on. They had not, however, attached the additional rope to rocks, and nothing was said about it. The suggestion was not made for my own sake, and I am not sure that it even occurred to me again. For some little distance we two followed the others, detached from them, and should have continued so had not Lord F. Douglas asked me, about 3 P. M., to tie on to old Peter, as he feared, he said, that Taugwalder would not be able to hold his ground if a slip occurred.

A few minutes later a sharp-eyed lad ran into the Monte Rosa hotel to Seiler, saying that he had seen an avalanche fall from the summit of the Matterhorn on to the Matterhornletscher. The boy was reproved for telling idle stories: he was right, nevertheless, and this was what he saw.

Michel Croz had laid aside his axe, and in order to give Mr. Hadow greater security was absolutely taking hold of his legs and putting his feet, one by one, into their proper positions.† As far as I know, no one was actually descending. I cannot speak with certainty, because the two leading men were partially hidden from my sight by an intervening mass of rock, but it is my belief, from the movements of their shoulders, that Croz, having done as I have said, was in the act of turning round to go down a step or two himself: at this moment Mr. Hadow slipped, fell against him and knocked him over. I heard one startled exclamation from Croz, then saw him and Mr. Hadow flying downward: in another moment Hudson was dragged from his steps, and Lord F. Douglas immediately after him.‡ All this was the

* Described upon p. 619.

† Not at all an unusual proceeding, even between born mountaineers. I wish to convey the impression that Croz was using all pains, rather than to indicate extreme inability on the part of Mr. Hadow.

‡ At the moment of the accident, Croz, Hadow and Hudson were all close together. Between Hudson and Lord F. Douglas the rope was all but taut, and the same between all the others who were above. Croz was standing by the side of a rock which afford-

work of a moment. Immediately we heard Croz's exclamation, old Peter and I planted ourselves as firmly as the rocks would permit: § the rope was taut between us, and the jerk came on us both as on one man. We held, but the rope broke midway between Taugwalder and Lord Francis Douglas. For a few seconds we saw our unfortunate companions sliding downward on their backs, and spreading out their hands, endeavoring to save themselves. They passed from our sight uninjured, disappeared one by one, and fell from precipice to precipice on to the Matterhornletscher below, a distance of nearly four thousand feet in height. From the moment the rope broke it was impossible to help them.

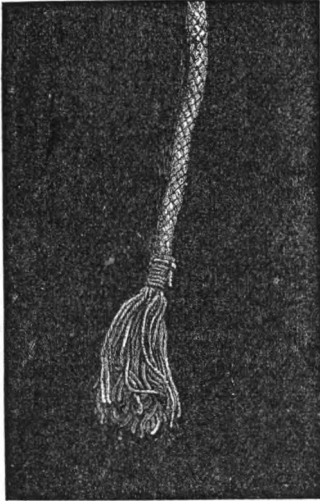
So perished our comrades! For the space of half an hour we remained on the spot without moving a single step. The two men, paralyzed by terror, cried like infants, and trembled in such a manner as to threaten us with the fate of the others. Old Peter rent the air with exclamations of "Chamounix!—oh, what will Chamounix say?" He meant, Who would believe that Croz could fall?

ed good hold, and if he had been aware or had suspected that anything was about to occur, he might and would have gripped it, and would have prevented any mischief. He was taken totally by surprise. Mr. Hadow slipped off his feet on to his back, his feet struck Croz in the small of the back and knocked him right over, head first. Croz's axe was out of his reach, and without it he managed to get his head uppermost before he disappeared from our sight. If it had been in his hand I have no doubt that he would have stopped himself and Mr. Hadow.

Mr. Hadow, at the moment of the slip, was not occupying a bad position. He could have moved either up or down, and could touch with his hand the rock of which I have spoken. Hudson was not so well placed, but he had liberty of motion. The rope was not taut from him to Hadow, and the two men fell ten or twelve feet before the jerk came upon him. Lord F. Douglas was not favorably placed, and could move neither up nor down. Old Peter was firmly planted, and stood just beneath a large rock which he hugged with both arms. I enter into these details to make it more apparent that the position occupied by the party at the moment of the accident was not by any means excessively trying. We were compelled to pass over the exact spot where the slip occurred, and we found—even with shaken nerves—that it was not a difficult place to pass. I have described the *slope generally* as difficult, and it is so undoubtedly to most persons, but it must be distinctly understood that Mr. Hadow slipped at an easy part.

§ Or, more correctly, we held on as tightly as possible. There was no time to change our position.

The young man did nothing but scream or sob, "We are lost! we are lost!" Fixed between the two, I could move neither up nor down. I begged young Peter to descend, but he dared not. Unless he did, we could not advance. Old Peter became alive to the danger, and



ROPE BROKEN ON THE MATTERHORN.

swelled the cry, "We are lost! we are lost!" The father's fear was natural—he trembled for his son; the young man's fear was cowardly—he thought of self alone. At last old Peter summoned up courage, and changed his position to a rock to which he could fix the rope: the young man then descended, and we all stood together. Immediately we did so, I asked for the rope which had given way, and found, to my surprise—indeed, to my horror—that it was the weakest of the three ropes. It was not brought, and should not have been employed, for the purpose for which it was used. It was old rope, and, compared with the others, was feeble. It was intended as a reserve, in case we had to leave much rope behind attached to rocks. I saw at once that a serious question was involved, and made them give me the end. It had broken in mid-air, and it did not appear to have sustained previous injury.

For more than two hours afterward I

thought almost every moment that the next would be my last, for the Taugwalders, utterly unnerved, were not only incapable of giving assistance, but were in such a state that a slip might have been expected from them at any moment. After a time we were able to do that which should have been done at first, and fixed rope to firm rocks, in addition to being tied together. These ropes were cut from time to time, and were left behind.* Even with their assurance the men were afraid to proceed, and several times old Peter turned with ashy face and faltering limbs, and said with terrible emphasis, "*I cannot!*"

About 6 P. M. we arrived at the snow upon the ridge descending toward Zermatt, and all peril was over. We frequently looked, but in vain, for traces of our unfortunate companions: we bent over the ridge and cried to them, but no sound returned. Convinced at last that they were within neither sight nor hearing, we ceased from our useless efforts, and, too cast down for speech, silently gathered up our things and the little effects of those who were lost, preparatory to continuing the descent. When lo! a mighty arch appeared, rising above the Lyskamm high into the sky. Pale, colorless and noiseless, but perfectly sharp and defined, except where it was lost in the clouds, this unearthly apparition seemed like a vision from another world, and almost appalled we watched with amazement the gradual development of two vast crosses, one on either side. If the Taugwalders had not been the first to perceive it, I should have doubted my senses. They thought it had some connection with the accident, and I, after a while, that it might bear some relation to ourselves. But our movements had no effect upon it. The spectral forms remained motionless. It was a fearful and wonderful sight, unique in my experience, and impressive beyond description, coming at such a moment.†

* These ends, I believe, are still attached to the rocks, and mark our line of ascent and descent.

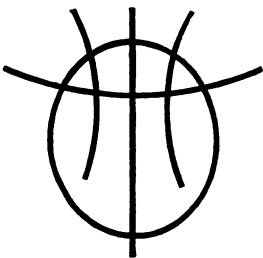
† See Frontispiece. I paid very little attention to this remarkable phenomenon, and was glad when it disappeared, as it distracted our attention. Under ordinary circumstances I should have felt vexed after-

I was ready to leave, and waiting for the others. They had recovered their appetites and the use of their tongues. They spoke in patois, which I did not understand. At length the son said in French, "Monsieur." "Yes." "We are poor men; we have lost our Herr; we shall not get paid; we can ill afford this." * "Stop!" I said, interrupting him—"that is nonsense: I shall pay you, of course, just as if your Herr were here." They talked together in their patois for a short time, and then the son spoke again: "We don't wish you to pay us. We wish you to write in the hotel-book at Zermatt and to your journals that we have not been paid." "What nonsense are you talking? I don't understand you. What do you mean?" He proceeded: "Why, next year there will be many travelers at Zermatt, and we shall get more *voyageurs*."

Who would answer such a proposition? I made them no reply in words,† but they knew very well the indignation that I felt.

ward at not having observed with greater precision an occurrence so rare and so wonderful. I can add very little about it to that which is said above. The sun was directly at our backs—that is to say, the fog-bow was opposite to the sun. The time was 6.30 P. M. The forms were at once tender and sharp, neutral in tone, were developed gradually, and disappeared suddenly. The mists were light (that is, not dense), and were dissipated in the course of the evening.

It has been suggested that the crosses are incorrectly figured in the Frontispiece, and that they were probably formed by the intersection of other circles or ellipses, as shown



in the annexed diagram. I think this suggestion is very likely correct, but I have preferred to follow my original memorandum.

In Parry's *Narrative of an Attempt to Reach the North Pole*, 4to, 1828, there is, at pp. 99, 100,

an account of the occurrence of a phenomenon analogous to the above-mentioned one: "At half-past 5 P. M. we witnessed a very beautiful natural phenomenon. A broad white fog-bow first appeared opposite to the sun, as was very commonly the case," etc. I follow Parry in using the term fog-bow.

* They had been traveling with, and had been engaged by, Lord F. Douglas, and so considered him their employer, and responsible to them.

† Nor did I speak to them afterward, unless it was absolutely necessary, so long as we were together.

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They filled the cup of bitterness to overflowing, and I tore down the cliff madly and recklessly, in a way that caused them, more than once, to inquire if I wished to kill them. Night fell, and for an hour the descent was continued in the darkness. At half-past nine a rest-



MONSIEUR ALEX. SEILER.

ing-place was found, and upon a wretched slab, barely large enough to hold the three, we passed six miserable hours. At daybreak the descent was resumed, and from the Hörnli ridge we ran down to the chalets of Buhl and on to Zermatt. Seiler met me at his door, and followed in silence to my room: "What is the matter?" "The Taugwalders and I have returned." He did not need more, and burst into tears, but lost no time in useless lamentations, and set to work to arouse the village. Ere long a score of men had started to ascend the Hohlicht heights, above Kalbermatt and Z'Mutt, which commanded the plateau of the Matterhornletscher. They returned after six hours, and reported that they had seen the bodies lying motionless on the snow. This was on Saturday, and they proposed that we should leave on Sunday evening, so as to arrive upon the plateau at daybreak on Monday. Unwilling to lose the slightest chance, the Rev. J. McCormick and I resolved to start on Sunday morning. The Zermatt men, threatened with excommunication by their priests if they failed to attend the early mass, were unable to accompany us. To several of them, at least, this was a severe trial, and Peter Perrn

declared with tears that nothing else would have prevented him from joining in the search for his old comrades. Englishmen came to our aid. The Rev. J. Robertson and Mr. J. Phillpotts offered themselves and their guide, Franz Andermatten: another Englishman lent us Joseph Marie and Alexandre Lochmatter. Frédéric Payot and Jean Tairraz of Chamounix also volunteered.



THE MANILA ROPE.*

We started at 2 A. M. on Sunday, the 16th, and followed the route that we had taken on the previous Thursday as far as the Hörnli. From thence we went down to the right of the ridge, and mounted through the *séracs* of the Matterhornletscher. By 8.30 we had got to the plateau at the top of the glacier, and within sight of the corner in which we knew my companions must be. As we saw one weather-beaten man after

* The three ropes have been reduced by photography to the same scale.

another raise the telescope, turn deadly pale and pass it on without a word to the next, we knew that all hope was gone. We approached. They had fallen below as they had fallen above—Croze a little in advance, Hadow near him, and Hudson some distance behind, but of Lord F. Douglas we could see nothing.† We left them where they fell, buried in snow at the base of the grandest cliff of the most majestic mountain of the Alps.

All those who had fallen had been tied with the Manila, or with the second and equally strong rope, and consequently there had been only one link—that between old Peter and Lord F. Douglas—where the weaker rope had been used. This had a very ugly look for Taugwalder, for it was not possible to suppose that the others would have sanctioned the employment of a rope so greatly inferior in strength when there were more than two hundred and fifty feet of the better qualities still out of use.‡ For the sake of the old guide (who bore a good reputation), and upon all other accounts, it was desirable that this matter should be cleared up; and after my examination before the court of inquiry which was instituted by the government was over, I handed in a number of questions which were framed so as to afford old Peter an opportunity of exculpating himself from the grave suspicions which at once fell upon him. The questions, I was told, were put and answered, but the answers, although promised, have never reached me.§

† A pair of gloves, a belt and boot that had belonged to him were found. This, somehow, became publicly known, and gave rise to wild notions, which would not have been entertained had it been also known that the boots of *all* those who had fallen were *off*, and were lying upon the snow near the bodies.

‡ I was one hundred feet or more from the others whilst they were being tied up, and am unable to throw any light on the matter. Croze and old Peter no doubt tied up the others.

§ This is not the only occasion upon which M. Clemenz (who presided over the inquiry) has failed to give up answers that he has promised. It is greatly to be regretted that he does not feel that the suppression of the truth is equally against the interests of travelers

Meanwhile, the administration sent strict injunctions to recover the bodies, and upon the 19th of July twenty-one men of Zermatt accomplished that sad and dangerous task. Of the body of Lord Francis Douglas they too saw nothing: it is probably still arrested on the rocks above.* The remains of Hudson and Hadow were interred upon the north side of the Zermatt church, in the presence of a reverent crowd of sympathizing friends. The body of Michel Croz lies upon the other side, under a simpler tomb, whose inscription bears honorable testimony to his rectitude, to his courage and to his devotion.†

and of the guides. If the men are untrustworthy, the public should be warned of the fact, but if they are blameless, why allow them to remain under unmerited suspicion?

Old Peter Taugwalder is a man who is laboring under an unjust accusation. Notwithstanding repeated denials, even his comrades and neighbors at Zermatt persist in asserting or insinuating that he *cut* the rope which led from him to Lord F. Douglas. In regard to this infamous charge, I say that he *could* not do so at the moment of the slip, and that the end of the rope in my possession shows that he did not do so beforehand. There remains, however, the suspicious fact that the rope which broke was the thinnest and weakest one that we had. It is suspicious, because it is unlikely that any of the four men in front would have selected an old and weak rope when there was abundance of new and much stronger rope to spare; and on the other hand, because if Taugwalder thought that an accident was likely to happen, it was to his interest to have the weaker rope where it was placed.

I should rejoice to learn that his answers to the questions which were put to him were satisfactory. Not only was his act at the critical moment wonderful as a feat of strength, but it was admirable in its performance at the right time. I am told that he is now nearly incapable of work—not absolutely mad, but with intellect gone and almost crazy; which is not to be wondered at, whether we regard him as a man who contemplated a scoundrelly meanness, or as an injured man suffering under an unjust accusation.

In respect to young Peter, it is not possible to speak in the same manner. The odious idea that he propounded (which I believe emanated from *him*) he has endeavored to trade upon, in spite of the fact that his father was paid (for both) in the presence of witnesses. Whatever may be his abilities as a guide, he is not one to whom I would ever trust my life or afford any countenance.

* This or a subsequent party discovered a sleeve. No other traces have been found.

† At the instance of Mr. Alfred Wills, a subscription-list was opened for the benefit of the sisters of Michel Croz, who had been partly dependent upon his earnings. In a short time more than two hundred and eighty pounds were raised. This was considered sufficient, and the list closed. The proceeds were invested in French Rentes (by Mr. William Mathews), at the recommendation of M. Dupui, at that time *maire* of Chamounix.

So the traditional inaccessibility of the Matterhorn was vanquished, and was replaced by legends of a more real character. Others will essay to scale its proud cliffs, but to none will it be the



THE SECOND ROPE.

mountain that it was to its early explorers. Others may tread its summits, but none will ever know the feelings of those who first gazed upon its marvelous panorama, and none, I trust, will ever be compelled to tell of joy turned into grief, and of laughter into mourning. It proved to be a stubborn foe; it resisted long and gave many a hard blow; it was defeated at last with an ease that none could have anticipated, but, like a relentless enemy conquered but not crushed, it took terrible vengeance. The time may come when the Matterhorn shall have passed away, and nothing save a heap of shapeless fragments will mark the spot where the great

mountain stood, for, atom by atom, inch by inch, and yard by yard, it yields to forces which nothing can withstand. That time is far distant, and ages hence generations unborn will gaze upon its awful precipices and wonder at its unique form. However exalted may be their ideas and however exaggerated their expectations, none will come to return disappointed!

The play is over, and the curtain is about to fall. Before we part, a word upon the graver teachings of the mountains. See yonder height! 'Tis far away—unbidden comes the word "Impossible!" "Not so," says the mountaineer. "The way is long, I know: it's difficult—it may be dangerous. It's possible, I'm sure: I'll seek the way, take counsel of my brother mountaineers, and find how they have gained similar heights and learned to avoid the dangers." He starts (all slumbering down below): the path is slippery—maybe laborious too. Caution and perseverance gain the day—the height is reached! and those beneath cry, "Incredible! 'tis superhuman!"

We who go mountain-scrambling have constantly set before us the superiority of fixed purpose or perseverance to brute force. We know that each height, each step, must be gained by patient, laborious toil, and that wishing cannot take the place of working: we know the benefits of mutual aid—that many a difficulty must be encountered, and many an obstacle must be grappled with or turned; but we know that where there's a will there's a way; and we come back to our daily occupations better fitted to fight the battle of life and to overcome the impediments which obstruct our paths, strengthened and cheered by the recollection of past labors and by the memories of victories gained in other fields.

I have not made myself an advocate or an apologist for mountaineering, nor do I now intend to usurp the functions of a moralist, but my task would have been ill performed if it had been concluded without one reference to the

more serious lessons of the mountaineer. We glory in the physical regeneration which is the product of our exertions; we exult over the grandeur of the scenes that are brought before our eyes, the splendors of sunrise and sunset, and the beauties of hill, dale, lake, wood and waterfall; but we value more highly the development of manliness, and the evolution, under combat with difficulties, of those noble qualities of human nature—courage, patience, endurance and fortitude.

Some hold these virtues in less estimation, and assign base and contemptible motives to those who indulge in our innocent sport.

Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.

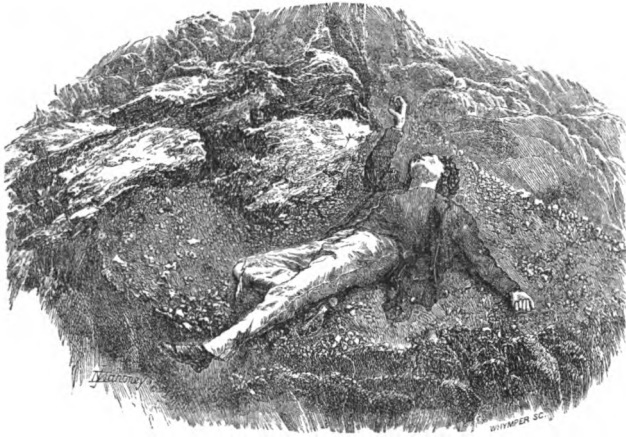
Others, again, who are not detractors, find mountaineering, as a sport, to be wholly unintelligible. It is not greatly to be wondered at—we are not all constituted alike. Mountaineering is a pursuit essentially adapted to the young or vigorous, and not to the old or feeble. To the latter toil may be no pleasure, and it is often said by such persons, "This man is making a toil of pleasure." Toil he must who goes mountaineering, but out of the toil comes strength (not merely muscular energy—more than that, an awakening of all the faculties), and from the strength arises pleasure. Then, again, it is often asked, in tones which seem to imply that the answer must at least be doubtful, "But does it repay you?" Well, we cannot estimate our enjoyment as you measure your wine or weigh your lead: it is real, nevertheless. If I could blot out every reminiscence or erase every memory, still I should say that my scrambles amongst the Alps have repaid me, for they have given me two of the best things a man can possess—health and friends.

The recollections of past pleasures cannot be effaced. Even now as I write they crowd up before me. First comes an endless series of pictures, magnificent in form, effect and color. I see the great peaks with clouded tops, seeming to mount up for ever and ever; I hear the music of the distant herds,

the peasant's jodel and the solemn church-bells; and I scented the fragrant breath of the pines: and after these have passed away another train of thoughts succeeds—of those who have been upright, brave and true; of kind hearts and bold deeds; and of courtesies received at stranger hands, trifles in themselves, but expressive of that good-will toward men which is the essence of charity.

Still, the last sad memory hovers round, and sometimes drifts across like

floating mist, cutting off sunshine and chilling the remembrance of happier times. There have been joys too great to be described in words, and there have been griefs upon which I have not dared to dwell; and with these in mind I say, Climb if you will, but remember that courage and strength are naught without prudence, and that a momentary negligence may destroy the happiness of a lifetime. Do nothing in haste, look well to each step, and from the beginning think what may be the end.



APPENDIX.

A. SUBSEQUENT ASCENTS OF THE MATTERHORN.

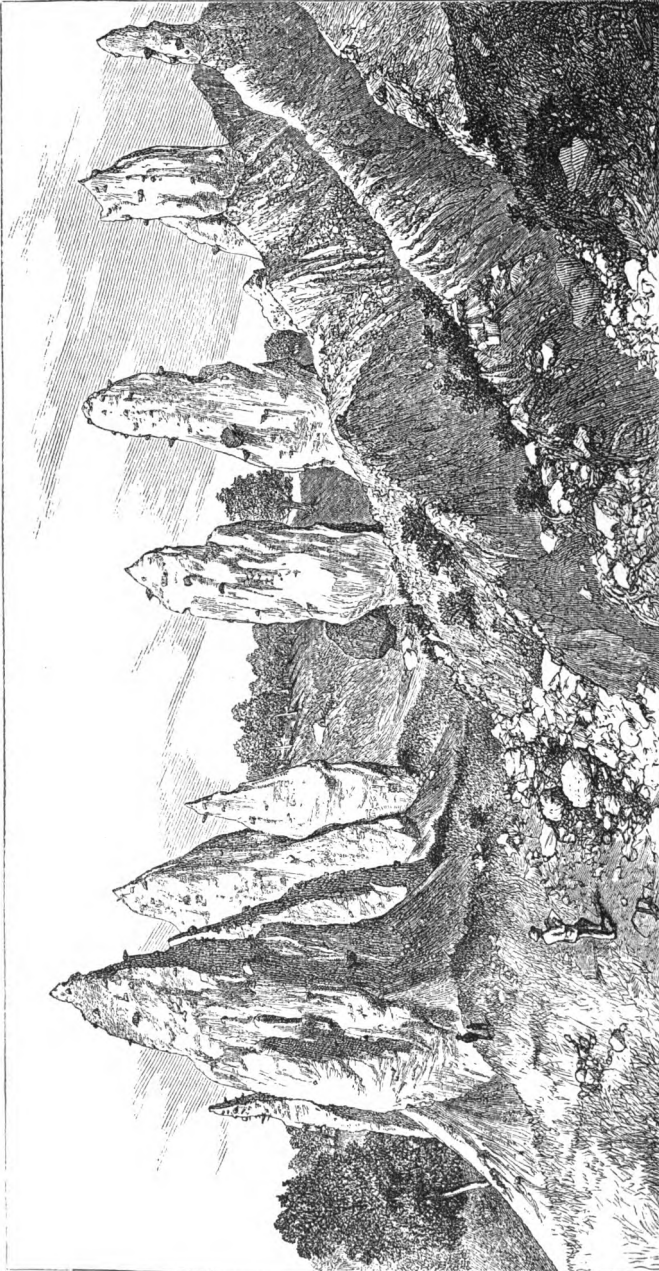
MR. CRAUFURD GROVE was the first traveler who ascended the Matterhorn after the accident. This was in August, 1867. He took with him as guides three mountaineers of the Val Tournanche—J.-A. Carrel, J. Bich and S. Meynet, Carrel being the leader. The natives of Val Tournanche were, of course, greatly delighted that his ascent was made upon their side. Some of them, however, were by no means well pleased that J.-A. Carrel was so much regarded. They feared, perhaps, that he would acquire the monopoly of the mountain. Just a month after Mr. Grove's ascent, six Val Tournanchians set out to see whether they could not learn the route, and so come in for a share of the good things which were expected to arrive. They were three Maquignazes, Cæsar Carrel (my old guide), J.-B. Carrel, and a daughter of the last named! They left Breuil at 5 A. M. on September 12, and at 3 P. M. arrived at the hut, where they passed the night. At 7 A. M. the next day they started again (leaving J.-B. Carrel behind), and proceeded along the "shoulder" to the final peak; passed the cleft which had stopped Bennen,

and clambered up the comparatively easy rocks on the other side until they arrived at the base of the last precipice, down which we had hurled stones on July 14, 1865. They (young woman and all) were then about three hundred and fifty feet from the summit! Then, instead of turning to the left, as Carrel and Mr. Grove had done, Joseph and J.-Pierre Maquignaz paid attention to the cliff in front of them, and managed to find a means of passing up, by clefts, ledges and gullies, to the summit. This was a shorter (and it appears to be an easier) route than that taken by Carrel and Grove, and it has been followed by all those who have since then ascended the mountain from the side of Breuil. Subsequently, a rope was fixed over the most difficult portions of the final climb.

In the mean time they had not been idle upon the other side. A hut was constructed upon the eastern face at a height of 12,526 feet above the sea, near to the crest of the ridge which descends toward Zermatt (north-east ridge). This was done at the expense of Monsieur Seiler and of the Swiss Alpine Club. Mons. Seiler placed the execution of the work under the direction of the Knubels, of the village of St. Nicholas,

in the Zermatt valley; and Peter Knubel, along with Joseph Marie Lochmatter of the same village, had the

honor of making the second ascent of the mountain upon the northern side with Mr. Elliott. This took



PINNACLES NEAR SACHAS IN THE VALLEY OF THE DURANCE, FORMED FROM AN OLD MORAINÉ.

place on July 24 and 25, 1868. Since then numerous ascents have been made, and of these the only one

which calls for mention is that by Signor Giordano, on September 3-5, 1868. This gentleman came to

Breuil several times after his famous visit in 1865, with the intention of making the ascent, but he was always baffled by weather. In July, 1866, he got as high as the "cravate" (with J.-A. Carrel and other men), and was detained there five days and nights, unable to move either up or down! At last, upon the above-named date, he was able to gratify his desires, and accomplished the feat of ascending the mountain upon one side and descending it upon the other. Signor Giordano is, I believe, the only geologist who has ascended the Matterhorn. He spent a considerable time in the examination of its structure, and became benighted on its eastern face in consequence.

B. DENUDATION IN THE VALLEY OF THE DURANCE.

In the summer of 1869, whilst walking up the valley of the Durance from Mont Dauphin to Briançon, I noticed, when about five kilometres from the latter place, some pinnacles on the mountain-slopes to the west of the road. I scrambled up, and found the remarkable natural pillars which are represented in the annexed engraving. They were formed out of an unstratified conglomerate of gritty earth, boulders and stones. Some of them were more thickly studded with stones than a plum-pudding usually is with plums, whilst from others the stones projected like the spines from an echinoderm. The earth (or mud) was extremely hard and tenacious, and the stones embedded in it were extricated with considerable difficulty. The mud adhered very firmly to the stones that were got out, but it was readily washed away in a little stream near at hand. In a few minutes I extracted fragments of syenite, mica-schist, several kinds of limestone and conglomerates, and some fossil plants characteristic of carboniferous strata. Most of the fragments were covered with scratches, which told that they had traveled underneath a glacier. The mud had all the character of glacier-mud, and the hillside was covered with drift. From these indications, and from the situation of the pinnacles, I concluded that they had been formed out of an old moraine. The greatest of them were sixty to seventy feet high, and the moraine had therefore been at least

that height. I judged from appearances that the moraine was a frontal-terminal one of a glacier which had been an affluent of the great glacier that formerly occupied the valley of the Durance, and which during retrogression had made a stand upon this hillside near Sachas. This lateral glacier had flowed down a nameless *vallon* which descends toward the east-south-east from the mountain called upon the French government map *Sommet de l'Eychouda* (8740 feet).

Only one of all the pinnacles that I saw was capped by a stone (a small one), and I did not notice any boulders lying in their immediate vicinity of a size sufficient to account for their production in the manner of the celebrated pillars near Botzen. The readers of Sir Charles Lyell's *Principles* (10th ed., vol. i., p. 338) will remember that he attributes the formation of the Botzen pillars chiefly to the protection which boulders have afforded to the underlying matter from the direct action of rain. This is no doubt correct: the Botzen pinnacles are mostly capped by boulders of considerable dimensions. In the present instance this does not appear to have been exactly the case. Running water has cut the moraine into ridges (shown upon the right hand of the engraving), and has evidently assisted in the work of denudation. The group of pinnacles here figured belonged, in all probability, to a ridge which had been formed in this way, whose crest, in course of time, became sharp, perhaps attenuated. In such a condition very small stones upon the crest of the ridge would originate little pinnacles: whether these would develop into larger ones would depend upon the quantity of stones embedded in the surrounding moraine-matter. I imagine that the largest of the Sachas pinnacles owe their existence to the portions of the moraine out of which they are formed having been studded with a greater quantity of stones and small boulders than the portions of the moraine which formerly filled the gaps between them; and, of course, primarily, to the facts that glacier-mud is extremely tenacious when dry, and is readily washed away. Thus, the present form of the pinnacles is chiefly due to the direct action of rain, but their production was assisted, in the first instance, by the action of running water.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE regular approach to Constantinople is as rich in historic memories as in exquisite scenery. The Danube is such a "slow coach," owing to its impeded navigation and its inferior steamers, that all the world takes passage by the Dardanelles; though this can hardly have been the case with the Cockney traveler, who, when asked if he had seen the Dardanelles, replied, "Oh, to be sure—I breakfasted with them in Paris!"

Before you enter this renowned strait

the Trieste steamer carries you over the route of the greatest of the apostles, right under Cyprus, close to Crete, perhaps in the teeth of that Levant hurricane, the Euroclydon. After sailing by the harbor of Agamemnon's fleet, you coast the low shore of Troy and see the mound commemorating Achilles, delaying a moment near these Dardanelles forts, whose immense guns have been so famous. Twelve hours more of steaming and the most coveted city of Europe

looms in sight; as with all Oriental cities distance lending enchantment to the view, and the outward splendor ill prepar-

ing us for the squalor and wretchedness within. The glory of the scene is partly the blending of colors, partly the sur-

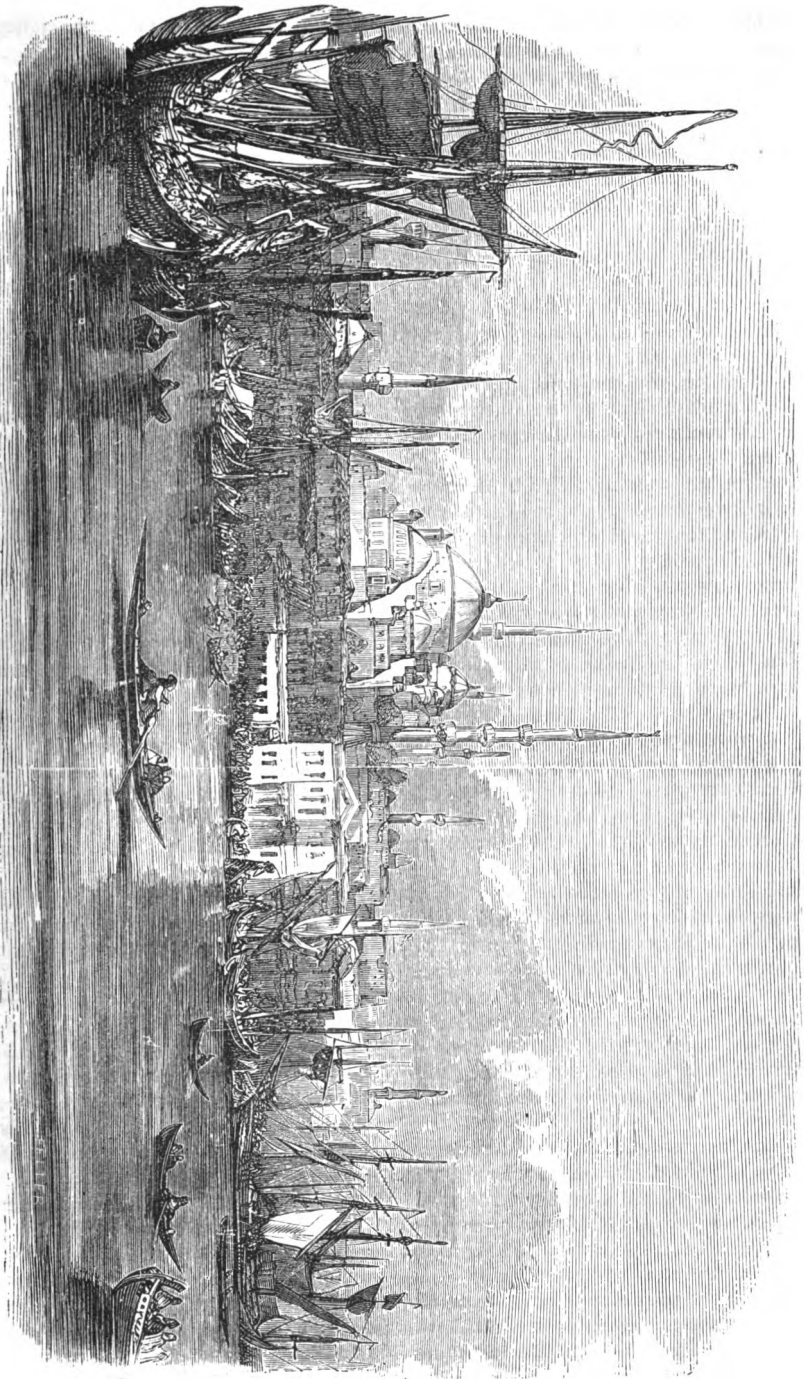


A STREET SCENE.

passing elegance of the tall minarets and majestic domes, partly the Arabic and Saracenic architecture of many a palace lining the blue waters; but Na-

ture herself is not wanting, and there are noble mountains for a background on the Asiatic shore.

The Golden Horn, the inner harbor,



THE GOLDEN HORN.

richly deserves its name. The commerce of the world could be sheltered there, and the largest frigate land its crew on the solid street. Washed clean by the flowing "Sweet Waters," its banks are lined on one side with arsenals, barracks and hospitals, and dotted on the other with pavilions and palaces. On fine days a fleet of gayly-painted canoes will carry you in sight of the Greeks' quarters, the West End of Constantinople, past the palace of the sultan's mother, the famous burial-place of Eyoub and its mosque, until, the arm of the sea contracting, you gradually approach the former sultan's summer-house, the graves of his more renowned horses, and the marble kiosk where he was wont to smoke away many an hour, lulled by the sound of falling water.

Along these sloping banks picnics are held the summer long, musical entertainments are given, the young Greeks dance, the fragrant coffee is sipped from eggshell cups, the time-killing "hubble-bubble" is smoked by rose-lipped maidens, while gentlemen lose themselves over the stronger chibouque.

Constantine showed genius in selecting this spot for the imperial city. It is the bridge of two continents, the confluence of two seas, the union-point of Grecian and Asiatic arts and manners. It towers over the Bosphorus on seven hills, each hill crowned by superb buildings, which bear aloft the waning Crescent amidst masses of cypress and orange trees, numerous domes rising over baths and mosques, the flags of all nations floating around, the whitest of minarets piercing the heavens, the mixture of traffic and pleasure forming a far richer scene than Rome can ever have offered.

But the enchantment vanishes as you draw near. Mouldering city walls, overgrown with the rank weeds of many centuries, tell the story of twenty-seven sieges and three captures: vast squares are passed with naked chimneys marking where extensive conflagrations have been, and the immense cemeteries are filled with half-ruined monuments. The Turk never repairs: a bending minaret, a cracked

dome, a broken window, a leaning wall, a yawning grave, provokes no notice. Everywhere decay stares one in the face. Many a Mussulman feels it to be the national doom. Often the streets are cumbered with ruins. Often the sacred cemeteries or the "Sweet Waters" betray the fallen turbans of some gilded tomb. What a type of the Ottoman empire! How visibly is life ebbing away from its unburied corpse! How that fatalism which is the backbone of its faith pledges the dissolution of an empire which no foreign powers will again combine to uphold!

So I believe; and yet I admire many traits in this city's life: its honesty, for instance. Warrington Smith bought some goods of a Turkish merchant for seventy-five piasters. Such was the price, but the Mussulman had expected to be beaten down half; so when he delivered the bundle he returned the pieces he had intended to deduct from the price. No mosque has more minarets than that of Achmet; but more imposing than its architectural grandeur is that famous gallery where a fabulous amount of plate and jewels has been deposited for safe-keeping by families leaving the city, some of whom have fallen victims to the cholera or plague. No iron vault encloses this uncounted heap of treasure, no combination-lock secures its door, no sleepless sentinel forbids access. Nothing but general honesty guards it from needy sultans or famished revolutionists. At the mosque Suleiman I found a smaller illustration of the same hardy virtue. The door was open, the shrine deserted: there was no one to betray the sexton if he took my bribe. I offered four times what would have been "open sesame" to any Christian church, and was refused. I honored that poor sexton, and thought better of human nature.

Constantinople is the most temperate capital of its size in the world. Spending day after day in the open air, wandering among the common folk, having at one time several people in my employ, even in the biting air before daylight I never found any Turk drinking stronger beverage than coffee. But that is noth-

ing to their great annual fast. During the Ramadan, which lasts a whole month, from sunrise to sunset the panting boatman, the heavy-laden porter will touch nothing like food, not even tobacco, and no drink whatever; and at sundown will make up for this abstinence not by a drunken carouse, but by

a larger dish of pilau and a longer smoke of Latakia. To be sure, temperance is a part of the Turk's religion, but is it not of ours? And *that* religion—an imposture as we call it—has something very real in its worship at four in the morning the year round, its indifference to "Infidel" gaze, the heartiness of all its ob-



DANCING DERVISHES.

servances, the severity of its daily self-denials. Often have I found the shop entirely open while the shopman was at his prayers, and I have taken up the goods to see if anybody would remonstrate, and laid them down again without anybody's interference. And how often have I watched the thin-clad boatman kneeling in prayer on the wet sand or in drizzling rain, "the world forgetting, by

the world forgot"! To be sure, there is less of this outward piety at Constantinople than where Christians are less common, but it is a character of the religion not to mind being sneered at, to feel sustained by a divine sanction, and lifted far above the criticism of men by the favor of Heaven.

Hospitality is another striking feature of the Moslem faith, and belongs to these

patriarchal lands. Even the meanest village provides a few days' shelter for every stranger in its khan; fugitives from every nation are protected by en-



THE GRAND BAZAAR.

tering its territory; every pasha invites the traveler to taste his coffee and smoke his tobacco, wishing him a prosperous journey and offering him government protection. And if this does not mean

much, it is exceedingly soothing to a spirit chafed by disappointment, fatigue, excessive heat, the ever-besetting vermin. It gilds the chain if no more.

The dervishes I take to be an emblem

of Mohammedanism. Once the inspiration of the Faithful, their decay of fervor is apparent enough. Their colleges are sometimes deserted, and desertion in Turkey means ruin. Still, their exercises are worth looking in upon any Friday noon after the mosque service. The Whirling and the Howling saints are not altogether unlike. After some readings or recitations from the Koran, performed by a circle of wild-looking men, some of them exceedingly old and some evidently insane, comes among the Whirlers a waltz, each performer turning on his own axis, some of them hundreds of times, without getting dizzy or falling from fatigue. The Howlers, on the other hand, shout the name of Allah ever faster and louder as the music gets more uproarious, until it becomes nothing better than the bellowing of a hound: then two or three make a dive at the bare walls, striking them again and again with the naked head, until somebody seizes the frenzied fanatics and lays them, just breathing, on their backs. Running daggers through the cheek is still done, but rarely, because the heart of a ferocious superstition is becoming death-chilled, its weekly service is fossilizing into a ceremony. The only mystery is why an iron skewer thrust through and through the mouth should do no harm—the butting of one's head against a marble block leave any brains. It must be that the excitement sustains the system—that fervor of feeling makes up for the injury done to the frame.

I have spoken of the shops. They are funny little boxes, with one half of the cover turned up, the other half laid down as a counter. The purchaser stands outside, the merchant squats within. No goods are made a show of; there seems to be no anxiety to sell; no anger at having everything turned topsy-turvy; no offence at an offer of just half the asking price. The bazaars are collections of shopkeepers in some particular branch—gloomy sheds, often odorous, generally dingy, crowded and stupid. The number of tobacco-pipe merchants and manufacturers amazes one at Constantinople as at Damascus. An amber

mouthpiece often costs hundreds of dollars: the long cherry tube is beautifully wrought in gay silks, and jewels often glitter along the sides, because the pasha expects to pass his pipe round among his visitors, and has no better means of displaying his wealth. His wife cannot receive strangers and make her parlor a museum, because the harem is forbidden ground: her slippers outside the door prevent even her husband's entrance; and most of his leisure he is glad to spend anywhere else than in such monotonous stupor. A genuine Turk sees hardly any Turkish ladies: he never beholds his wife till after marriage, and does not commonly marry more than one, unless he is some grand official who is expected to live in style. He never alludes to his family in public, or expects it to be alluded to: to ask after madame's health would be the worst insult. The French ambassador's wife succeeded admirably when she presented some silks to Mrs. Redschid Pasha through the prime minister, by saying, "Please accept these, sir: you will know how to use them."

Among the antiquities are some cisterns which are perfectly gigantic. That of the "thousand-and-one columns," exaggerated from a quarter of that number, would alone supply the city with water through a year's siege, but it is now a silk-factory, exceedingly cool in summer, and as decidedly unhealthy. It has played some part in politics by sheltering those whom a change of dynasty put in danger of the bowstring. In another of these cisterns (perhaps an abandoned quarry) there is water enough to float a boat; and lives have sometimes been lost in its dark recesses, about whose extent there seemed to be some mystery.

No other city has anything like such burial-grounds for immensity. The dead actually occupy more ground than the living, and are never encroached upon by streets or buildings. Huge forests of grand old cypresses cover millions of marble monuments extending back four hundred years. Fortunately, the ground is not lost to the public, as the citizens have no dread of the cemetery, and the



MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

gayety of its decorations, as well as the beauty of its position, makes it a precious breathing-place for the city. And there is something noble in the idea of perfect repose—that even the beggar rests immovably until the judgment trump, sung to by innumerable birds, cheered by the play of children, greeted, so long as any friend survives, with occasional flowers.

The solitary story of Turkish superstition which reached my ears was of a dervish who had hid himself in a sultan's tomb in the Eyoub cemetery, and who cried out "Water! water!" as a procession marched by. He meant to practice on pious credulity, and secure a grant of money for prayers over the dead. But Mahmoud's successor was

in the procession, and snuffed up the nonsense at once: "He wants water, does he? Well, give him the Bosphorus, then." So the tomb was opened, and soon the concealed dervish was swimming for life in the cold bath he had so unexpectedly earned.

There is a legend of the capture of the city by the Mussulmans still current and still credited. A priest was engaged in his morning devotions before the high altar of Saint Sophia when the fierce shouts of the bloodthirsty conquerors drove him to a side-altar, where he carried the sacred vessels and continued the service. As they drew near the walls opened and he disappeared, leaving a promise to return the twenty-fourth day of May, 1864, and complete the un-

finished sacrifice on the grand altar of Justinian.

The gentleman failed for some reason to keep his appointment. Moslem worship goes on still under that Christian dome; the Koran is read there instead of the Gospels; prayer goes up daily in the name of the Arabian prophet, instead of the Nazarene. But I have faith he will yet come. The Russian avalanche every year draws nearer to Constantinople. The czar's hand is outstretched to seize this key of the Mediterranean. Through the weakness of France and the apathy of England he

is certain to supply his most urgent want—is bound to re-establish his Church at its ancient fountain-head—is summoned to redeem the True Faith from the stain of four centuries of servitude. It is only a question of time. Recent reforms in Turkey have chilled the people's faith; debts have accumulated upon the palsied government's hands; the fanaticism which was its life has grown cold as a tombstone; the mouldering graves which crowd upon the living in the imperial city seem to cry aloud, "Dust unto dust!"

F. W. HOLLAND.

ALWAYS: A FLORIDA LYRIC.

LET the plover pipe in the marshy grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

The eagle may soar like a rising shout
To the very deeps of the sky,
But the whistling bullet will find him out,
Though he be ever so high.

The salmon may leap in a fringe of froth,
And the trout in the lake may laugh,
But the fisherman's net will have them both,
And cruel the barbèd gaff.

If ever the blue sky wears a sun
That is glad in the sight of day,
The sorrowing stars come one by one
And gather its glory away;

And if ever the heart is rich and strong
As a bridegroom's first caress,
The death-grief comes, in its cruel wrong,
And turns it to bitterness.

Then let the plover pipe in the grain,
The hart and the hind go play,
But the fowler lurks in the maiden cane,
And the huntsman hides in the bay.

W. W. HARNEY.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH."

CHAPTER XIII.

Unto the great Twin Brethren
 We keep this solemn feast.
 Swift, swift the great Twin Brethren
 Came spurring from the east!

CASTOR and Pollux did us notable service that morning at Worcester. Arthur was coming round to see Bell before we started. Queen Tita was oppressed by anxious fears, and declared that now the crisis had come, and that the young man from Twickenham would demand some pledge from Bell as he bade her good-bye. The dread of this danger drove the kindly little woman into such exaggerations of his misconduct of yesterday that I began to wonder if this Arthur was the same lad she used to pet and think so much of when he came down to Leatherhead and daddled with my lady and Bell along the Surrey lanes of an evening. What had changed him since then?

"You are pleased to be profound," says Tita abruptly.

Well, I was only pointing out to her that one of the chief accomplishments of life is consideration for the sick, and that whereas nearly all women seem to have an instinct that way, men only acquire the habit as the result of experience and reflection. Indeed, with most women the certain passport to their interest and kindness is to be unwell and exact a great deal of patient service from them. Now—I was saying to Tita when she uttered that unnecessary rebuke—why don't women show the same consideration to those who are mentally ailing—to the unfortunate persons whose vexed and irritated brain renders them peevish and ill-tempered? Once get a patient down with fever, and all his fractious complainings are soothed and all his querulous whims are humored. But when the same man is rendered a little insane by meeting with a disappointment, or if he is unable to stand being

crossed in argument, so that the mildest statement about some such contested subject as the American war, Governor Eyre or the annexation of Alsace sends a flash of flame through his head, why should not the like allowance be made for his infirmities? Why should the man who is ill-tempered because of a fever be humored, caressed and coaxed, and the man who is ill-tempered because his reason is liable to attacks of passion be regarded as an ill-conditioned boor, not fit for the society of well-bred ladies and gentlemen?

"I think," says Tita with a little warmth, "you do nothing now but try to invent excuses for Arthur. And it is not fair. I am very sorry for him if he is so vexed that he loses his temper, but that does not excuse his being absolutely rude."

"But his rudeness is part of his ailment," I venture to say. "Ordinarily, he is the mildest and gentlest of young men, who would shrink from a charge of rudeness as the worst thing you could urge against him. At present he is off his head. He does not know what he says, or, rather, he is incapable of controlling his utterances. He is really sick with a fever, though it isn't one of those, apparently, that secure the commiseration of even the most angelic of women."

I regarded that last expression as effective, but no. My lady remarked that she was not accustomed to the treatment of the insane, and that another day such as that she had just passed would soon make her as ill as himself.

Our bonny Bell did not seem so disturbed as might have been expected. When we went down to the coffee-room we found the lieutenant and her sitting at opposite sides of a small table deeply engaged over a sheet of paper. On our entrance the document was hastily folded up and smuggled away.

"It is a secret," said the lieutenant,

anticipating inquiry. "You shall not know until we are away on our journey again. It is a packet to be opened in a quiet place—no houses near, no persons to listen; and then—and then—"

"Perhaps it will remain a secret? *Bien!* Life is not long enough to let one meddle with secrets, they take up so much time in explanation; and then they never contain anything."

"But this is a very wonderful thing," said the lieutenant, "and you must hurry to get away from Worcester that you shall hear of it."

We were, however, to have another sealed packet that morning. Master Arthur, knowing full well that he would have but little chance of speaking privately with Bell, had entrusted his thoughts to a piece of paper and an envelope, and just as we were in the breath of departure the young man appeared. The truth was, the lieutenant had ordered the horses to be put in some quarter of an hour before the time we had said we should start; and my lady showed so much anxiety to set forth at once that I saw she hoped to leave before Arthur came.

The phaeton stood in the archway of the hotel, and on the stone steps were flung the rugs and guide-books.

"My dear," says Tita, rather anxiously, to Bell, "do get in! The horses seem rather fresh, and—and—"

"Won't you wait to bid good-bye to Arthur?" says Bell.

"It is impossible to say when he will come: he will understand—I will leave a message for him," says Queen Titania, all in a breath; and with that the lieutenant assists Bell to get up in front.

I have the reins in my hand, awaiting orders. The last rugs are thrown up, books stowed away, everything in readiness: Tita takes her seat behind, and the lieutenant is on the point of getting up.

At this moment Arthur comes round the corner, is amazed for a moment to see us ready to start, and then suddenly brings out a letter. "Bell," he said, "I— I have—there is something here I want you to see—only a moment, and

you can give me an answer now—yes, or no—"

The unfortunate young man was obviously greatly excited, his face quite pale, and his speech rapid and broken. He handed up the letter: the crisis that Tita had endeavored to avoid had come. But in this our darkest hour—as I have already hinted—Castor and Pollux came to the rescue. It was the battle of the Lake Regillus acted once again in the gateway of the Worcester Star Hotel. For Pollux, casting his head about and longing to start, managed to fix his bit on the end of the pole, and of course a wild scene ensued. Despite the efforts of the ostler, that horse threw himself back on his haunches; the phaeton described a curve and was driven against the wall with a loud crash; the people about ran back, and the lieutenant jumped out and sprang to the horses' heads. Pollux was still making violent efforts to extricate himself, and Castor, having become excited, was plunging about; so that for a moment it seemed as though the vehicle would be shattered in pieces against the wall of the court. The women were quite still, except that Tita uttered a little suppressed cry as she saw the lieutenant having his feet kicked away from him. But he recovered himself, stuck to the animals' heads, and with the assistance of the ostler at last managed to get the bit off. Then both horses sprang forward. It would have been impossible to have confined them longer in this narrow place. The lieutenant leaped in behind, and the next moment the phaeton was out in the main street of Worcester, both horses plunging and pulling so as to turn all eyes toward us. Certainly it was a good thing the thoroughfare was pretty clear. The great Twin Brethren, not knowing what diabolical occurrence had marked their setting out, were speeding away from the place with might and main; and with scarcely a look at Worcester we found ourselves out in the country again, amid quiet and wooded lanes, with all the sweet influences of a bright summer morning around us.

"I hope you are not hurt," said my

lady to the lieutenant, who was looking about to see whether the smash had taken some of our paint off or done other damage.

"Oh, not in the least, madame," he said, "but I find that one of my boots it is cut, so that I think the shoe of the horse must have done it. And has he caught on the pole before?"

"Only once," she says.

"Then I would have the bit made with bars across, so that it will be more difficult; for suppose this did happen in the road, and there was a ditch and he backed you—"

"I suppose we should go over," remarked Queen Titania philosophically. "But it is strange how often accidents in driving might occur, and how seldom they do occur. But we must really have the bit altered."

"Well," I say privately to my companion, "what message did you leave with Arthur?"

"I could not leave any," she said, "for of course when the horses went back he had to get out of their way. But he will understand that I will write to him."

"Have you read the letter?"

"No."

"Do, like a good girl, and have it over. That is always the best way. You must not go into this beautiful country that lies ahead with a sort of cloud around you."

So Bell took out the letter and furtively opened it. She read it carefully over without uttering a word: then she continued looking at it for a long time.

"I am very glad that accident occurred," she remarks in a low voice. "He said I was to answer 'yes' or 'no.' I could not do that to such a letter as this; and if I had refused he would have been very much hurt. I will write to him from whatever place we stop at to-night."

This resolution seemed greatly to comfort her. If any explanation were needed, it was postponed until the evening, and in the mean time we had fine weather, fresh air and all the bright colors of an English landscape around us. Bell rapidly resumed her ordinary good spirits. She begged to have the reins, and

when these had been handed over to her with various cautions, the excitement of driving a pair of horses that yet showed considerable signs of freshness brought a new color into her cheeks. The route which we now followed was one of the prettiest we had yet encountered. Instead of following the old stage-coach route by Droitwich, we struck almost due north by a line of small and picturesque villages lying buried in the heart of this deeply-wooded country. The first of these was Ombersley—a curious little clump of cottages, nearly all of which were white, with black bars of woodwork crossed and recrossed; and they had odd gables and lattices and decorations, so that they looked almost like toy cottages. Wearing white and black in this prominent way, our Uhlan immediately claimed them as Prussian property, but beyond the fact of their showing the Prussian colors there was little else foreign-looking about those old-fashioned English houses lying along this level lane, and half hidden amid elms. As we got up into the higher ground above Ombersley we found around us a very pretty landscape; and it seemed to strike my gentle companion that the names of the villages around had been chosen to accord with the tender and sylvan beauties of this pretty piece of country. One of the sign-posts we passed had inscribed on it, "To Doverdale and Hampton Lovett." Then in the neighborhood are Elmley Lovett, Elmbridge, Crossway Green and Gardeners' Grove; while down between these runs Doverdale Brook, skirting Westmoor Park, the large house of which we could see as a faint blue mound amid the general leafage. The country, which is flat about Ombersley, gets more undulating about Hartlebury and on toward Kidderminster. The road winds up and down gentle hills, with tall and ruddy banks of sand on each side, which are hanging with every variety of wild flower and wayside weed. On both hands dense woods come down to these tall and picturesque banks, and you drive through an atmosphere laden with mist and resinous scents.

It was fortunate for us, indeed, that before starting we had lived for a time in town, for all the various perfumes of the hedges and fields came upon us with a surprise. Every now and again on these pleasant mornings we would drive past a hay-field, with the warm and sweet odors blowing all around. Or perhaps it was a great bank of wild-rose bushes that filled the air with scent. Then the lime trees were in flower; and who does not know the delight of passing under the boughs laden with blossom when the bees are busy overhead? More rarely, but still frequently enough in this favored country, a whiff of honeysuckle was borne to us as we passed. And if these things sweetened the winds that blew about us, consider what stars of color refreshed the eye as we drove gently past the tall hedge-rows and borders of woods—the golden rock-roses, purple patches of wild thyme, the white glimmering of stitchwort and campion, the yellow spires of the snapdragon, and a thousand others. And then when we ceased to speak there was no blank of silence. Away over the hay-field the lark floated in the blue, making the air quiver with his singing; the robin, perched on a fence, looked at us saucily, and piped a few notes by way of remark; the blackbird was heard, flute-throated, down in the hollow recesses of a wood; and the thrush, in a holly tree by the wayside, sang out his sweet, clear song, that seemed to rise in strength as the breeze awoke a sudden rustling through the long woods of birch and oak.

"Well, touching that sealed packet?" says my lady aloud.

"Oh no, madame," replied the lieutenant, "this is not the time for it. If I must tell you the truth, it is only a drinking-song I have been trying to remember of a young Englishman who was at Bonn with me; and mademoiselle was so good this morning as to alter some of the words. But now?—a drinking-song in this fine, quiet country? No. After we have got to Kidderminster, and when we drive away after lunch, then mademoiselle will play for you the air I did show to her, and I will sing you the

song. All what is needed is that you drink some Rhine wine at Kidderminster to make you like the song."

"Kidderminster Rhine wine!" exclaims one of the party, with a groan. He knows that whatever is suggested now by the lieutenant finds favor with a clear majority of the party.

"That was a very good young fellow," continues the lieutenant as we drive over a high slope and come in view of a mass of manufactories. "Very big and strong he was: we did call him *der grosse Engländer* always; and one time, in the winter, when there was much snow, we had a supper-party at his room. We had many duels then, for we were only boys, but the Englishman was not supposed to be challenged, for he knew nothing of our swords, but he was always ready to fight with his fists, for all that. And this evening I am afraid we did drink too much beer, and young Schweitzer of Magdeburg—he died at Königgrätz, the unfortunate! in '66—he was very angry with the Engländer for laughing at his sweetheart, who was but a young lady in a school there. And he challenged the Englishman, and went up to him and said he would not go away until there was a fight; and do you know what your countryman did? He lifted Schweitzer up in his arms like a baby, and carried him down the stairs, and opened the door and put him in the snow outside, very gently. There was so much laughing over that that we all said it was very good; and Schweitzer was grown sober by the cool of the snow, and he laughed too, and I think they swore *brüderschaft* about it afterward. Oh, he was a very clever fellow, your countryman, and had more delight in our songs than any German I ever knew. But you know how that is?"

Madame said it was no wonder any one should be in love with the German songs, but the lieutenant shook his head: "That is not it at all: no. This is it—that when you know only a little of a language you do not know what is commonplace in it. The simple phrase which is commonplace to others is full of meaning to you. So I find it with

your English. You would laugh if I told you that I find much meaning in poetry that you think only good for children, and in old-fashioned writing which looks affected now. Because, madame, is it not true that all commonplace phrases meant some new thing at one time? It is only my ignorance that I do not know they have grown old and worth little. Now the evening at Twickenham I did hear you go over the names of old-fashioned English songs, and much fun was made of the poetry. But to me that was very good—a great deal of it—because nothing in English is to me commonplace as yet."

"How fortunate you must be!" says one of the party with a sigh.

"You laugh when you say, 'Flow on, thou shining river!' Why? The river flows: it shines. I see a picture out of the words, like the man who wrote them: I am not accustomed to them so as to think them stupid. Then I saw you laugh when some one said, 'I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls.' I did read that song, and although it is stupid that the man thinks he will live in marble halls, I found much tenderness in it. So with this young Englishman. He knew nothing of what was commonplace in our language. If you gave him children's rhymes, he looked at the meaning, and judged it all by that. And when we showed him stiff, artificial verses of old times, he seemed to go back to the time when they were written, and believe much in them and like them. That is a very good thing in ignorance, I think—when you know not much of a language, and every word has much meaning in it, and there is no commonplace anywhere."

This lecture of the lieutenant took us into Kidderminster. What married man is not familiar with this name, held up to him as an awful threat in reply to his grumbings about the price of Turkey and Brussels carpets? As we drove in to the busy town, signs of the prevailing manufacture were everywhere apparent in the large red-brick factories. We put up at the "Lion," and while Von Rosen went off to buy himself a new pair of

boots, we went for a stroll up to the interesting old church, the fine brasses and marble monuments of which have drawn many a stranger to the spot. Then we climbed up to the top of the tower, and from the roof thereof had a spacious view over the level and wooded country, which was deeply streaked by bands of purple where the clouds threw their shadows. Far below us lay the red, busy, smoky town set amid green fields, while the small river ran through it like a black snake, for the bed had been drained, and in the dark mud a multitude of boys could be seen wading, scooping about for eels. When we descended, Von Rosen had got his boots, and was prowling about the churchyard reading the curious inscriptions there. One of them informed the world of the person laid beneath that, "added to the character of a Gentleman, his actions were coeval with his Integrity, Hospitality and Benevolence." But our amiable guide, who had pointed out to us all the wonderful features of Kidderminster and its neighborhood, evidently looked on one particular gravestone as the chief curiosity of the place; for this, he informed us, was placed over a man who had prepared the vault and the inscription ten years before his death. Here is the legend:

To the Memory of
JOHN ORTON,
A MAN FROM LEICESTERSHIRE,
And when he is dead he must lie under
HERE.

The man from Leicestershire was not "alone among mortals" in anticipating his end in this fashion; but no matter. A man may well be allowed to humor himself in the way of a tombstone: it is the last favor he can ask from the world.

"Now," said the lieutenant as we drove away from this manufacturing town into the sweet country again, "shall I sing you the song which the young Englishman used to sing for us? or shall we wait until evening?"

"Now, by all means," said Bell; "and if you will be so good as to get me

out the guitar, I will try to play you an accompaniment."

"A guitar accompaniment to a drinking-song!" says Titania.

"Oh, but this is not a drinking-song, exactly, madame: it is a very moral song, and we shall discuss each verse as it goes along, and you will make alterations of it."

So he got out the guitar. We were now far away from any houses—all around us great woods that lay dark and green under a clouded afternoon sky. The road was very hilly, and sometimes, from the summit of a great height, we caught a glimpse of a long western stretch of country lying blue and misty under the gray sky. Behind us Kidderminster looked like a dusky red splotch in a plain of green, and all around it the meadows and fields were dark and intense in color. But then in the west we could see an occasional glimpse of yellow in the pall of cloud, and we hoped the sunset would break through the veil.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the lieutenant, "the song I am about to sing to you—"

Here Bell began to play a light prelude, and without further introduction our Uhlan startled the silence of the woods and fields by singing, in a profound and melancholy voice, the first two verses of the ballad composed by the young Englishman at Bonn, which ran somewhat as follows:

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink :
 Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
 Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
 You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose :
 •Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
 A dangerous symptom is Burgundy rose.

'Tis a very nice wine, and as mellow as milk,
 'Tis a very nice color in satin or silk ;
 But you'll change your opinion as soon as it shows
 In a halo around the extreme of your nose :
 Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
 'Tis a very bad thing at the tip of your toes.

"Well, madame, how do you like it so far as we have got?" says the lieutenant as Bell is extemporizing a somewhat wild variation of the air.

"I think your young English friend gave you very good advice; and I have

no doubt the students needed it very much."

"But you shall hear what he says: he was not a teetotaler at all." And therewith the lieutenant continued:

If tippie you must in beer, spirits or wine,
 There are wholesome vintages hail from the Rhine;
 And, take the advice of a fellow who knows,
 Hochheimer's as gentle as any that goes :
 Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
 Doth never appear from the wine I propose.

Burgundy isn't a good thing to drink :
 Young man, I beseech you, consider and think,
 Or else in your nose, and likewise in your toes,
 You'll discover the color of Burgundy rose :
 Burgundy rose, Burgundy rose,
 A fatal affliction is Burgundy rose !

"Oh, you two scapegraces!" cried Queen Titania. "I know now why you were laying your heads together this morning and poring over that sheet of paper: you were engaged in perverting an honest and well-intentioned song into a recommendation of German wines. I am sure that third verse is not in the original. I am certain the young English student never wrote it. It was written in Worcester this very morning; and I call on you to produce the original, so that we can cut out this very bad moral that has been introduced."

"The original, madame?" said the lieutenant gravely. "There is no original. I have repeated it most from memory—as he used to sing it at Bonn—and I put it down on paper only that mademoiselle might correct me about the words. No, I have put in no moral. You think your countryman did not like the Rhine wines? Pfui!—you should have seen him drink them, then, if he did not like them! And the very dear ones, too, for he had plenty of money; and we poor devils of the Germans used to be astonished at his extravagance, and sometimes he was called 'milord' for a joke. When we did go to his room to the supper-parties, we could not believe that any young man not come of age should have so much money given to him by his parents. But it did not spoil him one bit: he was as good, frank, careless as any man; and when he did get to know the language better he worked hard, and had such notes of the lec-

tures as not any one I think in the whole university had."

A strange thing now occurred. We were driving along level and wooded lanes running parallel with the Severn. The small hamlets we passed, merely two or three houses smothered in elms, are appropriately named Greens—Fen Green, Dodd's Green, Bard's Green, and the like—and on either side of us were lush meadows, with the cattle standing deep in the grass. Now all at once that long bar of glimmering yellow across the western clouds burst asunder, and at the same moment a flood of light shone along all the southern sky, where there was evidently abundant rain. We had no sooner turned to look at this wild gleam than all around us there was a stir in the hedges and the tall elms by the roadside—we were enveloped in sunshine: with it came a quick pattering on the leaves, and then we found all the air glittering with white drops and slanting streaks. In the glare of the sunlight the shower shone and sparkled all around us, and the heavier it fell—until the sound of it was like the far-off hissing of the sea on a pebbly beach—the more magical grew the effects of the mingled light and wet. Nor was it a passing shower merely. The air was still filled with the gleaming lines of the rain, the sunlight still shone mistily through it and lit up the green meadows and the trees with a wonderful radiance, as we wrapped cloaks round our companions and drove leisurely on. It was impossible to think that this glowing rain could wet us like ordinary rain. But by and by it drew itself off, and then Bell, with a sudden little cry, besought the lieutenant to pull up the horses.

Had we driven under a cloud and escaped at the other edge? Close behind us there was still mingled rain and sunlight, and beyond that again the sky was heaped up with immense dark blue masses. A rainbow shone in front of this black background. A puff of white cloud ran across the darkness, telling of contrary winds. And then when we turned from this gleaming and glowing picture to continue our course, lo! all

the west had cleared, and a great dim smoke of yellow lay over the land where the sky came down.

"It is like the sea, is it not?" said Bell, raising up in the phaeton and steadying herself to look into this distant world of gold. "You expect to view the masts of ships and sea-birds flying about out there!"

And then in the cool and fresh evening, with the dusk coming on, we drove up the valley of the Severn, by Quat and Quatford, toward our resting-place for the night. As we passed by Quatford Castle, the river, lying amid the dark meadows, had caught a glow of crimson fire from the last reflection of the sunset. A blue mist lay about the sides of the abrupt hill on which the town of Bridgenorth is pitched, but as we wound round the hill to gain the easiest ascent, we came again into the clear and pallid glow of the west. It was a hard pull on the horses, just at the end of their day's work, was this steep and circuitous ascent; but at length we got into the rough streets of the old town, and in the fading twilight sought out the yellow and comfortable glow of the Crown Hotel.

We had got in passing a vague glimpse of a wide space around an old town-house, with a small crowd of people collecting. They had come to hear the playing of a volunteer band. Therefore, as we sat down to dinner, we had some very good music being played to us from without; and when at last it was gone, and the quaint old town on the top of the hill left to its ordinary silence, we found it was time to light our cigars and open the *béziq*ue-box. Probably no one noticed it, but it is a curious circumstance that Bell had apparently forgotten all about her determination to write to Arthur. There was no shadow of a cloud on her face, and she enjoyed the winning of various games—assisted thereto by the obvious ministrations of the lieutenant—with as much delight and careless amusement as though there was not anywhere in the world a young man sitting in his solitary chamber and wishing that he had never been born. But it was certainly not hard-heartedness

that gave to Bell the enjoyment of that one evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

THE lieutenant was pensive. He and I had gone out for a turn before breakfast, and wandered on to the high promenade which, skirting one portion of the lofty town, looked down on the valley of the Severn, the huddled houses underneath the rocky height, and the bridge spanning the stream. It was a bright and pleasant morning, and the landscape that lay around was shining in the sun.

"England," he said, leaning his arms on the stone parapet of the walk, "is a very pleasant country to live in, I think." I thanked him for the compliment.

"You are very free in your actions here: you do what you please. Only consider how you are at this moment."

But I had to protest against our young Prussian friend continually regarding this excursion as the normal condition of our existence. I showed him that we were not always enjoying ourselves in this fashion; that a good deal of hard work filled the long interval of the winter months; and that even Bell—whom he had grown to regard as a sort of feature of English scenery, a wild bird for ever on the wing through sunlight and green leaves—worked as hard as any of us.

"It is pleasant to be able to play dexterously on the piano or the guitar, or what not, but that accomplishment means imprisonment with hard labor stretching over years. It is very nice to be able to put on a sheet of paper, with a few rapid touches, the outlines of a scene which delights you, and to find yourself able to reproduce this afterward in water or oil, and have it publicly exhibited and sold; but do you know how much work it involves? Bell is a most untiring young woman, I promise you, and not

likely to fall asleep in counting her fingers."

"Oh, I am sure of that," he said absently. "She has too much spirit, too much life, to be indolent. But I was thinking—I was thinking whether if a man was to change his country he would choose England out of all the other countries to live in. Here it is. Your people in England who only enjoy themselves must be very rich, must they not? Is it a good country, I wonder, for a man who would have about eight hundred pounds a year?"

"Not without some occupation. But why do you ask?"

He only stared at the bushes down below us on the rocks, and at the river far below them.

"What would you say," he asked, suddenly, "if I were to come and live in England; and become naturalized, and never go back to my native country again?"

"And give up your profession, with all its interest and excitement?"

He was silent for a minute or two, and then he said, "I have done more than the service that is expected from every man in Prussia; and I do not think my country goes to war for many years to come. About the excitement of a campaign and the going into battle—well, there is much mistake about that. You are not always in enthusiasm: the long marches, the wet days, the waiting for months in one place—there is nothing heroic in that. And when you do come to the battle itself—Come, my dear friend, I will tell you something about that."

He seemed to wake up then. He rose from his recumbent position and took a look round the shining country that lay along the valley of the Severn.

"All the morning you have great gloom, and it seems as if the day is dark overhead. But this is strange—you think you can see very far, and you can see all your friends in Germany, and think you could almost speak to them. You expect to go forward to meet the enemy, and you hate him that he is waiting for you upon some of the hills or behind his

intrenchments. Then the hurry comes of getting on horseback, and you are very friendly to all your companions; and they are all very pleasant and laughing at this time, except one or two, who are thinking of their home. Your regiment is ordered forward: you do not know what to think. Perhaps you wish the enemy would run away, or that your regiment is not needed; and sometimes you have a great rush of anger toward him; but all this is so shifting, gloomy, uncertain, that you do not think two things one moment. Then you hear the sound of the firing, and your heart beats fast for a little while, and you think of all your friends in Germany; and this is the time that is the worst. You are angry with all the men who provoke wars in their courts and parliaments; and you think it is a shame you should be there to fight for them; and you look at the pleasant things you are leaving all behind in your own home, just as if you were never to see them any more. That is a very wretched and miserable time, but it does not last very long if you are ordered to advance; and then, my dear friend, you do not care one farthing for your own life—that you forget altogether—and you think no more of your friends: you do not even hate the enemy in front any more. It is all a stir, and life, and eagerness; and a warm, glad feeling runs all through your veins, and when the great 'Hurrah!' comes, and you ride forward, you think no more of yourself: you say to yourself 'Here is for my good Fatherland!'—and then—"

A sort of sob stuck in the throat of the big lieutenant.

"Bah!" said he, with a frown, as if the bright morning and the fresh air had done him an injury, "what is the use of waiting out here and killing ourselves with hunger?"

Bell was writing when we went into the hotel. As we entered she hastily shut up her small portfolio.

"Why not finish your letter, mademoiselle?" he said, gently. "It will be a little time before breakfast comes in."

"I can finish it afterward," said the girl, looking rather embarrassed.

Of course, when the lieutenant perceived that the attention thus drawn to the letter had caused her some confusion, he immediately rushed into another subject, and said to Queen Titania, with a fine affectation of carelessness, "You will laugh, madame, at our having yet another adventure in a stationer's shop."

"I think," said my lady gravely, "that I must put a stop to these wanderings about in the early morning. I cannot quite make out why you should always get up hours before anybody else; but I find that generally some story comes up afterward of a young lady."

"But there is no young lady this time," said the lieutenant, "but a very worthy man whom we found in the stationer's shop. And he has been at Sedan, and he has brought back the breech of a mitrailleuse and showed it all to us; and he has written a small book about his being in France, and did present us with a copy of it, and would not take any payment for it. Oh, he is a very remarkable and intelligent man to be found in a stationer's shop up in this curious old town on the top of a hill; but then I discovered he is a Scotchman, and do you not say here that a Scotchman is a great traveler, and is to be found everywhere? And I have looked into the little book, and I think it very sensible and good, and a true account of what he has seen."

"Then I presume he extols your countrymen?" says my lady, with a smile.

"Madame," replies the lieutenant, "I may assure you of this, that a man who has been in a campaign and seen both the armies, does not think either nation a nation of angels and the other a nation of demons. To believe one nation to have all the good, and another nation to have all the bad, that can only be believed by people who have seen none of them. I think my friend the stationer has written so much of what he saw that he had no time for imaginations about the character of two whole countries."

At this moment the introduction of breakfast broke our talk in this direction. After breakfast Bell finished her letter. She asked the lieutenant to get it

stamped and posted for her, and handed it openly to him. But, without looking at it, he must have known that it was addressed to "Arthur Ashburton, Esq., Essex court, Temple."

"Well," said Bell, coming down stairs with her hat on, "let us go out now and see the old town. It must be a very pleasant old place. And the day is so fine—don't you think we have had quite exceptional weather hitherto, Count von Rosen?"

Of course he said the weather had been lovely; but how was it that Bell was so sure beforehand that she would be delighted with Bridgenorth? The delight was already in her face and beaming in her eyes. She knew the weather was fine. She was certain we should have a pleasant drive during the day, and was certain the country through which we had to pass would be charming. The observant reader will remark that a certain letter had been posted.

Really, Bridgenorth was pleasant enough on this bright morning, albeit the streets on the river-side part of the town were distinctly narrow, dirty and smoky. First of all, however, we visited the crumbling walls of Robert de Belesme's mighty tower. Then we took the women round the high promenade over the valley. Then we went down through a curious and precipitous passage hewn out of the sandstone hill to the lower part of the town, and visited the old building in which Bishop Percy was born, the inscription* on which, by the way, is a standing testimony to the playful manner in which this nation has at various times dealt with its aspirates. Then we clambered up the steep streets again until we reached the great central square, with its quaint town-house and old-fashioned shops. A few minutes thereafter we were in the phaeton, and Castor and Pollux taking us into the open country.

"Mademoiselle," said the lieutenant—the young man was like a mavis, with

* The inscription inside the door of this old-fashioned building, which is ornamented by bars of black and white, and peaked gables, is as follows:

"Except the Lord BvILD THE OWSS
The Labourers thereof evail nothing
Erected by R For * 1580."

this desire of his to sing or hear singing just after his morning meal—"you have not sung to us anything for a long while now."

"But I will this morning, with great pleasure," said Bell.

"Then," said Von Rosen, "here is your guitar. When I saw you come down to go out this morning, I said to myself, 'Mademoiselle is sure to sing to-day.' So I kept out the guitar-case."

The horses pricked up their ears. The cords of the guitar twanged out a few notes. The fresh breeze blew by from the fields, and as we drove through the stillness of one or two straggling woods, Bell sang—

If enemies oppose us,
And England is at war
With any foreign nation,
We fear not wound or scar.
To humble them, come on, lads!
Their flags we'll soon lay low:
Clear the way for the fray,
Though the stormy winds do blow!

"Mademoiselle," cries the lieutenant, "it is a challenge."

Bell laughed, and suddenly altered the key.

Fair Hebe I left with a cautious design—
this was what she sang now—

To escape from her charms and to drown love in wine:
I tried it, but found, when I came to depart,
The wine in my head, but still love in my heart.

"Well!" said Tita, with an air of astonishment, "that is a pretty song for a young lady to sing!"

Bell laid down the guitar.

"And what," I ask of Queen Titania, "are the sentiments of which alone a young lady may sing? Not patriotism? Not love? Not despair? Goodness gracious! Don't you remember what old Joe Blatchers said when he brought us word that some woman in his neighborhood had committed suicide?"

"What did he say?" asked the lieutenant, who was of an inquiring turn of mind.

"The wretched woman had drowned herself because her husband had died; and old Joe brought us the story with the serious remark, 'The ladies 'as their feelin's, 'asn't they, sir, arter all?' May not a young lady sing of anything but

the joy of decorating a church on Christmas Eve?"

"I have never been taught to perceive the humor of profanity," says my lady with a serene impassiveness.

"Curious, if true! Perhaps you were never taught that a white elephant isn't the same as a rainbow or a pack of cards?"

"My dear," says Tita, turning to Bell, "what is that French song that you brought over with you from Dieppe?"

Thus appealed to, Bell took up her guitar and sang for us a very pretty song. It was not exactly French, to be sure. It began—

'Twas frost and thro' leet, wid a greyming o' snaw,
When I went to see Biddy, the flow'r o' them aw:
To meet was agreed on at Seyway' deyke nuik,
Where I sauntered wi' mony a seegh and lang luik.

But good honest Cumberlandshire is quite as foreign to most of us as French; and no exception could be taken to the sentiment of Bell's ballad, for none of us could understand six consecutive words of it.

Much-Wenlock is a quiet town—about as quiet as the spacious and grassy enclosure in which the magnificent ruins of its old monastery stand gray and black in the sunshine. There are many strange passages and courts in these noble ruins; and as you pass through broken arches, and wander over court-yards half hid in the long green grass, it is but natural that a preference for solitude should betray itself in one or other of the members of a noisy little party. We lost sight of Bell and the lieutenant. There was a peacock strutting through the grass, and making his resplendent tail gleam in the sunshine; and they followed him, I think. When we came upon them again, Bell was seated on a bit of tumbled pillar, pulling daisies out of the sward and plaiting them, and the lieutenant was standing by her side, talking to her in a low voice. It was no business of ours to interfere with this pastoral occupation. Doubtless he spoke in these low tones because of the great silence of the place. We left them there, and had another saunter before we returned. We were almost

sorry to disturb them, for they made a pretty group, these two young folks, talking leisurely to each other under the solemn magnificence of the great gray ruins, while the sunlight that lit up the ivy on the walls, and threw black shadows under the arches of the crumbling windows, and lay warm on the long grass around them, touched Bell's cheek too, and glimmered down one side of the loose masses of her hair.

Castor and Pollux were not allowed much time for lunch, for, as the young people had determined to go to the theatre on reaching Shrewsbury, their elders, warned by a long experience, knew that the best preparation for going to a country theatre is to dine before setting out. My lady did not anticipate much enjoyment, but Bell was positive we should be surprised.

"We have been out in the country so much, seeing so much of the sunlight and the green trees, and living at those little inns, that we ought to have a country theatre as well. Who knows but that we may have left all our London ideas of a play in London, and find ourselves quite delighted with the simple folk who are always uttering good sentiments, and quite enraged with the bad man who is wishing them ill. I think Count von Rosen was quite right—"

Of course Count von Rosen was quite right!

"—about commonplace things only having become commonplace through our familiarity with them," continued Miss Bell: "perhaps we may find ourselves going back a bit, and being as much impressed by a country drama as any of the farmer-folk who do not see half a dozen plays in their life. And then, you know, what a big background we shall have!—not the walls of the little theatre, but all the great landscape we have been coming through. Round about us we shall see the Severn, and the long woods, and Broadway Hill—"

"And not forgetting Bourton Hill," says the lieutenant. "If only they do give us a good moonlight scene like that, we shall be satisfied."

"Oh no," said Bell gravely—she was

evidently launching into one of her unconscious flights, for her eyes took no more notice of us, but were looking wistfully at the pleasant country around us—"that is asking far too much." It is easier for you to make the moonlight scene than for the manager. You have only to imagine it is there—shut your eyes a little bit, and fancy you hear the people on the stage talking in a real scene, with the real country around and the real moonlight in the air. And then you grow to believe in the people, and you forget that they are only actors and actresses working for their salaries, and you think it is a true story, like the stories they tell up in Westmoreland of things that happened in the villages years ago. That is one of the great pleasures of driving—that it gives you a sense of wide space. There is a great deal of air and sky about it, and you have a pleasant and easy way of getting through it, as if you were really sailing; whereas the railway whisks you through the long intervals, and makes your journey a succession of dots. That is an unnatural way of traveling, that staccato method of—"

Here mademoiselle caught sight of Queen Tita gravely smiling, and immediately paused to find out what she had been saying.

"Well?" she said, expecting to be corrected or reproved, and calmly resolved to bear the worst.

But how could Tita explain? She had been amused by the manner in which the young lady had unconsciously caught up a trick of the lieutenant's in the construction of his sentences—the use of "that" as the introductory nominative, the noun coming in afterward. For the moment the subject dropped, in the excitement of our getting once more back to the Severn; and when Bell spoke next it was to ask the lieutenant whether the Wrekin—a solitary, abrupt and conical hill on our right which was densely wooded to the top—did not in a milder form reproduce the odd masses of rock that stud the great plain west of the Lake of Constance.

A pleasant drive through a fine stretch

of open country took us into Shrewsbury; and here, having got over the bridge and up the steep thoroughfares to our hotel, dinner was immediately ordered. When at length we made our way round to the theatre it was about half-past seven, and the performance was to commence at twenty minutes to eight.

"Oh, Bell!" says my lady as we enter the building. She looks blankly round. From the front of the dress-circle we are peering into a great hollow place dimly lighted by ten lamps, each of one burner, that throw a sepulchral light on long rows of wooden benches, on a sad-colored curtain and an empty orchestra. How is all the force of Bell's imagination to drive off these walls and this depressing array of carpentry, and substitute for them a stage of greensward and walls composed of the illimitable sky! There is an odor of escaped gas and of oranges; but when did any people ever muster up enough of gayety to eat an orange in this gloomy hall?

7.40, by Shrewsbury clock.—An old gentleman and a boy appear in the orchestra. The former is possessed of a bass-viol—the latter proceeds to tune up a violin.

7.50—which is the time for commencing the play—three ladies come into the pit. The first is a farmer's wife, fat, ostentatious, confident, in a black silk that rustles: the two others are apparently friends of hers in the town, who follow her meekly and take their seats with a frightened air. She sits down with a proud gesture, and this causes a thin cackle of laughter and a rude remark far up in the semi-darkness overhead, so that we gather that there are probably two persons in the upper gallery.

7.55.—Two young ladies—perhaps shop-girls, but their extreme blushing gives them a countrified look—come into the pit, talk in excited whispers to each other, and sit down with an uncomfortable air of embarrassment. At this moment the orchestra startles us by dashing into a waltz from "Faust." There are now five men and a boy in this tuneful choir. One of them starts vigorously on the cornet, but invariably

fails to get beyond the first few notes, so that the flute beats him hollow. Again and again the cornet strikes in at the easy parts, but directly he subsides again, and the flute has it all his own way. The music ceases. The curtain is drawn up. The play has begun.

The first act is introductory. There is a farmer, whose chief business it is to announce that "his will is law;" and he has a son, addressed throughout as Weelyam, whom he wishes to marry a particular girl. The son, of course, has married another. The villain appears and takes us into his confidence, giving us to understand that a worse villain never trod the earth. He has an interview with the farmer, but this is suddenly broken off: a whistle in some part of the theatre is heard, and we are conveyed to an Italian lake, all shining with yellow villas and blue skies.

"That is the problem stated," said the lieutenant: "now we shall have the solution. But do you find the walls going away yet, mademoiselle?"

"I think it is very amusing," said Bell, with a bright look on her face. Indeed, if she had not brought in with her sufficient influence from the country to resolve the theatre into thin air, she had imbibed a vast quantity of good health and spirits there, so that she was prepared to enjoy anything.

The plot thickens. The woman-villain appears—a lady dressed in deep black—who tells us in an awful voice that she was the mistress of Weelyam in France, that being the country naturally associated in the mind of the dramatist with crimes of this character. She is in a pretty state when she learns that Weelyam is married, and events are plainly marching on to a crisis. It comes. The marriage is revealed to the farmer, who delivers a telling curse, which is apparently launched at the upper gallery, but which is really meant to confound Weelyam: then the old man falls—there is a tableau—the curtain comes down, and the band, by some odd stroke of luck, plays "Home, Sweet Home," as an air descriptive of Weelyam's banishment.

We become objects of curiosity, now that the adventures of the farmer's son are removed. There are twenty-one people in the pit, representing conjointly a solid guinea transferred to the treasury. One or two gay young men, with canes, and their hats much on the sides of their heads, have entered the dress-circle, stared for a minute or two at the stage, and retired.

They are probably familiar with rustic drama, and hold it in contempt. A good ballet, now, would be more in their way, performed by a troupe of young ladies whose names are curiously like English names, with imposing French and Italian terminations. A gentleman comes into the pit along with a friend, nods familiarly to the attendant, deposits his friend, utters a few facetious remarks, and leaves: can it be that he is a reporter of a local newspaper, dowered with the privilege of free admission for "himself and one"? There must at least be three persons in the upper gallery, for a new voice is heard, calling out the graceful but not unfamiliar name of "Polly." One of the two rose-red maidens in front of us timidly looks up, and is greeted with a shout of recognition and laughter. She drops into her old position in a second, and hangs down her head, while her companion protests in an indignant way in order to comfort her. The curtain rises.

The amount of villainy in this Shrewsbury drama is really getting beyond a joke. We are gradually rising in the scale of dark deeds, until the third villain, who now appears, causes the previous two to be regarded as innocent lambs. This new performer of crime is a highwayman, and his very first act is to shoot Weelyam's father and rob him of his money. But, lo! the French adventuress drops from the clouds! The highwayman is her husband: she tells of her awful deeds, among them of her having murdered "her mistress the arch-duchess;" and then, as she vows she will go and murder Weelyam, a tremendous conflict of everybody ensues, and a new scene being run on, we are suddenly whirled up to Balmoral Castle.

"I am beginning to be very anxious about the good people," remarked Tita. "I am afraid William will be killed."

"Unless he has as many lives as Plutarch, he can't escape," said Bell.

"As for the old farmer," observed the lieutenant, "he survives apoplectic fits and pistol-shots very well—oh, very well indeed. He is a very good man in a play. He is sure to last to the end."

Well, we were near the end, and author, carpenter and scene-painter had done their dead best to render the final scene impressive. It was in a cavern. Cimmerian darkness prevailed. The awful lady in black haunts the gloomy byways of the cave, communing with herself, and twisting her arms so that the greatest agony is made visible. But what is this hooded and trembling figure that approaches? Once in the cavern, the hood is thrown off, and the palpitating heroine comes forward for a second to the low footlights, merely that there shall be no mistake about her identity. The gloom deepens. The young and innocent wife encounters the French adventuress: the woman who did not scruple to murder her mistress the archduchess seizes the girl by her hands—shrieks are heard—the two figures twist round one another—then a mocking shout of laughter, and Weelyam's wife is precipitated into the hideous waters of the lake! But, lo! the tread of innumerable feet: from all quarters of the habitable globe stray wanderers arrive. With a shout Weelyam leaps into the lake; and when it is discovered that he has saved his wife, behold! everybody in the play is found to be around him, and with weeping and with laughter all the story is told, and the drama ends in the most triumphant and comfortable manner, in the middle of the night, in a cavern a hundred miles from anywhere.

"No," said Queen Titania, distinctly, "I will *not* stay to see *La Champagne Ballet* or the *Pas de Fascination*."

So there was nothing for it but to take the ungrateful creature back to the hotel and give her tea and a novel. As for the billiard-room in that hotel, it is one of the best between London and Edin-

burgh. The lieutenant begs to add that he can recommend the beer.

CHAPTER XV.

"LA PATRIE EN DANGER."

By the dim side of this enchanted lake,
I, Baldwin, doubting stand.

I SIT down to write this chapter with a determination to be generous, calm and moderate in the last degree. The man who would triumph over the wife of his bosom merely to have the pleasure of saying "I told you so," does not deserve to have his path through life sweetened by any such tender companionship. Far be it from me to recall the protestations which my lady affixed to the first portion of this narrative on its publication. Not for worlds would I inquire into her motives for being so anxious to see Arthur go. The ways of a woman ought to be intricate, occult, perplexing, if only to preserve something of the mystery of life around her, and to serve her also as a refuge from the coarse and rude logic of the actual world. The foolish person who, to prove himself right, would drive his wife into a corner and demonstrate to her that she was wrong—that she had been guilty of small prevarications, of trifling bits of hypocrisy, and of the use of various arts to conceal her real belief and definite purpose—the man who would thus wound the gentle spirit by his side to secure the petty gratification of proving himself to have been something of a twopenny-halfpenny prophet— But these remarks are premature at the present moment, and I go on to narrate the events which happened on the day of our leaving Shrewsbury and getting into the solitary region of the meres.

"I have received a telegram from Arthur," says Bell calmly, and the pink sheet is lying on the breakfast-table before her.

"How did you get it?" says my lady with some surprise.

"At the post-office."

"Then you have been out?"

"Yes, we went for a short walk after

having waited for you," says Bell, looking down.

"Oh, madame," says the lieutenant, coming forward from the fireplace, "you must not go away from the town without seeing it well. It is handsome, and the tall poplars down by the side of the river, they are worth going to see by themselves."

"It was very pretty this morning," continued Bell, "when the wind was blowing about the light blue smoke, and the sun was shining down on the slates and the clumps of trees. We went to a height on the other side of the river, and I have made a sketch of it—"

"Pray," says my lady, regarding our ward severely, "when did you go out this morning?"

"Perhaps about an hour and a half ago," replies Bell carelessly: "I don't exactly know."

"More than that, I think," says the lieutenant, "for, with mademoiselle's permission, I did smoke two cigars before we came back. It is much to our credit to go so early, and not anything to be blamed of."

"I am glad Bell is improving in that respect," retorts my lady with a wicked smile; and then she adds, "Well?"

"He has started," is the reply to that question.

"And is going by another route?"

"Yes: in a dog-cart—by himself. Don't you think it is very foolish of him, Tita? You know what accidents occur with those dog-carts."

"Mademoiselle, do not alarm yourself," says the lieutenant, folding up his newspaper. "It is a very singular thing there are so many accidents in driving, and so very seldom any one hurt. You ask your friends—yes, they have all had accidents in their riding and driving, they have all been in great danger, but what have they suffered?—nothing! Sometimes a man is killed—yes, one out of several millions in the year. And if he tumbles over—which is likely if he does not know much of horses and driving—what then? No, there is no fear: we shall see him some day very well, and go on all together."

"Oh, shall we?" says my lady, evidently regarding this as a new idea.

"Certainly. Do you think he goes that way always? Impossible. He will tire of it. He will study the roads across to meet us. He will overtake us with his light little dog-cart: we shall have his company along the road."

Tita did not at all look so well satisfied with this prospect of meeting an old friend as she might have done.

"And when are you to hear from him next?" I inquire of mademoiselle.

"He will either write or telegraph to each of the big towns along our route, on the chance of the message intercepting us somewhere; and so we shall know where he is."

"And he has really started?"

Bell placed the telegram in my hands. It was as follows:

"Have set out by Hatfield, Huntingdon and York for Edinburgh. Shall follow the real old coach-road to Scotland, and am certain to find much entertainment."

"For man and beast," struck in the lieutenant. "And I know of a friend of mine traveling in your country who went into one of these small inns and put up his horse, and when they brought him in his luncheon to the parlor, he only looked at it and said, 'Very good, waiter: this is very nice, but where is the entertainment for the man?'"

I continued to read the telegram aloud:

"Shall probably be in Edinburgh before you; but will telegraph or write to each big town along your route, that you may let me know where you are."

"It is very obliging," says the lieutenant, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It is quite certain," observes my lady with decision, "that he must not accompany us in his dog-cart; for we shall arrive at plenty of inns where they could not possibly put up three horses and so many people."

"It would have been so," said the lieutenant, "at the place on the top of the hill—Bourton was it called?"

The mere notion of Arthur coming in to spoil the enjoyment of that rare even-

ing was so distressing that we all took refuge in breakfast, after which we went for a long and leisurely stroll through Shrewsbury, and then had Castor and Pollux put into the phaeton. It seemed now to us to matter little at what town we stayed. We had almost begun to forget the various points of the journey. It was enough that some hospitable place—whether it were city, town or hamlet—afforded us shelter for the night, that on the next morning we could issue forth again into the sweet-smelling country air, and have all the fair green world to ourselves. We looked with a lenient eye upon the great habitations of men. What if a trifle of coal-smoke hung about the house-tops, and that the streets were not quite so clean as they might be? We suffered little from these inconveniences. They only made us rejoice the more to get out into the leafy lanes, where the air was fresh with the scent of the bean-fields and the half-dried hay. And when a town happened to be picturesque—and it was our good fortune to find a considerable number of handsome cities along our line of route—and combined with its steep streets, its old-fashioned houses, and its winding river and banks, a fair proportion of elms and poplars scattered about in clumps to mar the monotony of the gray fronts and the blue slates, we paid such a tribute of admiration as could only be obtained from people who knew they would soon be emancipated from the din and clamor, the odor and the squalor of thoroughfares and pavements.

Bell, sitting very erect and holding the whip and reins in the most accurate and scientific fashion, was driving us leisurely up the level and pleasant road leading from Shrewsbury to Ellesmere. The country was now more open and less hilly than that through which we had recently come. Occasionally, as in the neighborhood of Harmer Hill, we drove by dense woods, but for the most part our route lay between long stretches of meadows, fields and farms, with the horizon around lying blue and dark under the distant sky. The morning had gradually become overcast, and the

various greens of the landscape were darkened by the placid gray overhead. There was little wind, but a prevailing coolness that seemed to have something of premonitory moistness in it.

But how the birds sang under the silence of that cold gray sky! We seemed to hear all the sounds within a great compass, and these were exclusively the innumerable notes of various birds—in the hedges and in the roadside trees, far away in woods or hidden up in the level grayness of the clouds. *Tewi, tewi, tewi, trrrr-weet!*—droom, droom, *phlaee!*—tuck, tuck, tuck, tuck, *feer!*—that was the silvery chorus from thousands of throats, and under the darkness of the gray sky the leaves of the trees and the woods seemed to hang motionless in order to listen. Now and again Bell picked out the call of a thrush or a blackbird from the almost indistinguishable mass of melody, but it seemed to us that all the fields and the hedges had but one voice, and that it was clear and sweet and piercing in the strange silence reigning over the land.

So we rolled along the unfrequented road, occasionally passing a wayside tavern, a farmhouse or a cluster of cottages, until about noon we caught a glimpse of a stretch of gray water. On this lonely mere no boat was to be seen, nor any house on its banks—merely a bit of leaden-colored water placed amid the low-lying woods. Then we caught the glimmer of another sheet of cold gray water, and by and by, driving under and through an avenue of trees, we came full in sight of Ellesmere.

The small lake looked rather dismal then. There was a slight stirring of wind on its surface, which destroyed the reflection of the woods along its shores, and so the water was pretty much the counterpart of the gloomy sky above. At this moment, too, the moisture in the air began to touch our faces, and everything portended a shower. Bell drove us past the mere and on to the small village, where Castor and Pollux were safely lodged in the stables of the "Bridgewater Arms."

We had got into shelter just in time.

Down came the rain with a will, but we were unconcernedly having luncheon in a long apartment which the landlord had recently added on to his premises. Then we darted across the yard to the billiard-room, where, Bell and my lady having taken up lofty positions in order to overlook the tournament, we proceeded to knock the balls about until the shower should cease.

The rain, however, showed no symptoms of leaving off, so we resolved to remain at Ellesmere that night, and the rest of the afternoon was spent in getting up arrears of correspondence and similar work. It was not until after dinner that it was found the rain-clouds had finally gathered themselves together, and then, when we went out for a stroll in obedience to Bell's earnest prayer, the evening had drawn on apace.

The darkening waters of the lake were now surrounded by low clouds of white mist, that hung about the wet woods. From the surface of the mere, too, a faint vapor seemed to rise, so that the shores on the other side had grown dim and vague. The trees were still dropping large drops into the streaming road; runnels of water showed how heavy the rain had been; and it seemed as if the gray and ghastly plain of the lake were still stirred by the commotion of the showers. The reflection of a small yacht out from the shore was blurred and indistinct, and underneath the wooded island beyond there only reigned a deeper gloom on the water.

Of course, no reasonable person could have thought of going out in a boat on this moist evening; but Bell having expressed some wish of the kind, the lieutenant forthwith declared we should soon have a boat, however late the hour. He dragged us through a wet garden to a house set amid trees by the side of the mere. He summoned a worthy woman, and overcame her wonder and objections and remonstrances in about a couple of minutes. In a very short space of time we found ourselves in a massive and unwieldy punt out in the middle of this gray sheet of water, with the darkness of night rapidly descending.

"We shall all have neuralgia and rheumatism and colds to-morrow," said my lady contentedly. "And all because of this mad girl, who thinks she can see ghosts wherever there is a little mist. Bell, do you remember—"

Tita stopped suddenly and grasped my arm. A white something had suddenly borne down upon us, and not for a second or two did we recognize the fact that it was a swan bent on a mission of curiosity. Far away beyond this solitary animal there now became visible a faint line of white, and we knew that there the members of his tribe were awaiting his report.

The two long oars plashed in the silence, we glided onward in the gloom, and the woods of the opposite shore were now coming near. But what was this new light that seemed to be coming from over the trees—a faint glow that began to tell upon the sky and reveal to us the conformation of the clouds? The mists of the lake deepened, but the sky lightened, and we could see breaks in it, long stripes of a soft and pale yellow. Bell had not uttered a word. She had been watching this growing light with patient eyes, only turning at times to see how the island was becoming more distinct in the darkness. And then more and more rapidly the light spread up and over the south-east, the clouds seemed to get thinner and thinner, until all at once we saw the white glimmer of the disk of the moon leap into a long crevice in the dark sky, and lo! all the scene around us was changed: the mists seemed to be dispersed and driven to the shores; the trees on the island were sharp black bars against a flood of light; and on the dark bosom of the water lay a long lane of silver, intertwisting itself with millions of gleaming lines, and flashing on the ripples that were sent back from the rocking of our boat.

"Every day, I think," said Bell, "we come to something more beautiful in this journey."

"Mademoiselle," said the lieutenant suddenly, "your country it has been too much for me: I have resolved to come to live here always, and in five years, if

I choose it, I shall be able to be naturalized and consider England as my own country."

The moonlight was touching softly at this moment the outline of Bell's face, but the rest of the face was in shadow, and we could not see what evidence of surprise was written there.

"You are not serious," she said.

"I am."

"And you mean to give up your country because you like the scenery of another country?"

That, plainly put, was what the proposal of the count amounted to as he had expressed it, but even he seemed somewhat taken aback by its apparent absurdity.

"No," he said, "you must not put it all down to one reason: there are many reasons, some of them important; but at all events it is sure that if I come to live in England, I shall not be disappointed of having much pleasure in traveling."

"With you it may be different," said Bell, almost repeating what I had said the day before to the young man. "I wish we could always be traveling and meeting with such pleasant scenes as this. But this holiday is a very exceptional thing."

"Worse luck!" said the lieutenant, with the air of a man who thinks he is being hardly used by destiny.

"But tell me," broke in my lady, as the boat lay in the path of the moonlight, almost motionless, "have you calculated the consequences of your becoming an exile?"

"An exile! There are many thousands of my countrymen in England: they do not seem to suffer much of regret because they are exiles."

"Suppose we were to go to war with Germany?"

"Madame," observed the lieutenant, seriously, "if you regard one possibility, why not another? Should I not hesitate of living in England for fear of a comet striking your country rather than striking Germany? No: I do not think there is any chance of either; but if there is a war, then I consider whether

I am more bound to Germany or to England. And that is a question of the ties you may form, which may be more strong than merely that you chance to have been born in a particular place."

"These are not patriotic sentiments," remarks my lady in a voice which shows she is pleased as well as amused by the announcement of them.

"Patriotism!" he said: "that is very good, but you need not make it a fetish. Perhaps I have more right to be patriotic in a country that I choose for my own than in a country where I am born without any choice of my own. But I do not find my countrymen when they come to England much troubled by such things; and I do not think your countrymen when they go to America consult the philosophers and say what they would do in a war. If you will allow me to differ with you, madame, I do not think that is a great objection to my living in England."

An objection—coming from her! The honest lieutenant meant no sarcasm, but if a blush remained in my lady's system—which is pretty well trained, I admit, to repress such symptoms of consciousness—surely it ought to have been visible on this clear moonlight night.

At length we had to make for the shore. It seemed as though we were leaving out there on the water all the white wonder of the moon; but when we had run the boat into the boat-house and got up among the trees, there too was the strong white light, gleaming on black branches and throwing bars of shadow across the pale, brown road. We started on our way back to the village by the margin of the mere. The mists seemed colder here than out on the water, and now we could see the moonlight struggling with a faint white haze that lay over all the surface of the lake. My lady and Bell walked on in front—the lieutenant was apparently desirous to linger a little behind.

"You know," he said, in a low voice and with a little embarrassment, "why I have resolved to live in England."

"I can guess."

"I mean to ask mademoiselle to-morrow—if I have the chance—if she will become my wife."

"You will be a fool for your pains."

"What is that phrase? I do not comprehend it," he said.

"You will make a mistake if you do. She will refuse you."

"And well?" he said. "Does not every man run the chance of that? I will not blame her—no; but it is better I should ask her, and be assured of this one way or the other."

"You do not understand. Apart from all other considerations, Bell would almost certainly object to entertaining such a proposal after a few days' acquaintanceship—"

"A few days!" he exclaimed. "*Du Himmel!* I have known her years and years ago—very well we were acquainted—"

"But the acquaintanceship of a boy is nothing. You are almost a stranger to her now—"

"See here," he urged. "We do know more of each other in this week or two than if I had seen her for many seasons of your London society. We have seen each other at all times, under all ways—not mere talking in a dance, and so forth."

"But you know she has not definitely broken off with Arthur yet."

"Then the sooner the better," said the lieutenant bluntly. "How is it you do all fear him, and the annoyance of his coming? Is a young lady likely to have much sympathy for him, when he is very disagreeable and rude and angry? Now, this is what I think about him. I am afraid mademoiselle is very sorry to tell him to go away. They are old friends. But she would like him to go away, for he is very jealous and angry and rude; and so I go to her and say—No, I will not tell you what my argument is, but I hope I will show mademoiselle it will be better if she will promise to be my wife, and then this pitiful fellow he will be told not to distress her any more. If she says No, it is a misfortune for me, but none to her. If she says Yes, then I will look out that she

is not any more annoyed—that is quite certain."

"I hope you don't wish to marry merely to rescue a distressed damsel?"

"Bah!" he said: "you know it is not that. But you English people, you always make your jokes about these things—not very good jokes either—and do not talk frankly about it. When madame comes to hear of this—and if mademoiselle is good enough not to cast me away—it will be a hard time for us, I know, from morning until night. But have I not told you what I have considered this young lady—so very generous in her nature, and not thinking of herself—so very frank and good-natured to all people around her—and of a good, light heart, that shows she can enjoy the world, and is of a happy disposition, and will be a very noble companion for the man who marries her. I would tell you much more, but I cannot in your language."

At all events, he had picked up a good many flattering adjectives: mademoiselle's dowry in that respect was likely to be considerable.

Here we got back to the inn. Glasses were brought in, and we had a final game of bézique before retiring for the night; but the lieutenant's manner toward Bell was singularly constrained and almost distant, and he regarded her occasionally in a somewhat timid and anxious way.

[*Note by Queen Titania.*]—"It is perhaps unnecessary for me to explain that I am not responsible for the foolish notions that may enter the heads of two young people when they are away for a holiday. But I must protest against the insinuation—conveyed in a manner *which I will not describe*—that I was throughout scheming against Arthur's suit with our Bell. That poor boy is the son of two of my oldest friends, and for himself we have always had the greatest esteem and liking. If he caused us some annoyance at this time, he had probably a little excuse for it—which is more than *some people* can say, when they have long ago got over the jealous-

ies of courtship, and yet do not cease to persecute their wives with cruel jests—and it is most unfair to represent me as being blind to his peculiar situation or unmerciful toward himself. On the contrary, I am sure I did everything I could to smooth over the unpleasant incidents of his visit; but I did not find it incumbent on me to become a *partisan*, and spend hours in getting up philosophical—*philosophical!*—excuses for a rude-

ness which was really unpardonable. As for Count von Rosen, if he made up his mind to ask Bell to be his wife because Ellesmere looked pretty when the moon came out, I cannot help it. It is some years since I gave up the idea of attempting to account for the odd freaks and impulses that get into the brains of what we must call the *superior sex*."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIERRE RONSARD.

THE first quarter of the sixteenth century had struck, and the world was waking to the new day of the Renaissance. Luther had burned the Pope's bull at Wittenberg, and had defied the Diet of Worms; Henry VIII. and Francis I. had joined hands on the Field of the Cloth of Gold; Michael Angelo had finished his masterpieces in the Sistine Chapel; Raphael had painted the greatest of all Madonnas, and had passed away; Titian was still holding the world breathless with the triumphs of his brush; Sir Thomas Wyatt, the earl of Surrey, and a few other English songsters were preparing the way for the full choir that was to startle Europe half a century later; and France, stimulated on all sides by the advance of her neighbors in literature and art, had begun to set herself to rival them. Charles of Orleans, François Villon and Clément Marot had already sung the first chansons worthy of note since the *Roman de la Rose*, and the "gentil maistre Clément" was even now sharing the captivity of his royal master at Pavia. The French for many years had been fighting almost incessantly; their worship of Mars had left them no time to devote to the Muses; and now that they had begun to study, they went into it as a matter of business, and worked at poetry as if it were the multiplication table, or could be written,

like an Ollendorff exercise, by the yard. Poetry became a varnish to be laid upon the veneer of the other accomplishments. Was it not enough, asks Sainte-Beuve, for a man to be at once a physician, a grammarian and a geometrician? Apparently not, for Pelletier du Mans, who was all these, also twanged his feeble lyre. It was not till the seventeenth century that the distinction between learning and genius came to be fully understood, and that the many versifiers began to give way to the few poets.

With the revival of art revived of course also the gods of Greece. Art and mythology go ever hand in hand. For the Greeks had embodied in visible forms the everlasting truths of Nature and of life, and Aphrodite smiles always upon the painter's imagination as when she first rose from the sea. The wet and weary boy to whom the old poet gave shelter for the night, only to be pierced by his arrow in the morning, is as vivid a reality in Andersen's prose-poem to-day as in the graceful verse of Anacreon five hundred years before our era. The stories the world learned in its cradle it never tires of telling its children, and when painters make them glow upon their canvas, and poets sing them in their sweetest verse, the rest of mankind must learn to spell them out. Beauty, Genius and Wealth divide

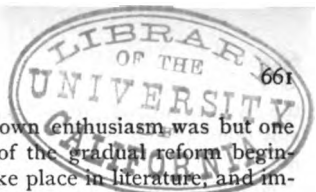
the world among them, whether we call them Venus, Apollo and Plutus, or not.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the recent discovery of the New World, with its vast riches ready to pour into the lap of Europe, the breaking of the old fetters of the Church, the intellectual stimulus resulting from all this agitation, the shock given to ascetic living and ascetic art by the recognition of the purely physical element, the glorification of the Body by the new school of colorists, headed by Titian,—all this better living and broader thinking had brought about what we are accustomed to call the Pagan Renaissance, of which Italy was the foster-mother. But these old divinities returned upon the canvas of Titian and his fellows as very real and palpable entities. They came with all the solidity of gradual tradition to incorporate them, and were received as human if immortal beings. There was no question of solar myths and volcanic convulsions with the poets of the sixteenth century: they took up the old stories where they had been dropped, and were far more concerned with the grammar of the classics than they were with their religion.

While the learned men of France were poring over their dictionaries, and occasionally giving testimony of their progress by a neat copy of Greek or Latin verses, the neglected French language was suffering. Noble words and phrases used by the Troubadours had dropped out altogether: the writers of each half century had to be translated by their successors before they could be understood. No wonder, then, that with the renaissance of art a renaissance of language should be felt to be equally necessary. The lyre must have new strings before the new music could be played upon it, and two young poets, Pierre Ronsard and Joachim du Bellay, undertook the audacious task of reforming a language. But it was not alone the poverty of the language that had caused the songs of each successive age to perish so quickly: it was in a great measure the necessarily ephemeral nature of a

literature that consisted almost entirely of the lightest kind of poetry.

The young poet, PIERRE RONSARD, to whose influence may be ascribed the *Illustration de la Langue Française*, published by his friend Du Bellay, was born on the 11th of September, 1524, at the Château de la Poissonnière (Vendômois). He was the fifth son of Louis Ronsard, maître-d'hôtel to Francis I., and came of a noble Hungarian family. Happy omens accompanied his birth. The lady who was carrying him to be christened dropped him from her careless arms, but into a bed of flowers—a mollifying of misfortune typical of his after life. Till the age of nine he was brought up under the direction of a tutor at the château, but then he was sent to the College of Navarre at Paris. Scholastic discipline was very strict at that time, however, and the regent of Pierre's schooldays was an uncommonly harsh master. His ardor fired by the traditions of his noble Hungarian ancestor, who had fought under Philip Augustus against the English, and by the martial spirit of the times, at the end of six months the boy begged to be taken away from school and to be brought up as a soldier. His father took him to the court, then settled at Avignon, where the child's uncommon beauty, spirit and promise caused him to be at once installed as page to the duke of Orleans. Two years afterward, when James V. returned to Scotland with his bride, Marie of Lorraine, Ronsard accompanied them, and spent two years and a half at the Scottish court and six months at the English, returning to France at the end of that time to re-enter the service of the duke of Orleans. His royal master sent him on all sorts of secret missions to Scotland, to Flanders, to Zealand, to the Diet of Spires with Lazare de Baif, to Piedmont with the viceroy, Du Bellay. He suffered hardships, perils, shipwreck, finally a severe illness, which left him almost totally deaf at the early age of sixteen. He lost his heart, too, about this time (not so irremediable a loss, however, as his hearing) to a fair *bourgeoise* of Blois, whom he chose to christen Cassandra. His deafness in-



terfering sadly with his chances at court, and his youthful passion inspiring him with a distaste for the world, he wished to devote himself to study. But his father, whose paternal pride had naturally been charmed with the brilliant figure his son of sixteen had made at three courts, peremptorily forbade him all apprenticeship to "le mestier des Muses." During his travels, however, he had learned to speak English, Italian and German, while one of his comrades had taught him Latin. He knew the best passages of Virgil by heart, and had already studied the first principles of French verse. In spite of his father's prohibition, he stole off every evening from the gayeties of the court to hear the lessons given by Jean Dorat, a famous classical scholar of the day, to Antoine de Baif, son of the Lazare de Baif with whom Ronsard had visited Germany.

In 1544, however, the ambitious father died, and the young man was free to follow his own inclinations. At the early age of twenty, having already seen more of life than many men of twice his age, he retired with his friend Antoine to the College of Coqueret, where their master Dorat had recently been installed as principal. Seven long years they passed in this retreat, studying with the greatest ardor, and helping each other along the thorny ways of learning. "Being early wonted by his courtly training to late hours," says Claude Binet, the earliest biographer of our poet, "Ronsard sat at his studies until two or three hours after midnight, and then, going to bed, roused De Baif, who arose and went on by the same candle before his place had time to grow cold."

At this college they were joined by Remi Belleau, afterward an enthusiastic disciple of Ronsard, and by Antoine Muret, his future commentator. Here, too, came Joachim du Bellay, who embraced the literary theories of Ronsard with delight, and published in 1549 the result of their joint studies and speculations, under the title of *L'Illustration de la Langue Française*. The young students were in danger of forgetting

that their own enthusiasm was but one indication of the gradual reform beginning to take place in literature, and imagined, as young enthusiasts are so apt to do, that their especial lantern held the only light of the age. "Coloring their prejudices as erudite scholars with all the illusions of youth and patriotism," says Sainte-Beuve in his admirable work on *French Poetry in the Sixteenth Century*, "they asserted that there was no such thing as poetry in France, and promised themselves to create it all. On the strength of so great an intention, they already dreamed for their country a literary splendor equal to that with which Italy was glorified for the second time. From the first day of its majority this youthful generation impetuously proclaimed its freedom, and, to use the vigorous expression of a contemporary, a troop of poets rushed forth from the college of Jean Dorat as from another Trojan horse. Joachim du Bellay harangued them, so to speak, before the action." His ideas—and Ronsard's, for they were one in thought—were briefly these: "Languages are not like plants, strong or weak by chance: they depend upon human volition. Consequently, if our language be more feeble than the Greek or Latin, it is the fault of our ancestors, who have neglected to strengthen and adorn it. Translations alone will never enrich a language. We need to follow the example of the Romans, who imitated rather than translated the best Greek authors, transforming them into their own likeness, devouring their substance, and, after digesting it thoroughly, converting it into nourishment and blood. You who wish to enter the service of the Muses, turn to the Greek and Latin, yea even to the Spanish and Italian authors, whence you may derive a more exquisite form of poetry than from our own. Nor trust yourselves to follow the example of those of our own writers who have acquired great fame with little or no study, and do not tell me that poets are born: it would be too easy a thing to attain immortality thus. Whoso desires to live in the mouths of men must spend much time in his closet;

and whose desires to live in the memory of posterity must die to himself, and while our poets and courtiers eat, drink and sleep at their ease, he must endure hunger, thirst and long vigils. These are the wings whereby the writings of men mount to heaven."

To this careful transportation of the classics, Ronsard added an audacious use of words. Where the French failed him he dressed up a Latin, Greek or Italian substitute at will. He advocated what he called the *provignement* (propagation) of words, and from a recognized substantive, for instance, would form a verb or an adjective to suit his need—a practice not yet gone out of vogue among our younger poets, who are apt to find even our own rich vocabulary too small for their vast needs, and, in the words of a recent critic, "distend our unfortunate language till we can almost hear it crack." Not content with this resource, Ronsard employed two more. He borrowed right and left from every French patois he could lay his hands upon, and he went into all the workshops of Paris and sought among the *argot* of the artisans for words and phrases to give amplitude and vigor to his verse. His genius melted down this heterogeneous mass into a wonderfully flowing stream of melody, and to us, in this polyglot age, his verse presents fewer difficulties than perhaps to his contemporaries, when malice said that his mistresses were fain to call in the dangerous aid of some brother scholar to help them to decipher his love-verses. An open question, after all, as to the learning of the ladies.

Ronsard's *Amours*, with the first four books of *Odes*, was published in 1550, the year after Du Bellay's manifesto, and was the first thing he had ever given to the world, unless we except his translation of the *Plutus* of Aristophanes, acted at college, and, according to C. Binet, the first comedy ever played in French. This first book of *Amours*, a collection of sonnets addressed to the fair Cassandra, was followed in two years by the fifth book of *Odes*, accompanied with music fitted to the songs

and sonnets, and with a commentary by A. Muret. In 1555 the first book of *Hymnes* appeared, and in the following year the second book of *Hymnes* and the last of *Amours* came out. Finally, in 1560, Ronsard published the first edition of his collected works. Never was poet received with such tempests of praise. In vain the jovial curé of Meudon made fun of his neighbor: not even the mighty laughter of Rabelais could drown the applause of princes. In vain did Mellin de Saint-Gelais attempt to raise an opposing voice: he, too, was brought to worship the rising star. The Academy of Floral Games called Ronsard the prince of poets, and, not content with crowning him with their usual wreath of eglantine, sent him a massive silver statue of Minerva. The architect of the Louvre carved a Fame upon his façade, trumpeting the praises of the new Muse. He became the poet of princes: Margaret of Savoy, the sister of Henry II., loaded him with honors; Charles IX. made him his constant companion, presented him with priories and abbays and wrote graceful verses in his praise; Henry III. inscribed his name among the first on his list of members for the newly-instituted Academy; Queen Elizabeth sent him a diamond of great price; and Marie Stuart, who had received him at her court and read his verses in her prosperity, sent him from her prison a Parnassus in silver surmounted by a Pegasus, the rock bearing this inscription: "To Ronsard, the Apollo of the fountain of the Muses." Montaigne immortalized him in a single line; Tasso was proud to read to him the first cantos of his *Gerusalemme*; another Italian poet, Speroni, wrote a whole poem in his praise; and his works were publicly read and explained in the French schools of Flanders, England, Poland, and other countries. Saddest and sweetest tribute of all, Chastelard, the poet-lover of "the fairest and cruellest of princesses," comforted himself in prison with the writings of Ronsard, and when condemned to death would have no other viaticum than his verses. "Being led to the scaffold," says Brantôme,

"he took the *Hymnes* of M. Ronsard in his hands, and for his eternal consolation began to read the 'Hymn to Death,' which is very well composed, asking no other help of holy book, nor of minister nor of confessor."

The people were as wild with admiration as the princes. "No one who could use a pen," Pasquier tells us, "but celebrated Ronsard in his verses. Did the young people but rub against his clothes, they fancied themselves about to become poets." Of course the fair sex burned their share of incense before the popular idol. Ronsard, in spite of his deafness, had a good deal of the Adonis as well as the Apollo about him. He is described as being tall and imposing in stature, with a beautiful and majestic countenance, large forehead, bright and piercing eyes, aquiline nose, wavy blonde hair and a long and well-turned neck. Other damsels besides Cassandra sway his facile heart and yield to his fascinations or his fame. A young girl of Anjou, named Marie, is celebrated in some of his sweetest songs, and her early death mourned over in many an elegy; a mysterious Genèvre, supposed to be the wife of Blaise de Vigenère, is a favorite subject; so are two noble ladies of the families of Acquaviva and D'Estrées, immortalized as Calirrhoë and Astræa, the former a flame of Charles IX. At the special request of the queen-mother, Catherine de Medicis, he obliged her, as he had her son in respect of the fair Calirrhoë, by singing the praises of a lovely maid of honor, Hélène de Sanguis, for whom he cherished a respectful admiration, sufficiently platonic because made to order.

Is it to be wondered at if all this royal adulation, this popular idolatry, this praise of ladies and poets, turned its object's head? A young man, a Frenchman and a poet, what could one expect but such a natural consequence? The age pronounced him the greatest poet of France and the equal of the ancients, and he accepted finally the verdict of the age. Not without some secret misgivings, however. The genius of the man was too fine not to realize

wherein those ancients were his masters, and many of his verses bear testimony to the humbler opinion that he held, in his cooler moments, of his own abilities. The nebulous clouds of adoration that surrounded him evolved finally into that then famous constellation, the "Pléiade," wherein Ronsard was the central star. Around him, at a respectful distance, revolved Dorat, his old master; Jamyn, his pupil; Du Bellay and De Baif, his fellow-students; Jodelle and De Thiard. There is a little uncertainty, however, as to these lesser lights, for the authorities differ about two or three of the names. They were not accepted with unanimous praise: it was only Ronsard whom the whole world delighted to honor. Twenty days after the massacre of St. Bartholomew appeared all that was ever written of the *Franciade*, four cantos of the destined twenty-four. It was founded on the obscure legend of Francus, son of Hector, who fled from Troy and conquered the country of the Gauls. The choice of subject was unfortunate, in the first place. It was not founded, like the *Æneid*, upon a popular romance told by every fireside, but was disinterred from the library of the scholar. The verse was the familiar decasyllabic, unsuited to the dignity of the subject and the genius of Ronsard. To name the principal and final objection, it was essentially lyric, and not epic. Such was the faith of the age in its greatest poet, however, that if the *Franciade* added little to its author's fame, it woke no storm of adverse criticism. It was reserved for the historians of French literature to speak of it as contemptuously as Mennechet does: "Claude Binet, the biographer and panegyrist of Ronsard, asserts that the only fault of the *Franciade* is that it is not finished: that seems to us its principal merit." Charles IX. loaded him with new honors, bestowing upon him, besides two priories, the abbey of Belozane and Croix-Val. To the latter Ronsard retired upon the death of his royal patron, which happened in 1574, two years after the publication of the *Franciade*. Very near this chosen re-

treat were the forest of Gastine and the fountain of Bellerie that he had so often sung. Gouty and prematurely old, Ronsard led a studious and pious life, amusing himself by correcting and preparing for the press another edition of his complete works, which appeared in 1584. He has left us a sketch in verse of his last years, full of a sweet and chastened spirit, but too long to quote entire. Beginning the day with prayer, he spent four or five hours in study; then, feeling his mind wearied, went to church. Returning from church, he devoted an hour to pleasure, and then dined, soberly and gratefully. After dinner, in pleasant weather, he strolled about the country, or, sitting with a book or a friend on the edge of a murmuring brook, listened to the noise of the water or fell asleep in the shade of the willows. In wet weather he sought out his friends' society, or amused himself with bodily exercise in-doors. Then when the dark night had called out the stars and curtailed the earth and sky, he lay down to sleep without care, imploring a gentle pardon from Heaven for all his errors.

This is a pretty picture of the last days of the old poet. Would that all singers might fall asleep in as safe and quiet a nest! His critics complained, however, of the ten years' labor spent on the last edition of his poems. So captious had the fastidious taste of the scholarly poet grown that he altered and corrected the sonnets and chansons of his youth with a most unsparing hand, often much to the detriment of their spontaneity and vigor; "not considering," says Colletet, in his quaint old French, "that although he was the father of his works, yet doth it not appertain to sad and captious age to sit in judgment upon the strokes of gallant youth." Ronsard did not live many months to hear his alterations blamed by his jealous admirers. During the sleepless nights of his lingering illness he diverted his mind by composing epitaphs and hymns, a singer to the last. He died at his priory of Saint-Cosme, Tours, on Friday, December 27, 1585, and was buried in the choir of the priory church without pomp

or display. Two months after his death, however, his dear friend Gallaud, who closed his eyes, celebrated his obsequies at the chapel of the College of Boncour. The king sent his own musicians to sing the mass: Duperron, afterward bishop of Evreux and cardinal, pronounced the funeral oration, and drew tears from the eyes of all present. The chapel was crowded with the princes of the blood, the cardinals, the Parliament, and the University of Paris. So great was the crush that the Cardinal de Bourbon and many other princes and lords were unable to penetrate the crowd, and were forced to return home. Other orations and verses were recited the next day in all the colleges of Paris, and volumes might be made of the eclogues, elegies and epitaphs written to his memory. Twenty-four years after his death, Joachim de la Chétardie, then the prior of Saint-Cosme, built a marble tomb, surmounted by a statue, over his grave.

But before that tomb was finished the wheel of Fortune had made a turn. Only fifteen years after the death of Ronsard arose the star of Malherbe, severest of his critics because so near a rival. The grammarian in him quite as strong as the poet, he was scandalized at the liberties Ronsard had dared to take with the language. Whenever in reading aloud his own verses he came to a harsh or doubtful word, he was accustomed to say, "Here I *ronsardise*." Racan coming in one day—when he was ill and out of sorts, let us hope—took up a volume of Ronsard with many verses erased by the critical hand of Malherbe. "Posterity will quote the others as admired by Malherbe," said Racan; whereupon the irritated poet seized a pen and scratched out all the rest. Many other critics agreed with him. The Seigneur de Balzac, born only nine years after the death of Ronsard, said that he was but the beginning and material of a poet; La Bruyère said that Ronsard and his school had done French style far more harm than good; Boileau confirmed the sentence of Malherbe; La Monnoye wrote, "I think it would be very difficult to find a person who would

dare to boast that he owned and had read his works."

The wheel of Fortune turned again. Malherbe was forgotten like Ronsard. Corneille and Racine and the severely classic drama ruled the day. The immortal Molière, taking his stand outside of rules, and hand in hand with his mother, Nature, was not for a day, but part of the universal world's inheritance. Again the wheel went round, and in 1828 the revolution of the Romantic School in literature began. Sainte-Beuve and Victor Hugo rehabilitated Ronsard. Once more France rang with his fame. Sainte-Beuve wrote his *Tableau historique et critique de la poésie française au 16^e siècle*, followed by a volume of selections from Ronsard, with a commentary, which set the new school wild. The early editions of Ronsard's works went up to fabulous prices, and a copy of the favorite edition of 1609 was presented to Victor Hugo by some of his most enthusiastic disciples as the best they could give to one whom they styled the successor of the greatest lyric poet of France. The wide margins of this precious volume were enriched with many autograph verses by the most celebrated authors of the day.

It is easier to account for the fame of Ronsard than for its sudden reverse. That he did a great deal for the French language is unquestionable. He found it dry, stiff and barren, and he did his best to soften and enrich it. From other languages, from the different *patois*, from arts and trades, he borrowed their richest treasures, and developed the old vocabulary. "The system was a great conception," says Sainte-Beuve, "and its success shows that it was skillfully executed. All the enlightened world received and admired it: it seemed as if the French language had recovered its rights, and was no longer to yield precedence to any." That the system was not entirely successful can hardly surprise us. In the first place, languages, in spite of the dictum of Du Bellay, *are* like plants, and develop slowly from a fitting soil and in a congenial atmosphere, independent of human volition. One can no more incorporate a word at

will into the popular vocabulary than make a peach-stone grow on a sea-beach in November. But let the word appear at the right time and place, and the whole world rings with it. Ronsard succeeded so far that for years after he died a popular saying described any error in speech as "a hit at Ronsard." But in their young enthusiasm he and his school sometimes forgot to let their judgments be seasoned with mercy, or ran at times into something of extravagance in their importations. "They asked of words," says Nisard, "what things alone could give: they did not perceive that languages can only be enriched by ideas; that the secret of a noble style is entirely in the calm and sustained elevation of the thought; that harmony is less a music that delights the ear than the general effect of a language which unites all the conditions of propriety, nobility, clearness." Then, too, the reform was premature: the age was not yet out of leading-strings. We scarcely realize how far beyond it was Ronsard till we find ourselves compelled to wait three hundred years for a worthy successor to him in French lyric verse.

Nor were his services in the art of versification less notable than his efforts for the language. To him belongs the honor of introducing the ode, in form and name, into French poetry: that he also revived the epic is a doubtful matter of congratulation. Sainte-Beuve claims as Ronsard's invention a great variety of new rhythms, and at least eight or ten different forms of strophes of which we may seek vainly for any trace among his predecessors. Not until Victor Hugo took up the fallen lyre do we find in French poetry any songs that for exquisite melody, simplicity and grace can rival his. He transplanted some of the finest odes and sonnets of Anacreon, Theocritus, Horace, Petrarch and Bembo into his native tongue, but added to them such fine and delicate touches of his own fancy that they seemed to bloom anew as with engrafted flowers.

Six years after his death there was born on the other side of the Channel his nearest English counterpart, Robert

Herrick. But Herrick possessed the great advantage of finding his materials ready to his hand: he did not have to make the words which he was to sing. The noble English language was at the very acme of its splendor when he was ready to use it; the songs of Shakespeare, of Beaumont and Fletcher, of Ben Jonson, the most exquisite lyrics in our literature, were still ringing in men's ears; the lute was strung and tuned, and Herrick had but to wake anew its still vibrating chords. His mastery of rhythm is as great as Ronsard's, but his poetic genius is of a lower order. Both had studied under the same masters, and particularly Anacreon; but while we find them translating the same odes, the versions of Ronsard are marked by a keener and finer thought. They sing the same dainty ditties of love, tempered by a gentle pagan sadness: they are full of delicate turns of thought expressed in perfect melody, and nothing can surpass their sweet and fanciful grace. But Ronsard's imagination has a loftier flight than Herrick's fancy: there is more dignity and depth in his sweetness, a subtler pathos in his tenderness. The "cheeks like cream enclareted" and the "roses misted o'er with lawn" of Herrick are exquisite conceits, but how much finer Ronsard's line, "Vostre teint sentoît encore son enfance"! It is a pretty idea of Herrick to sing of "those babies in your eyes, in their crystal nunneries," but we prefer Ronsard's "le doux languir de ses yeux." What can be more perfect than his picture of the dreaming maiden with downcast eyes, "toute amusée avecques sa pensée," or his sly touch of Chaucer-like humor in his sketch of the coy coquette who flies but to be pursued?—

Je jure Amour que vous estes si fine,
Que pour mourir, de bouche ne diriez
Qu'on vous baisast, bien que le desiriez.

Both poets profess the same Epicurean philosophy—the enjoyment of life while it lasts, because after it comes the grave and darkness. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old Time is still a-flying," sings Herrick; and Ronsard tells the same thing to Cassandra in this little song:

Darling! look if that blushing rose,
That but this morning did unclose
Her crimson vestments to the sun,
Hath not quite lost in evening's air
The fine folds of that vestment rare,
And that bright tinting like your own.

Alas! even in this little space,
Darling! we see o'er all the place
Her scattered beauties strown!
O stepdame Nature, stern and hard!
That couldst not such a flower have spared
From morn till eve alone!

Then, darling! hear me while I sing:
Enjoy the verdure of your spring,
The sweets of youth's short hour:
Gather the blossoms while ye may,
For youth is gone like yesterday,
And beauty like that flower!

This is the moral of many a verse in both poets, it is true, but Ronsard's treatment of love is far more noble and dignified than that of Herrick. With the English Anacreon love is either a passion, of the earth earthy, or an exquisite conceit wherewith to inspire pretty verses; the only poem that we remember with any real vigor and nobility of feeling being the verses addressed "To Anthea, who may command me in anything." Ronsard, though ministering occasionally to the worst taste of his time, preserves in nearly all his love-poems a manliness and a delicacy that enhance their richness. He neither rails at his mistress when she is cruel, and forswears her, nor grovels in the dust at her feet, but submits with patient dignity, bidding her remember that some day, when, very old and feeble, she sits spinning through the long winter evenings by the light of her taper, she will perhaps recall that Ronsard once sang of her when she was young and fair; and then, when he is dead and gone, and she crouching over the fire, she will sigh to find her faithful servant no longer at her side, and will repent too late her hardness and his sorrow. His opening sonnet to Cassandra is full of the same noble pathos:

He who would see how Love triumphant came,
How he assailed and conquered every part
Of all my soul, now froze, now fired my heart,
Making himself an honor of my shame;—

He who would see a youth made up, indeed,
Of following its own desire and bane,—
May come and read me, witnessing my pain,
Whereof God and my goddess take no heed.

Then he will see in love no reason is :
 'Tis a fair prison and a dear abyss,
 A lying hope, wherein we feed on wind.
 Then how man cheats himself he will perceive,
 When in his ignorance he doth receive
 A child for master, and a guide that's blind.

One of the many fascinations of Ronsard's poems is the sudden and unexpected turn of thought or rhythm, not so abrupt as to be startling, but coming in like the capricious shower of an April day, making its sunshine the more beautiful. The tender melody of his modulation in the line, "le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame," is but imperfectly suggested by the translation in the following sonnet :

I send you a bouquet I plucked for you
 With mine own hand from all these flowers bright :
 Were they not gathered ere the fall of night,
 Their leaves to-morrow would the garden strew.

Then let these blossoms your exemplar be,
 For though your beauty bloom as bright as they,
 A little while and it will pass away,
 And, like the flowers, will perish utterly.

The time flits by, the time flits by, my dear !
 Alas ! not time alone, but we depart,
 And soon must lie extended on our bier ;
 And all these loves, so dear unto our heart,
 When we are dead no more for them we care :
 Ah therefore love me now, seeing thou art so fair !

The exquisite transition of the last line from moralizing to love-making finds a parallel in the address to the nightingale, where the sudden change from the admonition of the preacher to the eager impatience of the lover is a pretty touch of Nature and poetry :

Sweet nightingale ! that com'st again
 To sing thy passion and thy pain,
 And mak'st thy pleasant lodgment now
 Upon thine old accustomed bough,
 Making re-echo with thy lay
 The hills and woods by night and day,
 And dost anew the quarrel tell
 Of Tereus and Philomel,—

I pray thee (and thus mayst thou prove
 Successful ever in thy love)
 To make my tyrant sweet believe—
 When she comes forth at dewy eve,
 And bendeth o'er thy nest her face—
 That all her beauty and her grace,
 Although so lasting they may seem,
 Must vanish quicker than a dream ;
 Tell her that summer's fairest flowers
 Lose their bright hues 'neath winter's showers.

But when sweet April's sun arrives
 Their withered beauty soon revives.
 Not so with maids : their roses dead
 For evermore with youth are fled ;
 Tell her they never can return,
 But in their place we may discern
 I know not what of hollows deep,
 Wherein a finger's point might sleep,
 And all the face is withered up,
 Like some fair flower's tender cup
 Touched by the ploughshare's cruel blade ;
 Tell her that after Time hath made
 Dull silver of her golden hair,
 And furrowed all her brow with care,
 That then perhaps in vain she'll mourn
 The youth that never can return,
 The pleasures sweet she let slip by,
 For which her age in vain may sigh,
 Now grown so cold to love and these
 That Pleasure's self hath ceased to please.

But, nightingale, why comes she not
 To tread the fresh grass of this spot
 Within the wood, where we should meet ?
 For while thou singest loud and sweet
 Among the hazels overhead,
 I'd make her whiteness rosy red.

But, alas ! for us also "le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, ma dame," and it will not do to linger too long over the pages of a forgotten poet—pages so full of a delicate and airy fascination that we wonder the world should ever have ceased to love them. The first poet in French literature who showed any real knowledge and love of Nature, his poetry has kept the charm of her sweet influence for three centuries in all its freshness and purity. As we turn over the quaint old pages with their antiquated spelling, the forest of Gastine with its "belle verdure" seems to open its grassy glades before us, the fountain Bellerie sparkles in the sunshine, the lark is singing of love among the morning clouds, the happy hornets, that rivaled the bees in our poet's affections, are flitting about the old and twisted oaks, the nightingale is hidden in the shade, while down the long green vista slowly comes the saintly Angelette, with dreamy eyes "toute amusée avecques sa pensée." It may be three hundred years old, this song, but it is as young as yesterday and as immortal as to-morrow, for the poet who sings of love and beauty and the birds and flowers, sings "of what the world will be when the years have passed away."

KATE HILLARD.

A DRAFT ON THE BANK OF SPAIN.

NOT many of us would be eager to live our lives over again if the gift of a new life were possible; but when I think upon the goodness and grace and love that have these many years gone side by side with mine, I doubt a little as to how I should decide. Indeed, were God to give it me to turn anew the stained and dog-eared pages of the life-book, it would not be for the joy of labor, or to see again the marvels of growth in knowledge, that I should so yearn as for the great riches of love which have made for me its text and margins beautiful with the colors of heaven. And so, when I recall this life, and its sorrows and adventures and successes, with every memory comes to me first of all the tender commentary of that delightful face; and I rejoice with a sudden following of fear as I turn to see it again, and once more to wonder at the calm of sweet and thoughtful gravity which the generous years have added to its abundant wealth of motherly and gracious beauty.

It is a little story of this matron and myself which I find it pleasant to tell you; chiefly, I suppose, because it lets me talk of her and her ways and doings—a very simple story, with nothing in the least startling or strange, but so cheerful and grateful to me to think over that I cannot but hope you too may get good cheer from it, and like her a little, and find interest in my old friend the clockmaker and his boy, and haply come at last to believe that you would be pleased to smoke a pipe with me, and to give me too of such love as you have to spare; which, I take it, is for a man to get from man or woman the most desirable of earthly things.

We had been married a twelvemonth, I think, and were coming on in years, she being eighteen, and I—well, somewhat older, of course. From among gentle and kindly folks, long and steadily rooted in the soil of one of our oldest Dutch towns in Middle Pennsylvania,

we had come, with good courage and great store of hopes, to seek our fortunes in the Quaker City, whose overgrown-village ways have always seemed to the stranger so much more homelike than the bullying bustle of its greater sister.

I smile now when I think what very young and trustful people we were, May and I, and how full of knowledge we thought ourselves of men and things. I had been bred an engineer, and when I married May was a draughtsman in a great railway office, with just enough of an income to make our marriage what most folk would call unwise—an opinion in which, perhaps, I might join them, were it not that so many of these reckless unions, in which there is only a great estate of love, have seemed to me in the end to turn out so well.

Away from broad fields, and laden barns, and my father's great farmhouse, and plenty, and space, we came to grope about for a home among strangers, with at least a hope that somewhere in the city we should find a little of what my wife's old father, the schoolmaster, used to call "homesomeness." With great comfort in our mutual love, we found for a long while no abiding-place which seemed to us pleasant, until at last a happy chance brought us to lodge within the walls which for some two years of our young married life were all to us that we could ask.

It chanced one day that I had to have a watch mended, and for this purpose walked into a shop in one of the older streets—a place altogether deserted by the rich, and not fully seized upon by trade. There were many great warerooms and huge storehouses, with here and there between them an old house built of red and glazed black brick, with small windows full of little gnarled glasses, and above them a hipped roof. Some of these houses had at that time half doors, and on the lower half of one of these

was leaning a man somewhat past middle life. The window-cases on either side were full of watches, and over them was a gilded quadrant and the name F. WILLOW. As I drew near, the owner—for he it was—let me in, and when I gave him my watch, took it without a word, pushed his large spectacles down over two great gray eyebrows on to eyes as gray, and began to open and pore over the timepiece in a rapt and musing way.

At last said I, "Well?"

"In a week," said he.

"A week!" said I; "but how am I to get on for a week without it?"

"Just so!" he returned. "Sit down while I look at it, or come back in half an hour."

"I will wait," said I.

Without further words he turned to his seat, screwed into his eye one of those queer black-rimmed lenses which clockmakers use, and began to peer into the works of my sick watch. In the mean while I amused myself by strolling between the little counters, and as gravely studying the man and his belongings, for both were worthy of regard. A man of fifty-five, I should say—upright, despite his trade—gray of beard and head—with an eagle nose and large white teeth. Altogether, a face full of power, and, as I learned, of sweetness when I came to know better its rare smile. The head was carried proudly on a frame meant by Nature to have been the envy of an athlete, but now just touched with the sad shadows of fading strength. I wondered a little at the waste of such a frame in so petty a toil, until I began to hear, as one does by degrees, the intrusive ticking of the many clocks and watches which surrounded me. First I heard a great tick, then a lesser, then by and by more ticks, so as at last quite to call my attention from their owner. There were many watches, and, if I remember well, at least a dozen clocks. In front of me was a huge old mahogany case, with a metal face, and a ruddy moon peering over it, while a shorter and more ancient time-piece, with a solemn cluck, for which

at last I waited nervously, was curious enough to make me look at it narrowly. On the top sat a neatly-carved figure of Time holding in both hands an hour-glass, through which the last grains were slowly dropping. Suddenly there was a whirring noise in the clock, and the figure grimly turned the hour-glass in its hands, so that it began to run again. The sand was full of bits of bright metal—gold, perhaps—and the effect was pretty, although the figure, which was cleverly carved, had a quaint look of sadness, such as I could almost fancy growing deeper as he shifted the glass anew.

"He hath a weary time of it," said a full, strong voice, which startled me, who had not seen the clockmaker until, tall as his greatest clock, he stood beside me.

"I was thinking that, or some such like thought," said I, but feeling that the man spoke for himself as well as for his puppet. "I wonder," said I, "does time seem longer to those who make and watch its measurers all day long?"

"My lad," said he, laying two large white hands on my shoulders with a grave smile and a look which somehow took away all offence from a movement so familiar as to seem odd in a stranger—"my lad, I fancy most clockmakers are too busy with turning the dollar to care for or feel the moral of their ticking clocks." Then he paused, and added sadly, "You are young to moralize about time, but were you lonely and friendless you would find strange company in the endless ticking of these companions of mine."

With a boy's freedom and sympathy I said quickly, "But is any one—are you—quite lonely and friendless?"

"I did not say so," he returned abruptly; but he added, looking around him, "I have certainly more clocks than friends."

"Well, after all," said I, "Mr. Willow, what is a clock but a friend, with the power to do you one service, and no more?"

"I think," said he, "I have seen friends who lacked even that virtue, but this

special little friend of yours needs regulation: its conscience is bad. Perhaps you will be so kind as to call in a week: it will take fully that long."

I went out amused and pleased with the man's oddness, and feeling also the charm of a manner which I have never since seen equaled. As I passed the doorway I saw tacked to it a notice of rooms to let. I turned back: "You have rooms to let. Might I see them?"

"If it please you, yes," he said. "The paper has been up a year, and you are the first to ask about it. You will not wish to live long in this gloomy place, even," he added, "if I should want you."

Then he locked the shop door and led me up a little side stair to the second story, and into two rooms—the one looking out on the street, and the other on a square bit of high-walled garden, so full of roses—for now it was June—that I quite wondered to find how beautiful it was, and how sweet was the breeze which sauntered in through the open casement.

"Pardon me," said I, "but did you plant all these?"

"Yes," he said. "My boy and I took up the pavement and put in some earth, and made them thrive, as," he added, "all things thrive for him—pets or flowers, all alike."

I turned away, feeling how quaint and fresh to me was this life made up of clocks and roses. The rooms also pleased me, the rent being lower than we were paying; and so, after a glance at the furniture, which was old but neat, and observing the decent cleanliness of the place, I said, "Have you any other lodgers?"

"Two more clocks on the stairway," he replied, smiling.

"My wife won't mind them or their ticking," I said. "I am always away until afternoon, and perhaps she may find them companionable, as you do."

"Wife!" he said hastily. "I shall have to see her."

"All right!" said I.

"No children?" he added.

"No," said I.

"Humph! Perhaps I am sorry. They

beat clocks all to pieces for company, as my boy says."

"Only my wife and I, sir. If you do not object, I will bring her to look at the rooms to-morrow."

As I turned to leave, I noticed over the chimney-place a tinted coat-of-arms, rather worn and shabby. Beneath it was the name "Tressilian," and above it hung a heavy sabre.

As I walked away I mused with a young man's sense of romance over the man and his trade, and the history which lay in his past life—a history I never knew, but which to this day still excites my good wife's curiosity when we talk, as we often do, of the clocks and the roses.

I shall never forget the delight that my little lady found in our new home, to which we soon after moved. It was a warm summer afternoon, as I well remember. The watchmaker and his boy, whom I had not yet seen, were out, and the house was in charge of a stout colored dame, who was called Phœbe, and who was never without a "misery" in her head.

My May followed our trunks up stairs, and went in and out, and wondered at the coat-of-arms and the sabre; and at last, seeing the roses, was down stairs and out among them in a moment. I went after her, and saw, with the constant joy her pleasures bring to me, how she flitted like a bee to and fro, pausing to catch at each blossom a fresh perfume, and shaking the petals in a rosy rain behind her as her dress caught the brambles.

"May," said I at last, "you have demolished a thousand roses. What will their owner say? Look! there is Mr. Willow now."

Then, like a guilty thing, caught in her innocent mood of joy and mischief, she paused with glowing cheeks, and looked up at the window of our room, whence Mr. Willow was watching her, with the lad beside him. "Oh, what a scamp I am, Harry!" said she, and in a moment had plucked a moss-rose bud, and was away up stairs with it.

When I reached the room she was

making all sorts of little earnest excuses to the watchmaker. "But I have spoiled your rose-harvest," she said. "Will you let me give you this one?" and as I entered the man was bending down in a way which seemed to me gracious and even courtly, a moisture in his eyes as she laughingly pinned the bud to the lappel of his threadbare coat.

"Well, well!" he said. "It is many and many a day since a woman's hand did that for me. We must make you free of our roses—that is, if Arthur likes."

The lad at this said gravely, "It would give me the greatest pleasure, madam."

I smiled, amused that the little woman should be called *madam* in such a reverential fashion, while she retreated a step to see the effect of her rose, and then would arrange it anew. They made freshness and beauty in the old wainscoted chamber—the man, large and nobly built, with a look of tenderness and latent strength; the girl, full of simplicity and grace, hovering about him with mirthful brown eyes and changeful color; the lad, tall, manly and grave, watching with great blue eyes, full of wonder and a boy's deep worship, her childlike coquetries and pretty ways. From that day forward father and son, like another person I know of, were her humble slaves, and from that day to this the wily little lady has only gone on adding to her list of willing vassals.

It was early agreed that the clockmaker, his son and ourselves should take meals in common in our little back room, which, under my wife's hands, soon came to look cheerful enough. By and by she quietly took control of the housekeeping also, and with Phoebe's aid surprised us with the ease in which we soon began to live. But as to the roses, if they had thriven in the care of Arthur and his father, they now rioted, if roses can riot, in luxury of growth over wall and trellis, and despite unending daily tributes to make lovely our table and chamber—grew as if to get up to her window was their sole object in life. I have said those were happy days, and I doubt not that for others than ourselves they were also delightful. Often in the

afternoon, when coming back from my work, I would peep into the shop to see the watchmaker busy with his tools, the lad reading aloud and my wife listening, seated with her needlework between the counters. Often I have stayed quiet a moment to hear them as the lad, perched on a high stool, would sit with a finger in his book, making shrewd comments full of a strange thoughtfulness, until the watchmaker, turning, would listen well pleased, or May would find her delight in urging the two to fierce battle of argument, her eyes twinkling with mischief as she set about giving some absurd decision, while the great clocks and little ticked solemnly, and the watches from far corners made faint echoes. Or perhaps, in the midst of their chat, all the clocks would begin to strike the hour, and on a sudden the watchmaker would start up from his seat and stride toward some delinquent a little late in its task, and savagely twist its entrails a bit, and then back to his seat, comforted for a time. My May had all sorts of queer beliefs about these clocks and their master, and delighted to push the hands a little back or forward, until poor Willow was in despair. One hapless bit of brass and iron, which was always five minutes late in striking, she called the foolish virgin, and at last carried off to her room, explaining that it was so nice to get up five minutes late, and the clock would help her to do it; with other such pleasant sillinesses as might have been looked for from a young person who kept company with idle roses and the like.

But if the clockmaker and my wife were good friends, the lad and she were sworn allies, and just the frank, wholesome friend she has since been to my boys she was then to young Willow. His white mice and the curiously tame little guinea pig, which had been taught not to gnaw the roses—hard sentence for those cunning teeth of his!—were hers in a little while as much as the boy's, and the two had even come at last to share his favorite belief that the solemn old battered box-turtle in the garden had been marked with "G. W."

by General Washington, and was to live to be the last veteran of '76. I used to propose in my unheroic moments that the old fellow should apply for a pension, but my jeers were received with patience, and this and other boy-beliefs rested unshaken.

There are many scenes of our quiet life of those days which are still present to me in such reality as if they were pictures which I had but to open a gallery door to see anew. The watchmaker seems to me always a foremost figure in my groups. He was a man most often moody, and prone when at leisure to sit looking out from under his shaggy eyebrows into some far-away distance of time and space; almost haughty at times, and again so genial and sunshiny and full of good talk and quick-witted fancies that it was a never-ceasing wonder to us unmoody young folks how these human climates could change and shift so strangely. His wintry times were sadly frequent when, as we came to know him better, he ceased to make efforts to please, and yielded to the sway of his accustomed sadness. The boy made a curious contrast, and was so full of happy outbursts of spirits and mirth, so swiftly changing too, with an ever-brightening growth of mind, that beside his father no one could fail to think of him as of the healthful promise of the spring-tide hour. And as for my wife, in his better times the watchmaker had a pretty way of calling her "Summer," which by and by, for his own use, the lad made into "Mother Summer," until at length the little lady, well pleased with her nicknames, answered to them as readily as to her lawful titles.

I used to think our happiest days were the bright Sundays in the fall of the last year of our long stay with the Willows. We had taken up the habit of going to the Swedes' Church, which in fact was the nearest to our home, and surely of all the houses of prayer the quaintest and most ancient in the city. Always when the afternoon service was over we used to wander a little about the well-filled churchyard and read the inscription on Wilson's grave, and wonder,

with our boy-friend, who knew well his story, if the many birds which haunted the place came here to do him honor. Pleasant it was also to make our way homeward among old houses long left by the rich, and at last to find ourselves sauntering slowly up the wharves, quietest of all the highways on Sunday, with their ships and steamers and laden market-boats jostling one another at their moorings, like boys at church, as if weary of the unaccustomed stillness. Then, when the day was over, we were in the habit of sitting in the open doorway of the shop watching the neatly-dressed Sunday folk, lulled by the quiet of the hour and the busy, monotonous ticking of the little army of clocks behind us, while my wife filled our pipes and the talk, gay or grave, rose and fell.

On such an early October evening came to us the first break in the tranquil sameness of our lives. We had enjoyed the evening quiet, and had just left the garden and gone into the shop, where Mr. Willow had certain work to do, which perhaps was made lighter by our careless chat. By and by, as the night fell, one or two sea-captains called in with their chronometers, that they might be set in order by the clockmaker. Then the lad put up and barred the old-fashioned shutters, and coming back settled himself into a corner with a torn volume of *Gulliver's Travels*, over which now and then he broke out into great joy of laughter, which was not to be stilled until he had read us a passage or two, whilst between-times my wife's knitting-needles clicked an irregular reply to the ticking clocks, and I sat musing and smoking, a little tired by a long day's work.

At last the watchmaker paused from his task and called us to look at it. It was some kind of registering instrument for the Coast Survey—a patent on which he greatly prided himself. Seven or eight pendulums were arranged in such a manner that their number corrected the single error of each escapement. Further I do not remember, but only recall how we marveled at the beautiful steadiness of the movement, and how my wife

clapped her hands joyously at the happy end of so much toil and thought.

"It is done," said the watchmaker, rising. "Let us look how the night goes;" for it was a constant custom with him always before going to bed to stand at the door for a little while and look up at the heavens. He said it was to see what the weather would be, a matter in which he greatly concerned himself, keeping a pet thermometer in the garden, and noting day by day its eccentricities with an interest which no one but my wife ever made believe to share. I followed him to the open door, where he stood leaning against the side-post, looking steadily up at the sky. The air was crisp and cool, and overhead, thick as snow-flakes, the stars twinkled as if they were keeping time to the ticking clocks. Presently my wife came out, and laying a hand on his arm stood beside us and drank in the delicious calm of the autumn night, while the lad fidgeted under his elbow between them, and got his share of the starlight and the quiet.

"It seems hard to think they are all moving for ever and ever," said the boy. "I wonder if they are wound up as often as your clocks, father?"

"It is only a great clock, after all," said Willow, "and must stop some of these days, I suppose. Did ever you think of that, little Summer?"

"Will last our time," said my wife.

"Your time!" returned the clockmaker. "Your time is for ever, little woman: you may live in the days not of this world to see the old wonder of it all fade out and perish."

Just then a man stopped in front of us and said, "Does Mr. Willow live here?"

"Yes," said I; and as he came toward us we naturally gave way, thinking him some belated customer, and he entered the lighted shop.

Then Willow turned again, and the two men came face to face. The stranger was a man of great height, but spare and delicate. He leaned on a gold-headed cane somewhat feebly, and seemed to me a person of great age. What struck

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me most, however, was the ease and grace of his bearing and a certain elegance of dress and manner. The moment Willow set eyes on him he staggered back, reeled a moment, and, catching at a chair, fell against the tall clock over which he had set the figure of Time. "What has brought you here?" he cried hoarsely.

"My son, my boy," said the elder man in a voice shaken by its passion of tenderness. "Can you never, never forget?"

"Forget!" said the other. "I had almost come to that, but, remembering anew, how can I ever forgive? Go!" he cried fiercely, darting forward on a sudden and opening the door. "Go before the madness comes upon me. Go, go before I curse you." Then he reeled again, and growing white fell into a chair, and, as if choked with emotion, stayed, rigidly pointing to the door.

Then my wife ran forward. "Leave us," she said, "whoever you are. You see how ill he is. You can do no good here. Come again if you will, but go away, now."

The stranger hesitated and looked in bewilderment from one to another, while the lad, till then silent, opened the door wider and said gently, "Will it please you to go, grandpapa?"

"My boy—his boy!" exclaimed the new-comer, patting his curly head. "Now am I indeed punished," he added, for the lad shrunk back with a look of horror quite strange on a face so young, and, suddenly covering his face with both hands, the elder man went by him and passed out into the street without a word. Then the boy hastily shut the door, and we turned to Willow, who had fallen in something like a swoon from his chair. Silently or with whispers we gathered about him, while my wife brought a pillow and some water and gave him to drink. At last we got him up stairs to our own room, where for some days he lay in a state of feebleness which seemed to me very strange in one so vigorous but a little while before. On the next morning after his attack he showed some uneasiness, and at length was able to bid us take down the painted

arms over the fireplace and hide them away; but beyond this he gave no sign of what he had passed through, and by slow degrees got back again very nearly his wonted habits and mode of life.

I need scarcely say that so strange an event could hardly take place in our little household without awakening the curiosity of two people as young and romantic as May and I. Indeed, I greatly fear that the little lady so far yielded to the impulses of her sex as even to question young Willow in a roundabout way; but the lad was plainly enough schooled to silence, and you had only to look at his square, strongly-built chin to learn how hopeless it would be to urge him when once his mind was made up. He only smiled and put the question by as a man would have done, and before us at least neither father nor son spoke of it again during the next month.

The pleasant hazy November days came and went, and one evening on my return home I learned that Mr. Willow had suffered from a second attack of faintness, and from my wife I heard that the lad had let fall that his grandfather had called once more, and that the two men had had another brief and bitter meeting. The following morning, as I went to my work, I saw the stranger walking to and fro on the far side of the street. Nothing could be more pitiable than his whole look and bearing, because nothing is sadder to see than a man of gentle breeding so worn with some great sorrow as to have become shabby from mere neglect of himself. He peered across the street, looked up at the windows and at the shop, and at last walked feebly away, with now and then a wistful look back again—such a look as I saw once in my life in the great eyes of a huge watch-dog whom we left on the prairie beside the lonely grave of his master.

From this time onward, all through a severe winter, he haunted the neighborhood, once again, and only once, venturing to speak to the clockmaker, to whom his constant presence where he could hardly fail to see him at times be-

came a torture which was plainly wearing his life away. Twice also he spoke to the boy, and once urged him to take a little package which we supposed might have been money. At last my anxiety became so great that I spoke to him myself, but was met so coldly, yet with so much courtesy, that I felt little inclined to make the same attempt again.

I learned with no great trouble that he lived quietly during this winter at one of our greater hotels, that he seemed to be a man of ample means, and that his name was Tressilian, but beyond this I knew no more. He came, at last, to be a well-known figure in our neighborhood, as he wandered sadly about among rough porters and draymen and the busy bustle of trade. His visits to our house, and his questions about Mr. Willow, were added sources of annoyance to the latter, who rarely failed to look gloomily up and down the street, to make sure of his absence, before he ventured out of doors.

Under this system of watching and worry, Mr. Willow's attacks grew at last more frequent, and as the spring came on my good wife became, as she said, worked up to that degree that she at last made up her feminine mind; and so one fine morning sallied out and had her own talk with the cause of our troubles.

I think the good little woman had determined to try if she could reconcile the father and son. She came to me in the evening a good deal crestfallen, and with very little of the blessedness of the peacemaker in her face. While Mr. Willow was out she had sent his son, who was keeping guard in the shop, on an errand, and had then actually brought the stranger into the house, where, refusing to sit down, he had wandered to and fro, talking half coherently at times, and at last urging her to induce his son to speak with him once more. As to their cause of quarrel he was silent. "A lonely, sad old man," said my wife. He said he would kneel to his boy, if that would do good, but to go away, to go away and leave him, that he could not do—that he would not do. God would bless her, he was sure; and might he

kiss her hand? and so went away at last, sorrow-stricken, but willful to keep to his purpose.

Perhaps my wife's talk may have had its effect, because for a month or two he was absent. Then he came and asked at the door for Willow, who was out, and for a while haunted the street, until late in the spring, when we saw him no longer.

Meanwhile, Willow had become more feeble, and a new trouble had come to our own modest door.

Many years have since gone by, and happier fortunes have been ours—brave sons and fair daughters, and more of this world's gear than perhaps is good for us to leave them—but to this day I remember with discomfort that luckless evening. I hastened home with the news to my wife, and what news to two trustful young folks, who had married against the will of their elders, and had seen, as yet, no cause to regret their waywardness!

"May," said I—and I can recall how full my throat felt as I spoke—"May, I—I am thrown out of work. The company is lessening its staff, and I am to leave to-morrow."

I thought the little woman would have been crushed, but, on the contrary, it was I, who meant to comfort her, who was the beaten one.

"Well, Harry," said she in a cheery way, "I did not suppose it would last for ever."

Man though I was, I sat down and covered my face with my hands. We were very young, and very, very poor. I had been offered, not long before, a place in the West, but our little treasury was very low, and to secure the position with a probable future of success required some hundreds of dollars, so that we had not dared to give it another thought; and now, at last, what were we to do?

"Do!" said May. "Why— But kiss me, Harry—you haven't kissed me since you came in."

I kissed her, rather dolefully I fear. "We can't live on kisses," said I.

"Not as a steady diet," she replied, laughing. "Perhaps this may have

good news for us;" and so saying she handed me a letter.

I opened it absently and glanced over it in haste. "Misfortunes never come single, May," said I.

"No, my darling," she answered, laughing: "they only come to married people, to make them good girls and boys, I suppose. What is it, you grumpy old man?"

I read it aloud. It was a request—and a rather crusty one too—from a bachelor cousin to return to him a small sum which he had lent us when we were married. He had met with certain losses which made it needful that he should be repaid at once.

"Any more letters, May?" said I, ruefully.

"Nonsense!" said she. "Let us think about it to-morrow."

"What good will sleeping on it do?" I replied. "Do you expect to dream a fortune?"

"I have dreamed a good many," she said, "in my time, and all for you, you ungrateful fellow. Now suppose—"

"Well, suppose what?" said I, crossly.

"Suppose," she returned—"suppose we two laugh a little."

That woman would have laughed at anything or with anybody.

"I can't laugh, May," said I. "We are in a rather serious scrape, I assure you."

"Scrape!" said she. "Old age is a scrape, but at twenty-two all the good things of time are before us; and—and God, my darling, has he not been very, very good to us two sparrows?"

"But, May," said I, "it is not myself I think of: it is—"

"Me, I suppose—me. Do you know how rich I am, Harry? It seems to me I never can be poor. There's, first, your love—that is twenty thousand dollars; then there is that dear old bearded face of yours—that is ten thousand more; then there is all the rest of you—that's ever so much more; and then there are my Spanish castles—"

"May, May," said I, "if castles in Spain would aid us, I would gladly enough help you to build them; but for my part—"

"For my part," she broke in, "castles in Spain do help me. They help me to get over the shock of this horrid bother, and to gain a little time to steady myself. Indeed, I think if I were to draw a big cheque on the Rothschilds at this very moment, it would ease me a bit. It would ease me, you see, even if they did not pay it."

"May, May!" said I, reproachfully.

"Now, Harry," she cried, laughing, "I must laugh and have my nonsense out. I can't cry, even for you. Let us go out and have a good long walk, and to-morrow talk over this trouble. We shall live to smile at the fuss we have made about it. So, change your coat and come with me: I was just dressed to go out to meet you."

"Well, May," I said, "if only—"

"If!—fiddlesticks!" she cried, putting her hand over my mouth and pushing me away. "Hurry, or we shall be late."

I don't often resist the little lady, and so I went as she bid me, and by and by coming back, there was May laughing and making absurdly merry over a bit of paper on the desk before her. I leaned over her shoulder and said, "What is it, sweetheart?"

"Riches," said she.

"Nonsense!" said I.

"What a relapse!" cried the wifey. "So you despise gold, do you? See what I have been doing for you while you have been idling in the next room."

"What is it?" said I, laughing, for not to laugh when she laughed was simply out of the question.

She gave me the paper, and I read just this pretty stuff:

"The Bank of Spain, please to pay to Bearer (who, the benevolent bank should know, is out of place and out of humor, and owes money not of Spain) One Thousand Dollars.

"\$1000. THE BEST OF WIVES."

We left the order and the wretched letter on the desk, and went merrily down stairs, full once more of hope and faith, comforted somehow by so little a thing as this jest of hers. I made, as I remember, a feeble effort to be plunged

in my new griefs, but my May rattled on so cheerfully, and the laugh and the smile were so honest and wholesome, that good humor could no more fail to grow in their company than a rose refuse to prosper in the warm sweet suns of June. I have loved that woman long, and greatly loved her afresh for the good and tender things I have seen her do, but it was on the summer evening of our trouble I first learned that I could love her more, and that truly to love is but to grow in all knowledge of such courage and winning sweetness and gallant, cheery endurance as she showed me then, just as it were for a little glimpse of the gracious largeness of this amazing blessing which had fallen into my poor lap and life.

That warm June afternoon was filled full for me of those delightful pictures which I told you have hung, with others more or less faded, in the great gallery of art which adorns my Spanish castle. There are bits by a rare artist of the long-gone gables and hip roofs and half doors which used to make old Swanson street picturesque. There is one little group of boys just loosed from school, ruddy and jolly, around a peanut-stand, alike eager and penniless, while behind them my May—reckless, imprudent May!—is holding up a dime to the old woman, and laughing at the greedy joy that is coming on a sudden over the urchins' faces as the nuts become a possible possession.

We were great walkers in those days, and as we walked and the houses and poor suburbs were left behind, and we gained the open roads which run wildly crooked across the Neck, it was pleasant to feel that we had escaped from the tyranny of right angles. It was the first time we had gone south of the city, and we found there, as you may find to-day, the only landscape near us which has in it something quite its own, and which is not elsewhere to be seen near to any great city in all our broad country. It has helped me to one or two landscapes by Dutch artists, which will fetch a great price if ever my heirs shall sell the Spanish castle.

Wide, level grassy meadows, bounded by two noble rivers, kept back by miles of dykes; formal little canals, which replace the fences and leave an open view of lowing cattle; long lines of tufted pollard willows, shock-headed, sturdy fellows; and here and there a low-walled cottage, with gleaming milk-cans on the whitewashed garden palings; and, between, glimpses of red poppies, tulips and the like, while far away in the distance tall snowy sails of hidden hulks of ships and schooners move slowly to and fro upon the unseen rivers.

Charming we found it, with a lowland beauty all its own, lacking but a wind-mill here and there to make it perfect of its kind. Along its heaped-up roads we wandered all that summer afternoon, until the level sun gleamed yellow on the long wayside ditches, with their armies of cat-tails and spatterdocks and tiny duckweed; and at last the frogs came out, both big and small, and said or sung odd bits of half-human language, which it pleased the little woman to convert into absurd pieces of advice to doleful young folks such as we. She would have me pause and listen to one solemn old fellow who said, I am sure, "Good luck! good luck!" and to another sturdy brown-backed preacher, who bade us "Keep up! keep up!" with a grim solemnness of purpose most comforting to hear. Then we stopped at a cottage and saw the cows milked, which seemed so like home that the tears came into my wife's eyes; and at last we had a bowl of sweet-smelling milk, and then turned homeward again, the smoke of my pipe curling upward in the still cool evening air.

It was long after dark when we reached home. As we went up the side stair which opened on the street by a door of its own, I put my head into the shop and bade Mr. Willow good-night. He was seated at his bench studying the strange swing of the many pendulums of his new instrument, but in place of the pleased look which the view of his completed task usually brought upon his face, it was sad and weary, and he merely turn-

ed his head a moment to answer my salute. On the stairs we met Phœbe, who was greatly troubled, and told us that a little while before dusk, Mr. Willow and his son being out, the stranger had called, and asking for my wife—for the little lady, as he called her—had pushed by the maid and gone up stairs, saying that he would wait to see her. Phœbe, alarmed at his wild manner, had kept watch at our door until her master came back. Then she had heard, in our room, where the son and father met, fierce and angry words, after which the old man had gone away and the clock-maker had retired to his shop. All that evening we sat in the darkness of our room alone, thinking it best not to disturb Mr. Willow and his lad, who were by themselves in the shop. About ten the boy came up, bade us a good-night, and soon after we ourselves went, somewhat tired, to bed.

The next day was Sunday, and as usual we slept rather later than common. After dressing I went into the back room, and, throwing up the window, stood still to breathe the freshness of the time. The pigeons were coquetting on the opposite gables and housetops, and below me, in the garden, the rare breezes which had lost their way in the city were swinging the roses and jessamines like censers, till their mingled odors made rich the morning air.

Suddenly I heard a cry of surprise, and turning saw my May, prettier and fresher than any roses in her neat white morning-dress. Her face was full of wonder, and she held in her hands the papers we had left on the table the night before.

"What is it now, May?" said I.

"Look!" she said, holding up her draft on the Bank of Spain.

Beneath it was written in a bold and flowing hand, "Paid by the Bank of Spain," and pinned fast to the paper was a bank-note for—I could hardly credit my eyes—one thousand dollars. We looked at one another for a moment, speechless. Then my May burst into tears and laid her head on my shoulder. I cannot understand why she

cried, but that was just what this odd little woman did. She cried and laughed by turns, and would not be stilled, saying, "Oh, Harry, don't you see I was right? God has been good to us this Sabbath morning."

At last I took her in my arms and tried to make her see that the money was not ours, but then the little lady was outraged. She called Phœbe, and questioned her and young Willow in vain. Neither knew anything of the matter, and my own notion as to its having been a freak of the English stranger she utterly refused to listen to.

It was vast wealth to us needy young people, this thousand dollars, and as it lay there on the table it seemed to me at times unreal, or as if it might be the dreamed fulfillment of a dream, soon to vanish and be gone. My wife must also have had some such fancy, for she was all the time running back and forward, now handling the note, and now turning to cry out her gratitude and thankfulness upon my breast.

To this day we know not whence it came, but as Willow's father was plainly a man of wealth, and as he had spoken in words of strong feeling to my wife of the little service she had tried to render him, I came at last to believe that the gift was his. At all events, we heard no more of the giver, whoever he may have been. I trust that he has been the better and happier for all the kind and pleasant things my wife has said of him, and for the earnest prayers she said that night.

While we were still talking of the strange gift, young Willow suddenly re-

turned, and, after waiting a moment, found a chance to tell us that his father's room was empty, and to ask if we knew where he could be. I felt at once a sense of alarm, and ran up stairs and into Mr. Willow's chamber. The bed had not been slept in. Then I went hastily down to the shop, followed by my wife and the lad. On opening the door the first thing which struck me was that the clocks were silent, and I missed their accustomed ticking. This once for years they had not been wound up on Saturday night, as was the clock-maker's habit. I turned to his work-bench. He was seated in front of it, his head on his hands, watching the pendulums of his machine, which were swinging merrily. "Mr. Willow," said I, placing a hand on his shoulder, "are you sick?" He made no answer.

"Why don't he speak?" said May with a scared face.

"He will never speak again, my darling," I replied. "He is dead!"

I have little to add to this simple story. On inquiry I found that the stranger had left the city. No claimant came for our money, and so, after a little, having buried Mr. Willow in the Old Swedes' churchyard, we went away with his son to the West. The lad told us then that it was his father's desire that on his death he should take his true name. An evil fate went with it, and to-day young Tressilian lies in a soldier's nameless grave beneath the giant shadows of Lookout Mountain—one more sweet and honest life given for the land he had learned to love and honor.

"THE GREAT IDEA."

GREECE has many sins to answer for in the eyes of Europe—sins of omission and sins of commission—but above all rises one mountain of iniquity of such stupendous dimensions—"singeing its pate against the Torrid Zone"—as to diminish the "Ossas" of brigandage, bankruptcy and political corruption to very warts. Brigandage is nothing to it, since the candid observer cannot but admit that the root of that evil is not wholly indigenous, and that the government does really make some exertions to repress it. It is worse than being in arrears for debt, for people are sometimes excusable for not paying what they owe, especially when they have nothing wherewith to pay it. It is not to be compared with political corruption, because Cowper told his countrymen long ago that

The age of virtuous politics is past :
Patriots are grown too shrewd to be sincere,
And we too wise to trust them.

So Greece can hardly be considered as setting the world at defiance in that regard. The sin of sins that I refer to, and which excites the irony, if not the indignation, of the critics of Greece, is called "La Grande Idée." This "Great Idea" is a component part of the Greek brain and the Greek heart. It permeates all classes of society—the toothless baby draws it in with the maternal milk, and the toothless mouth of age pledges to it in long drafts of the native resined wine. The shepherd dreams of it in the cold mountain air under his shaggy sheepskin, and the rich proprietor traces it in the graceful smoke-cloud of the incessant cigarette, and perhaps wonders if it is not quite as evanescent. If I treat the subject in a poetical way, it is because the subject itself pertains more to the realms of fancy than of fact.

Briefly defined, the Great Idea means that the Greek mind is to regenerate the East—that it is the destiny of Hellenism to Hellenize that vast stretch of territory

which by natural laws the Greeks believe to be theirs, and which is chiefly inhabited by people claiming to be descended from Hellenic stock, professing the Orthodox or Greek faith or speaking the Greek language. These in the aggregate vastly outnumber the people of Greece proper, and are regarded by "Free Greece" as brethren held in servitude by an alien and detested power. There are in European Turkey and its territories not far from fifteen millions of people, of which number less than four millions are Ottomans. The rest are Slavonians, Greeks, Albanians, Wallachians, etc., who profess the Greek religion or speak the Greek dialect; and although in morals and character these are far below the independent and educated Greeks of Athens and the chief towns of Greece, this inferiority may doubtless be largely ascribed to the political restraints still pressing upon them. The Greek in Turkey does the work and receives the money. He vitalizes the sluggish mass around him, but is quite as unscrupulous as his masters. How can it be otherwise when he possesses all the characteristics of a conquered race. "At sight of a Mussulman," says an intelligent observer, "the rayah's back bends to the ground, his hands involuntarily join on his breast, his lips compose themselves to a smile; but under this conventional mask you see the hatred instilled even into women and children toward their ancient oppressors."

If this be the prevailing sentiment of the Greek population in Turkey, it may well be asked, Why, with corresponding influences at work in the Hellenic kingdom, cannot the Great Idea be made to bear practical fruits? With the elements of revolution, why is there no revolution? With the general desire of the people for unity and territorial grandeur, why does the prospect of political and national amalgamation grow more

and more illusory, and the shores of the Bosphorus and the minarets of Constantinople (as the ideal capital of the Hellenic kingdom) recede farther and farther into the landscape, like the mirage of cities and of fountains mocking the wearied eyes and parched lips of the traveler in desert lands? There are many reasons, of which a few only need be cited. Greece has no organization of forces sufficient to make the first attempt to deliver her countrymen. Occasional spasmodic movements in Epirus and Thessaly have only resulted in defeat and disgrace. A large proportion of the Greeks under Turkish rule, especially those who are placeholders and those who are engaged in gainful commercial pursuits, prefer the proverb, "Let well alone," to that of "Nothing venture, nothing have." They distrust the result of revolutionary movements, and the political and pecuniary condition of King George's kingdom does not tempt them to change the temporal advantages of their present position for the chances of prospective independence, however golden with patriotism.

The Greeks in Turkey breathe an atmosphere of political and social impurity, which pervades all classes, from the sultan's household to the lowest menial at the custom-house, and from which foreign subjects, even foreign ministers, have not always remained untainted. It is a habit with certain writers to charge the Hellenic population in Turkey with the creation of this miasma of immorality and vice, but the truth is, they only avail themselves of the existing laxity in all departments of the public service and in all the circles of social existence, and by their extraordinary mental vitality and shrewdness turn the general debasement to their own advantage. When the Turks found themselves masters of Constantinople they discovered that nothing was wanting to their maintenance of power but one thing, and that one thing was brains. The faculties of perception and forethought, obtuse in themselves, were largely developed in their Greek subjects, and so they were forced to take

them for their political and intellectual servants. The Greeks accepted the position. It was an arrangement founded on mutual interest, without mutual sympathy. Interest indisposes the Greeks in Turkey to stir up revolution, but the want of sympathy with the Mussulmans is as marked as ever.

In Greece itself there is a divided sentiment as to the proper time for making another attempt to recover the liberties of the nation. Just now, with the bitter failure of Crete before their eyes, the conservatives are decidedly disinclined to waste money and strength in fresh agitations for the Great Idea, while every department of the state at home demands the most earnest and absorbing attention. The radicals, who at any time and under any circumstances, cost what it may, are eager to rush to the breach, and perish, if need be, for the cause of national unity, are in the minority, and expend their enthusiasm in newspaper appeals for their brethren "in chains," and in passing the watchword from mouth to mouth, "Greece for the Greeks"—"La régénération de l'Orient *par* l'Orient."

But however divided public opinion in Greece may be as to the proper time and method for attempting the realization of the Hellenic Idea, the Idea itself never leaves the teeming brain of the Greek. He may, in his impatience, disgust or despair, denounce it as chimerical, and join in the laugh of scorn which its mention evokes from foreign nations, but at heart he still cherishes it—if not as a practical possibility, as a tenet of his political and religious faith. It is sweet to believe that we are a "chosen race," destined to carry the symbol of Christianity and the torch of civilization and freedom into the benighted realms of superstition and ignorance, even if circumstances prevent us from attempting the pilgrimage. Therefore, however much and often a Greek may say to you in private that his countrymen are wasting their energies in chasing a phantom, which might better be employed in studies of political economy at home, he would not dare to advise

any one of them to abandon the Great Idea, nor does he himself believe that it should be abandoned.

It is easy, therefore, to understand the scorn with which the advice of the other European powers on this head is received by Athenian statesmen. Very much the same feeling is evoked there by the efforts of England to tranquilize Greece and to make her satisfied with her present limitations—in a word, to preserve the status quo in the East—as was experienced in the loyal States of our Union at the darkest and most discouraging period of the civil war, when the same nation appealed to us to give up the futile attempt to restore "an impossible Union," and to consent to "a peaceful and happy separation!" Nothing is so dark and discouraging in Greece as to shut out the forlorn hope—to steal from the public heart its belief in a special destiny—to utterly extinguish the coals of resurrection which lie under mountains of ashes and débris. The very ruins of the great Past appeal to them, or seem to appeal to them, never to forget that what has been may yet be again. The modern Greek remembers—and is never tired of quoting—the words and examples of the dead heroes of the shadowy past, from Miltiades, Themistocles and Demosthenes—as if they walked the streets of Athens but yesterday—down to their more legitimate forefathers of Greek independence—Miaoulis, Canaris, Bozzaris, Colocotronis, and Ypsilanti. And those of the last category do, with some degree of reason, give color and vitality to the hopes of the future, for the Greeks feel that what they did accomplish in the seven years' war, in spite of the indifference or scorn of the European world, justifies the belief that the end was not reached when Greece consented to lay down the sword and accept at the hands of the great powers a fragment of the heritage she expected; relinquishing to her great enemy Crete, Rhodes, Samos, Chios, Thessaly, Macedonia and Epirus (Albania), the most fertile and most populous portion of her territory. To bid her forever give up her claim to these fair re-

gions, peopled with "her own people," she holds to be a piece of diplomatic selfishness incompatible with the claims of a distinct nationality, if not of civilization itself. Attenuated, poverty-stricken, a political pauper at the close of the revolution, yet possessing a certain shrewdness and wit which commanded the respect of those who had come forward in the character of "national guardians," Greece, who without their timely aid would have sunk back into barbarism and obscurity, boldly demanded a larger share of the territory for which she had sacrificed so much. Dissatisfied with the spoonful of political broth, the *Oliver Twist* of nations had the unblushing temerity "to ask for more." The plump beadles stood aghast, then made a show of earnest consultation, which resulted in stamping the little upstart with the badge of deep-dyed ingratitude, and refused the second spoonful. The powers claim that they were right, and in justification of the partition of Greece point to the small progress which the kingdom has made in material and political strength. Indeed, not a few assert that Greece as a self-governing nation is a "complete failure." The Greeks do not deny that the advancement of their country has been slow and feeble, but assign as a chief reason the contracted limits of the kingdom. England says to the Greeks, "If you cannot govern what you possess, how can you hope to persuade Europe that you are capable of governing a larger kingdom?" To which the Greeks wittily reply: "Your reasoning produces the same effect on us as if you said to a lame man, 'Since you cannot walk with the leg which you have still left to you, do not regret the loss of the other: you would not know how to use it if you had it.'"

But the question is not what Greece might do in the way of progress and reform if she had more resources in fertile lands, more hands to work with and more room to work in, so much as the abstract question of national rights. Is she to be denounced for having an Idea? Even if the Idea is not presently practicable, is it not, *per se*, a natural, in-

evitable and wholesome Idea? If the Greek nation stood alone in this respect, if national aggrandizement and unity were an original conception of the Greek mind, the political student might well think twice before endorsing a proposition born of no precedent—an ideal form assuming the shape of wisdom and springing self-made out of the brain of an ideal Jove. But it is not original. Other nations have Great Ideas, and rather pride themselves upon the fact. England, the chief adviser of Greece, had an Idea of commercial supremacy, and by force of her maritime position, strong armies and the cold-compelling industry of her dense population has been pretty successful in giving it practical illustration. France has had an Idea, and has not unfrequently nourished and fed it at the expense of other nations, and would have succeeded in her last ambitious designs but for collision with the greater and more carefully-matured Idea of German unity. Russia, the third "protector" of Greece, has her Great Idea, and under the guidance of experience and clever statesmanship is slowly and surely putting it into execution. The unification of Italy was an Idea which, *when successful*, won the applause of the world. In *her* case the union of one people under one government, which comprises within its territorial limits the entire length and breadth of the Italian domain, is considered the simple result of a fixed purpose and determination of a people whose blood, language and religion are the same. On this subject the leading journal of London made comment in language which, although not intended for them, might be read by the Greeks with hopeful satisfaction. "Such," it remarks, referring to Italian unity, "is the tendency of our age to mature and accomplish things which men had long given up as impossible, and which upon trial turn out to be natural, obvious and inevitable." Our own boastful land, where "the whole boundless continent" is the limit of *its* Great Idea, is permitted to indulge in dreams of aggrandizement without ridicule or reproach, because

the wealth of its soil and the increasing numbers of its people seem to guarantee the ultimate fulfillment of the promise. Every nation, indeed, has dreams of glory which fail to arouse the wrath of the scoffer. Greece alone, exceptional in all things—the youngest, the poorest and perhaps the proudest of them all—is not permitted to indulge the hope that her own may one day gather around the flag they have sacrificed so much to uphold, without exciting the censure of her older, richer and more powerful neighbors.

The Greeks are perpetually told to abandon their little idiosyncrasies, and to come boldly up into the front rank of the nations. Especially are they told that the dream of empire is a terrible dream for a small state, and that nothing but self-sacrifice and the concentration of the public mind upon internal improvements can save them from decay and annihilation. So far, the advice is sound, and the sooner this self-sacrifice begins—although they look in vain for shining examples of it in the governing classes of Europe—the better will it be for them. But they will never abandon the Great Idea—never obey the bidding of the conservers of the status quo, and not make their sign—openly if they can, secretly if they must—to the millions of their countrymen who are not free. It is unnatural to expect that Greece will act otherwise: it is morally and politically wrong to wish that she should. The wisest course for her advisers to take is to cease to check her national aspirations. If these aspirations tend to disturb a line of policy which diplomacy has laid down for the protection of certain material interests in the East, these interests should give way to the higher claims of humanity.

I have ventured to hold the opinion that England would have consulted her own political interests in the East by actively promoting the Hellenic Idea. Not, by any means, in encouraging political intrigues or revolutionary agitations, so much in vogue there, but by giving open countenance to the idea that the principle of Greek nationality,

enunciated by the war for independence, in which she materially assisted, was a principle to be maintained until it reached fruition. Open encouragement to the Great Idea, so long as its manifestation did not lead to belligerent movements, might by this time, as I shall attempt to show, have placed the territories now comprising European Turkey in a position of political strength and unity which at present they can never hope to assume except under the government of a stronger power. The moral forces of Hellenism are the only real strength it possesses, and if properly directed by a sagacious power could achieve their mission—if mission they have—without the smell of gunpowder or gleam of a bayonet. Public opinion in great civilized nations like England is in most cases more powerful than war, because it averts and prevents war. There is now no compact, self-poised government on the shores of the *Ægina* or the *Marmora*. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Greece, and at the first collision of forces that little kingdom is swallowed up by the Turkish empire, or, what is perhaps worse, enters again upon a prolonged conflict which would leave her distracted and undone. Let the three powers withdraw their protection from Turkey, and her great northern adversary will avail herself of the first opportunity to carry out what is popularly held to be her "traditional policy." Whether this "policy" is destined under any circumstances to be realized, or whether, if realized, the "Eastern question" would be solved in the most satisfactory way and to the benefit of Eastern Europe, is not the subject of present discussion. It is very certain that the existing condition of things in that quarter of the world is not a condition which possesses any qualities of permanence, and is the cause of incessant watchfulness and anxiety. As has been forcibly said by an English writer, "counting by individuals, the Greeks in European Turkey are to the Turks as six to one, but estimating them by their wealth, they are as thirty to one." There is something not only un-

natural but appalling to Christian eyes in the fact that a handful of Mussulmans, without a single drop of sympathetic blood for the people they govern—aliens in race, religion, manners, customs and language—should come over into Europe and hold control over six times their number belonging to a different race. It is one of those anomalies of which history furnishes other examples, but at which human nature must ever revolt.

I am not, however, of the number of those who would allow sentimental abstractions to interfere with the obvious claims of an established government over a people fairly conquered by the force of arms. Neither do I think that the cause of public justice can be subserved by joining in the cry against the Turk because the character of the Mussulman differs in essential particulars from the character of the Christian. One of the great shining stars in the firmament of human regeneration is that of religious toleration. Brighter and clearer it gleams from the obscurity of centuries. As the worship of paganism was as pure in its nature as the condition of the world then permitted, and has sent down through the eras of Christianity lessons of fervor, devotion and self-sacrifice which the world may well imitate in its more enlightened worship, so is the faith of the Mohammedan illustrated by many holy observances and much practical virtue, which should shame the laxity in morals and superficial worship too often observable in Christian society. The intolerance, lust and barbarous inhumanity of the Turks have been a theme of reproach with Christians for ages, but the conflict between the Cross and the Crescent can only result in perfect triumph to the former when the image of Christianity is upheld by forbearing hands, and not wielded as an implement of battle. In spite of the antipathy between Christianity and Mohammedanism, the world must admit that enlightened views of public policy and sterling reforms have crept into and influenced the government of the sultan. It is not, therefore,

in any anti-Turkish spirit that I allude to the anomalous condition of the Greeks in Turkey. But inasmuch as the condition is anomalous, unnatural and practically unwholesome, and moreover is a condition which it is impossible to regard as permanent, it may be well to consider what measures might have contributed to ameliorate it.

The principle upon which the Western powers have *governed* Greece since her independence of the Turkish power has been that which Pitt declared in 1792 to be "the true doctrine of balance of power"—to wit, that the power of Russia should not be allowed to increase, nor that of Turkey to decline. After the battle of Navarino, Wellington, the demigod of Englishmen, who had pronounced that victory an "untoward event," was for making Greece "wholly dependent upon Turkey." This idea was supported by Lord Londonderry, who wished to render Greece "as harmless as possible, and to make her people like the spiritless nations of Hindostan." These views seem to have prevailed in effect over the liberal ideas of Palmerston, who desired to see Greece as independent of Turkey as possible.

Governments cannot serve two opposing principles at one and the same time. Turkey the conservative and Greece the radical could not be petted and encouraged by the same hands. Hence, Greece was sacrificed that Turkey might prosper and grow fat. A policy of perpetual repression has been applied to a perpetually expanding national sentiment. This is why European ministers in Greece have been constantly employed to shake the finger in the face of public opinion when external measures are discussed, and to lay the finger on when any actual demonstration threatens to disturb or revive the Eastern question. That question, which no statesmanship or wars have been able to solve, stands to-day, in spite of the intrigues of politicians, the waste of millions of money and thousands of lives, as huge a note of interrogation to the people of Europe as when it first reared its sinuous sign over the unsettled and dissatisfied popu-

lations of the East. A policy of force and of expedients by turn has utterly failed to change the real relations of the East with the West, or of the Greeks with the people who hold the majority of that nation in political servitude.

If a contrary policy had been adopted, if the Christian Greeks under the banner of the Great Idea—however imperfectly that Idea had been expounded—had succeeded only in establishing a government as good as that of Abd-ul-Azis, there would to-day have been a community of interests which would certainly seem a better guarantee to political safety than now exists. If England and France had crowned the glorious work at Navarino with a declaration that the territorial limits which diplomacy assigned to the new kingdom of Greece must not be regarded as final, that the principle acknowledged in the treaty of peace between Turkey and Greece extended over and embraced the whole nationality which had contributed by valor and sacrifices to achieve its independence, and that to a peaceful consolidation of this Idea the powers pledged to Greece an unflinching moral support, the Eastern question might long ago have been solved by the peaceful acquiescence of the Moslem minority in the just claims of a vast Christian population, supported by the public opinion of civilized Europe. I venture to believe that if England and France had openly encouraged the aspirations of the Greeks as a national right, the Mohammedan subjects of the Porte would gradually have recrossed the Bosphorus to the land which is less disputably theirs by right of nativity and population. The feeble few who might have remained would have had no influence on the political condition, and with the death of the last sultan an easy transition from Mohammedan to Christian rule would have ensued. The Greeks in European Turkey and its tributary states may be even now regarded as virtually masters of the situation by their superiority in intelligence, enterprise and wealth, but they lack cohesion, and are demoralized by the yoke they bear, which could not

be imposed except by the aid of foreign diplomacy and foreign money. If as much eagerness had been evinced by England to support the Great Idea as she has shown to scoff it, if a fraction of the capital loaned to Turkey to increase her armament, build sultans' palaces and keep up her meretricious display of power* had been advanced for the education and elevation of the mixed population of Christians in the provinces, a picture of civilization would to-day have replaced the wretched spectacle of a half-barbaric and half-revolutionary people, who, without any confidence in the government they have, look forward to a political condition which has no promise of independence or of unity.

These views may appear chimerical, and it is perhaps the most idle of occupations to speculate on what might have been the condition of a people under other circumstances than those which exist. It is equally unprofitable to forecast the future in an age when events precipitate themselves with a rapidity and character which disprove the wisest horoscope and confound the political soothsayer. What we do know is, that the policy of Pitt, so tenaciously clung to by British statesmen, has succeeded only in "bolstering up" an effete and corrupt government at the expense of Christian unity, power and progress, and that what might have been accomplished during the half century since the dawn of Greek independence in consolidating a nationality which would certainly have been as efficacious as is now the Turkish power in Europe, has left the "Eastern question" without any permanent solution. It is no longer a diplomatic secret that the statesmen of Western Europe are preparing their minds to accept sooner or later what they are unable to provide against with a substitute, and what they have sacrificed so much to avoid—namely, the Russian solution of the Eastern question.

* The present total debt of Turkey is estimated at \$630,000,000.

Whatever may be the fate of Greece with a change of neighbors, it can hardly be worse than it now is with hostility ever brewing between her and Turkey, and with no disinterested friend to look to for counsel. Russia would at least bring to the provinces the sympathy of co-religionists, and it is probable that while a Russian princess shares the throne of Greece the independence of that kingdom will be strengthened and assured by a large accession of wealth and by internal improvements. But Greece does not regard without apprehension even the friendly approaches of a power whose iron rule is not in harmony with those elastic ideas of popular liberty which are the essence of Greek nationality. Better, think they, is the rule of the Moslem, with the hope of unseating him at last by the slow but subtle operation of Hellenism, than the Muscovite, whose entrance into Constantinople might be the deathblow to national unity. Whatever period of time may elapse before the earnest consideration of this subject may engage the pens of publicists, it is highly probable that the Eastern question, as a theme for political disputation, will give way to what the moralist at least will regard as the more momentous question, namely: What will be the effect upon Hellenism of a change of political rulers in the east of Europe? Will the banner of the orthodox religion of the Eastern Church, upheld among the people of the now Turko-European states in the political grasp of the "emperor of all the Russias," strengthen Hellenic nationality? or will the Great Idea fade into vague and indeterminate forms, without even the semblance of the substance which it now possesses?

The people of the United States cannot be wholly indifferent to the aspirations of a nation whose democratic instincts are so closely allied to their own, but whose ability to give practical expression to them is paralyzed by the overwhelming force of external monarchical dictation. CHARLES K. TUCKERMAN.

AYTOUN.

CHAPTER XI.

The warm noon ends in frost,
The worldly tongues of promise,
Like sheep-bells, die out from us
On the desert hill cloud-crossed.

TO-NIGHT Hortense sleeps a sleep as dreamless as death. Philip's sin, Bryan's harsh words, the shadows before her, the gloom behind, have all been kindly blotted out by "Nature's soft nurse."

There was no journey taken last night, for Philip has lost his fears, and he will not steal away now in the darkness when he is in no danger. And Hortense's cloud begins to lift a very little, and is not quite so dark, showing a silver lining if she can judge by the edges.

Of course, Aytoun will have to be given up, but that is a light trouble, if she can walk out of the old home in broad daylight, compared to the bitterness of a night-flitting. And Bryan may yet know why she had thought it best to free him from their engagement. She owes it to her former lover to tell him, and life would not be so heavy if she knew he no longer thought hardly of her.

So Hortense wakes to find to-day is not so oppressive with its cares and sorrows as yesterday, and she is not so cast down.

Philip too has risen above the utter horror of the past two days. His organization is not a very delicate one, and, being free from the outward consequence of his crime, he will soon forget there was any sin in it. And Hortense finds he has risen to his usual level. Whilst she is in the dim twilight, Philip is again basking in the full sunshine, almost forgetful of the Egyptian darkness he has passed through.

Philip rides out of the iron gate of Aytoun with much the same feeling of joy with which the prisoner leaves his dungeon. His confinement of two days has made him restless and impatient for motion, and now that he can ride

over the country a free man, with no fear of being stopped, he is anxious to be in the saddle. Gerald Alston lying wounded almost to death will not haunt him long, for, not having drunk the bitter cup of death, he is not so sure that Alston has not had fitting punishment for his malice and scandal. That he, Philip Dunbar, should have made himself judge and avenger is not much of a sin in his eyes.

Hortense sees Philip ride off with a slight sense of relief, for she would be alone with her thoughts, and she is feeling keenly the reaction mortals are bound to feel after there has been a greater strain than usual on nerves and emotions. So she sits idly thinking of the past and present, and a little of the future.

It is nearing the dinner-hour, and Hortense goes down stairs to be in readiness to meet Philip when he comes in. She wonders where he can be so long, and thinks he has forgotten the flight of time, weighed down, as she fain would hope, with so sore a burden. She has no presentiment of future trouble in store for her: there is none of the hush which is said to come before the earthquake. The feet of them who bring evil tidings are at the very door, and she hears them not.

She does hear a noise at last, which attracts her attention, for she is listening for Philip's footstep. So she opens the door to go and meet him, but instead she comes upon a strange man, a laborer, she judges from his dress, standing in the hall.

Hortense thinks he needs help from her: she never dreams he is there to offer help to her. The rough jacket covers a kind heart, and he is anxious to give her some little preparation for the trial in store for her.

"It is an accident," he says quickly. "The master has been thrown from his horse."

"Philip! where?" She asks so quietly he never guesses the words come mechanically, but thinks she would know the spot where the accident happened. So he tells her: "Just at the end of the woods—not a hundred yards from his own gate."

Just where Gerald Alston fell—just where she had seen the white face of the man she left for dead!

She starts to pass out of the hall door to go to Philip, now that she knows where he is. But the man holds her back. "They are coming with him," he tells her: "you will do no good by going."

"How did it happen?" asks Hortense, glad to hear a human voice in this agony of suspense.

"The horse shied at something on the roadside, and he was thrown."

The horse remembered better than his master what had happened when he last passed that spot. He had not forgotten the sudden pistol-shot which had hastened his mad gallop into a still swifter one, and he would not go by the place. Hortense takes in this thought, this just retribution perhaps, yet not less bitter from its being just.

"You had better send for the doctor, to have him here handy if the master is still alive," the man suggests, seeing Hortense is still waiting there.

This rouses her to action, and life is more bearable because of the dim hope his words bring her.

There are two women keeping lonely watch to-night—Gerald Alston's mother and Hortense Dunbar. The mother watches tenderly, but at every groan of suffering there is something very like a curse in her heart on the hand that caused the pang. But there is a blessing too in the same heart for the unknown one who bound up the wound and thus saved the precious life.

The curses, if they fell, would do no harm to Philip Dunbar, who lies still and deathlike, past all harming. Only the room does not wear the appearance death is sure to give, and Hortense watches with the look on her face suspense always gives.

There is no one near her save the two

women-servants, who are kind and sympathizing, and the doctor, who comes frequently, watching all the time to see how her strength holds out. He has known her all her life, and loves her very much as he would love his own daughter if he had one. Philip has never been much of a favorite with him, but he looks pityingly at the almost lifeless form of the strong, handsome man suddenly brought down to utter helplessness. It is one of the mysteries of life, such as he often sees and as often wonders at.

There is one prayer in Hortense's heart, never breathed because she dares not name it—that consciousness and contrition may be vouchsafed. She has a strong hope, too, that Bryan will hear of her trouble, and will forget his anger and come to her. She is beginning to weary for that sympathy which alone makes trouble bearable—not words, but the mere presence of one who loves her, if only to break the stillness which has fallen over the old home.

For many weeks Hortense has kept watch at Philip's bedside. Now and then one of the servants comes to insist upon taking her place while she goes to lie down, promising to call her at the slightest change. But there has been no change in the state of the rigid form lying there. It is not death, and yet it scarcely seems to be life.

So the weeks drag on, and then there comes a little change for the better—a slight consciousness and a little moving of the head and arms. Then the doctor gives his opinion. "Philip may grow better," he says; and then he stops to watch Hortense's face, so as not to tell too suddenly all he fears.

"Will he never be altogether well?" Hortense asks, feeling sure there is something kept from her knowledge.

"The spine is certainly injured," the doctor says significantly.

"Tell me the whole truth, please."

"He will never walk again, I fear;" and then he adds, "The brain is very apt to suffer with the spine, and Philip's case is not different from the common run of them."

It is a double sentence — mind and body both are useless for this world's work!

"Will he suffer?" Hortense asks, catching at the one hope.

"No: if he did, his case would not be so hopeless. I must not deceive you, Hortense. Philip will never be himself again—not imbecile, but weak in mind and body."

Hortense does not murmur or give a groan, and yet the full weight of the retribution seems to fall on her frail shoulders; for Philip lies there quietly, only at times is he conscious, and when he is, he seldom asks any questions about himself; and no one would care to tell him of his fate—always to be a prisoner, never a free man again.

Heretofore, Hortense has not known the passive suffering which makes saints. Action may make martyrs and conquerors, but it never places the glory on the head which shows the victory is complete, the battle won.

"Mr. Lancaster is down stairs, Miss Hortense."

Philip is asleep, so she motions to the servant to take her place whilst she goes down to see her old friend.

She finds him in the library, not seated comfortably, but walking about restlessly. He comes forward to meet her with outstretched hands, and marks, as he speaks to her, the change sorrow and watching have made. Yet he never tells her she is pale and worn-looking, but inquires at once for Philip.

"He is as well as he will be for a long time, perhaps ever, the doctor thinks," she replies sadly.

"Is he sitting up?"

Hortense shakes her head. As yet she cannot trust herself to speak of Philip's condition, even to so old a friend as Mr. Lancaster.

"There will be no risk in moving Philip?" Mr. Lancaster asks anxiously.

"Moving will do him no harm," Hortense replies, and for a moment her eyes are bright with glistening tears. But these do not drop, and she asks firmly, "Is the old home to be given up so soon?"

"You are not to be hurried, and yet if I were you I should leave as soon as I could conveniently: your staying here now is only through an act of courtesy. Have you thought of any place where you would like to make your new home?"

"No," answers Hortense. "I have had no time to think in my anxiety for Philip. It will not be very troublesome to make our move, however. Yet I would like you to tell me exactly how everything stands, and what is left to us."

"You must leave everything in the house just as it is: only your wearing apparel and Philip's, your jewelry and private papers, can you take with you. Everything else must remain."

Mr. Lancaster speaks in the low, hushed voice we are used to hear in a sick room or where a corpse is lying. He has been too long a friend of the family not to feel sorrow and mortification in telling Hortense that everything has passed out of her hands, and he would be angry with Philip if Philip could be an object now of any feeling but pity.

"Is there nothing left for Philip?" asks Hortense after a little pause.

"A little, a very little. Just something to eke out your income with—hardly a help, though. I am glad I was too late when I tried to pay off the mortgage with your money. It would have been only swallowed up in the general ruin. There has been fearful waste and mismanagement, and—"

But Hortense interrupts him with a question, for she cannot bear now to hear Philip blamed, however justly: "Where do you advise me to go?"

She needs his counsel, for without it she would be like one set down on the roadside with no shelter near at hand.

"Bridgeford would be the most convenient place, I should suppose."

Hortense winces at this. Bridgeford she would hardly have chosen to live in. And yet Philip cannot be moved very far, and she does not know any other place well enough to say it will suit them better.

"Will you try lodgings?" Mr. Lan-

caster asks, thinking, as Hortense makes no objection to Bridgeford, she is satisfied to live there.

"No: it would never do, on Philip's account."

"You will hardly be able to furnish. Suppose you take a furnished house to begin with?"

"That will be my best plan. A furnished house will save me a great deal of worry and trouble, and I cannot leave Philip for very long at a time just now."

"Then let me procure the direction from an agent of such furnished houses as are to be had. Then we can see which will suit you best, and I will come for you and we will go and judge of them. I will try to come for you to-morrow."

"Better take a house at once. Its cheapness will be recommendation enough for me."

She thinks of saying something about the situation on Philip's account. But she checks herself, for fear any suggestion on her part may hamper Mr. Lancaster.

But he will not hear of choosing a house for her. She must see and judge for herself in such an important matter. And it is arranged that he will come for her to-morrow in his carriage, and show her the houses recommended by the agent which are within her means.

They fall into silence now that their business is over. Hortense is thinking how Philip will bear the move and the new home—whether he will miss familiar objects and grow sad under the change. And Mr. Lancaster is thinking of days long passed, when Hortense's grandfather and he were friends, and Aytoun was a pleasure and delight to him.

"I have been in and out of this old home ever since I was a boy," he says at last. "Eight generations of the Dunbars have lived and died here—have had all of life's sorrows and joys within these walls."

Hortense looks up at the pictures hanging round—pictures she has seen from her babyhood—glances up at the one Grace Robson admired so much for

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the gloss on the satin dress and for the Spanish point; and Hortense wonders if any of those ancestors of hers had in all their lives such sorrow as she has had in the last few weeks. But they smile at her as if they knew nothing of heart-troubles, or would keep them to themselves.

"I have done my best to keep ruin from the house, but it was impossible," Mr. Lancaster resumes.

"Philip came too young into the property—before he knew enough of management," Hortense replies. "All his extravagances have been more from want of judgment than from any fault of his."

She is eager to defend him, for who else is there to say a word for him? And Mr. Lancaster is not one to find pleasure in crushing the pale girl before him with the history of Philip Dunbar's mismanagement and debts.

"It does not matter much whose fault it is that the old place must change hands. I never expect to cross the threshold after you leave it. Henceforth, Aytoun will be an unknown place to me."

"There will be other friends, I hope, to its owners, but never as true a one as we have found in you," Hortense says gratefully.

Mr. Lancaster has risen to go. There is nothing to converse about except business or the leaving of the old home, and both are trying subjects to Hortense. And besides, she is not sure Philip is not awake and wanting her; so she does not press her old friend to stay.

She follows him into the hall, to the door, to see him drive off. On the threshold he stops to answer a question she has put to him with just a little quiver in the voice which she has failed quite to steady: "Who is master of old Aytoun now?"

"Gerald Alston," Mr. Lancaster answers briefly.

"And he is well again?"

"Perfectly recovered, as if by a miracle. The doctor ascribes it to the timely binding up of his wound by some good Samaritan, who stopped there in his work, however, and, unlike the one in

the Bible, left the wounded man on the roadside. Some think that Alston himself had presence of mind enough to bind up the wound, as his own handkerchief was used for the purpose. He has not the slightest recollection of doing it, but that may be accounted for by his losing all consciousness afterward. The men who found him and brought him to Bridgeford in their wagon thought they were handling a corpse."

Gerald Alston well and strong again, and saved perhaps by her hand! Hortense is very thankful to hear such news of the master of Aytoun. If she and Philip must go out of these doors, it is at least without the stain of blood on their name. Gerald Alston is well and strong, able to enjoy his new possessions. She stands there comforted by this thought, and Mr. Lancaster is pitying her, believing she is only feeling the full bitterness of giving up the old home into the hold of a stranger.

If Philip had tried to rob Gerald Alston of his life, was it not by Hortense's hand it was saved to him? But she does not think of this, or thinks only, thankfully, of the mercy vouchsafed to that simple act of hers—the mercy of freeing Philip's hand from blood-guiltiness.

After this several notes pass between Mr. Lancaster and Hortense in reference to her future home. Furnished houses are not often to be met with in Bridgeford, for it is only when the death or removal of the head of the family occurs that renting the furniture also is ever resorted to.

So Mr. Lancaster, after many delays and disappointments, has only succeeded in hearing of one house within Hortense's means, and the agent tells him that it is small and meanly furnished, and the situation disagreeable—not at all suited to the Dunbars. But Hortense writes to take the house by all means. She is in haste to leave Aytoun—in haste that Gerald Alston should have possession.

Mr. Lancaster will not take it until Hortense sees it for herself, and he writes that he will send his carriage for her.

So she is obliged to give her decision, for her friend calls for her himself.

It is the first time in her life that Hortense has ever preferred a close carriage. But now she gladly draws back into the farthest corner, where she can neither see nor be seen.

But Mr. Lancaster thinks it is kinder to try to draw off her thoughts a little from herself. So he begins with inquiries about Philip, for which Hortense is grateful, and she rouses herself to talk. She hears his copious regrets over the damage the storm did on that night she never closed her eyes, and yet never heard the wind which wrought the mischief. And she points out which trees are down and which are broken and injured.

Outside the gate there are other places to point out, but Mr. Lancaster is cicerone now. He is sure he knows the spot where Gerald Alston was shot—on the very night of the storm, too—and is anxious that Hortense should lean forward to see it the better. He is a quarter of a mile out of the way, but she does not correct him with her superior knowledge, but lets him talk on uninterrupted as he wonders who Gerald Alston's enemy could have been. It was odd there should be no trace, and that even Gerald himself has no idea who shot him, or, if he knows, chooses to remain silent on the subject.

"It has made a dreadful coward, I fear, of Mrs. Alston," Mr. Lancaster adds. "She cannot get over a dread she has that Gerald will be brought home to her dead some day—that his enemy is on the watch for him. She behaved well enough at the time, I believe. But that is very often the case with you women. You are more nervous after a danger is over than at the moment."

Hortense knows how idle the mother's fears are. If Mrs. Alston knew it was Philip Dunbar she is nervous about, she would lose all dread. But as Hortense is silent, Mr. Lancaster never suspects how much of the mystery of the attempt on Gerald Alston's life the girl sitting next to him can disclose.

They are driving through the streets

of Bridgeford now, and it is not so easy to keep up a conversation rattling over cobble-stones, scarcely able to hear your own voice. So Mr. Lancaster gives up all attempt to beguile Hortense's thoughts away from her trouble by his talk.

They are not very far from Grace Robson's house. Her carriage is before the door, and Grace, brilliant in wine-colored silk and plumes, has just seated herself in it, and is giving some directions to the coachman. Involuntarily, Hortense thinks of Philip, and how Grace and Aytoun have both slipped through his grasp, and without regret on his part.

Hortense has drawn even farther back into the corner of the carriage. She does not care to meet Grace to-day, of all others, when she is seeking a new home. But they do not drive past Grace's, but have turned into a side street. With one turn more they have stopped before the row of tenement-houses, and Hortense sees, with almost a shudder, that Mr. Lancaster is giving directions to his driver to ring the bell of one of the houses—that which she once felt a passing interest in because of the bit of black which hung from the bell-handle.

Her half-idle curiosity that morning will be answered now. The dead one must have been of some importance there, or the house and furniture would not be to let. Some of the family comfort has evidently died also.

The mistress of the house is ready to show Hortense and Mr. Lancaster the rooms, and she is very eager that the young lady should be pleased with everything. To her all is beyond commendation, and it is a trial to give up such good furniture into the hands of any one. To be sure, this lady, she hears, has only a sick brother, and she inclines to her as a tenant. There will be no children to scratch and spoil the furniture.

So she leads the way into the small, close room she dignifies as parlor, and which she seems to regard with special pride. The hard-stuffed horsehair sofa, devised to torture weary ones, never to rest them; the half dozen stiff-backed

chairs, covered with the same chilly material; a round table with a flaming red cover on it; a well-blacked stove, guiltless of fire; even the rows of photographs which hang on the wall, suspended by long red cords—caricatures of faces which even the flattering brush of a painter could never make handsome; the large red-and-green pattern of the thin ingrain carpet,—each and every one of these the mistress of the house shows with pride and evident satisfaction.

Mr. Lancaster groans aloud as he sees Hortense standing in this poor room listening to the woman's commendations of her possessions. Hortense in her dainty beauty amongst such poor vulgarity! It is like hanging a Madonna by one of the old masters amongst the woman's ugly kindred.

Hortense never groans for herself, but listens graciously to the woman's self-complacent talk, tries at her request the softness of the sofa—which slides her off viciously—examines the draught of the stove, though she is no wiser when she hears how good it is, there being no such ugly thing in the old home at Aytoun. She looks, too, at the plain face of the departed master, and makes kind inquiries for the children. And the woman finds no cause to blush for her poor furniture, and never suspects that the lady has a finer and more luxurious home than she. Has had, for Aytoun is no longer Hortense's home.

There are other rooms to show, but evidently not so fine in their mistress's eye, yet larger and capable of being rendered more habitable. Hortense hopes, by a judicious moving of the furniture and some small additions, Philip may be made comfortable, and that he will not miss old Aytoun after a little while. And Mr. Lancaster is surprised to find she is satisfied and ready to come to terms with the woman for immediate possession.

"We shall do very well," she assures Mr. Lancaster cheerfully. "Some bright chintz and a few pretty chromos will make a wonderful difference in the appearance of things: you will not know

this room when you come to see Philip, and he will not miss Aytoun very long," she adds, with a sad fall in her voice.

After this Hortense is in haste to get her sitting over. There is nothing to do at Aytoun but to burn old papers and pack the clothing. Some of her jewelry she will sell to buy the chintz and chromos: the rest she will keep until she needs money more than she does just now.

Those letters Grace once drove to Aytoun for, and after all left behind her, Hortense finds thrown carelessly in one of the pigeonholes of Philip's desk, and she sends them back to Grace without a line or message. Philip has no need of such an earnest of a past love, as he once said he would keep them for; and to Hortense they are very valueless.

And so, walking out of the old home flooded with the winter sunshine, with everything around her just as she has seen it all her life, very much as if she were going only to return in a few hours, Hortense is forced to leave Aytoun.

The pictures are on the walls where the Dunbars have always had the right to be. The silver glitters on the old oak sideboard. Even the silver tankard stands in its place on the hall table, where in days of ague and miasma it had always been kept full of our grandfathers' specific against such disorders—mint-julep, which, if not as efficacious as quinine, was at least more palatable. But now its lid is closed, and it is to be for ever empty of its legitimate contents.

The old dog on the door-mat looks up as Hortense goes out. But he does not offer to follow the carriage, for in his experience Hortense has always come back, and he is too stiff for a needless run.

Philip does not like to be moved. He would rather be left where he is, and Hortense's full attention has to be given to soothe and coax him into believing he is pleased with the drive. And so she never heeds when she passes out of the iron gate of Aytoun—to her as much closed as Eden was to our common mother. But no angel guards this gate; only, Gerald Alston owns it.

There is one familiar face to welcome Hortense to the tenement-house near Blidale Mill, one familiar voice to speak to her; for the younger of the servants has asked to follow her mistress into her new home, and Hortense has gladly taken her.

There is some comfort, too, in seeing that Philip is contented with her arrangements, and that he does not seem to miss Aytoun. At times the shrill whistle of Blidale Mill will call out a fretful complaint, but it does not bring with it any association with Grace Robson.

Only a feeble ray of sunshine ever struggles into the windows of Philip's room. It does its best to contend with the dismal back-buildings and chimneys which would fain shut it out altogether, and it manages to do double duty in lighting up the pale pink lining of the chintz curtains and the cheerful pictures hanging around. Philip is as fond of the sunbeam as any child could be, and watches it with delight as it dances now on Hortense's hair, warming it into a golden brown, and then on his own thin, pale hands.

Hortense is as blithe as a bird may be in its new nest, sings to Philip and talks gayly to him, brings out the backgammon-board, and has no end of expedients to while away the time for him. Yet with all her strivings there is a sad look in her eyes which tells of a constant effort, and which those who know her best never remember to have seen there in the days which are past.

In a little week Philip seems to have forgotten there was ever any other life save the one he now lives in the back room of the tenement-house near Blidale Mill. Whether Hortense dwells on other days no one can tell. She has no one to talk to about them but Philip, and he has lost everything save a dim memory of Aytoun.

At night there is not a sound to break the stillness of the street Philip Dunbar and Hortense have found their new home in, except the passing step now and then of some belated tippler coming from the neighboring tavern. All the population around them is too weary with the hard

day's work not to be thankful for the boon of sleep.

But in the street whose back-buildings shut off from them the sunshine and the fresh air which should be theirs, there is the rolling of carriage-wheels and the sound of soft stringed music. The bright light from one of the houses has caused many of the passers-by to halt and to ask what is going on.

It is a wedding, they say, which has made more stir than has been known in Bridgeford since the panic in the cotton-mills many years ago. For not only is Grace Robson, the bride, an heiress who has broken many hearts in Bridgeford, but Gerald Alston, the bridegroom, has just risen from a bed most thought his deathbed, and the curiosity has not died out yet as to the person who shot him, and why the act was done.

Yes, Grace Robson has married Gerald Alston to-night, and she looks pretty in her orange blossoms and diamonds, her glistening silk and soft laces. Very lovely and a fitting mistress for Aytoun, most persons think. All, indeed, except Mr. Lancaster and a few old-fashioned ones, who contend that Hortense's reign there was perfect.

That Gerald Alston bought up the mortgage on Aytoun everybody knows, as well as that he got the property very cheap. He is a lucky fellow, to step into such a house all furnished, with even the silver on the sideboard and the saucepans in the kitchen. Certainly he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and he is not one to care much if it chances to have a Dunbar cipher upon its handle.

So Grace Robson's ambition is satisfied. Whether she will ever miss the handsome eyes which so often held her captive, sometimes against her will; whether she will ever blush as she has to explain that the courtly gentlemen and beautiful women hanging on her walls are not hers by blood or marriage, only by purchase; whether she will ever feel that Aytoun has lost all its old reputation, and will soon be only the handsome residence of the owner of Blidale Mill,—we cannot say. But she

will be wise enough not to complain, and no one need know whether she has paid dear for her gratification or not.

And Bryan Bonham, is he too dancing at Grace Robson's wedding? No: Bryan is not a guest here. He is keeping a somewhat sorrowful watch by the bed of his grandfather to-night. Not such an all-engrossing one, though, that he can't give some bitter thoughts to Hortense. He knows she has left Aytoun. But she has made her choice—his name and home, or Philip's—and, having chosen, she must abide by it.

Bryan thinks he could have forgiven most things, but it was not in his nature to stand being put last where he should be first. It is not in the nature of most of Adam's sons.

Hortense's just duty, he argues, was to him, and as she failed even to love him better than her brother, he would keep his vow and crowd her out of his heart—that heart which for two years was hers only.

If Bryan finds other women a little wearying, and in time love-making insipid and a mere waste of words, the fault must be in himself. Let him fight his battle, but whether conqueror or conquered, it would be better to essay his armor before he makes boast of it.

CHAPTER XII.

Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day.

MORE than a year has passed, and Grace Alston is queening it at Aytoun a little more royally than she did as Grace Robson at Bridgeford. Gerald is the important moneyed man of the county, for Blidale Mill has coined money lately under his judicious management. Any one could tell he was a good man of business, since he bought Aytoun for such a song, and it is worth more than it ever was, now that Bridgeford is growing out to its very gate.

Hortense lives on the life she has chosen with Philip, in the small tenement-house near Blidale Mill—with Philip, a man in stature, but needing the same care as a child.

Bryan Bonham has come back to Bridgeford to settle some affairs before he leaves the town altogether and takes possession of the new home he has inherited by his grandfather's death.

Bridgeford has made rapid strides in improvement in the past year. Gerald Alston has given business such an impetus by his fortunate speculations that mill upon mill has been built in the town, until the din of machinery has drowned all other sounds.

Even the pretty river, the young people used to be fond of forming pleasure-parties to visit, has lost all its picturesque-ness, and its waters, forced from their bed where they used to leap gayly over the rocks, flow now with smooth swiftness into the narrow races, and at last do good service in turning the heavy mill-wheels.

Bryan has been some weeks in Bridgeford, and he has never sought out Hortense, nor even tried to hear of her, though it is more than a year since he parted from her on that early winter's morning. His wrath is in no way appeased, and he flatters himself that the past is as nothing to him, and that he could pass Hortense in the street and never feel a flutter of the pulse at the sight of her.

Perhaps he is right, and the old love can die out easily, or else Heaven help many of the men and women in the world! Few win and keep the first fresh love, and so it is to be hoped that but few hearts are true to it longer than the birds are to their mates.

Gerald Alston has met Bryan more than once in Bridgeford, and has pressed him to come to Aytoun; and Grace has shown by a somewhat stiff little bow from her fine carriage that she is offended at his neglect. For, as I said, she is queening it at old Aytoun, and she expects due homage from all her acquaintance. So, in spite of a pressure of business he would fain plead as an excuse, and a shrinking he has from going to Hortense's old home, he determines to do his duty and call.

Perhaps if Grace still lived in Bridgeford he would not consider himself in

duty bound to go and see her, and he would only have been amused at her pretty airs. But as she lives at Aytoun, and as he does not intend that it shall have any hold on his heart, or even on his memory, he is determined to make a martyr of himself, to prove by an odd contradiction that there is no pain in store for him in the visit.

Old Aytoun is looking very lovely in the bright June sunshine as Bryan opens the heavy gate and walks up the familiar avenue of oaks. Gerald has made some improvements in the grounds, but they are not in very good taste, and Nature would have done much better if left to her own graceful devices, instead of being shorn and trained by a landscape-gardener.

Bryan marks every change, even misses the trees the wind blew down a year ago last winter. And as he does not miss Hortense also as he stands at the door waiting to be let in to the house once so familiar to him, he thinks the old love is dead, and he can without a shudder step over its grave.

Grace welcomes him as a friend she is glad to see, even though he has been culpable in his neglect of her. And she soon proposes to take him to Gerald's sanctum, rather than to send for the busy man to come to her drawing-room, which he seldom visits.

It is the old smoking-room into which Grace ushers Bryan, where the latter has had many a cigar, as well as gay talk over some hunting-party Philip was always ready to head. Yet, if it were not for the locality of the room, Bryan could never guess he was in it. Ledgers have crowded out the sporting-books which used to lie about, and the guns and whips and spurs and pipes which once made a litter Hortense used to laugh at, but would never put to rights on account of these same guns, were all gone now—put into the garret, perhaps; for Gerald Alston is much too busy to care for the sports he liked well enough when he was struggling to climb the ladder which now he is ready to throw down, having stepped from the highest rung.

Bryan sees a picture of Mount Vernon

hanging over the mantel, where Philip's favorite race-horse used to be, and an oiled walnut hat-rack with Gerald's cipher in white beads on a crimson ground—Grace's work, no doubt—has taken the place of the huge deer-antlers which were wont to hang between the windows. There is nothing here to recall the past life at Aytoun, though much to tell of the rich, prosperous business-man of Bridgeford.

Gerald is busy writing, but puts down his pen when Grace brings Bryan in. He always gives the morning to his business correspondence, when he does not go into Bridgeford; but he can afford to put aside his letters and entertain an old acquaintance for a half hour. At first, the conversation is general enough, and Grace bears her part in it, but soon it drops into the improvements at Bridgeford, and labor-saving machinery, and the price of cotton, and the heavy taxes, and Grace keeps silent, not seeming to mind it, but as if used to being thrust out of the conversation.

Bryan feels no more interest in Gerald's topics than Grace seems to do. He thinks the vaunted improvements at Bridgeford rather questionable, but then he has no interest in any of its mills. So, whilst Gerald discourses without interruption, Bryan looks at the picture of Mount Vernon, at the white-bead cipher in the useless-looking hat-rack, and then glances at Grace herself, and thinks she has grown prettier since her marriage; which he rather wonders at, if she is used to such prosing as Gerald is favoring them with just now.

But Grace does not hold his glance, any more than Gerald does his attention; and Bryan's eyes rove round for something to rest on, until he is fascinated by a picture hanging on the wall—the sole remnant left of all Philip's old possessions. It is a picture of a fresh young face with brown eyes and hair—a face which has not changed since he last saw it, but which still looks saucily and smilingly at him, though he has said he never cared to set eyes on it again.

Bryan is not thinking of the price of cotton as Gerald talks on: he is wonder-

ing if Hortense looks now as she did when this picture was so wonderfully like her. Grace must be witch enough to read his thoughts, though perhaps she has only seen what he is looking at, for she says, "Have you seen Hortense since your return? She has sadly changed. No doubt she has a hard life of it, nursing her brother. They say he is little better than an idiot."

"I can't bear that face," Gerald says, glancing up at the saucy beauty smiling on him, which must be a little exasperating to him, seeing he ought never to have had it in his possession. "It always looks as if it were laughing at me."

"How did you ever get it?" Bryan asks wonderingly, knowing how much Philip used to prize the picture.

"It was in the house with the other things. I bought in everything as it stood. Of course a good deal of rubbish fell to my lot."

Bryan flushes angrily. He forgets how often he has said Hortense is nothing to him now. To see her picture hanging in Gerald Alston's room, and to hear it designated as rubbish—this his old love with her bonny face, smiling down on him just as she used to look when he came to Aytoun something more than a year ago—rouses his wrath.

She does not smile on him now, he thinks bitterly, any more than on Gerald Alston, whom she always disliked, or on Grace, whom she had a right to frown on as one who played false to Philip.

"Why do you keep the picture if you do not like it?" Bryan asks.

"Because I found it here, and I don't care for a blank wall to gaze at. When I can find something I like to fill its place, I will send my haughty lady to the garret," is Gerald's answer.

"Let me fill its place," Bryan says before he takes much thought. "I will exchange an Eastlake for it." He sees the look and smile which the husband and wife interchange, and adds: "Philip Dunbar may like to have the picture. He always thought it a good likeness, and certainly he ought to have it."

So it is a bargain, for Gerald is glad

to part with the sunny face which always seems to mock him, and a genuine East-lake is not so easily met with. But old Mr. Bonham, Bryan's grandfather, was a picture-fancier, and when in Europe had spent much time over his collection; and there is not much fear of not getting a genuine painting if Bryan sends it.

Hortense's face smiling on him as she used to do has set Bryan thinking of the past. For the first time he wishes he had taken the hand she held out to him when they parted on the road, and that his parting bow had been less cold. Heretofore he has been a little proud of his demeanor on that occasion, but sitting in Philip's old room and bargaining for Hortense's picture, he feels a flush of shame, and wishes he had left himself a shadow of an excuse to go and see Philip, now that he is under the iron heel of misfortune.

Bryan is in haste to leave Aytoun. He will not stay to dinner, though Gerald presses him, and he excuses himself from going over Grace's hot-houses, which she is so fond of showing. The house stifles him, and he is anxious for the fresh air. But once more in the road, he does not turn toward Bridgeford, but strikes across the fields into a footpath. There is no sign of the white rime which covered the fields the last time he walked by the path. Instead are violets as blue as the sky above, and the golden disks of the dandelions.

Why was Hortense in such haste to get rid of his love on that winter's day?—in such haste that she could hint at a crime, rather than not part from him. Where was she, that he had never heard her name mentioned until to-day? How came it that she had died out of the knowledge of every one, though he knew she still lived in Bridgeford? It was strange that they had never chanced to meet. Was he glad that they had not?

If it was Philip, as he believed, who had separated them, and the coarse words Grace had used of her former lover were true, ought he not to forgive Hortense? Had she not a life to lead that, bitterly as he felt toward her, he

must pity? He had a great desire to see for himself whether that face had changed as much as Grace Alston said it had. Could the old love have done the work? Was it through a weary looking-back on what she had let slip from her?

His own love had been dead a year, he said—killed that winter's morning when he last walked through these fields. Dead! and yet there was a pale ghost he could not lay offering him her hand, standing just there on the roadside. It was strange how this act of hers, which he once thought merited disdain, should haunt him to-day, and how he longed for a different parting, for then he would not hesitate, but could take Philip this picture, which he knew Philip would be glad to have again.

Where are not Bryan's thoughts wandering through the past as he walks on? He has lost all control of them, and they leap wildly back from day to day, from week to week, from year to year. Only a little walk he would take over the fields this June morning, and he has ended at the cliffs which look down on the rapids; or rather where the rapids once were, for the rocks are bare and silent now, only a little water trickles over them, and Bryan, if he chose, could cross to the opposite bank dryshod, jumping from rock to rock.

Standing here on the cliff, and glancing down on what had once been the bed of the river, Bryan remembers how he had seen Hortense tottering on the edge of this very rock he is standing on, and how he had held his breath in fear until he bethought himself to try and save her; and of the relief he felt when he reached her and held her fast. If she had died then, if she had been crushed before his eyes, it would not have been half so bitter to him as to have lost her as he had.

Standing where Hortense did that day, Bryan looks over the cliff, wondering what she could have seen in the river to make her so careless of her life. Not what he is looking at now, for what was then a small whirlpool foaming and fretting between the rocks, is now only a

cleft between two rocks, and all the mysteries which used, to awe the Bridgeford boys are revealed to Bryan.

This empty pool surprises him, and he descends to the river-bank to examine it. But peering into it, he forgets the mystery of the raging waters in his anxiety to see a greater one lying in its depths—lying lodged tightly between two rocks. Bryan climbs down into the hole, slippery with green slime and moss—climbs down to pick up a somewhat odd thing to find in the bottom of such a pool, though it is only a pistol, very rusty, as if it had been a long time in the water. Rusty and very harmless now, no matter how many lives it has once ruined.

Useless as the pistol is, Bryan examines it curiously; finds it is still loaded, though the hammer is immovable from rust; sees, too, there is a silver plate with a name on it, rusted also almost past deciphering. And yet by close scanning he manages to read the name of Philip Dunbar.

Even then, with the pistol in his hand, the truth does not flash on Bryan. It must come to him by a slower process, and yet there is a sort of fascination about the pistol he cannot understand—a desire to find out how Philip could have dropped it into the pool.

Bryan clambers again to the top of the cliff, and stands where Hortense did and looks over. Then he throws a stone over, but it goes crashing down the side of the cliff and into the bed of the river at its foot. He leans over as far as he dares, and drops another stone into the hole where the whirlpool once boiled and fretted, and where he had just found the pistol.

Why should Hortense throw the pistol into the pool? he questions anxiously, as if that answered he might at last grasp the mystery of her early walk, as well as of what she had said to him in the fields.

Hortense with her nervous fear of any kind of firearms—why had she carried this pistol so far to hide it from all human sight?

Bryan has no doubt now that Hor-

tense threw the pistol where he has just found it, and he tries to think what day it was he saw her standing where he now stands. His sitting up with Gerald Alston the night before will help him if he needs any help to recall the day and month he lost all claim to Hortense. Gerald Alston wounded almost to death near the gate of Aytoun—is this a clew to help him out of this maze? Gerald Alston, the owner of Aytoun now, the husband of Philip's old love—had Philip foreseen this end, and did he seek to frustrate it, even by blood.

Had not Hortense said that day, "A sin concealed was not the less black," and that "she would not hurt his name by marrying him"? And he had deemed her mad for a moment! Mad, poor love! in her endeavor to hide a brother's guilt! And Bryan groans aloud in this his certainty. If they were to be separated, if she would fain have it so for his sole good, why should he with his bitter, cruel words have made it the harder for her?

Bryan puts the pistol into his pocket and turns with hasty steps to walk to Bridgeford. He is going to find Hortense. Perhaps the heart which could so love a brother in his sin, and never flinch from him, could also forgive Bryan's hard, harsh words, his unkind doubt of her. At least he can but try. And the old love has not died out of his heart, as he thought it had, for he is in hot haste to hear Hortense's voice, and to tell her he has wronged her.

Though Philip and Hortense Dunbar have lived all their lives within a mile of Bridgeford, and were as well known there as Grace Alston is now, yet they have died out of the memory of most people, and Bryan cannot find them as easily as he thought he could.

Some one tells him they live near Bliedale Mill; and, hoping that the direction is right, he sets out in his search. There is nothing in any of the houses in the long, dull row which hints to him of Hortense. Hortense, fastidious and dainty to a fault in the past days, could never find a home in these poor houses, all looking alike, except that

here and there one is a little tidier than its neighbor, yet nothing better than any operative of Blidale might claim.

Failing to find Hortense here, Bryan turns to walk past the block of houses again which he has been scanning hopelessly for a hint of Hortense. He had much better have gone to Mr. Lancaster's at first for certain information. He wonders he did not think of this old friend and business-man of the family.

At the corner Bryan pauses and looks along the long row of houses again, as if loth to leave, even though he believes his information is at fault—pauses and sees a woman's figure dressed in black standing on one of the doorsteps. Catching sight of her, he turns quickly and walks down the street again toward where she stands. But her face is turned from him, and before he reaches her the door opens for her, and she goes in without seeing him.

A moment after and Bryan's hand is on the lock. He opens the door hastily, as if afraid of losing her, and finds himself face to face with Hortense. The entry is too small and dark for him to see her when he shuts the door behind him, and Hortense might have been startled at his unceremonious entrance if she had not recognized his eager, anxious face as he came in.

So she leads the way into the little parlor, where stand ranged against the wall the stiff, ungainly chairs and the torturing sofa opposite the grim, ugly stove. Even the family photographs hang by their red cords upon the wall. Nothing has been touched since Mr. Lancaster first brought Hortense here and she decided to take the house.

Hortense spends her days in Philip's room, and very rarely comes into this one. But Bryan knows nothing of this, and, coming as he does from Aytoun, he feels the difference keenly. But he soon forgets her poor surroundings when he looks at her face. Why had Grace Alston told him he would find her changed?

Hortense does not hold out her hand to tell him he is welcome. Perhaps she has not forgotten their parting, and that he

then refused to touch it. But Bryan is thinking little of mere courtesies just now, and he says at once, with some reproach in his voice, "Hortense, why did you not trust me that bitter day we parted? Was it because I was not worthy of it?"

"What should I have trusted you with?" she asks uneasily.

"With Philip's secret. I have been to the rapids to-day, dreaming of you—you whom I thought dead to me. Everything is changed there, as I find it is everywhere else: even the whirlpool is dried up—"

Bryan stops here, and Hortense looks at him for a moment anxiously, and then drops her eyes, as if she knew the uneasy light that is in them. But she does not speak, and he goes on to say: "In the crevice of a rock in the whirlpool I have found Philip's pistol."

She glances at the pistol with a half-frightened glance. But she conquers the feeling, and says quietly, "Philip is past all hurting now by my silence or my words. You will find him changed since you last saw him."

"And yet, for all the change, I can find it in my heart to envy him, as he has you."

"It is his sole comfort, as it is all he has left to him."

But Bryan will not take the evident meaning of her words, and asks, "Have I wronged you past all forgiveness, Hortense?"

"No," she answers. "You could not help your mistrust of me. Our parting was my fault, or rather it was my necessity. It was a heavy secret for a girl to keep. There seemed no help for me save in your mistrusting me, and I was forced to bear it as best I could."

"I should have had more faith in you, and have taken your word that you were in the right until you chose to speak more plainly. It is easy enough to see it now that I have it all so plainly before me," Bryan says penitently.

"It was too great a tax on most men's trust. I have never blamed you, so you should not blame yourself."

"You do not blame me, but you have ceased to love me, Hortense?"

She smiles, a little, just a little, wearily, and does not answer his question, but asks, "Will you come and see Philip?"

"Not yet. Do not torture me, Hortense, but tell me—is there no hope for me?"

"Philip must be my answer. When you see him you will know I cannot leave him."

"And I will never ask you to do so. Let Philip come also: this is no place for him or for you. I have a home for both of you."

"You do not know, Bryan, how very sad it is," she says with a little tremor in her voice. "You cannot think how changed Philip is. It is not with him as it is with most who are stricken down. I seldom leave him night or day."

"But it cannot be necessary," Bryan interposes quickly. "It must be a living death to you."

"The dead are happy, and they do not care to live the common life of flesh and blood," she replies.

But he will not let her off so easily, and urges: "Hortense, I will promise that Philip shall have all your thoughts and time—I only the mere surplus any of your acquaintances could have. Only do not let us separate again."

She does not say, "Love me as in the old time, but leave me here to Philip." She knows he would never be content to see her daily and never press her coming to him. Indeed, she is not sure it would be kind to him, to hold him by a bond which would be sure to weary him from its very hopelessness. And she must form no tie which will weaken Philip's claim on her. Hortense sees with a woman's quick instinct where these two loves would clash—that neither Bryan nor Philip would be satisfied with her best endeavors. And feeling this, she says, "There are some who, finding two duties, cannot tell which of them to choose. God keep them from erring in their choice! Mine is an easier lot, because the path before me is plain. You will not blame me if I never stumble at a doubt, and stay with Philip?"

"It is my own fault," Bryan says bit-

terly. "If I had not let you go that day I met you at the rapids, you would have no choice now, for I would have had the stronger claim on you, and I would hold you by it. Was it kind of you to let me wreck my future so utterly and never give me a warning?"

She answers nothing to excuse herself. It is very bitter to her to know her hand has had to push him from her. The weariest trial on earth is where two loves draw in different ways, and our commonest acts become a question of right and wrong to one or other. Hortense knows this, and would fain avoid it—not for herself, but for Bryan and Philip.

"Let us go to Philip," she urges again, as if in his room she would find sanctuary.

But Bryan stands before the door and faces her, leaning against it. "Hortense," he says deprecatingly, "you cannot expect me to give you up now. When I thought you false and fickle I could strive to do so, though Heaven knows I made but small headway with all my efforts! It was hard to live the common life when I thought I had a certainty to help me, but now you might as well ask me to give up the air we breathe, and yet live on."

She does not answer him. He can plainly read, if he will, the mute appeal in her eyes. Why will he not take the inevitable in silence, and not torture her? But he will fight for her to the bitter end, or perhaps he misreads her silence, for he says quickly, "You cannot doom me to such a life. I need you as much as Philip."

If he had been her enemy she might have taunted him by reminding him how little mercy he had shown her not much more than a year ago. But as he is her lover, and her heart has never swerved from him while knowing he misjudged her, she has the double pain of gainsaying him and of seeming cold.

"I do not doom you, Bryan, but a fate so sad that if I did not pray daily to a common Father I should think myself uncared for and fatherless. And yet it may be a merciful hand which keeps me from you. For see, Bryan, though Phil-

ip did not do the actual deed I tried to hide the only witness to, it was only God's mercy that kept him from it. Out of the heart comes all sin: it does not lie in the action only. That God can and will forgive it I believe firmly, and I go daily to church and say, by way of comfort, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sin,' knowing how Christ bought the gift for us. But the taint sin brings is on Philip still, and on me as his sister. In the olden days there were cities of refuge where the guilty fled who did not come under the full penalty of the law, and they led lives separate from the rest of their kind. I suppose the innocent lived there apart from the old life. The mother and sister must have followed the banished one, and the child and toddling infant must have played in the streets, unconscious that they lived a life different from the rest of the world."

"But those were in the old, hard Israelitish days," Bryan says. "In these we do not banish from us all who sin as Philip has done. You are too morbid by far, Hortense."

"Philip is banished out of the reach of every one but me—you cannot tell how utterly until you see him."

"Then let me share it with both of you. I will never mind it, nor prove a coward to anything but the fear of losing you," Bryan pleads.

"It would be worse to you than losing me," she says, "for then you would be forced to go back into the old life, but this would irk and crush you. I can never let you do it."

She is looking at him through a mist of tears. Perhaps even now Bryan does not despair of winning her, when a sharp, querulous voice calls, "Hortense!"

She does not move, but only says, "Philip is calling me."

"Let him call for once," Bryan replies quickly. "Just now hear me only. Philip cannot need you as I do, cannot love you as I have done. He never hesitated between Grace Robson and you—never feared to crush you with his sin. He must bear the consequences, and let me have you. Not that I would part you—that I will never do," he adds hastily,

seeing a look coming into her eyes which makes him uneasy and fearful whether it had not been better not to have mentioned Philip's name at all.

"I never minded being set aside by Philip for another, as it was but natural I should be in time," Hortense answers. "And I was never crushed; except on the day I met you at the rapids. I know you do not now mean to separate me from Philip, but you could not help it in time if your claim upon me were the stronger of the two. I must never place myself in any position where Philip has not the first right to me."

Again comes the call for "Hortense!"—a discontented, weary cry, such as a sick child might give for his mother. And Hortense, hearing it, moves toward the door, never seeming to see that Bryan bars her way. He steps aside to let her pass, knowing he has no right to hold her back.

"Will you not come?" she asks; and Bryan follows her into a larger and more cheerful room, where all the comforts and luxuries of the house seem gathered. But he does not notice this just now, for he only sees Hortense bending over a couch, and he is struck with the wonderful likeness between Philip and his sister—a likeness Bryan resents as an injustice to Hortense.

"It is Bryan, Philip," she is saying—"Bryan Bonham. Are you not glad to see him?"

"Is it he who kept you so long?" Philip asks fretfully. "Give Bryan a chair, Hortense. Why do you keep him standing?"

There is a mixture of the old Dunbar courtesy to guests and of childishness which strikes Bryan painfully. But Hortense does not appear to heed it. She has been constantly in this room for more than a year now, and this is Bryan's first visit.

There comes a hope to Bryan, as he watches Hortense, that if he can win Philip to his side, in that way he may gain Hortense. So he says, "I came to see if you are not weary of living here, and if a change to the country would not do you good. I have a pleasant

home I could take you to—a home like—like—”

“Aytoun,” Hortense puts in, taking up his words. “You remember Aytoun, Philip?”

“Of course I remember Aytoun—where the Dunbars have always lived. Does Bryan live there?”

“No,” Bryan answers; “only my home is somewhat like it. Would you not like to try what change can do, and come to see me?”

“No,” Philip says. “There is something wrong at Aytoun. We are better here than there. I might lose Hortense if I left, and I’ll not risk that. Do you think she will have to leave me?” he asks uneasily, turning to Bryan. “It would be hard on both of us, for there are only the two of us now.”

Hortense kneels beside Philip and rests her head on his shoulder, and his hand moves softly over her hair, as he says, with something of the wail of a child, to Bryan, “You will not separate us? you will not take Hortense from me? There are only the two of us left: you will not take her?”

What can Bryan say? He sees he might as well bid Hortense leave a child alone on the roadside as leave Philip. And he feels he could never watch her living this life with any patience. She in her youth to be so chained! He does not quite take in the love which makes her bonds endurable.

After that there is not much conversation. Hortense tries to bring back to Philip some remembrance of Bryan and of the past, and Bryan watches and listens, and wonders at her patience, as men often wonder at the patience women show to the whims and caprices of a sick child. He even thinks angrily of her having chosen this life, rather than the one his love would fain make for her.

There is no use in lingering, and Bryan rises to go. Hortense holds out her

hand in mute farewell, standing at Philip’s side. Philip looks so pale and wan Bryan cannot help thinking he may not always claim Hortense’s care, and that in time she may need a stronger hand to sustain her.

Let him take the thought with him if it lightens his present load. Philip’s life is not such that even Hortense would pray for it to be prolonged, though she will do her best to help him bear it. But death seldom comes soon when the body has wrecked the mind. The future is shut to both of them: let them take the present patiently.

For Hortense there is no fear. She will bear her lot bravely and cheerfully, whatever it may chance to be, for in the path of duty there is never a lack of help.

If Bryan should at any time lose the hope he has taken just now to heart, and, growing weary of a long waiting and his dull, lonely life, should take a wife by way of mending it, she will find amongst his treasures two things which will tax her curiosity and astuteness sadly.

One is a pistol, tarnished and rusted, and certainly useless, with a silver plate and a name on it—Philip Dunbar. No one she knows or will ever chance to know.

The other treasure he guards carefully is the picture of a young girl—a wonderfully beautiful face, with sweet brown eyes, and a mouth which seems made for smiling. If, like Cinderella’s prince, who went from house to house to find a match for the glass slipper, she too would find a counterpart of that pictured face, she will be sure to fail, though she journeys the world over. She may discover one pair of sad eyes which are of the same color, but neither eyes nor mouth wearing the same gay smile; and Bryan will never tell her what it was that killed the mirth out of them.

PRIVATE ART-COLLECTIONS OF PHILADELPHIA.

III.—MR. SAMUEL B. FALES'S COLLECTION.

I WISH I could put into words the quaint charm of this collection. The rooms themselves are rather dim, yet so tintured everywhere with art that their influence passes into the brain with a kind of incantation, far more penetrating than all that can be said of them. The rarities with which they are replete, in their hushed and tenderly-lighted multitude, are a volume full of matter for those who understand and for those who remember. Generally, the precincts are hushed and solitary. Now and then there leaves them some one of the brotherhood of collectors, yellow with the most barren of the passions, and capable of stealing the little Couture or the little Meissonier that would go into a pocket-book. Now it is an artist who enters, and slips into the farthest corner for his lesson from some obscure masterpiece. Now it is Church the landscape-painter taking a furtive note in his traveling-hat, and pronouncing the collection "the most instructive he has ever seen." Now it is a committee-man, bland and official, soliciting some of the blackest of the pictures for a loan exhibition. He receives a courteous and utter refusal, served with coals of fire in the form of hearty invitations to come often, with all his friends, and see the treasures on the walls which they never leave. When company is gone the antiquary himself curls his white moustache in front of this canvas or that, slowly growing brown as he is growing gray, and eloquent for him with an expressiveness that the cleverest amateur visitor cannot understand.

The Fales pictures represent the advance of a refined and sensitive taste, beginning with acquisitions of a conventional or traditional order, gradually improving upon itself, and at the same time becoming more imperative and exacting, demanding all the time larger quantity and freer space, climbing, broadening and sharpening like a wave. What is

peculiar is, that the group remains adjusted to the æsthetic epoch of some ten years back. The wave mounts to a certain height, and there hangs fixed. The choice betrays about the best taste of 1860, when some Düsseldorf and English collections were being shown around the country. Since that period no weeding, no re-hanging. The rebellion broke out, the virtuoso left his many-colored dreams, seized the opportunity by the first handle of usefulness that presented, and put his whole energy into the task of giving away banquets of sound bread-and-butter and legitimate coffee to the coming and going troops. The eye that was nice for lines of beauty became keen for the quality of eleemosynary cheeses and hams. The shame of being deceived in a Vandyck yielded to the shame of letting a single brave fellow, of all the entering and dispersing regiments that made thoroughfare of Philadelphia, go away unrefreshed. As for the pictures, they still remain at the precise point whither they had gathered when this open-air reality supervened. They hang as quiet as the flags in the armories, somewhat dusty, somewhat shadowy, somewhat tarnished; and they too remember the war.

There are about one hundred and ninety oil paintings and seventy water-colors, arranged, in despair of adequate space, "in a concatenation accordingly." They dispute each other's place in the rooms, slip into the entries, clamber up the stairs and fill the upper chambers, large and small pictures battling for access to the light, and all thronged with a ponderous variety of bric-à-brac. The secretion of the true virtuoso has this in it of sacred—that it is amenable to no rule, will endure no questions, and goes on assimilating its Dresden china, or bronzes, or carved furniture, or ivory, or inexplicable books, according to a law which is all its own and a mere stupefaction

to the profane. Suppose a man, for instance (and I have heard of such men), spends his soul's best labor in the accumulation of many scores of pantaloons. It may be done because he is a metaphysician, and is transcendently urged to handle and put in evidence the Unmentionable and the Inexpressible. Or he may be of Scotch descent, and by some occult law of race bound to fulfill on his own person, and to satiate, the Platonic heart-seeking of a countless line of Highland ancestors for that to them undivulged, unborn, unembodied Indispensable. Which is the better solution? And the best of it is, there is no answer. Again, to come to our present connoisseur, why are these sheaves of carved walking-sticks accumulated in the rooms? In the ordinary mind, the only association between the two orders of things is one of stern and peremptory prohibition. "*Canes and umbrellas forbidden in the galleries.*" Who has not seen this inhibitory warning in collections of art? The canvas and the ferule are usually the two poles asunder. Yet here, amid these delicate paintings, among many other kinds of curiosities, are walking-sticks in fagots, in fascies, in impenetrable forests, to the number of several hundred at least—menacingly pointing at yonder rare copy done on glass—stacked in a carved bamboo drum in front of this rich mass of incandescent oils by Diaz—violent in incongruity and calm in possession. I attempt no theory, and pass on to a review of the works of art.

Carefully taken down by the proprietor, and fondly tilted back and forth to catch the best light, see this little work of enchantment by Couture. Coutures are so shy and rare, even in their native country, that every one which we shelter on our own distant shores ought to be carefully inventoried. Let the color-artist come forward and see from this sketch how a great work should be felt for. Couture, in his "*Décadence*," set the fashion of composing in a key of dominant Veronese gray, accented with knots of vivid color, enriching with local flakes of splendor his great plans, as

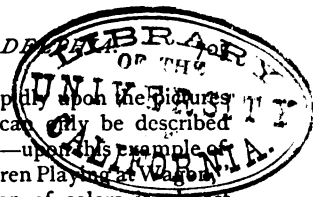
cool as crayon drawings: it is by this insulation that he gives preciousness to comparatively modest tints. As the other examples of him held in America are mostly single figures, this group of three persons has much to tell about his notions of composition. It is a shipwrecked man and some women who have found him. By a daring invention the pose of the drowned victim expresses the movement of the wave which has delivered him to land. He has plunged head-foremost toward the spectator, and lies prone on his breast, revealing in all his lines the sudden laxity to which his muscles had yielded before the setting in of the *rigor*. His dark wet head is driven in upon his bosom, and his naked back arched like a combing breaker, his arms being knotted in front: the hue of his body is jewel-like, with an effect like that of Tintoretto's "Slave," in a scene where all is cold and drenched. The rounded force of his shoulders and sinewy *nuque*, all bunched together, and embossed upon the canvas with the most forcible modeling, gives an energy to his motionless figure beyond the wildest gestures of the women who bend over him. There are two, in attitudes of terror and appeal: one, overcome, hangs her head and willowy neck over the corpse; it is the pensive action familiar in many of Couture's women—the action of the foremost female head in his early picture of the "Love of Gold." The other, in despair, throws herself back as she kneels, gesticulating wildly to the heavens, in whose dark canopy is seen one solitary and distant gleam. The study seems worthy of the artist's best care in developing it for a larger picture, but I am not able to say whether he ever so employed his sketch. As it stands it is a valuable record, in color, arrangement and sentiment, of a motive that might have expanded into rivalry of everything that is superb in Géricault's "*Méduse*."

It is not in disrespect, but in the effort to learn something useful, that I would set this gigantic little work in contrast with a similarly sketchy and very attractive morsel of painting by the Scotch

artist Thomas Faed, called "Lift me Up." It is really a remarkably clever vignette, imposing on the eye with the fresh glitter of many broken tints. A woman sits in a flashing landscape, her year-old child trying to clamber into her lap. Here are all the resources of Nature carelessly summoned to give importance to a coolly-felt piece of *chic*. A thunder-storm must be concentrated into a black lump to contrast a white cap, and a person with a city face and air must be planted improbably in the green downs to give effect to the little monkey's red jacket. I respect all the ability, but I recognize the chromatic sputter whose want of purpose made the imaginative Ruskin weary, when he said of Faed's "Mitherless Bairn" (from which, by the way, Mr. Fales has the artist's capital pencil-sketch for the figure of the cotter's son) that the work showed "throughout the most commonplace Wilkieism—white spots everywhere." We are most of us learners at the knees of these successful foreign painters for some preponderant quality that they have, but let us not select, out of Faed, his trick of patchwork. The incident of Couture is itself of the most trite and Wilkie-like nature, but he has known how to build it up into a pyramid of horror that typifies all shipwreck since the world began, while he gives to his stormy background a pervading purpose, and lets his restrained color only reveal itself in carnation at one glowing point. I have often had to complain of the British painters, especially the landscape-painters, because they cheapen the grand storms of their climate into such flat, every-day incidents of umbrella and overcoat: they can hardly paint a storm without assuring you, in some corner of the heavens, that it means nothing and will immediately pass into a shower. Nothing shows a frivolous habit of mind more than this constant reference to the great storehouse of Nature for idle playthings. The water-color school is, it seems to me, quite childish with it. Faed's town-woman has not the least fear for her stiff-starched cap. These islanders notice nothing about rain but that it may be borne with

less inconvenience than foreigners suppose, and that it leaves a glitter behind it. How different seems a summer tempest to the more sensitive temperament of the South, which bows to it in many a mood of sombre thought! For the painter, clouds are Nature's mourning, and when they fall the baptism should be made solemn and unusual, the tempest should generally be treated with reserve, not poured so often out of a teapot upon the pate of some mountain, at which all the rest of the landscape laughs. Every storm is an epitome of the grandest cataclysm, and the painter who meets it with a receptive heart, instead of a kind of gymnastic defiance borrowed from the Alpine Club, may prepare himself for effects as grand as that of Poussin in his "Deluge," where the air is solid with rain, and the wretched boatman, as his keel breaks on the crest of the cataract, turns to pray to the lightning.

We must not regard too gravely, however, certain irresponsible conditions of the British sky—conditions of many moods at once—with broad blue spaces washed by foolish little stormlets, too glad to sulk long and too inconstant to be long content—which deserves, no doubt, to be raised to a type, and to be painted for its very coquetry. Some English artists have a knack at rendering this jade's trickiness by a congeniality of mind. There is a feeling of all-weather-at-once in the large pair of landscapes painted to Mr. Fales's order by Henry Jutsum—one, "First of October in Merrie England," with a plume of magnificent park-oaks in the foreground, and a broad distance; the other, the "Highland Glen," with cloud-shadows racing down the mountain-sides, and incidents of purple heather-patches, the shieling, the byre for the kye, and the rippling burnie. Another wet-looking landscape is by J. W. Oakes, a great authority in glens and pools: this one shows a long plain, cloven by a weedy ditch that leads off into distance—a scene in which the lush prairie seems poured out like water far away to the utmost horizon, and there to melt into the tender sky that is dappled and dim-



pled with its idle vapors. The vegetative result, too, of so much capricious weather, the succulent leafage overfed with drink, is present for those who care; pre-Raphaelite tours-de-force of certain large, healthy Englishmen, whose brains seem full of little leaves, and who perhaps fancy that there is something devotional and Peruginian in painting weeds into foregrounds. Hulme, for example, in "The Day-Dream," shows a carpet of matted ferns, interwoven with all the damp, cool intricacy of the plant; and Hough, a bank of brambles, whose capricious arabesque is pierced with grasses and mosses of a persistent detail that will scarcely be appreciated until men are born with microscopes in their skulls.

Where English landscape is dripping, French landscape is dusty. I enjoy Fontainebleau Forest, and I honor the true-hearted painters who from their cabin-windows at Barbizon dip their pencils into its shadows. A certain dry grittiness seems, however, to pervade Nature when good French interpretations of her are set up beside good English work. Here is Diaz, for example, in an alley of Fontainebleau, with embroideries of leafage a little sapless, a little suggestive of the Persian rug; but what a close privacy of woven softness everywhere around, and how the rings and hoops of percolated light drop down the marble masts of the birch trees! For Diaz as a color-harmonist Mr. Fales can show him at his best expression: Diaz, who cannot draw the figure, loves dearly to weave a nosegay of bright, impossible beings, as an excuse for strange compositions of rainbow garments and soft petal-like cheeks and bosoms. Here are five Turkish children looking at a brilliant bird, but accurately they are not children, nor Turks, nor human: they are little existences of the paint-tube, nursed to enervation out of the creams and lakes of the artist's delicate colors; they are linked together in strange floating fumes of blue and rose and gauzy gray and pellucid green; it is all as soulless as flowers, but, unlike flowers, it is immortal.

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I must pass rapidly upon the pictures whose specialty can only be described in terms of artists—upon the example of Luminais, "Children Playing at Wagon," whose composition of colors is almost as good in its soberer way as the Diaz, while its action and expression are life itself; upon "The First Letters," a naive group of two children by Guillemain; upon the three fine landscapes by Brissot, with their white cumulus clouds, their breathable air, their antlered oak trees, their black and yellow sheep; upon the excellent Hoguet, with shepherds at their fire by the mouth of a seaside cave, from which the pale blue ocean floats off into a filmy distance; upon the more masculine treatment and larger style of Hoguet's master, Isabey, whose resistless breakers are kneaded upon the canvas in such ponderous impasto as they overroll the Norman beach at Étretat; upon the sunny and truly agreeable Laminet, "The Pastor's House," upon the fine, grave Deshayes, with trees and low meadow-scenery; upon the French landscape-gardening style in the view near Compiègne by Richardson, with Parisian figures bowing and flirting like marionettes, and its companion-piece; upon the precious example of Édouard Frère, whose cottage child of Écouen, busily spooning up soup at a kitchen table, is attired in the most captivating little melody of subdued and rusted colors, and relieved against a gray plaster wall that is bathed with all the secret of sunshine. Édouard Frère, like Hamlet's father and many other celebrities, has a brother; in his case it is a brother Théodore, who leans upon him affectionately in the photographs, and who hangs assiduously upon his fame, shining largely by family reflection: he paints sunsets and deserts, and our collection shows one of his flamboyant little pictures, "Sponge-gathering on the Mediterranean," with something aerial in the quality beyond his usual attainment. By Charles Jacques there is a hardly-paralleled example, far better than anything the artist has produced since he began to drug the American market. This specimen, evidently made while he was working

for fame, shows a radiant little corner of poultry-yard, with silvery plaster wall and sky of lapis-lazuli; a turkey, in bronze and parti-colored armor; and hens grouped about a short step-ladder, one of whom, viewed from behind, scratches for corn with a fiction of attending to something else, and with a negligent sidelong extension of leg, that have hardly ever been better caught by artist, unless by George Eliot in some of the splendid animal-painting of her rustic novels. The rich positive glitter of this Jacques is really unsurpassed, its light-and-shade as rudely fine as the best of his etchings, and its color of a beauty he seldom reaches. The poultry of Couturier, however, is nearly as good: two of his compositions are here, the larger an excellent group of speckled hens scattered over a dunghill, while the other, showing a few fowls upon a straw-bottomed chair which they have picked to pieces in a barn corner, has that penetrating luminosity of color which we see striking through the golden dust of barns oftener than anywhere else. This Couturier, it is said, painted lovely Madonnas up to the very starvation-point of public neglect: one day, going down to the Seine on an errand—that of drowning himself—he was struck with an artistic effect at a poulterer's, went back and painted it, and sold his experiment so promptly that he ever afterward confined himself to the same "pot-boilers." For animal-painting of a somewhat older style—for a horse that affiliates with the sinewy horses of Géricault—we may go to the "Frightened Steed" of Alfred de Dreux, a good study of a gallant gray, small of head and elastic of limb, and drawn in very vivacious action. Then there are the fringy-footed "Ladies' Dogs" of Verschaar, and the enameled sheep in enameled landscapes of Koekkoek and Verbeckhoven, connecting, it seems to me, by a certain triviality and shallowness of the artistic mind, with the broad school of German narrative-art which has its centre at Düsseldorf.

The anecdotic artists, so lively a faction in Germany, are represented in abundance at Mr. Fales's varied enter-

tainment. Some of the best of them are well worth attention. It is incontestable that these narrative-painters must ever be content with a secondary place in art. The alchemy of color, the charm of chiaroscuro, the chastity of line and of composition, will never be the endowment of the man who is occupied in giving to his work qualities purely literary, and usurping, as Hogarth did, the domain of the novelist. True character-art is apt to be best in proportion to its sketchiness: it pertains, I repeat, to literature; and just as the literary epigram is good in ratio with its economy of words, so is the pictured epigram satisfactory according to its economy of lines; so that a crusty English face scratched upon a block for *Punch* in two minutes by Charles Keene is a better thing than the character-works of Hübner or Stammel, just because it does not disperse its power in an abortive pretence of color and light-and-shade.

One of the most amusing of these men is John Peter Hasenclever, of Düsseldorf, who died in 1853, at little more than forty years of age: none could set down more crisply the rakishness of a *bon camarade*, the self-importance of a wine-taster: the man is strong by virtue of his limitations. Here is a picture from his series illustrating the humorous epic of the *Jobsiad*, a picture lacking to the set owned by Mr. John Taylor Johnston of New York. It is a night-scene, and the broad moon is glimmering upon the defeat in life of the unlucky Hieronymus Job, who from the emptiest clatter-pan among college-students has descended to the condition of night-watchman at Shielsburg. With ox-horn slung to shoulder and large cocked hat awry, he comes down a staircase of the city wall shouting the hour with melancholy diligence: his lantern and halberd droop in his hands, he is completely tamed; sunk from the peace-breaker into the peace-keeper, a few more steps may bring him into contact with a group of roystering blades such as he once was, from whom he may ruefully learn the true humor of breaking lanterns and beating the watch. Another Hasencle-

ver, more varied, is scarcely better: a little peasant-boy, in his cleanest blouse, is brought by his father to school: they bear a peace-offering of new-laid eggs and a magnificent fowl, but the school-room scene upon which they enter is something less than reassuring. A victim is just laid across the master's knee, and beats the air wildly with his little woolen-socked heels; the despot, with the ill-starred urchin well in hand, is just tightening the cloth across his person for a clean stripe; he salutes the incoming party with his sceptre-bearing and red right hand, showing a comical kind of arrested action and expression in abeyance; a row of sore, crestfallen victims, their innocent breeches hardly buttoned over their well-warmed flesh, have already gathered behind the master; while others, plucking up a spirit, make faces elaborately, or caricature the man of learning on the blackboard, or regard with pleasing anticipations of tyranny to come the newly-arrived, whose eggs are dropped and whose hair is sadly rubbed in the surprise of his reception. It is the tale so often told by the Düsseldorf easel, but it is the tale made keen and vivid by the accent of the master of the studios.

Let us linger rather briefly over the rest of these ballad-pictures—over this *Gesellschaft*, whose lady attaches a candle to the Christmas-tree, while grandmother hustles away the little peeping intruders; over this other, where a young peasant as she spins tells a fairy-tale to a lymphatic, speculative boy, who may live to repeat it to the world in music or art; over this *Stammel*, whose pair of laughing *Fagins* are playing a young gamester for his coat and shoe-buckles, and who themselves are about to be bagged by the arriving gendarme; over this *Carl Hübner*, the "Intercepted Love-letter;" over these *Wittkamps*, where Riding-hood knocks with persevering innocence at the door, or where a young Dutch Protestant, in the days of the Spanish persecutions, is seen drawing his aged mother on an inverted barrow into the recesses of the frozen swamps; over this *Meyer*, whose little girl gives

her little lover a bite of her little apple; over this *Ten Kate*, whose *Rembrandt* paints broad-ruffed Holland wives in his dark studio; over this *Lanfant de Metz*, whose dandy artist sketches a *carabinier*, a girl of the requisite prettiness looking on. Needless to say that the incidents are well emphasized: all are good pictures, or the small change for good pictures, but they are little better than another form of illustrations to the weekly papers.

While we keep in these low-lands of Art, we may get a breath of cheery and health-giving laughter over some character-painting of another school—over the broad Irish comedy of *Erskine Nicol*, the *Scotchman*. Here is his "Partial Eclipse of the Moon"—the honey-moon: a big, fresh-looking young *Dennis* or *Dermod* is sulking temporarily in his chair: he turns from his bride and glowers unsocially in the very centre of his new-established home; but she laughs and touches his shoulder, and we can hardly give *Dennis* five minutes before he must come round again, and probably have to pay for a bonnet or for a jaunt to the fair. A still better specimen shows *Paddy* on his return after harvesting in England: his lately smooth face is a stubble-field, his holiday suit is in tatters; marks of the most horrid saturnalias are all over his person, and he sits on the English stile counting his remainder shillings to see if there are enough to carry him home. Drawn with unaffected, genial humor, and colored in a bold, effective way, this is the legitimate Irish drama, a hundred times better thing than *Boucicault's*.

I have swept the *genre* pictures very much together, but from out this classification some specimens are carried by the sincerity and select nature of their technic into a rank of very genuine art. Here is *Bosch*, with his picture of "The Little Sculptor," which *Ruskin* praises in a chapter on animal-painting, right after the dogs of *Veronese*, *Velasquez* and *Rubens*. "I was pleased," he says, "by a little unpretending modern German picture at Düsseldorf, by *E. Bosch*, representing a boy carving a model of

his sheep-dog in wood: the dog, sitting on its haunches in front of him, watches the progress of the sculpture with a grave interest and curiosity, not in the least caricatured, but highly humorous." Mr. Fales's is the original, earliest specimen out of several repliche made by the painter, for it is a frugal trick of the Düsseldorf men to assimilate their industry still more with newspaper-work by making out quite an edition of facsimile copies, without troubling the first purchaser for his permission so to do. Bosch, who in his embowered pastoral subjects seems to be a more virile and simple-hearted Comte-Calix, is capable of a class of figure-study higher than anything in Comte-Calix's range; attest this larger picture, of the "Gamekeeper," with a fair piece of character in the man, evidently a portrait, and a noble dog's head alongside. Another very sincere painter is F. Kraus, a kind of German Toulmouche or Boutibonne, who paints with graver method the old line of feminine and costume subjects: his lady here, all in black velvet, examining the morocco jeweler's case, is phlegmatic, slow, yet a lady still; while his other and better example in the collection, "Threading the Needle," a fair kerchiefed head at a garret window, is as full of tenderness as of bloom.

One large, assiduously labored and minutely expressive picture, by the Prussian artist E. Hasenflug, tells its pensive story without the aid of any living figure. It shows a ruined cloister, left desolate after the ravages of the iconoclasts: a light snow is sifted over the pavement through the empty window-arches and doorways. The graduated shadings upon this coat of snow are wonderfully made out: now the thin yellow light of winter afternoon dies over it, a late travesty of the glow of the sacred altarcandles; now, in shadow, where the old steps have been worn into hollows, a faint circular rim of the most unsubstantial reflected light, like the ripple around a stone, defines the margin of the depressed portion; the pavement, in little downy cushions of the snow, spreads away into regular perspective; it is quite

illusory. The Virgin's statue, torn from some niche and snow-mantled, leans against the wall, and the vanishing lines of the cloister all centre in the Christ of a *pietà* in bas-relief. The picture is said to have taken a full year to paint, and the fact is quite possible. The work is of the best in its proper school, but it certainly betrays the school, and has it is hard to say what of plodding and infelicitous, plainly manifest in the heaviness of hand with which the more distant features are presented. So long as these patient works of mechanic miracle are produced, however, so long will there be a plentiful following of awestruck souls to enjoy them to the very top of the author's bent.

Having dwelt thus long among the modern oil-paintings, we may pause a moment, with the hasty insolence of the nineteenth century, to notice the works of older hands cursorily on our way to the room of water-colors. Here is a life-sized head by Etty, covered with his almost Venetian color, and resembling the portraits of Paul Veronese; another face, encircled with a standing ruff, is from the brush of Porbus, a Fleming in high esteem at Paris (where he died in 1622), half a dozen of whose works are in the Louvre, including his excellent portraits of Henri IV. and Marie de Médicis. Angelica Kauffmann, painted by herself, watches from the staircase; and farther on there is a picture which, if tradition and the opinion of competent artists are proofs, is more fascinating than all, for it is a self-executed portrait of the youth Vandyck, of the period when he worked among the pupils of Rubens. Not to be overlooked is the delicately-manipulated statue of "Love Reposing," one of Thorwaldsen's latest works, a crystallized dream. Arrived finally among the water-colors, still unsated, yet with the sense of having already seen a good deal, we pay our court in the first place to the royalty of Turner.

Mr. Fales's Turner is a "Cumberland Lake, Sunset," in dimension about a foot across, besides the mounting. One cannot see a finer Turner. It exhibits, in the sky, that favorite lemon-yellow

which his oil-paintings have lost through the changes of time, but which in an aquarelle like this is clear as when it was born in the master's imagination. The graduation over it, undoubtedly produced by the simplest mechanical means, is of the most perfect evenness and ratio: it has the true sky quality of penetrability—a quality which Turner so willingly lost in his oil-work; it is heaven's cup of clear golden air, and, like Joseph Andrews's eyes, "as full of sweetness as of fire." The lake holds this stainless heaven in its mirror, and a vast airy plain seems to be covered with detail, until examination shows that it is merely marked with the crumbling roll of a nearly dry brush on the grained paper. The crystal beauty of this study is the work of an angel, and proves that Turner *could* be, just when he chose, a faultlessly grand painter.

Another great master, Clarkson Stanfield, shows vast merit of a quite diverse kind: his little scene of a low coast, with winding creeks that lead off to sea under a cloudy sky, and a general superimposed hood and blanket of gray, has all the feeling of a flat, alluvial Dutch shore, rendered with as much fidelity as spirit. Samuel Prout, the man who of all others, in his architectural views, has the art of turning an inch of paper into an inch of very stone, is represented by two studies—an interior and an exterior—both worthy of his even and always satisfactory talent: the interior is the chancel of Orleans Cathedral; the other is a street-view, with his own admirably-balanced throng of figures, showing the Priest's Corner at Nuremberg. By William Collingwood, the painter of Alps and of interiors, there are two large subjects in the latter style: the scene at Cotele, with Elizabeth and Essex, shows a shaft of sunshine playing across a tapestry background; that in Speke Hall—a seat near London—besides the fine study of a groined ceiling, has good atmosphere and difficult detail in per-

spective. The throng of English water-colorists, however, in their sunny variety, we will look at, if the reader please, but will not inventory.

But two among the cartoons are not English, and they will not submit to silence. Here is Gavarni, the always gay, the inexhaustible, with one of his grisettes: she is in sepia, gamboge, red lead, and a few other simple kinds of colored dirt. She is called "Lodgings to Let," and she comes down the front steps barefoot, yet rigged out in the cast-off furbelows of a grand lady, her face gaunt but alluring—epitome, in short, of Paris, then, as now, hungering but hospitable. In strong contrast hangs the minute, deliberate finish of Meissonier—his admirable puppet, dressed to perfection and finished to an eyebrow: it is a garde-de-corps smoking his pipe contemplatively at the window; the character, of course, within its own quiet limits, is keenly indicated; he is smooth-faced, almost smug-looking, but with fine lines around the mouth and nose that are the tracks of past expression, and show him apt to brighten up into a surprising readiness if a repartee or a gallantry is wanted—the mobile face of French comedy.

Such are the specimens of the Fales collection, a series already beginning to take on the delicate petrification of the olden time. Its examples are of the best, but it stopped growing years ago. New masters have arisen—the new masters, it is to be observed, are boys—of whom it has never heard. I find it, for my part, not unrefreshing to get into a collection which shows me Etty, Thorwaldsen and Turner, but which knows nothing of Zamacois, which has not heard of Fortuny, which contemns Courbet, Alfred Stevens and Carl Becker. This symposium of artists is intelligent, clear-brained, entertaining, harmonious and companionable—altogether the best of good comraçes all. E. S.

CARCASSONNE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.

I'M growing old, I've sixty years;
 I've labored all my life in vain:
 In all that time of hopes and fears
 I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
 I see full well that here below
 Bliss unalloyed there is for none.
 My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know—
 I never have seen Carcassonne,
 I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill,
 It lies beyond the mountains blue,
 And yet to reach it one must still
 Five long and weary leagues pursue,
 And to return as many more!
 Ah! had the vintage plenteous grown!
 The grape withheld its yellow store:
 I shall not look on Carcassonne,
 I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
 Not more nor less than Sunday gay:
 In shining robes and garments fair
 The people walk upon their way.
 One gazes there on castle walls
 As grand as those of Babylon,
 A bishop and two generals!
 I do not know fair Carcassonne,
 I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right: he says that we
 Are ever wayward, weak and blind;
 He tells us in his homily
 Ambition ruins all mankind;
 Yet could I there two days have spent
 While still the autumn sweetly shone,
 Ah me! I might have died content
 When I had looked on Carcassonne,
 When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
 In this my prayer if I offend:
 One something sees beyond his reach
 From childhood to his journey's end.
 My wife, our little boy Aignan,
 Have traveled even to Narbonne;
 My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
 And I have not seen Carcassonne,
 And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
 A peasant double-bent with age.
 "Rise up, my friend," said I: "with you
 I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
 We left next morning his abode,
 But (Heaven forgive him!) halfway on,
 The old man died upon the road:
 He never gazed on Carcassonne.
 Each mortal has his Carcassonne!

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

LONDON CLUBS.

CLUBS in London have been multiplying marvelously of late years, and this is the reason why the traveler finds the cafés there so inferior, as well as few and far between. For a very long time clubs were entirely proprietary; that is, they belonged to a man who "ran" the institution, and agreed with a society of gentlemen to supply them at a certain rate. All the old London clubs were conducted on this principle, and *White's* and *Boodle's* are to this day. The first on the joint-stock plan was the *United University Club*, composed of members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which, proving an extraordinary success, gave a brisk stimulus toward the formation of similar societies. There are now four University clubs within half a mile of one another. The *United University* still retains its intensely respectable character, though less fashionable than at the outset of its career, when it gave a memorable *fête* to royalty, when such was the crush that ladies did not get away till six in the morning, and meanwhile bivouacked where they could about the hall and corridors. Deans, bishops and such-like reverend persons much abound in the old *University*. A rather amusing incident, proving how the colonial bishop is regarded by the popular British mind as an inferior prelatial animal, a sort of counterfeit of the real article, occurred one day at this club. It was suddenly reported in the

dining-room that a bishop had fainted in the hall. A footman was sent to inquire by a member at dinner. When the man returned the diner said, "Well, who is it?" "It's only a colonial bishop, sir," was the reply. The old *University* is almost the only club where, when his wife is out of town, the prime minister (Mr. Gladstone) may often be found taking his modest meal. And a very modest meal it is—some fish, mutton broth, bread and cheese, small beer and a cup of coffee are enough for that great intellect, though smaller ones need, it seems, a deal more in the way of stimulants.

The *Athenæum*, which has a charming situation, being in the middle of everything, yet quite quiet, with its dining-room windows commanding a cool garden, swarms with cabinet ministers, prelates and savants. The story goes that luncheon there used to be gratis, until Bishop Wilberforce—the emancipator's family are famous for their great appetites—partook so largely of cheese, butter, biscuits and ale that the committee said they really could afford the expense no longer. Luncheon, by the way, is delightfully cheap at all the London clubs. A capital meal, washed down with excellent beer, can always be had for thirty-five cents.

Next to the *Athenæum* stands the *Travelers'*. *Non cuivis homini contingit* to enter there—only seven hundred members, and all *crème de la crème*.

You sit down to dinner with the Foreign Secretary on one side and a prince of the blood on the other. This club has always had a diplomatic tinge about it. Talleyrand played many a game of whist within its walls, and all ambassadors are made free of it.

The *Travelers'* is admirably managed. Cuisine and library are both excellent, though the latter cannot compare with that in the *Athenæum* next door, which is a magnificent collection. Next to the *Travelers'* comes the *Reform*, with its splendid hall and corridors, but very inferior, so far as the social standing of most of its members is concerned, to its next neighbor, the *Carlton*—the Tory stronghold. The *Carlton* is externally the most splendid club in London. Nearly opposite to it stands its younger brother, an almost equally palatial structure, the *Junior Carlton*. It is much easier to get into the latter than into the former. Indeed, the *Junior Carlton* was designed to keep the *ignobile vulgus* out of the senior. A large number of noble Tories heroically sacrificed themselves to the interest of the party by becoming members and paying their fees. They rarely pass the doors themselves, but their names "draw," and rich country attorneys, electioneering agents and a large sprinkling of young men of good position waiting for access to the *Carlton*, flock to the *Junior*. It is also a very convenient place to entertain constituents, and guests of a peculiar demeanor and accent may not unfrequently be detected in its strangers' room, who the initiated know at once are those whom their M. P. entertainer is bound to conciliate if he wishes to continue to be "the honorable member for Rottenboro'." The elections at the *Carlton* are by a committee, and room is always at once made for a newly-elected member of Parliament, or other person whom it is deemed advisable, for political reasons, to admit to the club. And the number being necessarily so small, the entrance-fee and subscription are—with the exception of the *Marlborough Club*, opposite—the highest of all, the former being two hundred and fifty dollars.

The *Marlborough Club*, opposite, was founded specially by the prince of Wales and a set, now happily much broken up, which once surrounded him. The entrance is a hundred guineas, and the society is entirely composed of fashionable men, swells and tuft-hunters.

At the *Carlton* there is a gap, so far as clubs are concerned, in Pall Mall, and passing over a few houses we reach the *Oxford and Cambridge*, a very fine house, built to relieve the *United University*. This also has a fine library. Then we come to the neat little *Guards' Club*, with its bow window, where in the afternoon you may see lounging and criticising the passers-by a goodly phalanx of the Household Brigade. Only members of the foot regiments of Guards are eligible for this club.

A little lower down in Pall Mall is the *Army and Navy*, commonly called "The Rag"—that being short for the "Rag and Famish," in allusion to the red rag, meaning a soldier's handsome uniform, and next to nothing to live upon. It is a gorgeous building, and quite in keeping with the splendor of its appearance are the knots of handsome fellows, in faultless attire, who much do congregate about its steps. Neat little broughams drive up there about dusk, in whose recesses lovely forms may be detected by the curious eye. It seems, indeed, to be a sort of loadstone to the feminine population.

Besides "The Rag," there are three other splendid establishments for the use of the two gallant professions—the *Senior United*, the *Junior United* and the *Naval and Military*.

The *Senior United* is confined to members over a certain rank in the services, and as a consequence has a great proportion of elderly members. There is a legend that some years ago a member of the *Junior*, who had been long abroad, entered the *Senior* by mistake and tripped gayly up stairs, taking two or three steps at a time. The portly porter, who of course failed to recognize the salient young man, puffingly pursued him, and, at length overtaking him, politely begged for his name. The

circumstances under which the gallant young officer found himself in the domain of admirals and major-generals were soon explained. "Ah, sir," affably explained the janitor—club porters, by the way, are great folk, be it remembered—"I thought you weren't one of our gentlemen: they don't run up stairs like that." These old men of war have studied *savoir vivre* and Brillat Savarin to much advantage: they live superbly. The *Senior* was Major Pendennis's head-quarters. How he glowered at "Glowry the Scotch surgeon" when that medico presumed to take his favorite table. There is a good deal of nook-and-corner and "favorite-table" jealousy at clubs. The original of Mr. Fang, the magistrate in *Oliver Twist*, always had his favorite table at the old *University*, and looked like a famished ogre, thin withal, at the man who dared to take it. At the *Athenæum* Theodore Hook's table was long pointed out.

The *Naval and Military Club* occupies the mansion in Piccadilly where Lord and Lady Palmerston lived during that noble lord's premiership, when it became so famous for the political reunions given there. It is known as Cambridge House, having, before Lord Palmerston entered upon its occupation, been for many years the residence of the queen's uncle, the late duke of Cambridge. The owner is Sir John Sutton, son of Sir Richard, a celebrated sporting baronet. Sir John, who has a great town property, worth some two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, has never resided there. His father said he would give ten thousand pounds to any one who would make Sir John fond of sport, but whether that sum changed hands or not, Sir John never was made so. He became organist of a church on the Continent, and a Roman Catholic, and some three years ago the town was startled by the announcement that the ground which is occupied by Cambridge House—a very conspicuous site, within six hundred yards of Buckingham Palace—was to be presently covered by a splendid Roman Catholic cathedral. At present, Sir John receives fifteen thousand

dollars a year for his house from the dazzling young *militaires* who stand stroking their moustaches on its portals.

Clubs are creeping into the far west of London, and beyond the *Naval and Military* are now the *St. James's*—a sort of chapel-of-ease and relief-valve to the *Travelers'*—and the *Junior Athenæum*, which stands in a similar relation to its senior.

But to return to "Clubland" proper, for Piccadilly does not yet come strictly under that head.

Out of Pall Mall you get into a new nest of "Clubland," in St. James's street, its original home. Human fossils are to be seen peering from the windows of *Boodle's*. There may yet be seen a few of the old "bucks" who dazzled the town when George IV. was king: Very groggy and gouty are these ancient sinners now. They just manage to totter from brougham to bow window on sunny days, and while away an hour or two with the comrades of their youth.

Opposite to them is *Brookes's*, the stronghold of aristocratic Whiggism—Whiggism of quite another kidney to that found in the grand corridors of the *Reform*. Dine at *Brookes's* in morning attire and you will find the cold shade upon you: the very manner and bearing of the black silk-stockinged and black knee-breeched waiters reprove you. An aroma of Charles Fox, Lord Holland and Devonshire House in the days of the great Georgiana hangs heavily around *Brookes's*: there is nothing new-fangled in its arrangements. It breathes the atmosphere of pedigrees and quarterings, family plate and ancestral halls.

On the same side of the way is *Arthur's*, a quiet, comfortable and eminently gentlemanlike establishment, whose members are always regarded as an extremely "good set." Near it is the *Conservative*, another chapel-of-ease to the *Carlton*—a fine building, but second-rate as to social standing. Higher up the street is *White's*, opposite to what was once the haunt of fashionable vicious London—*Crockford's*, long since broken up because of its gambling reputation.

White's is a very elegant building. Its members are almost exclusively the sporting members of the aristocracy. On a fine afternoon in summer you may see there Admiral Rous—"the admiral" in sporting circles—the duke of Beaufort, Mr. George Payne, and a host of turfites and hunting celebrities whose names are familiar to many on this side of the Atlantic. It is a bad club for a poor man, and does not stand quite as high in reputation as formerly.

Besides all these there are several night clubs, of which the chief are *Pratt's*, *Egerton's* and the *Raleigh*, which are open until almost any hour. The late hours of Parliament much favor late hours at the club.

The only representative of the club system in the neighborhood of the older theatres, where in the last century so many famous coffee-houses used to be, is the *Garrick*. This has changed of late, and in many respects for the worse. Up to five years ago the *Garrick* occupied a house which was in fact originally nothing more than a private house, a few hundred yards from Covent Garden. There it acquired its fame, and those were its palmy days. The number of members was commensurate with the size of the house, and they were of the right sort. When it removed to a grand new mansion in a neighboring street, some thought that a fresh era of prosperity would attend it. This is not to be: on the contrary,

Something ails it now :
The place seems changed.

In fact, it *is* changed. The old house had a goodly savor of great literary souls departed. There was Thackeray's favorite table, the corner in which Charles Dickens liked to sit, and similar associations which gave a charm all its own to the club. Then, too, a number of people got in who had no business there—men who had not a spice of literature or art in their composition—gay, empty-headed young Guardsmen, who might occasionally be laughed at, but never with, and the character of the house has changed. But *stat nominis umbra*: clubs have their fortunes like their mem-

bers, and the *Garrick* may arise and be once more a charming coterie of those who love the Muses and wit and humor.

An enormous amount of money is spent annually in these establishments. Most of them keep from fifty to a hundred servants, and their daily expenditure is on a huge scale. Judged by New York rates, club life is very cheap.

Breakfast.....	.50
Luncheon.....	.30
Dinner, with half pint of sherry, and beer <i>ad lib.</i>	\$1.25
Total.....	\$2.05

And then, be it remembered, all you have is of the very best, and it is not the custom to fee the waiters. You can quite make yourself cosily at home at some clubs. There are snug corners in the libraries; delicious easy-chairs; the books you like; the waiter who knows your little ways. Bachelors and widowers whose homes have been broken up use clubs most. Many elderly men who otherwise would find their existence sadly desolate have a home in them. They meet those similarly circumstanced, dine together, play whist or billiards together, talk over bygone days and bygone friends, and so life glides easily and comfortably down the hill with them, and to many these days are not improbably their happiest.

These fogies are, however, by no means a source of unmitigated satisfaction to the younger members, who resent their sniffings, snortings and old-gentlemen tricks. Indeed, it is sometimes found necessary to remonstrate. At the *Oxford and Cambridge Club* these remonstrances have been made with a degree of freedom which other societies have not yet dared to imitate, and a member who had a pleasant habit of puffing and blowing which procured him the sobriquet of "the grampus," was formally remonstrated with by the committee.

Peculation of a very extraordinary kind sometimes takes place, and gives a deal of trouble. At one of the very best clubs wax candles disappeared in a manner which could not in any way be

accounted for, and threw serious suspicion on the servants, until a certain duke, with an income of six hundred thousand dollars a year, was detected by a member of the committee with a wax candle sticking out of each coat-tail pocket. His grace's friends received a hint, and the ducal kleptomaniac ceased to frequent the house. Members of London clubs very rarely interchange conversation, except in the smoking-room, unless previously acquainted, and a chance conversation in the smoking-room or at the next table at dinner does not involve any further acquaintance. The election of members takes place during the Parliamentary session. At some clubs it is done by a committee, at others by the whole club. At some black-balling is very frequent, at others very rare. At the former not the faintest opprobrium attaches to the black-balled, but at the latter it is felt as a highly unpleasant incident in a man's career.

Most of the clubs stand on Crown property, and pay enormous rents, varying from five thousand to fifteen thousand dollars a year.

At none of the principal clubs does the subscription exceed fifty dollars or the entrance-fee one hundred and fifty dollars, except that at one or two proprietary clubs, where there is little or no

entrance-fee, the subscription is fifty-five or sixty dollars. At the proprietary clubs a member can open an account, because it is the proprietor's own business if he choose to permit him to do it, but the other clubs are extremely strict on this head, and no exceptions are made.

Members are very rarely turned out of clubs: there is, in fact, a great deal of fuss and bother involved in such a step. Generally, however, when a man commits any heinous indiscretion his good sense leads him to withdraw. Still, there are certain members of the London clubs whose withdrawal would be regarded as a positive boon by the societies to which they belong. This, however, generally arises from their unpleasant personal habits.

At all the London clubs the object of making them available for men of moderate means is kept steadily in view, for there money has no connection with social position, and men belong to the best clubs who could not possibly afford to belong to those of New York.

A very large number of men belong to two clubs, and some to four or five. People who live very much at clubs find it as well to belong to more than one. Men get to hate "that fellow who's always here."

REGINALD WYNFORD.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THROUGH HELL'S GLEN TO INVERARY.

IT was a beautiful July day, and Loch-goil, "that dark and stormy water," gave back the reflections of Ben Donich and Ben Vula. There stood John the coachman caressing his horses in that endearing manner peculiar to his craft. Round his throat was twined a huge muffler, and his voice had that deep bass tone known to boatmen and heavy drinkers. As he roared out "Bob" (pro-

nounced "Bobe") and "Hector" and "Jesse," his Highland face glowed with health and the recollection of his last dram. The coach was a curiosity in its way. There was an "inside" formed like an ordinary hack with seats across, and a "basket" open at both sides, with benches parallel to the wheels. On the top were two seats for the driver and passengers. Every place was filled, and we found ourselves duly planted in the

post of honor, beside the great man himself. He had mounted the box, arranged the ribbons, cast a critical glance over the appointments of his team, exchanged a parting joke with his friend Dugald, cracked his whip, and we were off, dashing round the beautiful bay at a spanking rate, and away into the unfathomable depths of Hell's Glen and Glen Crow.

As you emerge from the well-wooded avenues leading from the head of Lochgoil, and come in full view of Hell's Glen, a scene of unparalleled magnificence meets your eyes. On the right the road, like a thin white line, contrasts beautifully with the rich green tints of the valley. High above you tower the frowning mountains. Far as the eye can reach there is one wilderness of craggy and uncultivated moor. There is scarcely a tree to be seen—nothing but the broom, the heather and the mountain brushwood. Through the centre of the glen runs a little stream shaded with willow, honeysuckle and hazel. Not a house relieves the landscape, not a sign of human life—nothing save the figure of a stray sheep grazing at intervals on the roadside or wandering from crag to crag on the mountain overhead. It is a sight fitted to fill one with deep emotion, and the traveler is fain to relapse into reverie and enjoy to its full extent the delightful range of emotion suggested by the scene. Reverie on the top of this coach was, however, out of the question. As we rattled on the tongue of our irrepresible coachman never stopped. He had tales and legends by the score. Every stone suggested its story, every stump of a tree its jest. He had Sir Walter Scott at his finger-ends, and the private affairs of every minister and farmer within the circuit of twenty miles. As we neared the foot of the glen the scene changed, and Nature, as if to atone for the loneliness through which we had passed, had clothed the rocks with foliage and the mountain-side with trees. Here we found a pretty little farm-house nestling quietly by the side of the stream, and beside it a rustic bridge. Winding through this leafy détour, we came in full view of the celebrated Glen Crow. If the other glen

was desolate and drear, the awful grandeur of the scene we were approaching was still more weirdly sublime. As we gazed up at its massive crags and uncultivated wastes our thoughts instinctively turned to Sir Walter's beautiful description of Loch Coriskin in *The Lord of the Isles* :

But wilder glen than this may know
Some touch of Nature's genial glow—
On high Ben More green mosses grow,
And heath-bells bud in deep Glen Crow,
And copse on Cruchan Ben ;
But here, nor tree, nor shrub, nor flower,
Nor aught of vegetative power,
The weary eye may ken."

After crossing the bridge the path becomes extremely dangerous, and as we rode by precipice and frowning cliff the skill and coolness of our coachman became matters of general wonder and admiration. "Now," said he, pulling up at a small spring of water, where two ragged little urchins in kilts and bare legs were presiding over two tin cans—"now, leddies, this is the temperance hotel—ten minutes allowed here for refreshments." The "leddies," as well as the gentlemen, were not slow in availing themselves of the tempting offer, and many were the pennies and halfpennies that dropped into the mysterious pockets of the small Celts. While resting here John relieved himself of the following yarn, but the tone, the attitude and the face are something beyond the power of a "Sassenach" to describe :

"Ye see, one day there was a spate (freshet) on the burn, and the roads were just awfu'. I mind it well, leddies. There was an English tourist and his bride on their honeymoon, like—a bonny honeymoon they had o't that day! The passengers had just to get out and walk. There was one big dub" (*anglicè*, puddle) "in which the maist of them stuck. I kind o' liked this English lass (it rins in the family, ye ken), and I offered to carry her mysel', seeing that Charles—that was the name o' her man—was wading up to his ankles and in a bad way. She objected, and called loudly for Charles. Charles came, and hard did he try to carry her, but it was beyond his power. The puir lad was a

sickly bit cratur. So in the end he was obliged to hand her over to me. I took her in my arms, and in we went. 'Oh, Charles, love,' she cried in an agony of fear, 'this horrid coachman! take me away!' but 'Charles love' had enough to do for himsel'. I got her over, but thinks I, when I was about the middle, 'Noo, my leddy, I'll pay ye back;' so, putting my rough-bearded cheek to her bonny face, I whispered, 'Ma dear, how wud ye like to marry a coachman?'"

Having laughed heartily at John's story, and refreshed ourselves generally at the spring, we made another start. Again we rode through desolate mountain and lonely moor, with the wild birds hovering above us and a stray sheep honoring us with a passing stare. "Them's Satan's sheep," said John. "Satan?" inquired the passengers. "No ken Satan? Ise warrant ye'll ken him weel enough some day. Aweel, Satan's a farmer, his hoose is called Brimstone Hall, and his direction is 'Hell's Glen.'"

Thus beguiling the way, and enjoying the stories of our communicative coachman, we passed through the varied scenery of Glen Crow. The day was fading as we reached the summit of the hill, and beheld Loch Tyne like a sleeping beauty at our feet with its calm waters, and the little town of Inverary nestling on its borders. There, too, stood Inverary Castle, the seat of the duke of Argyll, with its square towers, grassy lawns and noble policies; and we watched the shadows deepen on the mountain and the shades of night come stealing along the valley.

Rolling leisurely down the hillside, we soon found ourselves within the comfortable walls of Saint Catherine's inn—"John Campbell, proprietor, licensed to sell whisky, teas and tobacco," with good accommodations for man and beast. Feeling slightly fatigued after our journey, and being assured that all the hotels in Inverary were full, we decided to remain here for the night. Loch Tyne is celebrated for its herrings, and we found them fully equal to their reputation. They are about the size of a burn trout, and when newly caught

and freshly cooked combine the flavor of shad with a peculiarly delicate taste of their own. Our repast consisted of herring and potatoes, with a tumbler of the "invariable," and notwithstanding the Lowland prejudice of Burns that

There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland scab and hunger:
If Providence has sent me here,
'Twas surely in his anger,

we went to bed through converts to the Highlands, and perfect believers in "the Lord their God, His Grace."

The sound of the bagpipes in a parlor is not cheerful. It has, in fact, the same effect upon a sensitive ear that the badly-executed music of a church choir has upon a musical bloodhound, and suggests pigs; but to hear its wild notes reverberating amongst these Highland hills on a beautiful summer morning has a charm at once wild and musical. We were awoke on this particular morning by the music of "a hundred pipers an' a' an' a'," and the lusty voice of "mine host of ze Garterre" calling out at our chamber door, "Six o'clock, gentlemen. I've brought your 'morning.'" Now this "morning" is quite an institution. In Virginia it would be a mint-julep, in Maine a gin-cocktail: west of the Clyde, it consists of a small glass, a black bottle and a "wee drap" of the real Glenlivet. As a panacea for all ills this extract of the mountain rises far above "Radway's Ready Relief" or "Helmbold's Extract of Buchu." You can tak' a dram in the morning just to clear the cobwebs; when you are cold you can tak' a dram; when warm a toothfu' will get you cool; when you sit down to dinner a dram will give you an appetite, and when you rise therefrom a "snifter" will aid digestion. But as the old Scotch divine said at the close of his peroration, "Ye're no to be aye dram-drammin'." When lively, however, there's nothing like a tumbler of toddy; when dull it's just the thing to "kittle up your notion." In short, it is a cure for everything, excepting, perhaps, atrophy of the purse.

Who that has witnessed the dawn of day upon a Highland lake can ever forget its grandeur and its beauty? The

pull which has slumbered over mountain and valley receives its morning kiss from the sun's first beam. Slowly from the bosom of the lake the misty curtain rises, revealing the bright green sward, the dewy flowers, the rocky crags—lifting the veil from chasm and heathery peak, higher to the snowy summits of these marvelous mountains, ever changing, ever the same; while the lake stands unveiled in all its maiden beauty, so fair, so pure, so exquisitely lovely, that the very heavens smile and the mountains woo their shadows in its glistening waters.

Having secured the services of Donald-mohr, or Duncan-ruag, or some such gentleman, we chartered a small skiff to "row us o'er the ferry." The nautical abilities of our boatman being of the highest order, we were safely landed amid much Gaelic, after a passage of twenty minutes, on the other side of Loch Tyne. As we entered the county-town of Inverary the imagination could very easily picture a coming raid or some warlike meeting of the olden time. There were nothing but kilts to be seen—kilts of all descriptions—green kilts, red kilts, yellow kilts, Macdonalds, Macphersons, Mactavishes, Macleans; more "Macs," in fact, than you could conveniently cram into an ordinary-sized directory. There were lairds by the score and "gillies" by the hundred. It is the custom in the Highlands for one laird to address another by the name of his property, and such salutations might be heard as, "Ah, Sonochan, and how are you?" "What! Ballinashinish! Kinnerhao?" which, being literally translated, signifies "How goes it?" or "How do you do?" or, to bring it down to the civilization of modern life, "How does the antiquated party navigate?" "Pless my sowl! Dunslianach, and Ardtomish too!" "Where's the McClosky?" "Is the McQuarrie here?"

Many a fine specimen of a Celt stood there that day in the garb of his ancestors, many a Highland gentleman who traced his lineage back to long before Noah or the Flood, or the time when the McNabs had a boat o' their own.

Fine specimens these Celtic chieftains, with their fresh and noble faces and their splendid limbs. Many of the kilts were a sight to behold. Magnificent brooches of silver and cairngorm, jewelry of every conceivable design, claymores of splendid workmanship—nothing wanting but the targe to complete the picture of the Gael, the Roderick Dhu of Sir Walter Scott. It was the "coming of age" of one of MacCallum-mohr's sons, and the clans had turned out in force "to do him honor."

Inverary is a small but pretty town. It contains three or four churches, two or three hotels or "inns," a court-house, a principal street, and a number of stores and private dwelling-houses. Its leading feature is of course the castle, the gates of which are but a short distance from the town limits. The castle is a modern-looking structure, and is built in a perfect square, with four round towers, one at each angle. It is plain and simple, and wants much of that old baronial appearance to be found in many of the mansions of the Scottish nobility. The grounds about it are pretty, and the policies well wooded. From its situation on a table-land which forms the base of the mountains, from the vicinity of a peculiarly formed and square-looking hill called Dun Quaich, and from its general surroundings, it has a very picturesque and striking effect from the lake; but, taken in comparison with many of the castles and policies of Scotland, there is nothing particularly imposing about the whole place. Within the castle the rooms are handsomely decorated and luxuriously furnished. They contain the usual number of family portraits, which, of course, owing to the great antiquity and historical interest attaching to the Argylls, are numerous. The most attractive feature about the interior is the armory, which stands almost directly in the centre of the building as you enter. Here are displayed complete stands of arms of every description—spears, targes, claymores, dirks, brown "Elizabeths," and every species of weapon known to Highland warfare. Of the Argyll family, the duke

is now familiar to the world through his portraits and his pen. He is distinguished by his small stature, which is relieved, however, and rendered remarkably noble, by his long golden hair, his high and intellectual forehead, his firm-set mouth, and his general air and commanding presence. The duchess is one of the sweetest-looking women we ever saw. Her face is perfectly gentle and unassuming. Wanting the magnificent physique which gained for her mother the title of the finest woman in England, she is infinitely more simple and attractive. The marquis of Lorn is now, or has been, the most famously married man of modern times. His bride and himself will reign in the Highlands, as they now do in the hearts of the people, and may perhaps bring back to those heather mountains some of that feudal state which played its last coronach with "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Of the rest of the family, two, we understand, thanks to the advanced ideas and liberal spirit of this Highland duke, are engaged in business, and one has pitched his tent in our midst, and we are very sure will prove as successful in the pursuit of wealth as his forefathers did in the pursuit of glory. The Argyll family have been friendly to the United States when every man's hand was against her, and there is no family, nobles or commoners, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, for whom we ought to have a kinder feeling or a more cordial welcome.

We don't come of age so much in these United States as we used to do. That is to say, it is a matter of very little moment whether we ever come of age at all—at least so far as the ceremonial is concerned. But the feudal customs still cling to our relatives across the telegraph. The pomp and show may have died away, but several of the skeletons remain, and "coming of age" is one of them. MacCallum-mohr's son had arrived at a period of life when, if he were a commoner, he could be placed in prison for debt—if a pupil, he could call his curators to account and deal frightful havoc with the deeds of his minority. There was to be a grand dinner at the

castle, feasting among the tenantry, a general fuddle at the market-cross, and a general jollification all around. Everything, apparently, went off with éclat. Deputations of respectable citizens made respectable speeches, and somebody replied. The guns were a little rusty, but after much preliminary rushing in hot haste they didn't burst. One enthusiastic Celt got his whiskers scorched, but with that exception the guns were a success. Chieftains walked about in all the glory of tartan and skein-dhu. The pipers "hotched and blew wi' might and main." Every available flag was hoisted, healths were drunk, and the thing was done: the son of MacCallum-mohr was twenty-one.

We were not invited to dine at the castle, not being a duke or a Macnab, but we have no doubt that everything passed off there with Highland honors. We had struck up an acquaintance with the Macsporran, who gave us an invitation, which we cordially accepted, to dine with him at his "inns." The Macsporran was a sublime fellow—six feet three in his stocking soles, and as broad as an ox. His whiskers and hair were something gorgeous, and his conversation very pretty and ferocious. Altogether, we felt toward him as a small pug might feel toward a huge mastiff. If he had asked us to partake of roast Sassenach, we would have eat it. It was the Macsporran's undisguised opinion that any man who could not put beneath his belt eight tumblers of hot punch at a sitting was a creature to be despised, "a poor, contemptible wretch, sir, unfitted for the society of gentlemen." We trembled lest the chieftain should insist on our imbibing a like quantity of the mountain liquid, well knowing that two were about as much as we could conveniently stow away. We shall throw a veil over the events of that dinner-party: suffice it to say that we got off with two and a half, on the solemn declaration that we were going to the ball, and after promising to pass the remainder of our natural life at the fortress of the Macsporran, Achna-something, Mull.

The evening passed in merry-making. There were bonfires on the hills, and a grand *bal Celtique* for the benefit of the peasantry in a large barn. Never having witnessed a ball in the old Highland fashion, we wended our way thither in force at the appointed hour. We had heard much of Highland reels and the magic of the bagpipes, but we were scarcely prepared for the muscular display of that evening's entertainment. Imagine a huge barn surmounted by immense rafters, and decorated on all sides with tallow candles; place a barrel for the fiddler; fancy a couple of pipers strutting up and down as if the heavens, the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, were sprawling at their feet; people the room with an immense concourse of muscular men and women; fill the air with Gaelic and Scotch reels,—and you have a pretty correct idea of the opening of a Highland ball. There was not much programme to speak of, there being only one dance the whole night, and that was a reel. One reel succeeded another with scarcely a moment's intermission. Introductions did not appear to be at all necessary. The moment one reel was finished the gentlemen seemed to help themselves to partners wherever they could find them, little ceremony being used; and you might see a stalwart Highlander dragging a fair but muscular partner from her seat in the most unconcerned and nonchalant manner possible. When all was in readiness and the set formed, the men stood dos-à-dos, and the women faced them, forming four ranks faced inward. Some one roared "Muzique!" and bang went the fiddles, and away they went, twisting through each other in the figure eight, and pousetting with the most energetic and praiseworthy regardlessness of muscular tissue—"horching" and shouting and snapping fingers, and uttering the most extravagant expressions of delight. One favorite mode of procedure was for the gentleman to take both hands of the lady in his own, and dance at her as if he had some thoughts of throwing her over the rafters. From the gloaming of the evening to the gray

of the morning the dancing continued with uninterrupted energy, strathspey and reel, reel and strathspey. Whether it was the result of the "lashin's" of whisky or the physical strength of the natives, we know not, but there were no symptoms of flagging after the most terrific hard night's work we ever witnessed. The first beams of the morning found the native roses just as fresh upon the cheek of the village belle as when she started. There was but little intoxication. Sometimes you might behold a hilarious Highlander dancing affectionately to a post, and taking it round the neck in a loving and conjugal manner, but there was no quarreling, and everything passed off with the greatest good-humor and hilarity.

The sleepy mist of the morning was slowly rising from the Highland mountains, and the sun shone upon the hospitable home of the Campbells. We bade it farewell, and retraced our steps by way of Anochar to our quarters at Lochgoilhead. E. M. LAMONT.

WOES OF A VIRGINIA EDITOR.

JOHN PHŒNIX's experience as an editor can never be forgotten. M. Tartine's troubles in attempting to conduct the *Cigare* newspaper for a day in Paris during the siege are fresh in the recollection of the reading public. But neither Tartine nor Phœnix was subjected to so peculiar an outrage upon his sensibilities as once befell a Virginia lawyer who tried to play political editor in the brave old days of slavery and unterrified Democracy.

"I had succeeded," says he, "beyond my most sanguine expectations. My friends were astounded at the capacity which I so suddenly displayed. The circulation of the paper increased, my editorials were copied far and wide, while compliments poured in upon me from every side. Within a month I had become a power in the land. The local politicians were in awe of me, and I fancied, not without reason, that I was shaping both State and national legislation. What pleased me most was the fact that the real editor of the paper,

having employed me temporarily in order that he might spend a few weeks in the city of Washington, was so charmed with my performance that he not only offered me a large interest in the paper, but announced to me by letter his intention of resigning in my favor. The truth was, I had quite eclipsed him. He knew it, and knew the public knew it.

"All thought of returning to the practice of law being abandoned, I applied myself with increased energy and ambition to the paper. The effect was immediate and unmistakable. A great career opened before me.

"Everything was going on swimmingly, when I was annoyed one morning by the entrance of the foreman, just as I was in the midst of one of my most brilliant articles.

"Well, sir?" said I sternly as I looked up from the foolscap on which I had been writing.

"Captain," said he nervously, for my temper, never the best, was unequivocally fierce at that moment—"Captain, there's an auction going on out here in the street."

"What the devil have I to do with that, sir? I am not in want of second-hand furniture."

"Some of the likeliest young niggers, cap, you ever laid eyes on."

"Do you take me for a nigger-trader, you infernal scoundrel?"

"No, sir; but you had better step out and buy five or six of them. Four might do, if they were all apt scholars, but some of them might not take to the business readily, and you had better buy six of the smartest. Them you don't want, you know, you can sell again 'most any time, and maybe make a right sharp margin on 'em."

"Six niggers! Buy six of them?"

"Yes, sir, certainly. There's no *ifs* nor *ands* about it: you've got to do it, right away."

"A suspicion crept over my mind that the man was drunk, but, resisting the temptation to kick him out of the office, I contented myself with a question:

"Got to buy them—for what?"

"Why, to learn the business."

"Business! what business?"

"Why, the printing-business."

"Anger was lost in amazement at this monstrous proposition, made so coolly and calmly. Dropping my pen, I gazed at him for some moments in silence, and at length said, 'Are you drunk, sir, or crazy, or both? Do you seriously propose to me to go out and buy six raw negroes off the block, and set them to printing this paper?'

"I do, sir. Every hand but one in the office is tight: they are on a bust, and good for a week before they'll get over it. And there's not a printer to be had within a hundred miles of this town.' He paused, but as I said nothing, he continued: 'Cap, listen to me. You are new to this business. I ain't: I've been in it all my life. Now, just as long as you are in this business you will be liable to this sort of trouble from drunken printers. I have thought a good deal about it, and the more I think about it the better I am satisfied that the only way to get along comfortably in the printing-business is to buy your printers and own them. They can't strike, they can't run away, and if they get drunk you can whale 'em like —. Then you don't have to pay them anything; just feed and clothe 'em—that's all. Depend upon it, cap, it's the best plan. Go out now, cap, and buy 'em.'

"Wait for me here."

"He evidently thought he had convinced me, and that I was going to attend the negro-auction. I did no such thing. Putting on my hat, I went up stairs into the composing-room. Too true! There my solitary printer, a fine, industrious young fellow, who worked all day and played on the flute all night, was hard at it, setting type for dear life. He said nothing to me, and I said nothing to him. Turning on my heel, I went down stairs again, left the office, and never returned to it. The paper expired then and there, and that was the last I had to do with the printing-business."

This incident occurred in Lynchburg, Virginia. The printer who worked all day and played on the flute all night is now, and has been for very many years,

the editor of a leading paper in the city of Richmond.

THE CHILLINGHAM CATTLE.

AMONG the items of a recent book-sale in New York were some impressions of a famous engraving, by the well-known Northumbrian artist, Bewick, called the "Chillingham Bull." Various circumstances give this engraving an exceptional interest. It was drawn and engraved by Bewick himself in 1789, and is one of the largest cuts executed by him. Mr. John Bell (the celebrated Bewick collector), in a letter to William Andrew Chatto (author of *The History of Wood-Engraving*), dated June 27, 1840, says: "When the engraving was finished, Bewick brought the cut to my father in Hodgson's shop on a Friday to have some impressions taken off. My father conducted the concerns of the *Chronicle* newspaper, which was published in the afternoon of that day. The presses and the people were all engaged with the paper, and as it was clean, it was laid for that day in his desk; and on Saturday afternoon Bewick called, as he was going to Wycliff on the Sunday, and my father mentioning some fine parchment he had that day received from London to make some plans of estates on, he being also a land-surveyor, it was got out, and a skin cut into six pieces, and he, Bewick and Hodgson went to the printing-office, where the six impressions (afterward said to be on vellum) were printed off, together with the same number on paper. My father picked out what he conceived the best impression for having found the parchment, and Bewick and Hodgson each took one; and on Bewick taking the remaining three to his workshop, Bielby, by taking another, reduced the parchment copies to two for Mr. Tunstall, which, with about half a dozen impressions on paper, Bewick took with him next morning to Wycliff. When the impressions were taken off, Hodgson wanted to know where the cut was to be put until Monday, when the quantity required was to be printed. Bewick taking the cut, laid it upon the

stone imposing-table, and the parties left the office.

"On Monday morning, when the office was open, *the cut was found to have split*. The sun for the most part of Sunday had acted upon it through the window, and had it not been altogether in Bewick's hands in placing it where it was, there is not the least doubt but he would have made Hodgson answerable for it."

The bull in question belonged to a famous herd in the earl of Tankerville's park of Chillingham, in Northumberland. When at Chillingham in the last century, Pennant, the eminent tourist and topographer, wrote: "In my walks about the park see the white breed of wild cattle, derived from the native race of the country, and still retain the primordial savageness and ferocity of their ancestors; were more shy than any deer; ran away on the appearance of any of the human species, and even set off at full gallop on the least noise; so that I was under the necessity of going very softly under the shelter of trees or bushes to get a near view of them. During summer they keep apart from all other cattle, but in severe weather hunger will compel them to visit the outhouses in search of food. The keepers are obliged to shoot them if any are wanted. If the beast is not killed on the spot, it runs at the person who gave the wound, and who is forced, in order to save himself, to fly for safety to the intervention of some tree. These cattle are of a middle size, have very long legs, and the cows are fine-horned; the orbits of the eyes and the tips of the noses are black, but the bulls have lost the manes attributed to them by Boethius."

At Chartley, the seat of Shirley, earl of Ferrers, there are still a few similar cattle. The wild cattle of Chartley are, like those of Chillingham, of a white (or, rather, cream) color, but they differ from them in some minute particulars. The size of all these varieties is rather below that of the common breed of cows. It is the opinion of Professor Owen that they are descended from domestic cattle introduced by the Romans, which subse-

quently became half wild from breeding together in an unreclaimed state. Long ago, in a survey of Staffordshire, the surveyor observes of Chartley: "The park is very large, and hath therein red-deer, fallow-deer, wild beasts and swine." "Wild beasts" is still the local name for the few wild cattle left there: the wild swine have disappeared. There is an entry in the steward's book as late as 1683-'84: "Paid the cooper for a paille for ye wild swine, 2s."

There is a legend that when any calamity is going to happen to a member of the family, the birth of a black calf is the portent. In the last century a half-crazy Lord Ferrers was hung for shooting his steward, but whether the calf made its appearance does not appear to be recorded.

THACKERAY AS A SHOWMAN.

YEARS ago, when Thackeray was delivering his lectures on "The Georges" and the "English Wits and Humorists" to large audiences in a Southern city, he asked a distinguished literary man what chance of success there would be in a certain other city not many miles away.

"I really don't know, Mr. Thackeray," was the reply. "I never succeeded there. But I am nobody, and you are a great gun: it seems to me you ought to succeed anywhere. Still, I cannot conscientiously advise you to make the attempt: you might possibly fail, and lay the blame on me." After some reflection, he added: "Perhaps if you were to make a special lecture, compounded of the best and most diverting parts of two or more of your series, you might draw a tolerably good house. But I will not guarantee anything."

Thackeray thought the matter over, accepted the suggestion, made up the compound lecture, advertised, "billed the town," and went over.

On his return his friend met him at the cars, and, after the usual greeting, said, "Well, sir, how did you make out?"

"Oh!" said Thackeray merrily, "I have been playing the mountebank for sixpence."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The night, you know, was a wretched one: the audience was thin, not above fifty or sixty persons, and a more quiet and absolutely sober set I never attempted to entertain. I did my best, but so profound was their respect—their awe, I may say—of me that not a murmur of applause, not a ghost of a smile, escaped them. Solemnly, sincerely, piously they stared at me. I do believe they thought I was preaching a funeral sermon. At the close of the lecture I fully expected a committee to come forward and request a copy of my obituary on the Georges for publication in the morning paper, and I felt disappointed that the doorkeeper did not stop me as I went out to put crape on my arm and a weeper on my hat. It was truly a solemn and refreshing season.

"The next morning, after paying my advertising bills and the hotel charges, I found I had cleared enough to pay my return fare to this place, and five dollars over. Congratulating myself on this fact, I strode jubilantly down to the station, and was in the act of stepping on the train when I felt myself touched on the back. Turning around, I beheld a small man with the aspect of a turnkey, who, in no complimentary terms, made inquiry, 'Ain't you a man by the name of Thackeraay?'

"That is my name, sir."

"Well, didn't you give a show here last night?"

"Why, yes, I think it was decidedly a "show.""

"Well, thar's a law in this town that any man that gives a show has got to pay five dollars license for a-givin' uv the show, and you didn't pay no license; and I'm the sargent uv this town, and here's the bill, and you got to pay it before you kin get to git in them keers."

"This was too good. I handed the fierce little sergeant the five dollars, paid my railroad fare out of my own pocket, and so," concluded Thackeray with a jolly laugh, "I played the mountebank for sixpence, and upon my honor I enjoyed it."

NOTES.

AN interviewer, who recently reported for one of our leading journals the particulars of a visit he paid to Baron Liebig, the well-known German chemist, gave Liebig's interpretation of the story of Cain and Abel as the tradition of the contest between the agriculturalist and the hunter, or between civilization with its productive industry, and barbarism with its necessity for living by destruction. Whether this interpretation is correct or not, it is at least suggestive. Though agriculture lies at the basis of social progress, since by it alone the ease and certainty of life, which is the necessary condition precedent for all social culture, can be obtained, yet the class of agricultural laborers has in all historic times been the most degraded portion of the body politic. In this country the freedom of our political relations has in a great measure altered this condition of things, but in Europe, and perhaps especially in England, the agricultural laborers are even worse off than our plantation slaves were, since they have not the natural gayety of disposition which the negro had, but are stolid and sullen. Their countenances, their bearing and their lives are those of men who seem to feel that their ancestors for countless generations have been drudges, that their own lot has been the same, and that their case is hopeless. The spirit of modern times has seemed to have as little effect in exciting them to new aspirations as the birth of spring has upon the rocks and stones. The recent strike, therefore, of the agricultural laborers in England is as noticeable an event as the opening of the East to the influx of modern civilization. The torpor of their despair seems to have passed, and with a terrible logic they have said, "Working all our lives, we starve: it cannot be worse if we refuse to work." To many of the employers such an action on their part is as surprising as a similar course upon the part of our oxen would be to us, but to the student of social progress their strike is full of significance.

THE theoretical admirers of Turner's

pictures, who have been induced thereto by Ruskin's brilliant crusade in their favor, as a general rule are dumbfounded and aghast at the first sight of them in the National Academy in London. These astonishing canvases, which have been fitly described as

A foreground rich in golden dirt,
A sunset painted with a squirt,

look like stupendous jokes upon the part of the artist, as though he painted them as tests of the gullibility of the public, or as proofs of how far a blind reverence for authority could deceive their intelligent common-sense judgment. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that the reason why Turner played in his later years such fantastic tricks with Nature was simply a physical one, a disease of his eyes which made him see things differently from what they are. The name given to this new optical disease is astigmatization, and its prophet is a German oculist named Liebfrieh, who recently lectured in London "on certain faults of vision, with especial reference to the works of Turner and Mulready." According to this new theory, astigmatization is a physiological condition which tends to so elongate all perpendicular lines as almost to obliterate horizontal ones, and produces analogous effects in color. These statements the lecturer illustrated by the use of an astigmatic glass—though exactly what that is does not clearly appear in the report—by which early pictures of Turner's were made to appear like those of his later years. He also by an astigmatizing glass made it evident that a tree painted by Turner, which from its close resemblance to a cloud of smoke the critics have heretofore been unable to classify botanically, was in fact a birch tree. All that is wanting now is for some one to demonstrate the same physical cause for our moral and political cases of obliquity of vision.

MOST of us have read with interest the accounts of the numerous funeral ceremonies and processions which have taken place in various Italian cities in honor of the patriot Mazzini, including

Rome, where much enthusiasm and respect were shown when his bust was carried through the city to be placed in the Capitol. But it may not be as generally known, on our side of the ocean, that his body, after having received a simulated burial in Genoa, was given into the hands of Professor Gorini, who has undertaken to preserve it by means of petrification. The art of petrifying bodies has been for years an object of special study in Italy, and Gorini seems to have been unusually successful in it, and, indeed, to have made wonderful progress in its details. There are two ways in which dead bodies are preserved, and made to retain all the appearances of life. Certain preparations give them the hardness of stone, so that they may be exposed to all changes of temperature and weather without being affected by them. Under the hand of this professor, Mazzini's body will be preserved in this wise, and will require eight months to become thoroughly petrified. We are curious to know what is to be done with the corpse after it has thus been preserved, and conjecture that it will be made to figure as one more attraction in M. Gorini's already most strange museum. This museum contains several lifelike corpses and heads, besides various objects made out of human flesh. Certain embalming preparations give to bodies, after an immersion of several hours in water, the appearance of just having fallen asleep; and having thus regained their flexibility they prove valuable for anatomical studies.

How far an interference in politics is justifiable upon the part of the clergy has always been a question. While every occurrence which could not be otherwise accounted for was supposed to have been caused by the immediate

personal action of some divine being, the belief was of course absolute that such action could be influenced by the priests who claimed, and were supposed to have, some more immediate means of communication with the divinities than fell to the lot of the rest of mankind. In Rome, for example, the augurs were consulted upon all matters of public importance, and the action of the state was deferred or carried out according to their interpretation of the will of the divinities. Modern philosophy, however, is supposed to have abrogated this dependence upon the priestly interpretation of the divine will in all matters of political action, and Cicero's disbelief in its accuracy or its efficacy, which was exceptional in his time, even among the learned, is to-day the rule rather than the exception. It is curious, therefore, to find in Massachusetts, where philosophy is supposed to be the daily occupation of the people, and in Boston, which is well known to be the hub through which the axis of the universe turns, that the Legislature, to which in our modern methods of government political action is specifically delegated, should suffer from priestly interference in its peculiar province. We saw recently how one minister in his annual sermon before the Legislature took the liberty of discoursing pointedly upon the text, *Thou shalt not steal*, and now it seems that the chaplain of the House has been in the habit of introducing political considerations in the prayers with which the daily sessions are opened. As an evidence of reversion to original types this experience should have delighted the philosophers of the Legislature, instead of disgusting them as it did, one of the members speaking of it as lobbying questions to the Almighty.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Music and Morals. By the Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This is an attempt to perform the Ruskinism of the art of music. The author, who evidently has given musical works a close and cultured attention, wishes to vindicate them before the moralist. He observes that color, as in the case of a fine sunset, conveys an address to the emotional nature, an appeal which he believes to affect our religious faculty. Music, which is to literature like unformulated color, he considers to carry a similar power. Undoubtedly, the influence of grand scales of color is a commanding one, and one can think of fine and poignant minds, the Shelleys and William Blakes of the world, taking definite impressions therefrom, and translating these to their fellow-men: as for the illustration of the sunset, the grand sunsets of Patmos have apparently modified with magistral effect the visions of the inspired author of the Apocalypse. Music, it is very possible, may in like manner and at some period, exert a definite refining influence upon morals, but it has the disadvantage of speaking an accent quite unseized of minds not technically cultured; and morals are improved through *rappports* with the multitude, not through the fastidiousness of the dilettanti. As the sunsets of the Mediterranean were wasted upon the Roman hind until St. John came and painted him a heaven with them, so it appears to us that the religiousness of music will never greatly affect the *morale* of the world until some one comes capable of translating it into the world's one vernacular of language. This, in fact, is what Mr. Haweis's book is a tentative effort for; but we are sorry to assure Mr. Haweis that after a full inspection of his intellect, as spread forth in this rather pleasant work, we conclude that he is not the St. John, nor even the Ruskin. Biographical sketches of great composers, with chapters on violins and piano-fortes, on chamber-music and similar topics, make up the bulk of the volume, which, without anything new or very striking, contains a great deal of agreeable gossip that will whet the

curiosity of many readers in regard to such topics.

Their Wedding-Journey. By W. D. Howells. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The meagre happenings which are recorded here challenge the literary faculty by their very poverty and paucity: the two adventurers are just the next people you will meet at a party; the principal marionettes of the action are such well-worn ones as the bride of Niagara and the supercilious hotel-clerk: a treatment less sensitive would lose everything. Yet the tour is a little chef-d'œuvre. It is painted with light and air and local color on it: there is a bloom, as there is on the golden plum, and you are tempted to cover the book with a glass case. The two scenes which linger in the memory are the transit through New York on a blind-hot dog-day, and Isabel's scene on the last of the Sister Islands at Niagara, where she has an intuition that the bridges are unsafe and will not go back. Hawthorne, who could never sketch conversation, though he was so perfect a limner of aspects of Nature and of people's actions and attitudes, would have found among these papers just the last, complementing grace which he never could catch for his *Note-Books*. The rarest, perhaps, of Mr. Howells's faculties is that of inveigling into print those little shreds of remark that float to the ear at railway-stations and hotel-tables: with these he charms his book. These nothings, uttered and lost and caught again, are found to be the life of the work, and the whole tale, which would otherwise be leathery enough, crepitates from their permeation. On the whole, it would not be surprising if this tender trifle were found at length to keep a permanent place in our literature that its author never dreamed of for it.

The Music Lesson of Confucius, and other Poems. By Charles Godfrey Leland. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

The poem which gives its name to the volume is one of the three longest in the book, the second being the "Return of the

Gods," and the third, "Many in One;" and even these have a quality that is but too rare in modern poetry—they are all short. The nicety of taste, almost amounting to a faulty rather than a faultless delicacy, requires of Mr. Leland more space than he is willing to give to the proper exposition of his fullness of learning and wealth of ideas—attributes uncommon to the poets of the day, for even the greatest of them are not afraid to run to unconscionable lengths, rather than leave a single flower of speech unopened, or the most modest turn of a thought to blush unseen. A reader in concord with the mood of the poet himself—and that is essential to the enjoyment, and indeed to the comprehension, of poetry—will find many things to gratify him in these poems, both in form and substance. The keynote of the whole is struck in "The Return of the Gods," and this melodious strain is pregnant with noble thoughts. Change, after all, is the *new*, and this dogma is laid down in the couplets beginning with—

Grandeur than Plato or Hegel, greater than Bacon or Comte,
Is faith in a noble endeavor, the power to rise to the new.

Less scoffing in its tone is the poem which Mr. Leland, with his love of quaint learning, dubs "De Apibus Mortem Dōminæ lugentibus:" it is replete with frequent music, and it is, too, a study of art, yet, with characteristic indifference to mere popularity, the entire intention is not easy to catch, and as most people are dull as to hidden meaning in poetry, much of it will remain enigmatical to many readers, although all of it may be clear enough to others. Exquisitely told is the story of Spiridion,

And of his daughter, faithful unto death.

Then follow half a dozen short "Poems of Perfumes," which are very pretty and fanciful—Ovidian, yet with a sentiment unknown to the Latin poet. "Many in One" is a charming myth, taking twenty pages for its telling, and evidently a favorite theme with its author, who might have done well to make it the "leader" of his little family of poems, and given the title to his volume. So good a Latinist as Mr. Leland has bent to the inexorable rules of verse, and given us "Jovis" as a nominative, with no better authority, we take it, than the stress of necessity. But this and kindred faults are but flies in amber. Part III. of this poem

is clever enough, but it seems out of tune with its predecessors, for, after all, burlesque should not travesty the earnest by the same hand. The poem of "A Thousand Years Ago" is very pretty and sportive, and it is followed by half a dozen "Legends of the Birds," which deserve to be popular, both because they are new and because they are good, uniting the strange reading of the German chronicles with the happiest freedom of expression, and that verbal nicety which specially marks Mr. Leland's use of old material for a new purpose.

We can heartily commend and congratulate Mr. Leland on his book, both in detail and as a whole: it comprises a distinct individuality, and yet at times it brings out a fresh reminiscence of Shelley, of Heine and of Uhland, but only as serving to show how they at the same time enrich Mr. Leland's own store of poetry and attest his own originality.

Paris Illustré, en 1870. Par Adolphe Joanne.
Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern.

By the new *Guide Joanne* we get in a compact form some interesting data of the destruction of Paris. The Commune, it appears, during its reign of seventy-three days, ruined two hundred and thirty-eight public or private properties. The loss by its vandalism, in this and other sorts of direct spoliation, is calculated at eight hundred and sixty-seven million five hundred thousand francs. Except in architecture, however, it caused but little irreparable ruin, and the number of happy escapes for objects of value was marvelous. Not to repeat the well-ventilated stories of the Venus of Milo, M. Thiers' treasures and the Column Vendôme, it seems that the Archives, invaluable to the history of France, were only separated by the breadth of a street from the Mont de Piété, so thoroughly pillaged by the needy revolutionists: they were arranged in the Hôtel Soubise, and passed unnoticed. The great National Library in the Rue Richelieu was entirely saved, the volumes having been hidden in the cellar of the School of Fine Arts. In the Louvre Library, however, eighty thousand books were burnt; the registers of the État Civil were destroyed; and in the fires at the Palace of Justice, twenty thousand out of thirty thousand volumes were lost from the Advocates' Library; thirty thousand more perished in the new pavilion of the

palace. During the same fire the neighboring Sainte-Chapelle escaped with all its fine glass windows intact, thanks to the prevalence of a strong north wind. At the church of St. Eustache, however, the glass designed by Philippe de Champagne was destroyed. Only one corner of the ceiling of the Gallery of Apollo, in the Louvre (the centre-piece of which was painted by Delacroix), is burnt away. In Notre Dame the loss is confined to two amboines at the extremity of the bas-choir. We speak not, however, of the spoliation of sacristy treasures, quantities of which, from most of the churches of Paris, were taken to the mint to be coined. The issue of money made during the triumph of the Commune was one million three hundred thousand francs, and not, as has been stated, thirteen millions: a considerable number of postage-stamps was likewise struck. By the barricade of the Rue de Rivoli was destroyed the statue of Lille, one of those decorating the Place de la Concorde; and one of the horses in marble at the entrance to the Champs Elysées lost his tail. The villa of Rossini, at Passy, received more than fifty shells, the chamber where the composer died being left a mass of rubble: all is being now rebuilt by Madame Rossini. The house of Théophile Gautier, at Neuilly, near the river, was badly perforated, but the treasures had been hidden. In another house, however, that of M. Gatteaux, a friend of Ingres, perished, among other things, a choice series of the designs and compositions of the painter, intended ultimately for the national collections. The art-loss at the Gobelins factory included most of the specimens illustrating the history of French tapestry, kept in the exhibition-hall. That the losses in this kind can be so easily counted—that the collections of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Cluny and the Arts-and-Trades Museums should have all escaped—is a matter of sincerest congratulation. The work from which we have taken the above notes is *Paris Illustré* in its third edition, one of the admirable Joanne series of guide-books. The present issue, it appears, the result itself of a year's labor and more, was in press when Napoleon declared war against Prussia, eight sheets only remaining to print. Unwilling to suppress the carefully-amended pages, and ignorant of the plans of the future Paris with which to replace them, the publishers determined to

let the work stand as a presentment of the capital in the last months of the Empire. It is printed on such fine paper that, although there are about eleven hundred pages, the volume is not much over two inches in thickness. The engravings number four hundred and forty-two, and there are fifteen plans: a good feature in the maps is, that the quarters of the city are represented each on a page, in fine colored charts, avoiding much of the customary nuisance in creasing and tearing. The work altogether is a curiosity of *multum in parvo*.

Books Received.

- John Jasper's Secret: A Sequel to Charles Dickens' Unfinished Novel, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood." Illustrated. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- Shakespeare's History of King Henry the Eighth. Edited, with Notes, by William J. Rolfe, A. M. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Strange Discoveries respecting the Aurora, and Recent Solar Researches. By Richard A. Procter, B. A., F. R. A. S., etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.
- Speeches on Political Questions by George W. Julian. With an Introduction by L. Maria Child. New York: Hurd & Houghton.
- The Monks of the West, from St. Benedict to St. Bernard. By the Count de Montalembert. 2 vols. Boston: Patrick Donahoe.
- Hannah: A Novel. By Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Mistress and Maid: A Household Story. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Meister Karl's Sketch-Book. By Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann). Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.
- The Country of the Dwarfs. By Paul du Chaillu. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Poor Miss Finch: A Novel. By Wilkie Collins. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers.
- Lucia—Her Problem: A Novel. By Amanda M. Douglas. New York: Sheldon & Co.
- Patty: A Novel. By Katherine S. Macquoid. New York: Harper & Brothers.

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