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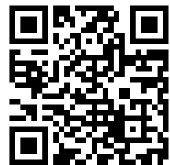

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Lippincott's Magazine

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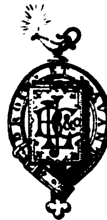
OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

VOLUME VI.



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CONTENTS.

PAGE

About Dogs .... *Donn Piatt* 265
A Friends' Meeting 417
A Glance at Fairmount Park .... *Malcolm Macuen* 96
A Glimpse of Quebec .... *John Esten Cooke* 319
A Pilgrimage .... *Barton Hill* 288
A Polyglot Empire .... *Stephen Powers* 480
A Roving Commission 569
A Week Among the Mormons .... *A. M.* 41
A Yankee on the Throne of France .... *Arthur Fleming* 487
By Steam and Paddle to Manitoba .... *John Lesperance* 255
Chit-Chat from Andalusia .... *Florence Marryat* 620
Crackers .... *J. S. Bradford* 457
Errata .... *George H. Calvert* 327
Expansion or Contraction? .... *Hon. Amasa Walker* 645

Fiction.

A Ghost as a Modern Convenience .... *Margaret Hosmer* 54
Amy's Lover .... *Florence Marryat* 128
Blood will Tell .... *O. S. Adams* 398
Cacoethes Scribendi: and What Came of It .... *P. Thorne* 639
In Love with a Shadow .... *T. A. Janvier* 518
Irene 376, 491, 625
Louie .... *Harriet Prescott Spofford* 589
Miss Tiggs' Secret .... *J. W. Watson* 101
My Story .... *J. F. Stone* 322
Noncarra's Bad Luck .... *S. H. Daddow* 211
Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite: A Novel .... *Anthony Trollope* 77, 160, 270, 427, 539, 651
The Ghost of Ten Broek van der Heyden 345
The House of Pennypacker & Son .... *J. W. Watson* 293
The Hungry Heart .... *J. W. de Forrest* 189
The Story of the Sapphire .... *Lucy H. Hooper* 246
The Victims of Dreams .... *Margaret Hosmer* 470
Two Letters .... *W. A. Thompson* 19

Florida: How to Go and Where to Stay .... *J. P. Little* 605
Gustave Flaubert, the Realist .... *W. P. Morras* 439
Lake Superior and the Sault Sainte Marie .... *Isaac Aiken* 66

Literature of the Day: containing Reviews of the following Books:

Alcott, Louisa M.—An Old-Fashioned Girl 230
Allibone, S. Austin—A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors 229
Baker, William M.—The New Timothy 454
Bryant, William Cullen—The Iliad of Homer, translated into English Verse 342
Cox, G. W.—The Mythology of the Aryan Nations 676
De Schweinitz, Edmund—The Life and Times of David Zeisberger 677
Evans, Mary L.—Glimpses by Sea and Land 232
Lanfrey, P.—Histoire de Napoléon I 118
Leo—The Scapegoat 567
Reade, Charles—Put Yourself in His Place 338

836136

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PAGE

Rosetti, Dante Gabriel—Poems 340
Sand, George—Pierre qui roule 565
Stevens, George T.—Three Years in the Sixth Corps 679
Mary Ann and Chyng Loo .... *Margaret Hosmer* 354
Mexican Reminiscences 282, 410
Negro Superstitions .... *Thaddeus Norris* 90
Old Book Shops of London and Paris .... *E. H.* 152
On the English Hustings .... *George M. Towle* 389
On the Hypothesis of Evolution, Physical and Metaphysical .... *Edward D. Cope* 29, 173, 310
Our Castles .... *Edward Spencer* 180
Our Monthly Gossip 113, 219, 332, 446, 551, 665

POETRY.

Admetus .... *Emma Lazarus* 246
A Vision of the Hour .... *Lucy H. Hooper* 663
Elk County 467
Epigram .... *R. M. Walsh* 74
Forbidden .... *Edgar Fawcett* 426
Marie .... *K. A. S.* 361
The Appian Way .... *T. Buchanan Read* 586
The Island of Time .... *M. M. G.* 218
The Loss of the Oneida .... *Henry H. Goodrich* 75
The One Sweet Thing that is Lost to Me .... *Howard Glyndon* 139
The Winds .... *Cecil Dare* 17
To-Day .... *M. H. K.* 632
Violets in Autumn .... *Howard Glyndon* 538

Prussia the German Nation .... *Stephen Powers* 371
Russia in Central Asia .... *Charles Morris* 106
Shall we Despair of the Republic? .... *Walter Mitchell* 49
Southern Society .... *Schele de Vere* 121
The Calvert Family .... *Eugene L. Didier* 531
The Dominican Republic and Annexation .... *H. Hargrave* 200
The Emperor Alexander 149
The Geysers of California .... *J. F. Manning* 633
The Great Monopoly .... *Abram P. Eastlake* 362
The Petticoat in the Politics of England .... *Justin McCarthy* 9
The "Porcellan-Fabrik" at Meissen .... *Helen W. Pierson* 384
The Real Condition of the South .... *Edward A. Pollard* 612
The Stone Annals of the Past .... *Charles Morris* 506
The Virginia Tourist .... *Edward A. Pollard* 140
Three Triumphs .... *Schele de Vere* 500
To Atlantic City by Way of —— .... *A. G. Penn* 420
Waifs from Field, Camp and Garrison .... *James Franklin Fitts* 303

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"May I believe that you love me?"

[Sir Harry Hotspur. Chap. VIII.]

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

JULY, 1870.

THE PETTICOAT IN THE POLITICS OF ENGLAND.

THE late Madame Emile de Girardin it was, I think, who described some provincial microcosm where every man was governed by his wife except one, and he was governed by another man's wife. It would be rather too much, perhaps, to say that the ways of this place precisely resemble those of the English political world; but it is certain that the soft, low voice of woman has long governed the politics of England to a degree whereof probably most people on this side of the Atlantic have but little notion. Woman suffrage is likely to become a fact in England sooner than in the United States. The difficulties in its way are less complicated and less vast there than here. In England, even under the late Reform Bill, the franchise is given only to the occupier of a house or separate lodgings—the person who pays the rent. Therefore, were the sexes placed on a political equality in regard to the vote, there would still be none of the complications and the confusion which, reasonably or unreasonably, are so much dreaded here—the discord between husband and wife, the swamping of intelligence by the myriad votes of impetuous maid-servants, and so forth. The husband, mother or son who pays the rent would have the vote, just as now: only where a widow or spinster was the recognized and responsible occupier would the woman have the vote, as indeed she already has in various parochial and other such elections. Doubtless the time will come when universal suffrage will be demanded for England, but that time is not just yet; and meanwhile woman will be allowed to ascend by gradual elevation toward what Mr. Mill considers her legitimate sphere, or be permitted, if you prefer to look at the subject with Mr. Carlyle's eyes, to descend an inclined plane toward that bottomless pit whither womanhood suffrage is to be followed by doghood suffrage.

I am not, however, about to write an essay on Woman Suffrage; whereon, whether in England or elsewhere, there has perhaps been a sufficiency of writing already without my help. My purpose is rather to speak of that kind of influence which women have long exercised in English politics, and which may be described as the irresponsible and illegitimate influence—the petticoat influence. I doubt whether many of the readers of this Magazine have any idea of the extent and power of that influence in English politics—of the endless subtleties by which it makes itself felt, and the pertinacious ubiquity which it continues to exhibit. I grieve to have

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to speak ungallantly, but I am compelled to say that in the overwhelming majority of cases it has been a corrupt and almost as often a corrupting influence. Nor need the advocates of woman's suffrage (I am one of its sincere and candid advocates myself) take alarm at this, or attempt the futile task of disproving it. Irresponsible, illegitimate and subterranean influences nearly always are corrupt. The fact is rather an argument to establish, than an argument to disprove, the necessity of the political enfranchisement of women.

Corrupt, however, the political influence of the petticoat in England assuredly is—mean-spirited, ignoble, selfish and demoralizing. Let us begin at the base of the social pyramid. The influence of the wives of uneducated or half-educated voters in the smaller boroughs is immense. The wives are almost always to be reached by bribes or presents or promises or flatteries. An election agent of experience once told me that when he had secured the wives he cared nothing about the husbands. The eloquent and judicious candidate always pays special attention to the task of flattering and winning wives. In almost numberless cases detailed before election committees the business of bribery was carried on directly with the wife, who undertook, plain and square, to manage her husband. Not all these good ladies of course dealt so roundly with the matter as the worthy matron of whom the story goes, that being pressed by the friends of a certain candidate to procure for him her husband's "plumper" (the full vote given for one candidate especially where there are more than one on the same side), promptly replied that if he hesitated a moment about doing so she would give *him* a "plumper." But the average Briton of the lower-middle class in smaller boroughs, the stout personage who spends his evenings regularly with the same circle of cronies in the same public-house, is apt to be for the most part under the complete control of his wife. Only when he is sustained by the excitement of some great public question and the common action of his fellows would he be likely to struggle long against her dominion over his political conduct. She therefore, being wholly irresponsible to public opinion, and as a matter of course almost wholly unscrupulous, is eagerly sought after by candidates or their agents. She insists that the husband shall not lose sight of his own interests; that he shall not throw away a good chance; that he shall not injure her and himself and the children by disobliging this powerful landlord or that wealthy customer. Sometimes the husband is willing enough to be corrupted, provided he can in any way persuade himself that he relieves his conscience, as Adam did, by throwing the blame on his wife; sometimes he would vote for disinterested principles if he was quite free; but he has not patience and marrow and backbone enough to resist the influence of the matronly angel in his house. Of course there is bribery which is done not with foul shekels of the tested gold. Where the electors are of a somewhat higher class than those whom I have just been describing, there are influences of a more delicate order brought into operation. There are, of course, the agent's flattery, the candidate's flattery: sweeter and more seductive than all, the flattery brought to bear by the candidate's gracious wife. So pray do not mistake the meaning of the kind of influence to which the virtuous and corrupt spouse of the British elector commonly yields. It is the sweet condescension of higher rank which conquers her; and this is far more sweet and conquering when it comes from the candidate's wife or sister than from the candidate himself. For although it is an exquisite sensation to Mrs. Plumper to see the honorable candidate, son perhaps of a peer, take off his hat to her and bow and smile, to hear his winning voice and feel his shake of the hand, yet it is a prouder moment by far when the candidate's wife or sister calls upon her and recognizes with gracious courtesy her social existence. Here we have the power of the

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petticoat controlling politics by a double-acting influence. Of course, however, the demeanor of the candidate himself, and even his personal appearance, will count for a great deal. A handsome face, a pleasant tongue and a noble name are almost irresistible with the class of wives who are above the money bribe or the green parasol. Grantley Berkeley indeed tells a story of a candidate who, having had it strongly impressed upon him that he must court and win this feminine influence, was possessed with what Grantley calls the insane idea that the way to win over the *bourgeois* electors was to kiss all their wives, and acted on this irrational theory, and so set the men hopelessly against him, drew them into open rebellion, and utterly lost his election. Had he confined his attentions within more reasonable bounds, or could he have induced his own wife to do the osculation of the matrons for him, he would doubtless have won his battle. At a recent election for Nottingham, the good-humored and witty Bernal Osborne, having been defeated, declared in a pleasant speech that he owed his failure to the exertions and the fascinations of two ladies who had canvassed for his opponents—Lady Clifton and Mrs. Wright. Still more lately, in the same borough, Mr. Digby Seymour sent his two daughters to canvass for him, but, unluckily for the illustration of petticoat power, the young ladies were not successful.

All this, however, is a kind of influence which may be regarded as elementary and obvious. Given the system of personal canvass, and it follows that the results are inevitably placed more or less in the hands of the women of a family. Given the system of bribery, and it follows that the irresponsible wife will be a willing and a convenient medium for the corruption of her husband. But the illegitimate influence of women over English politics takes a much higher range, and finds far subtler modes of operation, than this. As regards direct corruption, the English system of representation is almost the antithesis of the American. I suppose there is comparatively little done in the United States in the way of direct bribery of voters. I presume that the modes of corruption by partisan organizations, "rings," and so forth, do not attempt much in the way of direct purchase of individual votes. But this buying of votes is as common as it is flagitious in English boroughs, where the voters are, or at least were, comparatively few. Now, on the other hand, either Congress is grossly and cruelly maligned by every newspaper of every party I have ever seen, and every man I have ever spoken with on the subject, or there are always representatives enough whose influence in favor of a particular measure or scheme can be obtained by personal corruption. Money can be used directly to procure the influence and the vote of some member of Congress, or Congress is marvelously belied. But it is certain that nothing of the kind can be done, or even attempted, with the House of Commons. The member of Parliament who has bought his election by the most shameful and iniquitous bribery and treating will himself be personally pure and beyond the possibility of direct corruption. I will not say that there has never of late years been any single instance of such corruption, but I do say that I at least have not heard of any such, and that for our present argument we may fairly assume that the direct corruption of British members of Parliament is wholly unknown. The thing is, in fact, never thought of. The days when Walpole's members of Parliament found bank-notes under their plates at his dinner-table are practically as far distant from the English political life of the present as the days of the Heptarchy. But corruption is a Proteus. It can show itself in the disguise of a ball-ticket or a smiling salutation or a gracious word, as well as in a five-pound note or a green parasol. When it has to tempt the political man it follows the lead of the Old Serpent, and tempts him through woman. Marvelous is the amount of mischief which is wrought in this way through the influence of the petticoat. The member of Parliament who

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is sent up to London from some provincial borough may be himself beyond all possibility of direct purchase. But he has a wife, and he probably has daughters. Perhaps he is a wealthy manufacturer; perhaps he is a successful railway contractor or stockbroker; perhaps he is a rising lawyer; perhaps he is an enriched shopkeeper who has retired from business. The great bulk of the English Liberals, and not a few of the newer Tories, are men who belong to one or other of these classes. These men come up to London, take a town-house for the season, and find themselves, in the House of Commons, brought into association more or less direct with the great peers and other chiefs of their parties. The wives and daughters of course are burning to get into Society. The husband and father has perhaps been driven on by his womankind to seek a place in Parliament, for which he has neither inclination nor capacity, because the said womankind hope, by virtue of his political position, to obtain an entrance into Belgravian drawing-rooms. Many an honest British Philistine beyond the middle age yawns or dozes for hour after hour every night on the back benches of the House of Commons, weary of speeches he does not care to hear, and having no desire whatever to make a speech himself, who would be quietly at home in his obscure and happy bed but for the energy and ambition of his wife and her girls. The poor man is sure to be the victim of a clever minister. Perhaps he has entered Parliament as a Radical and a patriot, pledged to the reform of all abuses, the retrenchment of military and naval expenses, and the keeping down of an arrogant and bloated aristocracy. I have not been in England since great Radicals have themselves become cabinet ministers, and therefore must be understood as speaking now of the days when to be a Radical was to be the follower of men who held no office and had no favors to bestow. Our provincial Radical then went into Parliament with intentions worthy of Andrew Marvel. He would always support Bright with vote and cheer—he would oppose the Whig ministry as firmly as he would oppose the Tory opposition. Keen eyes, however, soon took the measure of our patriot and of our patriot's womankind. Mrs. Member and Misses Member received cards of invitation for Lady Premier's ball; Lady Premier spoke graciously to Mrs. Member, and complimented the good looks of the Misses Member; when the ladies drove in the Park they received a genial and delightful salutation from Lady Premier's carriage. Alas for our poor Member and his political resolutions! A great party debate is impending; the Tory opposition is making a decisive struggle for power; almost all will depend on the course taken by the Radicals, and the leading Radicals are inclined to oppose the government. Only think of it! If poor Member is a stern patriot, and votes against the government, there is an end of all invitations and smiles and gracious words from Lady Premier to his wife and daughters; and what has he for consolation but the approval of his conscience and John Bright, neither of which gives grand balls, and for neither of which therefore do the wife and daughters care one straw? The chances are many to one that the husband and father is conquered, and with him the patriot—that the vote is given to the government, and that Lady Premier administers the reward in the shape of more smiles, salutes and invitations.

It would be hardly possible to exaggerate the amount of quiet corruption which is or used to be effected in this manner. The worst influences of social ambition in the United States are as nothing compared with the strength of such influences in England. Nothing can be done in America for an American woman which could so feed and gratify her ambition as an invitation to the drawing-room of a peeress feeds and gratifies the ambition of a middle-class Englishwoman. I think the wife of a retired tradesman who could resist the temptation of such an invitation is a heroine to be classed with Joan of Arc

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or Madame Roland. Perhaps there are such heroines even among the wives of middle-class British Philistines, but there certainly are not many of them; and the will of woman is strong and pitiless, and the elderly husband is easy-going, muddleheaded and weak. Thus there were always conquests being made in this way of worthy Radicals, who, absolutely incorruptible as regards the temptations of money, or even perhaps of office, collapsed and succumbed utterly when assailed through the medium of the ambition of their women. The great Radical leaders were always losing votes in this way; and the influence of the petticoat was invariably exercised to their detriment. They had not themselves any splendid social position, and neither they nor their wives were much given to blandishment. So the thanes fled from them, or rather sneaked away from them. "We are politically free," said a great English Radical, "but we are socially enslaved." Of this social enslavement women were in nine cases out of ten the prime agents, instruments, dupes and decoys.

The fact is always recognized in political conferences and calculations and in private conversation: it is taken as a matter of course. Nothing is more common than to hear this or that rising Radical spoken of as a person not to be counted on in the long run by his party, because "his wife is so ambitious." Some years ago Mr. Roebuck, not yet having forsworn Liberalism and manhood, made a powerful speech at a public meeting, in which he denounced the feeble creatures who were compelled at the dictation of conjugal ambition to "crawl on their bellies," as he put it, before this or that great peer or minister. Indeed, one who is at all familiar with English politics is often forced to wonder why the world should be so hard upon a poor girl who surrenders her hand in obedience to the impulse of misguided love, or perhaps to the mere craving of hunger, when there are men of social position and reputed character who will in a political sense sell their souls for an invitation to a ball or a dinner; and I feel satisfied that in three out of every four cases the politician sells his soul just as Adam took the apple, because the conjugal love prompts and tempts him.

Social influence is a tremendous power in English politics. The drawing-room often settles the fate of the division in the House of Commons. The smile or the salute of the peeress has already bought the votes which are necessary to secure her husband's triumph. The late Lady Palmerston was a perfect mistress of this kind of policy, and was, in her way, a sort of ruling, cajoling queen of Society. She took the minutest care to win over every one who was worth winning and capable of being won. She was clever, brilliant, shifty, fascinating; she could please people, and without any direct flattery make them think well of themselves; and she seemed to count any trouble well bestowed which promised in the remotest degree to secure a vote for her husband. It is needless to say that she understood perfectly that a man is most easily and effectively conquered through his womankind. She knew human nature, especially its weaknesses; and I cannot help thinking that there must have been a dash of cynicism, of almost irrepressible scorn for the world and the people she knew so well how to manage, blended in with the suave geniality and patient courtesy which she always displayed. She served her husband faithfully, and between the two they cheerfully and pleasantly demoralized their political generation. He preached and illustrated with smile and jest the easy creed that in politics earnestness is a foolish thing, and sincerity is vulgar, and strong principle is only fit for a Quaker. He thought it a wonderfully smart thing to call John Bright "the reverend gentleman," because Bright had spoken against a reckless war; and in Palmerston's eyes nothing could be more ridiculous than any serious protestation of faith, and no epithet more contemptuous wherewith to brand such a folly than a title which implies the profession of religion. The work that Palmerston did in the House

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of Commons his adroit and faithful wife did with equal tact and skill in Cambridge House, Piccadilly. Her merit was indeed, in one sense, greater than his. I take it that Lord Palmerston was a thoroughly good-natured man, who felt a genuine delight in being friendly, pleasing and kind; who was always at his ease, and wished to put every one else in the same happy condition; and who may emphatically be described as endowed with that *don terrible de la familiarité* which Emerson in one of his recently-published essays speaks of as so formidable a political instrument. But I doubt whether Lady Palmerston had by nature this kind of temperament. I doubt whether she had not to subdue a somewhat haughty and disdainful spirit in order to bring herself to conciliate the wives and daughters of the *nouveaux riches* whose votes she was determined to secure. I have heard of things which she said—sudden outbursts of emphatic, piquant words—which seemed as if the proud and scornful heart was sometimes fain to relieve itself of a weight of weary endurance, and to give some vent to its long-suppressed contempt. Really, there must have been something in its way quite heroic in the sort of life which such a woman led. It must have been a hard struggle to be thus always civil and condescending and familiar and friendly to the sort of people whom through so many years Lady Palmerston had to conciliate. Not a very noble sort of occupation in life, certainly; not the very loftiest sphere of woman's mission, but one that assuredly exacted of an imperious and proud spirit a long and patient self-abnegation which has at least the flavor of a sort of perverted heroism about it. I presume that many of the people whom Lady Palmerston cajoled must have known well enough that they were being cajoled, and why, but they yielded all the same. I heard a clever woman once affirm that most women like to be flattered even when they know perfectly well that it is nothing but sheer flattery which is addressed to them—that, knowing it to be false, they yet like the sound of it. I fancy there are men of whom just the same thing might be said, and that some of them were won over by Lady Palmerston in the good old days, so recent and yet so obsolete, before Cambridge House had been turned into a club, and when Palmerstonian unprinciples were the political code of the country.

I do not know why it is that in our time, at least, the English Liberals should have been so strangely deficient in the art of ruling through social influences. But it seems to me an undoubted fact that the power of the petticoat in England has been almost always exerted on the side of conservative or reactionary principles. There is one good thing to be noted—that at least the old-fashioned operation of political corruption through female influence has not been lately heard of. It is not Delilah befooling the political Samson any more: it is Lady Patroness buying souls with a ticket for Almack's. The Armida bowers are only a fashionable drawing-room, wherein the beguiled knight has the privilege of being squeezed and stifled in a happy, fainting crowd. It is not so many years since a still celebrated lady was accused of having wheedled a brilliant young statesman out of a great cabinet secret, bought it of him by her charms, and sold it for substantial reward to the *Times* newspaper. It is not so many years since another celebrated lady was commonly accredited by rumor with having set herself up as a bait to catch a certain statesman and seduce him from the path of political duty—with having done this deliberately and as a stroke of party strategy, quite prepared and ready for any personal sacrifices which the situation might demand. It is not long since such things were talked of freely and commonly, and yet they seem as if they might have belonged to quite another stage of our civilization, so much out of date do they now appear. You may still meet in London more than one distinguished lady of whom in her day such things were said; and yet times have changed so much in that respect that one can

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hardly think it was these living ladies, and not their departed grandmothers, who were the subjects of such now obsolete scandal. All that sort of thing is utterly gone. The influence of women over English politics now is too commonly illegitimate in its operations and corrupting in its influence; but the corruption is social, not personal: the temptation is the ascent of a Belgravian flight of stairs, and not of the Venusberg.

This illegitimate influence of women on English politics may therefore be summarily described as working in the three following channels: First, on the voters; next, on members of Parliament; finally, on statesmen. I have described the operation in the two former instances. In the latter I am inclined to think the influence decreasing of late years, while in the other two it has immensely increased. Statesmen are still occasionally affected by feminine influence in the giving away of great parliamentary appointments. Thus it was commonly said some few years ago that a very important post was given to a wild and featherheaded scapegrace because the female relatives of himself and his wife thought the best way to reform him would be to set him to some hard work; and they talked over the prime minister's wife, and she talked over the prime minister; and accordingly a personage who united the qualities of roué, horse-jockey, bully and buffoon was assigned to one of the most important and critical departments of the British government; and oh what a pretty thing he did make of it! Later still, a position not perhaps so full of critical and momentous interests, but yet higher in official rank, has been handed over to another scapegrace (of less *prononcé* temperament, however), because some influential ladies thought he might sow his wild oats if he were bribed thereto by the gift of a place in the cabinet. But I am inclined to believe that on the whole English statesmen of great rank do now generally appreciate the responsibilities of their positions, and do endeavor, according to their light, to act independently of personal and private influence. When the English Parliament adopts the ballot, which will undoubtedly happen very soon, the illegitimate influence of women on the voters will, like that of the landlord, the peer, the purse and the priest, gradually fade and disappear. For in England the ballot will really be a secret vote. There will be no need of the machinery of caucuses and party organizations and printed tickets, which is rendered necessary here by the fact that the people are called on to elect whole strings of officials, regarding whose individual merits, or even individual names, it would be impossible to suppose that every voter could have adequate information. The English voter will only be required to say whether he prefers as his representative the Tory candidate, the moderate Liberal candidate or the Radical. He will need no printed ticket with its list of names, and his vote can be made as secret as he desires. Therefore there will no longer be any object in winning over his wife when even the wife of his bosom can no longer feel certain of controlling the vote of her elector. But as regards the influence of the petticoat over the member of Parliament, I fear there must be something like a social revolution in England before this can be obliterated, or even greatly diminished. So long as there is the aristocratic principle; so long as there are houses an invitation to cross the threshold of which confers at once a position in society; so long as there are women whose smile and recognizing bow are welcomed as "a sweet boon" and a priceless honor,—so long will members of Parliament unconsciously sell their votes at the instigation of their wives and daughters. "Women," says a clever writer; "are all aristocrats, from the Bay of Naples to the Bay of Dublin;" and I fancy there are a few of the class even not far from the Schuylkill and the Hudson. I have heard more than one lady in this country frankly confess that she heartily envied the English people their aristocrats and their titles. Anyhow, it is certain that reverence

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for rank seems to lie at the very heart's core of the English woman. I think I have met in England with men who did not care more for the recognition of a peer than for that of a peasant: I never met with any woman, and I don't believe any one else ever did, who was not more or less sensitive to the fascination of superior social rank. I have often wondered how on earth Queen Victoria and the Princess of Wales can get on, or can continue to be women at all, seeing that there is nobody to whose social position they can look up with adoration, ambition or envy. Let me say, in addition, that I never heard it even whispered that Queen Victoria had ever once used her supreme position in English society for any political object or underhand purpose of any kind. In the petticoat influence which is so immense a power over English politics, the personal influence of Queen Victoria counts for absolutely nothing.

Woman in England, then, although she has not yet a voice in the public administration of politics, can certainly not be said to have had no share in the practical rule of the country. Indeed her influence has been far too great, because it has been irresponsible and illegitimate. Conservatism, aristocratic privilege, class-government, the supremacy of rank and caste, and enthroned, endowed religion,—all these evils and many others have been, in great measure, sustained and upheld by woman's power. There is not an injustice known to the political system of England which has not been favored, abetted, struggled for, begged for, wheedled for, intrigued for, by women. And in nine cases out of ten the women who thus misuse their influence would repudiate with utter indignation any proposal to confer the suffrage upon their sex, and would as soon adopt Mary Walker's pantaloons as Helen Taylor's political professions.

I cannot refrain from saying a few words in praise of the ability, moderation, discretion and gracefulness with which the English women of a very different class—the English women who like Helen Taylor (John Stuart Mill's step-daughter) demand the vote for their sex — have conducted their agitation. These ladies have already brought their cause to the very threshold of success. It has now for its leader in the House of Commons Mr. Jacob Bright (younger brother of John Bright), a man of large acquirements and experience, who has traveled much in the New World as well as in the Old, and whose great abilities would have received before now a fuller recognition if he were not almost completely overshadowed by the genius and the fame of his illustrious relative. The ladies who have conducted this agitation have done but little speaking, and absolutely no spouting or screaming. They have not troubled themselves or the world with weary disquisitions on the natural equality or inequality of the sexes; they have not concerned themselves to prove that woman is the superior creation and the last work of Nature; they have not said anything about the tyranny of man, and I do not believe that they even regard man as very much of a tyrant. The tyrant man has to a very considerable extent recognized the justice of their cause, and fought their good fight for them; and now the fight is all but won. Quite lately a remarkable illustration of woman's open and legitimate influence has been exhibited in England. A certain law relating to contagious diseases was about to be passed — a law which nearly all the ladies engaged in the cause of woman's suffrage believed would be worse than useless to the community, and specially unjust and odious to women. The whole subject was a delicate, a difficult and even a painful one for ladies to discuss; and ladies with a less exalted sense of right and less resolute devotion to duty would have ignored the question altogether, and allowed the law to affect as it might the poor and humble of their own sex, whom alone it could in any case directly aggrieve or offend. But these ladies regarded it as their cause, and they had the true womanly courage to appeal frankly to public opinion with a protest and an argument which for

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clearness and ability, combined with consummate delicacy, was quite a model sort of document. I believe the protest and the agitation with which the ladies have followed it up are likely to be completely successful; and but for them the measure, now almost certain to be defeated, would assuredly have passed into a law. Now, I cannot say I am convinced that the views which these ladies express in this particular instance are right—indeed I am rather disposed to think that they are wrong — but I cannot help feeling the most sincere admiration for the courage with which they undertook a most disagreeable duty for the sake of some of the poorest of their own sex, and for the sense and vigor with which they conducted the controversy. The influence of such women, whether it makes itself felt through a vote at the polls or only through a letter in the newspaper, is always sure to be open, honest, legitimate and just. This is not what I call petticoat influence —the influence which woman exerts not through reason or justice or good feeling, but merely through the personal and social arts and fascinations and cajoleries of womanhood. The nobler influence, that which claims openly its legitimate mode of expression, is as naturally and instinctively on the side of freedom, religious equality, education and progress, as the other has always worked in the cause of privilege, caste and aristocratic domination. I do not pretend to say that the women whose organization is now making its power felt in Parliament would in all cases prove themselves individually superior to the fascinations of social rank and the influence of great peers and peeresses—I am not by any means inclined to claim any manner of perfection for them—but their work is open, not subterranean; they strengthen each other in every good cause, and against every weakening or corrupting influence, by combination and organization; they appeal to public opinion, and acknowledge themselves responsible to it: indeed, their most earnest demand is that they shall be made more directly responsible. I wish them an early success, and for no reason more earnestly than because I believe their public recognition in the political field would operate as an antidote to the pernicious effects of that petticoat influence by which English politics have been so long saturated and corrupted.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE WINDS.

WIND of the summer eves,
Fanning the moonlit leaves!
Where hast thou hidden all this breathless day?
In what deep forest glade
Have thy light steps been stayed,
Where the green gloom bars out the sunbeams' ray?

Thou comest like the bee
Flying o'er hill and lea,
Laden with stolen sweets from flower and field:
New haycocks' balmy breath,
Clover and apple wreath,
Borne on thine unseen wings, their odors yield.

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Herald of coming showers!
The thirsty leaves and flowers
Lift up their heads at thy caressing voice:
Through sleeping pines and firs
Low-murmured laughter stirs,
And whispering aspens and grave elms rejoice.

Wind of the winter night,
Chasing with fierce delight
Snow-flake and withered leaf in eddying rings!
Even by the fireside warm,
Curtained from cold and storm,
I shudder at the sweep of thy wild wings.

Perchance, like felon grim,
Thou fleest through shadows dim,
Scared by thy ruthless deeds on land and sea;
And on thy rushing course,
Unseen yet chainless Force!
Tokens of blight and ruin follow thee.—

The desolated path
Cleft like a mower's swath
Through the proud forest's splintered colonnade;
The peasant's cot forlorn,
Its shattered walls uptorn,
And riven the roof-tree where his children played;

The glare of burning streets,
The flames in angry sheets,
Fanned from faint spark by thy destroying breath;
The beacon-tower that glowed
Through siege of storm and flood,
Hurled from its rocky base and quenched in death;

The sailor-boy on high,
Rocking 'twixt sea and sky,
Swept like a feather from the straining mast;
The wrecks that line the strand,
Their freight strewn on the sand,
Their perished crews by ocean shoreward cast;—

Such art thou, viewless power!
Changing from hour to hour:
Now bearing life, now death, on thy swift way:
O thou capricious heart!
See here thy counterpart—
Angel or fiend as Love or Hate holds sway.

CECIL DARE.

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TWO LETTERS.

WE are Dalrymples, and I am Margaret—called "Peg" by seven younger brothers when they are cross, and "Daisy" when they are affectionate; and I am not sure that the last estate with them is not worse than the first.

My story (what there is of it) begins on a certain black Monday, when everybody was cross from having more than his or her share of work. The baby had elected me for her bondwoman in lieu of her usual nurse, who was drafted for the chamber-work.

It was such a breathless July day, and there were so many of us about the house, that the air seemed to be drained of all its freshness before it reached me. I was oppressed all day with a curious weight on my senses, as if something dreadful were going to happen. The baby's fat arms and hands appeared to multiply to a Briarean extent, all pulling at my hair and eyelashes at once. I had to pinch myself to destroy the illusion. A sickly little breeze stirred the tops of the cherry trees, and I carried the baby to the window, balancing her on the sill while I leaned out to breathe it.

"Here's your letter from Charlie," called out Frank, next boy but one to the baby. "I ran all the way from the office with it, 'cause you are so glad to hear from him."

I opened the letter with a faint flutter at my heart: it was very strange that the words would not steady themselves to be read:

"MY DARLING COUSIN:

"*She* has accepted me, with all my imperfections on my head, and I am the happiest man on this footstool. I want just one drop more, and that is your sympathy. But I forget that you do not even know who *she* is: no more did I three weeks ago—"

A great bumble-bee seemed to buzz in my ears to this tune: "Charlie's going to marry another woman—never cared for you at all—at all—at all," tailing off into a prolonged hum.

The next thing I knew I was lying on the lounge in mother's room with a wet towel round my head, while she chafed my hands and somebody else tugged at my stay-lacings.

"What's the matter? Have I been run over or struck by lightning?" I asked, falling giddily when I tried to raise myself.

"You fainted away at the window. You have taken care of other people one day too long."

An appalling stillness reigned through the house—a state of things unknown since the baby's advent two years before. Could it be possible that I had let her fall out of the window, and she was now being laid out in the next room?

"The baby!" I gasped.

"Oh, I packed her off at once to Aunt Jane. She thought you were lying on the floor wholly for her benefit, and was sitting on your head when I went into the room. Whatever becomes of the rest of you, *she* will live into the eighties."

She had got me into bed by this time, and with a final pat all over me, which only mothers know the trick of, she left me alone.

How blissful the heavy quiet was for a moment! and then it flashed upon me that there was something waiting my leisure to be thought about. Charlie's letter, and Charlie himself! We were step-cousins, if there is such a relationship—a very elastic sort of connection at least—which had served to make us alternately familiar and distant. He had been my devoted admirer so long that any other state of things was difficult to conceive of in my weak condition.

I had never put myself through any mental catechism as to my own regard

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for him, and he had asked no question tending to that end. But, woe is me! the idea had somehow got itself rooted in my mind that he would never want to marry any other woman.

If I had ever had time to analyze his behavior, I might possibly have seen what a spongy piece of ground my feet were planted on; but there was always the housekeeping wheel wanting a spoke, or the baby, or the next child, or the next but one, to use up every atom of space in my thoughts; and I had drifted on from childhood to twenty years with the idea that if I ever did possess my soul in peace, I should owe it to Charlie.

It was a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Charlie's letter went on to give a "local habitation and a name" to the fatal *she* who had cut the ground from under my feet. I hoped vindictively that it would be a very long engagement, and Charlie might weary for some of his old sparring-matches with me.

"You have a bright spot on each cheek, Daisy. You are feverish, and must have a doctor," said my mother, coming in.

"Oh don't go and make me ill, in spite of myself. I only want a long sleep and a vacation from boys."

Mother began to move restlessly about the room in a way to make a well person feverish. I knew she had something on her mind, and was halting between two opinions as to whether she should speak or keep silence.

"Make a clean breast of it, little mother," I said at last, when I could bear it no longer.

"Margaret, did you read Charlie's letter?" she said: "we found it in your hand after you fainted."

"Yes—at least enough to learn the news it contained. I did not reach the lady's name."

She looked at me now so affectionately that my lips would tremble, and I laughed to hide it:

"Did you think it was the letter that upset me so? Not a bit of it. I have had a feeling of walking on my head all day."

She gave me an unbelieving kiss, and went away with the trouble still in her face. I made up my mind to get up betimes in the morning, and work so hard and so cheerfully that I would shortly beat her out of all idea of my lovelornness. By dint of counting several millions, and persistently thinking of sheep going over a wall, I caught some shreds and parings of sleep through the night, but it was so spotted with visions of Charlie in all sorts of affectionate attitudes with the lady of his love that it was a shade worse than lying broad awake. When I did get up and essay to dress, I was glad to stumble back to the bed. After this I fell into a dreamless sleep for some hours, and waked to the sound of a strange voice. The door was open, and a long glass hanging near it reflected the doctor as he trod the long hall softly—not our old doctor, who had been like a father to us, but his young partner, whom I had seen only once or twice in church.

It is a fancy of mine that young men and maidens wear masks toward each other: they put them on when they are introduced, and it takes years of acquaintance to bring them really face to face. Even a long engagement may fail to do it.

If I had met this doctor in a crowded room, with my thoughts distracted by erratic hairpins and the consciousness of my best gown, I might never have seen in his face the true "Bayard" expression, "without fear and without reproach," which makes noble the ruggedest features.

"She never had a day's sickness before," mother was saying; "and perhaps she has only worked too hard."

"Was there any mental shock which may have combined with the heat and overwork just now?" asked the doctor.

"I am not sure: she did receive a letter just before she fainted which contained rather startling news."

"Will you give me some water?" I called to her, in dismay lest the new doctor should gain the key to my trouble and use it like a scalpel.

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It is a great drawback to my mother's faith that it does not admit of auricular confession. She is so determined to let all our little skeletons out of their closets that such a thing as a secret is unknown in the family.

Dr. Hayes put on no professional airs, nor did he "talk shop" after the manner of most doctors: he felt my pulse, to be sure, and gave me one or two searching looks.

"Are you in great haste to be well?" he asked after a while.

"That is of course, is it not?"

"Not always. You ought to make yourself as blank as possible for a month. Put a fly-leaf into your life."

"It may sound conceited, but I could not possibly be spared for half that time. Have you seen the census of our family?"

"No."

"'We are seven,' and two more. I am the eldest; and then there is an unmitigated row of boys, till you get to the baby, who is two years in age and a patriarch in mischief. I give you three days to make me well. Mother may manage to keep her head above water till then."

"Then you must promise to think as little as possible of agitating things."

"I will try," I said, meekly, feeling myself blush furiously, and wishing somebody would play Othello to me so far as to hold a pillow tight over my face. When he was gone I remonstrated feebly with the authoress of my being:

"Why will you make a father-confessor of everybody?"

"My dear, it was only the doctor. I thought he ought to know all about it."

"A doctor is none the less a man and a brother, and troubled with like infirmities to the rest of the world. It will be all over town that I have been disappointed, and have turned my face to the wall."

"Then I hope you will show them a very cheerful face when you are well again, though it may be an effort at first."

Her sympathy was almost too much for me, but I fought myself valiantly.

"I won't have you settle down to the idea that I have given all for love. The buttons and patches have always had the first place in my mind, and bid fair to keep it till the last boy is grown up. That letter was only a signal when I was just ready to go off. If I had been perfectly well, a dozen letters saying that Charlie had turned Mormon and married as many wives, would not have toppled me over like that."

"You're a true Dalrymple," sighed my mother.

I was filled with profoundest pity for all the Dalrymples if I were a true one. What hypocrites they must have been!

"I don't see my way clear to be a 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' if I had ever so much inclination. With seven brothers to supply with court-plaster and cravats, I might be 'aweary and aweary,' and 'would that I were dead,' but I could not give my whole time to it, and I should go to my grave unsung, as sure as fate."

"Don't talk nonsense, Margaret: it is a very serious time with you."

"I will be as funereal as you like on any subject except this. It is only in your own mind that the time is out of joint."

"And you have never really cared for Charlie?"

"To tell you the truth, I have never had time to think about it. I should have been more than woman if I had not rather liked to have him dangling after me, but now I mean to ensnare Dr. Hayes, that we may all be sick luxuriously, and have no bills to pay."

The trouble was all gone out of my mother's face when she said good-night at last.

I hoped wearily that everybody would not be so hard to convince, for another such victory would ruin me.

When Dr. Hayes came next day I was propped up with pillows, making very high-colored cravats, while three budding dandies sat on the bed and hailed my successes.

"This will never do," he said, turn-

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ing out the boys, cravats and all, with a master stroke of generalship. (I admired him, not without awe, from that moment.) "Is this the way you follow my prescription?"

"I hope you don't call cravats 'agitating things.' To bunch up ribbon in a sensational manner is my one talent: when everything else fails, I shall throw myself upon the world and make a fortune at it. I will make a 'tie' for you, if you will cure me very soon."

"Don't make any more, then, till I ask you for mine."

"But you might forget ever to ask for it, and then think of the sevenfold anguish of the boys."

"Never fear: it is a weakness of mine never to forget anything."

When he went away he made a speech to the boys, which made them his friends for life, and freed me from their rough attentions for my whole month of illness, for it really did stretch to that length. The doctor came every day, and in the first week he fell into the habit of bringing me something to look at till his next visit. The first was a bunch of blue-and-white violets, that he had found growing on a bank in a lonely ride.

He seldom overstayed ten minutes, but those minutes were so full of enjoyment and kindness that they made the whole day fragrant. I would not have believed it possible that I could lie day after day in bed, or in an easy-chair, for four mortal weeks, neither happy nor unhappy, but rather between. I had a glimpse of the reason one day, when the doctor said that he was coming only once more. I started a little, being weak, you know; and as he had been counting my pulse and had forgotten to put down my hand, he knew that his words had moved me. His eyes looked straight into mine with a question in them, which brought a swift blush into my face for his real answer, but I gave him another without delay:

"I am such a bundle of habits I shall miss you terribly for a day or two, when I come to that quarter hour in the twenty-four which you have filled so kindly of late; but I shall soon be swallowed up in the family maelstrom."

"And forget me entirely, you would say?"

"I fear so, indeed."

The brightness in his eyes was not at all dimmed by my rough speech.

"I shall see you once more, to-morrow," he said, with the true professional bow, and departed.

"And you shall see me at my prettiest," I thought with an instant resort to woman's weapons.

As the time drew on for the doctor's last call (I seemed to connect something portentous with it), I got myself up with extremest care in a white merino wrapper, only used on state occasions, and the jauntiest of little scarlet jackets edged with swan's down. I stood a long time before the glass, putting up and taking down the long brown hair which was one of my strong points.

The door was suddenly thrown open, but it was not Dr. Hayes who rushed into the room and seized both my hands with treasonable intent to kiss me, as in the old days. I slipped out of Charlie's grasp into an arm-chair, and braced myself to an encounter.

"Oh, Maggie, to think that you have been ill so long and not a word sent to me! But you are looking so lovely, you must be well again."

This was mollifying, in spite of that elect lady of his, whom I kept rigidly in my mind's eye.

"He's come! here he is!" was Frank's cry to the rearguard, and they all poured in, perching themselves close about their favorite.

"I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer that letter: was it too silly?"

"Was it the letter I brought to you?" said Frank, swooping on the white merino.

"Yes, yes," I cried, to ward him off at any cost.

"Charlie, do tell us what was in it. Daisy fainted away as soon as she read it, and has been sick ever since."

If you could have seen Charlie's face! A month before, such a speech would have made me long for a trap-door, but

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now a curious bravery possessed me to watch the effect of it. He glanced at the boys desperately, but I had no idea of sending away my natural defenders.

"Look here, you fellows," said Charlie, at last, "I want to tell Maggie something."

"And you don't want us to hear it? Never you mind: we'll get it all out of Maggie when you're gone." And they all trooped out with heads high in air.

"Is this true, Maggie?—only tell me is this true?" and all at once he was on his knees beside my chair, reading my face as a near-sighted person does a book.

"I don't understand you, Charlie."

"Yes you do. Was it my letter that—that—"

"Gave me a slow fever, do you mean? How absurd! I had been ill for days, and when I gave in at last, it happened to be your letter and the baby that I held in my hands, but I should have fainted all the same with the dust-pan and brush. Now tell me something about that 'lovely woman,' and get off your knees to begin with."

"Not till you confess that you cared more for my letter than for the dust-pan."

"Now, Charlie, I want to reason with you—"

"Heaven forbid! You have coaxed and teased and scolded me ever since I knew you, but reasoned with me never."

Then mother's welcome step sounded in the hall.

"Hang it!" said Charlie, getting on his feet at last. "What a house this is!—one might as well live out of doors."

"We never did have a sitting with closed doors, and I don't know why we should begin now."

"Charlie, you have stayed too long when Maggie is so weak. Go away now, and come to-morrow."

Charlie took himself off with a very ill grace indeed.

"Has the doctor been here, mother?"

"No: I saw him driving down the 'Precinct' road. He can't be back before afternoon. You might as well take a nap."

I scorned the idea in my heart. Go to sleep after such a scene with Charlie, and perhaps something going to happen when Dr. Hayes came! Impossible! I lay back in the easy-chair and shut my eyes, so as to think better, as people do in church. It looked very much as if Charlie was off with the new love, and wanted to be on with the old; or else he meant to be "a brother" to me, but I was overburdened already with that commodity. I wondered now how I could ever have thought of trusting my whole life in his hands—he was so boyish, so impulsive, so inferior to Dr. Hayes. The doctor must have had it all his own way in my mind for a long time, for when I opened my eyes the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows.

The room was empty, but some one had been there and gone: on a little table beside me lay an exquisite bunch of English violets, and a letter: "Miss Dalrymple"—that was all. I turned it over and over before I took the plunge of opening it. It began:

"My Dear Daisy:

"I hope this letter will not wholly surprise you. I meant to keep heart-whole until I could marry. Man proposes, but Love disposes without consulting him at all. You gave my heartstrings a tug the first time I laid eyes on you, and in these few weeks I have learned to love you dearly. I do not ask you to love me *now* in the same unreasoning way. A long engagement is the most harrowing thing in life: I would not so bind you to my will and pleasure if I could; but the dismal fact is, that I could not marry for two or three years yet, even if all things go well with me, and they have always had a habit of going contrariwise. My mother reduced herself to starvation-point to give me my education and profession. I must make up her little property to her before I can think of myself, and saving is slow work. I entreat you not to suppose that I take anything for granted as regards your feeling toward me. It may be that you are already attached,

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or even engaged, to some one else. If it be so, I shall find it out in time, and gather grace somehow to be resigned to my fate. I only ask you, if you are altogether heart-free, to think as kindly of me as may be while I am working hard to deserve you. I might have kept back my declaration of love till I could have offered marriage at the same time—most men do, I believe—but I thought it might some time give you a moment's pleasure in the depth of some worry, or the height of boy-tyranny, to think that one man had eyes to see the sweet unselfishness of your character, and to love you for it so long as he lives.

"Good-bye, my Daisy, for a long time.

"JULIAN HAYES."

The spotless delicacy of this letter, the self-sacrifice of confiding his love to me without asking anything in return, was too much for me. I had liked him very much before, but now I fell in love with him beyond all hope of rescue, and all the more because I suspected that he had heard of Charlie's defection, and had hit upon this way of applying balm to the wound.

I was wrought up to quite a pitch of self-sacrifice myself, but there was really nothing for me to do but to get well as fast as possible, and lift a corner of my mother's burden. My business at present was to keep Charlie at arm's length, which was easily done with just a word in mother's ear: the moment he appeared she left everything, to brood over me as if I were the only chick left of her nine. He had to go back to his work in the city without relieving his mind of the burden which seemed to lie heavy on it.

I thought of my next meeting with Dr. Hayes with a flutter of dread, but he behaved so entirely like other people on that occasion and many succeeding ones that I had to take his letter out of my treasure-box and read it over at least twice each time to convince myself that I had not dreamed it all. The letter was an unspeakable comfort to me, holding out a distant yet sure entrance into a peaceful home, which should be my very own. When I was stung all over with pin-pricks of vexation, I said in my heart, as perhaps Rachel did when she saw Jacob afar off tending her father's sheep, "It is only for seven years—not for ever;" and even if the seven years were doubled, I knew that boys, like wine, improve with keeping, and he had promised to love me while his life lasted. Somehow I never doubted that promise. Steadfastness was written all over him. Sometimes in church I stole furtive looks at him, and wondered if I could ever become used to walking up the middle aisle in his wake, as other wives did, when he was no blood-relation.

It was nearly a year after my fever that I went every day for a few weeks to sit an hour with a poor girl who had been a seamstress in our family and in others in the village. She was the softest-hearted, meekest of women, having no will of her own, and no courage to assert it if she had. She was led away by some ruthless villain to commit the unpardonable sin among women, and, though her repentance was swift and sincere, she was now forbidden every house except ours. Her health gave way under grief and reproach, and she fell into an old-fashioned decline, lying patiently on her bed until death should come to loose her prison-bars. Dr. Hayes visited her daily—not because his skill could avail anything, but because all others had forsaken her. His praise was always on her lips, yet I shrank from seeing him in her room, and carefully avoided the time of his visits. I was dropping strawberries into her mouth, one by one, as one feeds a baby, when I saw in her face that some one was standing in the door. I knew who it was without turning round.

"I must leave you now, and come again to-morrow," I said hastily, and rushed out of the room with intent to escape Dr. Hayes if possible. He had stepped back a little, and now barred the narrow passage:

"I knew poor Theresa must have one friend, and yesterday I recognized that quaint little saucer of Japan china that

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used to stand on your table. Why have we never met here before?"

"She used to sew for us: mother always liked her," I answered, wholly at random.

The doctor's face suddenly darkened:

"I have tried to plead that poor woman's cause in a great many houses lately, and they were all so interested and full of charity till I told her name, and then they all put on their armor of self-righteousness and would have none of her. One would think 'all *their* brothers had been valiant and all their sisters virtuous.'"

"Why did you not come to us?"

"I was afraid you would be cruel and hard like the rest, and call it virtue. I might have known I could trust you. Will you forgive me, Margaret?"

He put out his arms, and I made just the least step forward. If he kissed me many times in that little passage-way, dusky with cobwebs, no one knew it except the dying woman within the room, and she told the secret only to the angels, whom she joined that night.

This chance meeting made no difference in our relations to each other. The doctor had evidently yielded to a sudden temptation, and if he did not repent it, he at least set a double guard over himself for many weeks after.

It was not long after this that Charlie came home for his vacation (he was clerk in some wholesale place in the city). He walked into mother's sewing-room and threw down the gauntlet the very first day:

"Where's Maggie?"

"In the garden with the baby;" which was true enough five minutes before. One may have too much of a baby, as well as of any other good thing, and, having deserted her, I was seated on the piazza basely listening to every word spoken within.

"I'm glad she's out of the way for once. I haven't had a crumb of comfort with her since that miserable engagement of mine and the letter I sent her."

"What do you mean by your miserable engagement?" said mother with dignity.

"Oh, it was mere child's play. I was bewitched with her prettiness and her flirting ways, but the moment I had committed myself I found how empty-headed she was, and how little she cared for me; so it was very easy to get up a little quarrel and break the engagement. The fact is, I loved Mag all the time. Now, auntie, won't you tell me if she cares for me the least bit?"

"My dear boy," mother was beginning (all boys are dear to her) when I put my head in at the window:

"And if I did care for you, what is to ensure me that you would not be bewitched by the prettiness of yet another young woman, who might prefer to hold on to her fish after she had caught him?"

"Margaret, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Never mind," said Charlie. "She would never let me come near her, and now she knows it without my taking the trouble to tell her."

"Know what?—that you will like me passing well until you are caught by some other fisher of men? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this thrust that he departed without any leave-taking: he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

There was a pic-nic next day—an annual bore which had been submitted to with Christian patience for many years in our village, because no one was strong-minded enough to put it down. I made ready my white piqué suit and a gorgeous Roman sash (which my father had brought home from his last voyage "up the Straits"), thinking only of Dr. Hayes and Charlie, and overlooking the fact that I could never go anywhere without two young Dalrymples at least in my train. We had to ride a mile or two in a great open wagon with an awning over it. Charlie intrigued for a seat beside me, and obtained it. Dr. Hayes was opposite, and had no more words for me than for other people; but when the sun shone

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into my eyes, I was scarcely conscious of the annoyance before he had let down a loop of the awning. He was always planning for my comfort when no one need be the wiser for it. It was like being upheld by wings invisible to all eyes but my own. After the bustle and chatter of the first start was over, everybody listened to what Jennie Hood was saying to her neighbor (her rule was, "Always to say something, if it wasn't so bright"):

"You will always see, if you take notice, that people like best those who look least like themselves. Tall men, if they follow the natural heart, pick out little wives to hang on their arms like work-bags. I am five feet one, and no one under six feet need apply."

We all laughed, and began to compare notes on the subject.

"There's Charlie Remington," Jennie went on, "with his light Saxon complexion: he will fall in love with a brunette of the deepest dye."

"Not so," said Charlie. "I will have a brown-haired woman or none."

"Did *she* have brown hair?" I whispered.

"The woman that I like best has pounds and pounds of it," returned Charlie in the same tone, winding on his finger the long curl that hung over my shoulder.

"As for Dr. Hayes," said Jennie, "being neither light nor dark, his fortune is hard to tell. Blondes and brunettes may both have hopes of him."

"'Of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what color it please God,'" quoted the doctor, with a flash at Charlie and a smile for me.

"What queer things Dr. Hayes says!" said Jennie Hood when we had left the wagon. "He looked at you, but he could not have meant you, because you don't know one tune from another."

"Of course not," I said, innocently.

We were going to "the Island," a long strip of piney land in the river, cut off from the mainland by a ranting, tearing brook, not quite deep enough to drown one, but sufficiently so to make a tumble from the slippery log which made the only bridge anything but comfortable.

It was Charlie who gave me his hand over the abyss, but Dr. Hayes gave his mind to the safety of my brother Frank and the baby—an act for which King Arthur would have made him knight of the Round Table. The baby had added more than a year to her age since I first introduced her, but not a grain to her discretion. We first drew lots as to the lady who should make the tea and coffee and the gentleman who was to feed the fire. There may have been bribery in the matter, but the lot actually fell to Charlie and myself, and the rest of the party dispersed to find bark for plates, and kill time at any cost till dinner. The children went away in Dr. Hayes' company to fish for minnows.

"Now could anything be more delightful?" said Charlie. "I should have torn my hair, and hers too, if I had had to dawdle off with Jennie Hood, instead of helping you to make tea."

"Alas for my white gown!"

"Pshaw! does a woman never think of anything but her clothes?"

"Rarely: it must be all-absorbing if she does."

"Sit down here and be a good girl," said Charlie, throwing himself on a bed of soft moss.

Then a familiar howl rent the air: I knew the sound too well to delay an instant. There sat the doctor holding at arm's length what had been the baby, but now was a mere bundle of mud and water.

"Oh dear! this is too much! How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you," put in Frank. "She wasn't satisfied with the little ones: she saw a whopping big one, and tried for it, and so she pitched head first into the mud. Served her right."

I gave one glance at my white dress, and gave it up for lost.

"Never mind," said the doctor. "You go back to your work, and I'll see to this. 'I never could make tea,' as Mark Tapley said, 'but anybody can

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wash a boy.'" The baby did not happen to be a boy, but that did not affect the moral beauty of the sentiment.

"You can take off her outside things," I said to Frank.

"Yes, and hold her head under water till she's 'most done bubblin'," said that young monster. "Girls don't pay for bringing up."

Charlie had let the fire die out under the kettle while he tried to carve a monogram out of C and M, but the grain of the wood was hostile to him. Any other couple might have claimed it without dispute.

"Hallo!" said Frank, running up to see what Charlie was about. "I hope you don't call that C and M: it looks more like *x y z*."

"Then how did you know it was C and M?" said Charlie.

"'Cause you like Mag best, you know; but you've made a regular knot of it."

"A Gordian knot, that can never be untied," said Charlie under his breath, but all the little pitchers in our family have long ears.

"Oh, I know all about that," said Frank. "I had it in my history-lesson, but I forget what they did with it."

"Cut it, of course," said Dr. Hayes, quietly, bringing in the baby, a sadder if not a wiser child. The children began to harass Charley to go with them after berries, and when he finally yielded to their much importunity, the expression of a king was on his face. A few blessed minutes alone with my doctor had not been vouchsafed me since our meeting in the little entry-way dusky with cobwebs. The fire was soon burning brightly under his vigorous treatment, for he always did the nearest duty first. I was a good girl this time without an invitation, and sat down near him at just such a distance as he might lessen if he felt like it, and he did feel like it immediately.

"I have a bit of good news: at least to myself it is good," he said after a little pause.

"And therefore to me," I said, still playing diligently the part of good girl.

"I hope so."

"Have you any doubt of it?"

He glanced up at the monogram.

"Charlie is my cousin," I said—and then I repented myself of palming this Hibernian fib on my earnest lover—"and he used to be a shade nearer than a cousin, but he tumbled off his pedestal before I ever knew you."

"How long before?"

"I could give you the time in hours, but curiosity being unworthy of the manly mind, I shall not encourage yours."

Then the rest of the party came back and fell to eating and drinking, and I did not hear the good news, after all.

The day was to end with a dance on the green sward, and the company were still lounging about the table-cloth when another of my brothers, who had come to the dance, announced that mother had sent a carriage for the little ones.

"I will drive them home if you will trust me," said the doctor.

"Thank you. I am almost as tired as they are: I believe I will go too."

"I will take care of my cousins, sir: you need give yourself no farther trouble," said Charlie with a high-tragedy air.

Dr. Hayes only bowed and turned away.

I felt uncommonly savage as I rode home with Charlie, and utterly indifferent how soon he should discover it.

"Something has come over you, Mag: you used to like me better than anybody, and seize every chance to be with me."

"Did I? Your memory is better than mine."

"You snap a fellow up for a word now. I want to see you alone for one half hour, and I can make it all right between us."

"What if I preferred having it all wrong?"

"Will you or will you not give me a chance to speak to you when you are not in a crowd of children." (His sharp tone roused the baby, who had been asleep on my shoulder.) "By the way, who's that Dr. Hayes who takes so much on himself?"

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How gladly I would have said that he was some time to be my "man of men," but there was no engagement, and it was impossible to explain the real state of affairs. The baby came to my rescue. Children "rush in where angels fear to tread."

"Dr. Hayes is a nice man. I love him: don't you, Maggie?"

"Yes, I do," I said boldly, and then retired behind the high crown of her sun-bonnet.

Charley turned square round, and if our old horse had been Pegasus, then would have been the time to soar away.

"Is that true, Maggie?"

"Yes, Charley—true as gospel;" and I showed him one corner of a very red face.

"That will do," said Charlie in a choked kind of voice, and he rattled us home over the stones in a way to put a violent end to the Dalrymples in the female line. I looked for Dr. Hayes when the pic-nickers came home, and was not disappointed. You would not have supposed there was a boy within a mile of the house, so deftly had they all been cornered in mother's room, and kept there by enormous bribes. You won't care to hear what the doctor said when he found me all alone in the parlor, and drew my sewing out of my hands because he liked to see my eyes while he talked. His good news was just this: a tough old uncle had died and remembered his sister in his will, which released her son from any farther anxiety on her account.

"Did you have company last night?" asked Frank next morning.

"Yes—Dr. Hayes."

"Oho! I guess Charlie will be in your hair. I found two chairs right close together in the parlor. They looked very sociable."

Six boys laid down knife and fork to laugh at this sally.

"Boys," said mother with dignity, "I want you to like Dr. Hayes, and always treat him with respect, because he will be your brother by and by."

"I've got too many brothers to be respectful to 'em," said Frank; "and 't'ain't any news: I've caught 'em looking at each other in church this long time."

I flattered myself that our seven tyrants would be quite low-spirited in view of my leaving them, but they bore up wonderfully, assisted by an unlimited supply of wedding-cake. Julian's mother sent me a cream-colored silk that would stand alone for my wedding-dress, and my father brought me, from over seas, a veil that was just "woven air."

And yet I was a very crumpled-looking bride, and this was the reason: when half a dozen of my girl-friends had added the last touch to my costume before the ceremony, they left me alone a moment to think the last of my girl-thoughts while they went to call Dr. Hayes. He came in alone, and I took from my drawer a dainty little bow, made from a bit of the wedding silk. On the under side of the ends I had embroidered a "mountain daisy."

"You have never asked me for the 'tie' I promised you," I said. "Here it is, and you must be married in it."

"But why have the daisies out of sight?"

"Because I only want *you* to know they are there."

"You are my daisy, 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,'" he said, and took me in his arms with a fervor which had no thought for wedding-garments; and this was why I forgot to look in the glass when he let me go, and disgusted the kind friends who had dressed me with all their art.

When I had put on my traveling-dress, and was giving the last kiss, Frank, the stony-hearted, was found bathed in tears, and not to be comforted on any terms.

"Keep up your heart, my boy: we'll come back in a fortnight, and you can see her every day in her own house," said Julian.

"Oh, bother! it ain't that," sobbed Frank. "I can see her often enough, but when she's gone, we sha'n't have any more waffles for breakfast."

W. A. THOMPSON.

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ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God shall man live."

I.

THERE is apparently considerable repugnance in the minds of many excellent people to the acceptance, or even consideration, of the hypothesis of development, or that of the gradual creation by descent, with modification from the simplest beginnings, of the different forms of the organic world. This objection probably results from two considerations: first, that the human species is certainly involved, and man's descent from an ape asserted; and, secondly, that the scheme in general seems to conflict with that presented by the Mosaic account of the Creation, which is regarded as communicated to its author by an infallible inspiration.

As the truth of the hypothesis is held to be infinitely probable by a majority of the exponents of the natural sciences at the present day, and is held as absolutely demonstrated by another portion, it behooves those interested to restrain their condemnation, and on the other hand to examine its evidences, and look any consequent necessary modification of our metaphysical or theological views squarely in the face.

The following pages state a few of the former: if they suggest some of the latter, it is hoped that they may be such as any logical mind would deduce from the premises. That they will coincide with the spirit of the most advanced Christianity, I have no doubt; and that they will add an appeal through the reason to that direct influence of the Divine Spirit which should control the motives of human action, seems an unavoidable conclusion.

I. Physical Evolution.

It is well known that a species is usually represented by a great number of individuals, distinguished from all other similar associations by more or less numerous points of structure, color, size, etc., and by habits and instincts also, to a certain extent; that the individuals of such associations reproduce their like, and cannot be produced by individuals of associations or species which present differences of structure, color, etc., as defined by naturalists; that the individuals of any such series or species are incapable of reproducing with those of any other species, with some exceptions; and that in the latter cases the offspring are usually entirely infertile.

The hypothesis of Cuvier assumes that each species was created by Divine power as we now find it at some definite point of geologic time. The paleontologist holding this view sees, in accordance therewith, a succession of creations and destructions marking the history of life on our planet from its commencement.

The development hypothesis states that all existing species have been derived from species of pre-existent geological periods, as offspring or by direct descent; that there have been no total destructions of life in past time, but only a transfer of it from place to place, owing to changes of circumstance; that the types of structure become simpler and more similar to each other as we trace them from later to earlier periods; and that finally we reach the simplest forms consistent with one or several original parent types of the great divisions into which living beings naturally fall.

It is evident, therefore, that the hypothesis does not include change of

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species by hybridization, nor allow the descent of living species from any other *living* species: both these propositions are errors of misapprehension or misrepresentation.

In order to understand the history of creation of a complex being, it is necessary to analyze it and ascertain of what it consists. In analyzing the construction of an animal or plant we readily arrange its characters into those which it possesses in common with other animals or plants, and those in which it resembles none other: the latter are its *individual* characters, constituting its individuality. Next we find a large body of characters, generally of a very obvious kind, which it possesses in common with a generally large number of individuals, which, taken collectively, all men are accustomed to call a species: these characters we consequently name *specific*. Thirdly, we find characters, generally in parts of the body which are of importance in the activities of the animal, or which lie in near relation to its mechanical construction in details, which are shared by a still larger number of individuals than those which were similar in specific characters. In other words, it is common to a large number of species. This kind of character we call *generic*, and the grouping it indicates is a genus.

Farther analysis brings to light characters of organism which are common to a still greater number of individuals: this we call a *family* character. Those which are common to still more numerous individuals are the *ordinal:* they are usually found in parts of the structure which have the closest connection with the whole life-history of the being. Finally, the individuals composing many orders will be found identical in some important character of the systems by which ordinary life is maintained, as in the nervous and circulatory: the divisions thus outlined are called *classes*.

By this process of analysis we reach in our animal or plant those peculiarities which are common to the whole animal or vegetable kingdom, and then we have exhausted the structure so completely that we have nothing remaining to take into account beyond the cell-structure or homogeneous protoplasm by which we know that it is organic, and not a mineral.

The history of the origin of a type, as species, genus, order, etc., is simply the history of the origin of the structure or structures which define those groups respectively. It is nothing more nor less than this, whether a man or an insect be the object of investigation.

EVIDENCES OF DERIVATION.

a. *Of Specific Characters.*

THE evidences of derivation of species from species, within the limits of the genus, are abundant and conclusive. In the first place, the rule which naturalists observe in defining species is a clear consequence of such a state of things. It is not amount and degree of difference that determine the definition of species from species, but it is the *permanency* of the characters in all cases and under all circumstances. Many species of the systems include varieties and extremes of form, etc., which, were they at all times distinct, and not connected by intermediate forms, would be estimated as species by the same and other writers, as can be easily seen by reference to their works.

Thus, species are either "restricted" or "protean," the latter embracing many, the former few variations; and the varieties included by the protean species are often as different from each other in their typical forms as are the "restricted" species. As an example, the species *Homo sapiens* (man) will suffice. His primary varieties are as distinct as the species of many well-known genera, but cannot be defined, owing to the existence of innumerable intermediate forms between them.

As to the common origin of such "varieties" of the protean species, naturalists never had any doubt, yet when it comes to the restricted "species," the anti-developmentalist denies

it *in toto*. Thus the varieties of most of the domesticated animals are some of them known—others held with great probability to have had a common origin. Varieties of plumage in fowls and canaries are of every-day occurrence, and are produced under our eyes. The cart-horse and racer, the Shetland pony and the Norman, are without doubt derived from the same parentage. The varieties of pigeons and ducks are of the same kind, but not every one is aware of the extent and amount of such variations. The varieties in many characters seen in hogs and cattle, especially when examples from distant countries are compared, are very striking, and are confessedly equal in degree to those found to *define* species in a state of nature: here, however, they are not *definitive*.

It is easy to see that all that is necessary to produce in the mind of the anti-developmentalist the illusion of distinct origin by creation of many of these forms, would be to destroy a number of the intermediate conditions of specific form and structure, and thus to leave remaining definable groups of individuals, and therefore "species."

That such destructions and extinctions have been going on ever since the existence of life on the globe is well known. That it should affect intermediate forms, such as bind together the types of a protean species as well as restricted species, is equally certain. That its result has been to produce *definable* species cannot be denied, especially in consideration of the following facts: Protean species nearly always have a wide geographical distribution. They exist under more varied circumstances than do individuals of a more restricted species. The subordinate variations of the protean species are generally, like the restricted species, confined to distinct subdivisions of the geographical area which the whole occupies. As in geological time changes of level have separated areas once continuous by bodies of water or high mountain ranges, so have vast numbers of individuals occupying such areas been destroyed. Important alterations of temperature, or great changes in abundance or character of vegetable life over given areas, would produce the same result.

This part of the subject might be prolonged, were it necessary, but it has been ably discussed by Darwin. The *rationale* of the "origin of species" as stated by him may be examined a few pages farther on.

β. Of the Characters of Higher Groups.

a. Relations of Structures. The evidences of derivative origin of the structures defining the groups called genera, and all those of higher grade, are of a very different character from those discussed in relation to specific characters: they are more difficult of observation and explanation.

Firstly: It would appear to be supposed by many that the creation of organic types was an irregular and capricious process, variously pursued by its Author as regards time and place, and without definite final aim; and this notwithstanding the wonderful evidences we possess, in the facts of astronomy, chemistry, sound, etc., of His adhesion to harmonious and symmetrical sequences in His modes and plans.

Such regularity of plan is found to exist in the relations of the great divisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms as at present existing on the earth. Thus, with animals we have a great class of species which consists of nothing more than masses or cells of protoplasmic matter, without distinct organs; or the Protozoa. We have then the Cœlenterata (example, corals), where the organism is composed of many cells arranged in distinct parts, but where a single very simple system of organs, forming the only internal cavity of the body, does the work of the many systems of the more complex animals. Next, the Echinodermata (such as starfish) present us with a body containing distinct systems of organs enclosed in a visceral cavity, including a rudimental nervous system in the form of a ring. In the Molluscs to this condi-

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tion is added additional complication, including extensions of the nervous system from the ring as a starting-point, and a special organ for a heart. In the Articulates (crabs, insects) we have like complications, and a long distinct nervous axis on the lower surface of the body. The last branch or division of animals is considered to be higher, because all the systems of life-organs are most complex or specialized. The nervous ring is almost obliterated by a great enlargement of its usual ganglia, thus become a brain, which is succeeded by a long axis on the upper side of the body. This and other points define the Vertebrata.

Plans of structure, independent of the simplicity or perfection of the special arrangement or structure of organs, also define these great groups. Thus the Protozoa present a spiral, the Cœlenterata a radiate, the Echinodermata a bilateral radiate plan. The Articulates are a series of external rings, each in one or more respects repeating the others. The Molluscs are a sac, while a ring above a ring, joined together by a solid centre-piece, represents the plan of each of the many segments of the Vertebrates which give the members of that branch their form.

These bulwarks of distinction of animal types are entered into here simply because they are the most inviolable and radical of those with which we have to deal, and to give the anti-developmentalist the best foothold for his position. I will only allude to the relations of their points of approach as these are affected by considerations afterward introduced.

The Vertebrates approach the Molluscs closely at the lowest extreme of the former and higher of the latter. The lamprey eels of the one possess several characters in common with the cuttle-fish or squids of the latter. The amphioxus is called the lowest Vertebrate, and though it is nothing else, the definition of the division must be altered to receive it: it has no brain!

The lowest forms of the Molluscs and Articulates are scarcely distinguishable from each other, so far as adhesion to the "plan" is concerned, and some of the latter division are very near certain Echinodermata. As we approach the boundary-lines of the two lowest divisions, the approaches become equally close.

More instructive is the evidence of the relation of the subordinate classes of any one of these divisions. The conditions of those organs or parts which define classes exhibit a regular relation, commencing with simplicity and ending with complication; first associated with weak exhibitions of the highest functions of the nervous system—at the last displaying the most exalted traits found in the series.

For example: in the classes of Vertebrates we find the lowest nervous system presents great simplicity—the brain cannot be recognized; next (in lampreys), the end of the nervous axis is subdivided, but scarcely according to the complex type that follows. In fishes the cerebellum and cerebral hemispheres are minute, and the intermediate or optic lobes very large: in the reptiles the cerebral hemispheres exceed the optic lobes, while the cerebellum is smaller. In birds the cerebellum becomes complex and the cerebrum greatly increases. In mammals the cerebellum increases in complexity or number of parts, the optic lobes diminish, while the cerebral hemispheres become wonderfully complex and enlarged, bringing us to the highest development, in man.

The history of the circulatory system in the Vertebrates is the same. First, a heart with one chamber, then one with two divisions: three divisions belong to a large series, and the highest possess four. The origins of the great artery of the body, the aorta, are first five on each side: they lose one in the succeeding class in the ascending scale, and one in each succeeding class or order, till the Mammalia, including man, present us with but one on one side.

From an infinitude of such considerations as the above, we derive the certainty that the general arrangement of

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the various groups of the organic world is in scales, the subordinate within the more comprehensive divisions. The identification of all the parts in such a complexity of organism as the highest animals present, is a matter requiring much care and attention, and constitutes the study of homologies. Its pursuit has resulted in the demonstration that every individual of every species of a given branch of the animal kingdom is composed of elements common to all, and that the differences which are so radical in the higher groups are but the modifications of the same elemental parts, representing completeness or incompleteness, obliteration or subdivision. Of the former character are rudimental organs, of which almost every species possesses an example in some part of its structure.

But we have other and still more satisfactory evidence of the meaning of these relations. By the study of embryology we can prove most indubitably that the simple and less complex are inferior to the more complex. Selecting the Vertebrates again as an example, the highest form of mammal—*e. g.*, man—presents in his earliest stages of embryonic growth a skeleton of cartilage, like that of the lamprey: he also possesses five origins of the aorta and five slits on the neck, both which characters belong to the lamprey and the shark. If the whole number of these parts does not coexist in the embryonic man, we find in embryos of lower forms more nearly related to the lamprey that they do. Later in the life of the mammal but four aortic origins are found, which arrangement, with the heart now divided into two chambers, from a beginning as a simple tube, is characteristic of the class of Vertebrates next in order—the bony fishes. The optic lobes of the human brain have also at this time a great predominance in size—a character above stated to be that of the same class. With advancing development the infant mammal follows the scale already pointed out. Three chambers of the heart and three aortic origins follow, presenting the condition permanent in the batrachia; and two origins, with enlarged cerebral hemispheres of the brain, resemble the reptilian condition. Four heart-chambers, and one aortic root on each side, with slight development of the cerebellum, follow all characters defining the crocodiles, and immediately precede the special conditions defining the mammals. These are, the single aorta root from one side, and the full development of the cerebellum: later comes that of the cerebrum also in its higher mammalian and human traits.

Thus we see the order already pointed out to be true, and to be an ascending one. This is the more evident as each type or class passes through the conditions of those below it, as did the mammal; each scale being shorter as its highest terminus is lower. Thus the crocodile passes through the stage of the lamprey, the fish, the batrachian and the reptile proper.

b. In Time. We have thus a scale of relations of existing forms of animals and plants of a remarkable kind, and such as to stimulate greatly our inquiries as to its significance. When we turn to the remains of the past creation preserved to us in the deposits continued throughout geologic time, we are not disappointed, for great light is at once thrown upon the subject.

We find, in brief, that the lowest division of the animal kingdom appeared first, and long before any type of a higher character was created. The Protozoön, Eozoön, is the earliest of animals in geologic time, and represents the lowest type of animal life now existing. We learn also that the highest branch appeared last. No remains of Vertebrates have been found below the lower Devonian period, or not until the Echinoderms and Molluscs had reached a great pre-eminence. It is difficult to be sure whether the Protozoa had a greater numerical extent in the earliest periods than now, but there can be no doubt that the Cœlenterata (corals) and Echinoderms (crinoids) greatly exceeded their present bounds, in Paleozoic time, so that those at present existing are but a feeble remnant. If we exam-

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ine the subdivisions known as classes, evidence of the nature of the succession of creation is still more conclusive. The most polyp-like of the Molluscs (brachiopoda) constituted the great mass of its representatives during Paleozoic time. Among Vertebrates the fishes appear first, and had their greatest development in size and numbers during the earliest periods of the existence of the division. Batrachia were much the largest and most important of land animals during the Carboniferous period, while the higher Vertebrates were unknown. The later Mesozoic periods saw the reign of reptiles, whose position in structural development has been already stated. Finally, the most perfect, the mammal, came upon the scene, and in his humblest representatives. In Tertiary times mammalia supplanted the reptiles entirely, and the unspiritual mammals now yield to man, the only one of his class in whom the Divine image appears.

Thus the structural relations, the embryonic characters, and the successive appearance in time of animals coincide. The same is very probably true of plants.

That the existing state of the geological record of organic types should be regarded as anything but a fragment is, from our stand-point, quite preposterous. And more, it may be assumed with safety that when completed it will furnish us with a series of regular successions, with but slight and regular interruptions, if any, from the species which represented the simplest beginnings of life at the dawn of creation, to those which have displayed complication and power in later or in the present period.

For the labors of the paleontologist are daily bringing to light structures intermediate between those never before so connected, and thus creating lines of succession where before were only interruptions. Many such instances might be adduced: two might be selected as examples from American paleontology; *i. e.*, the near approach to birds made by the reptiles Lælaps and Megadactylus, and the combination of characters of the old genera Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus in the Polycotylus of Kansas.*

* Professor Huxley, in the last anniversary lecture before the Geological Society of London, recalls his opinion, enunciated in 1862, that "the positively-ascertained truths of Paleontology" negative "the doctrines of progressive modification, which suppose that modification to have taken place by a necessary progress from more to less embryonic forms, from more to less generalized types, within the limits of the period represented by the fossiliferous rocks; that it shows no evidence of such modification; and as to the nature of that modification, it yields no evidence whatsoever that the earlier members of any long-continued group were more generalized in structure than the later ones."

Respecting this position, he says: "Thus far I have endeavored to expand and enforce by fresh arguments, but not to modify in any important respect, the ideas submitted to you on a former occasion. But when I come to the propositions respecting progressive modification, it appears to me, with the help of the new light which has broken from various quarters, that there is much ground for softening the somewhat Brutus-like severity with which I have dealt with a doctrine for the truth of which I should have been glad enough to be able to find a good foundation in 1862. So far indeed as the Invertebrata and the lower Vertebrata are concerned, the facts, and the conclusions which are to be drawn from them, appear to me to remain what they were. For anything that as yet appears to the contrary, the earliest known marsupials may have been as highly organized as their living congeners; the Permian lizards show no signs of inferiority to those of the present day; the labyrinthodonts cannot be placed below the living salamander and triton; the Devonian ganoids are closely related to polypterus and lepidosiren."

To this it may be replied: 1. The scale of progression of the Vertebrata is measured by the conditions of the circulatory system, and in some measure by the nervous, and not by the osseous: tested by this scale, there has been successional complication of structure among Vertebrata in time. 2. The question with the evolutionist is, not what types have persisted to the present day, but the order in which types appeared in time. 3. The marsupials, Permian saurians, labyrinthodonts and Devonian ganoids are remarkably generalized groups, and predecessors of types widely separated in the present period. 4. Professor Huxley adduces many such examples among the mammalian subdivisions in the remaining portion of his lecture. 5. Two alternatives are yet open in the explanation of the process of evolution: since generalized types, which combine the characters of higher and lower groups of later periods, must thus be superior to the lower, the lower must (first) be descended from such a generalized form by degradation; or (second) not descended from it at all, but from some lower contemporaneous type by advance; the higher only of the two being derived from the first-mentioned. The last I suspect to be a true explanation, as it is in accordance with the law of homologous groups. This law will shorten the demands of paleontologists for time, since, instead of deriving all reptilia, batrachia, etc., from common origins, it points to the derivation of higher reptilia of a higher order from higher reptilia of a lower order, lower reptilia of the first from lower reptilia of the second; finally, the several groups of the lowest or most generalized order of reptilia from a parallel series of the class below, or batrachia.

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We had no more reason to look for intermediate or connecting forms between such types as these, than between any others of similar degree of remove from each other with which we are acquainted. And inasmuch as almost all groups, as genera, orders, etc., which are held to be distinct, but adjacent, present certain points of approximation to each other, the almost daily discovery of intermediate forms gives us confidence to believe that the pointings in other cases will also be realized.

γ. *Of Transitions.*

THE preceding statements were necessary to the comprehension of the supposed mode of metamorphosis or development of the various types of living beings, or, in other words, of the single structural features which define them.

As it is evident that the groups of highest rank have had their origin in remote ages, cases of transition from one to the other by change of character cannot be witnessed at the present day. We therefore look to the most nearly related divisions, or those of the lowest rank, for evidence of such change.

It is necessary to premise that embryology teaches that all the species of a given branch of the animal kingdom (*e. g.*, Vertebrate, Mollusc, etc.) are quite identical in structural character at their first appearance on the germinal layer of the yolk of the parent egg. It shows that the characters of the respective groups of high rank appear first, then those of less grade, and last of all those structures which distinguish them as genera. But among the earliest characters which appear are those of the species, and some of those of the individual.

We find the characters of different *genera* to bear the same relation to each other that we have already seen in the case of those definitive of orders, etc. In a natural assemblage of related genera we discover that some are defined by characters found only in the embryonic stages of others; while a second will present a permanent condition of its definitive part, which marks a more advanced stage of that highest. In this manner many stages of the highest genus appear to be represented by permanent genera in all natural groups. Generally, however, this resemblance does not involve an entire identity, there being some other immaturities found in the highest genus at the time it presents the character preserved in permanency by the lower, which the lower loses. Thus (to use a very coarse example) a frog at one stage of growth has four legs and a tail: the salamander always preserves four legs and a tail, thus resembling the young frog. The latter is, however, not a salamander at that time, because, among other things, the skeleton is represented by cartilage only, and the salamander's is ossified. This relation is therefore an imitation only, and is called *inexact parallelism.*

As we compare nearer and nearer relations—*i. e.*, the genera which present fewest points of difference — we find the differences between undeveloped stages of the higher and permanent conditions of the lower to grow fewer and fewer, until we find numerous instances where the lower genus is exactly the same as the undeveloped stage of the higher. This relation is called that of *exact parallelism.*

It must now be remembered that the permanence of a character is what gives it its value in defining genus, order, etc., in the eyes of the systematist. So long as the condition is permanent no transition can be seen: there is therefore no development. If the condition is transitional, it defines nothing, and nothing is developed; at least, so says the anti-developmentalist. It is the old story of the settler and the Indian: "Will you take owl and I take turkey, or I take turkey and you owl?"

If we find a relation of *exact parallelism* to exist between two sets of species in the condition of a certain organ, and the difference so expressed the only one which distinguishes them as sets from each other—if that condition is always the same in each set—we call them two genera: if in any species the condition

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is variable at maturity, or sometimes the undeveloped condition of the part is persistent and sometimes transitory, the sets characterized by this difference must be united by the systematist, and the whole is called a single genus.

We know numerous cases where different individuals of the same species present this relation of *exact parallelism* to each other; and as we ascribe common origin to the individuals of a species, we are assured that the condition of the inferior individual is, in this case, simply one of repressed growth, or a failure to fulfill the course accomplished by the highest. Thus, certain species of the salamandrine genus amblystoma undergo a metamorphosis involving several parts of the osseous and circulatory systems, etc., while half grown; others delay it till fully grown; one or two species remain indifferently unchanged or changed, and breed in either condition, while another species breeds unchanged, and has never been known to complete a metamorphosis.

The nature of the relation of *exact parallelism* is thus explained to be that of checked or advanced growth of individuals having a common origin. The relation of *inexact parallelism* is readily explained as follows: With a case of *exact parallelism* in the mind, let the repression producing the character of the lower, parallelize the latter with a stage of the former in which a second part is not quite mature: we will have a slight want of correspondence between the two. The lower will be immature in but one point, the incompleteness of the higher being seen in two points. If we suppose the immaturity to consist in a repression at a still earlier point in the history of the higher, the latter will be undeveloped in other points also: thus, the spike-horned deer of South America have the horn of the second year of the North American genus. They would be generically identical with that stage of the latter, were it not that these still possess their milk dentition at two years of age. In the same way the nature of the parallelisms seen in higher groups, as orders, etc., may be accounted for.

The theory of homologous groups furnishes important evidence in favor of derivation. Many orders of animals (probably all, when we come to know them) are divisible into two or more sections, which I have called *homologous*. These are series of genera or families, which differ from each other by some marked character, but whose contained genera or families differ from each other in the same points of detail, and in fact correspond exactly. So striking is this correspondence that were it not for the general and common character separating the homologous series, they would be regarded as the same, each to each. Now it is remarkable that where studied the difference common to all the terms of two homologous groups is found to be one of *inexact parallelism*, which has been shown above to be evidence of descent. Homologous groups always occupy different geographical areas on the earth's surface, and their relation is precisely that which holds between successive groups of life in the periods of geologic time.

In a word, we learn from this source that distinct geologic epochs coexist at the same time on the earth. I have been forced to this conclusion * by a study of the structure of terrestrial life, and it has been remarkably confirmed by the results of recent deep-sea dredgings made by the United States Coast Survey in the Gulf Stream, and by the British naturalists in the North Atlantic. These have brought to light types of Tertiary life, and of even the still more ancient Cretaceous periods, living at the present day. That this discovery invalidates in any wise the conclusions of geology respecting lapse of time is an unwarranted assumption that some are forward to make. If it changes the views of some respecting the parallelism or coexistence of faunæ in different regions of the earth, it is only the anti-developmentalists whose position must be changed.

For, if we find distinct geologic faunæ, or epochs defined by faunæ, coexisting during the present period, and

* *Origin of Genera*, pages 70, 77, 79.

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fading or emerging into one another as they do at their geographical boundaries, it is proof positive that the geologic epochs and periods of past ages had in like manner no trenchant boundaries, but also passed the one into the other. The assumption that the apparent interruptions are the result of transfer of life rather than destruction, or of want of opportunities of preservation, is no doubt the true one.

δ. Rationale of Development.

a. In Characters of Higher Groups. It is evident in the case of the species in which there is an irregularity in the time of completion of metamorphosis that some individuals traverse a longer developmental line than those who remain more or less incomplete. As both accomplish growth in the same length of time, it is obvious that it proceeds with greater rapidity in one sense in that which accomplishes most: its growth is said to be accelerated. This phenomenon is especially common among insects, where the females of perfect males are sometimes larvæ or nearly so, or pupæ, or lack wings or some character of final development. Quite as frequently, some males assume characters in advance of others, sometimes in connection with a peculiar geographical range.

In cases of *exact parallelism* we reasonably suppose the cause to be the same, since the conditions are identical, as has been shown; that is, the higher conditions have been produced by a crowding back of the earlier characters and an acceleration of growth, so that a given succession in order of advance has extended over a longer range of growth than its predecessor in the same allotted time. That allotted time is the period before maturity and reproduction, and it is evident that as fast as modifications or characters should be assumed sufficiently in advance of that period, so certainly would they be conferred upon the offspring by reproduction. The *acceleration* in the assumption of a character, progressing more rapidly than the same in another character, must soon produce, in a type whose stages were once the exact parallel of a permanent lower form, the condition of *inexact parallelism*. As all the more comprehensive groups present this relation to each other, we are compelled to believe that *acceleration* has been the principle of their successive evolution during the long ages of geologic time.

Each type has, however, its day of supremacy and perfection of organism, and a retrogression in these respects has succeeded. This has no doubt followed a law the reverse of acceleration, which has been called *retardation*. By the increasing slowness of the growth of the individuals of a genus, and later and later assumption of the characters of the latter, they would be successively lost.

To what power shall we ascribe this acceleration, by which the first beginnings of structure have accumulated to themselves through the long geologic ages complication and power, till from the germ that was scarcely born into a sand-lance, a human being climbed the complete scale, and stood easily the chief of the whole?

In the cases of species, where some individuals develop farther than others, we say that the former possess more growth-force, or "vigor," than the latter. We may therefore say that higher types of structure possess more "vigor" than the lower. This, however, we do not know to be true, nor can we readily find means to demonstrate it.

The food which is taken by an adult animal is either assimilated, to be consumed in immediate activity of some kind, or stored for future use, and the excess is rejected from the body. We have no reason to suppose that the same kind of material could be made to subserve the production of force by any other means than that furnished by a living animal organism. The material from which this organism is constructed is derived first from the parent, and afterward from the food, etc., assimilated by the individual itself so long as growth continues. As it is the activity of assimilation directed to a special end during this latter period which we suppose

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to be increased in accelerated development, the acceleration is evidently not brought about by increased facilities for obtaining the means of life which the same individual possesses as an adult. That it is not in consequence of such increased facilities possessed by its parents over those of the type preceding it, seems equally improbable when we consider that the characters in which the parent's advance has appeared are rarely of a nature to increase those facilities.

The nearest approach to an explanation that can be offered appears to be somewhat in the following direction:

There is every reason to believe that the character of the atmosphere has gradually changed during geologic time, and that various constituents of the mixture have been successively removed from it, and been stored in the solid material of the earth's crust in a state of combination. Geological chemistry has shown that the cooling of the earth has been accompanied by the precipitation of many substances only gaseous at high temperatures. Hydrochloric and sulphuric acids have been transferred to mineral deposits or aqueous solutions. The removal of carbonic acid gas and the vapor of water has been a process of much slower progress, and after the expiration of all the ages a proportion of both yet remains. Evidence of the abundance of the former in the earliest periods is seen in the vast deposits of limestone rock; later, in the prodigious quantities of shells which have been elaborated from the same in solution. Proof of its abundance in the atmosphere in later periods is seen in the extensive deposits of coal of the Carboniferous, Triassic and Jurassic periods. If the most luxuriant vegetation of the present day takes but fifty tons of carbon from the atmosphere in a century, per acre, thus producing a layer over that extent of less than a third of an inch in thickness, what amount of carbon must be abstracted in order to produce strata of thirty-five feet in depth? No doubt it occupied a long period, but the atmosphere, thus deprived of a large proportion of carbonic acid, would in subsequent periods undoubtedly possess an improved capacity for the support of animal life.

The successively higher degree of oxidization of the blood in the organs designed for that function, whether performing it in water or air, would certainly accelerate the performances of all the vital functions, and among others that of growth. Thus it may be that *acceleration* can be accounted for, and the process of the development of the orders and sundry lesser groups of the Vertebrate kingdom indicated; for, as already pointed out, the definitions of such are radically placed in the different structures of the organs which aerate the blood and distribute it to its various destinations.

But the great question, What determined the direction of this acceleration? remains unanswered. One cannot understand why more highly-oxidized blood should hasten the growth of partition of the ventricle of the heart in the serpent, the more perfectly to separate the aerated from the impure fluid; nor can we see why a more perfectly-constructed circulatory system, sending purer blood to the brain, should direct accelerated growth to the cerebellum or cerebral hemispheres in the crocodile.

b. In Characters of the Specific Kind. Some of the characters usually placed in the specific category have been shown to be the same in kind as those of higher categories. The majority are, however, of a different kind, and have been discussed several pages back.

The cause of the origin of these characters is shrouded in as much mystery as that of those which have occupied the pages immediately preceding. As in that case, we have to assume, as Darwin has done, a tendency in Nature to their production. This is what he terms "the principle of variation." Against an unlimited variation the great law of heredity or atavism has ever been opposed, as a conservator and multiplier of type. This principle is exemplified in the fact that like produces like—that children are like their

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parents, frequently even in minutiæ. It may be compared to habit in metaphysical matters, or to that singular love of time or rhythm seen in man and lower animals, in both of which the tendency is to repeat in continual cycles a motion or state of the mind or sense.

Further, but a proportion of the lines of variation is supposed to have been perpetuated, and the extinction of intermediate forms, as already stated, has left isolated groups or species.

The effective cause of these extinctions is stated by Darwin to have been a "natural selection"—a proposition which distinguishes his theory from other development hypotheses, and which is stated in brief by the expression, "the preservation of the fittest." Its meaning is this: that those characters appearing as results of this spontaneous variation which are little adapted to the conflict for subsistence, with the nature of the supply, or with rivals in its pursuit, dwindle and are sooner or later extirpated; while those which are adapted to their surroundings, and favored in the struggle for means of life and increase, predominate, and ultimately become the centres of new variation. "I am convinced," says Darwin, "that natural selection has been the main, but not exclusive, means of modification."

That it has been to a large extent the means of preservation of those structures known as specific, must, I think, be admitted. They are related to their peculiar surroundings very closely, and are therefore more likely to exist under their influence. Thus, if a given genus extends its range over a continent, it is usually found to be represented by peculiar species—one in a maritime division, another in the desert, others in the forest, in the swamp or the elevated areas of the region. The wonderful interdependence shown by Darwin to exist between insects and plants in the fertilization of the latter, or between animals and their food-plants, would almost induce one to believe that it were the true expression of the whole law of development.

But the following are serious objections to its universal application:

First: The characters of the higher groups, from genera up, are rarely of a character to fit their possessors especially for surrounding circumstances; that is, the differences which separate genus from genus, order from order, etc., in the ascending scale of each, do not seem to present a superior adaptation to surrounding circumstances in the higher genus to that seen in the lower genus, etc. Hence, superior adaptation could scarcely have caused their selection above other forms not existing. Or, in other words, the very differences in structure which indicate successional relation, or which measure the steps of progress, seem to be equally well fitted for their surroundings.

Second: The higher groups, as orders, classes, etc., have been in each geologic period alike distributed over the whole earth, under all the varied circumstances offered by climate and food. Their characters do not seem to have been modified in reference to these. Species, and often genera, are, on the other hand, eminently restricted according to climate, and consequently vegetable and animal food.

The law of development which we seek is indeed not that which preserves the higher forms and rejects the lower after their creation, but that which explains why higher forms were created at all. Why in the results of a creation we see any relation of higher and lower, and not rather a world of distinct types, each perfectly adapted to its situation, but none properly higher than another in an ascending scale, is the primary question. Given the principle of advance, then natural selection has no doubt modified the details; but in the successive advances we can scarcely believe such a principle to be influential. We look rather upon a progress as the result of the expenditure of some force fore-arranged for that end.

It may become, then, a question whether in characters of high grade the habit or use is not rather the result of the acquisition of the structure than the

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structure the result of the encouragement offered to its assumed beginnings by use, or by liberal nutrition derived from the increasingly superior advantages it offers.

ε. *The Physical Origin of Man.*

If the hypothesis here maintained be true, man is the descendant of some pre-existent generic type, the which, if it were now living, we would probably call an ape.

Man and the chimpanzee were in Linnæus' system only two species of the same genus, but a truer anatomy places them in separate genera and distinct families. There is no doubt, however, that Cuvier went much too far when he proposed to consider Homo as the representative of an order distinct from the quadrumana, under the name of bimana. The structural differences will not bear any such interpretation, and have not the same value as those distinguishing the orders of mammalia; as, for instance, between carnivora and bats, or the cloven-footed animals and the rodents, or rodents and edentates. The differences between man and the chimpanzee are, as Huxley well puts it, much less than those between the chimpanzee and lower quadrumana, as lemurs, etc. In fact, man is the type of a family, Hominidæ, of the order Quadrumana, as indicated by the characters of the dentition, extremities, brain, etc. The reader who may have any doubts on this score may read the dissections of Geoffroy St. Hilaire, made in 1856, before the issue of Darwin's *Origin of Species*. He informs us that the brain of man is nearer in structure to that of the orang than the orang's is to that of the South American howler, and that the orang and howler are more nearly related in this regard than are the howler and the marmoset.

The modifications presented by man have, then, resulted from an acceleration in development in some respects, and retardation perhaps in others. But until the *combination* now characteristic of the genus Homo was attained the being could not properly be called man.

And here it must be observed that as an organic type is characterized by the coexistence of a number of peculiarities which have been developed independently of each other, its distinctive features and striking functions are not exhibited until that coexistence is attained which is necessary for these ends.

Hence, the characters of the human genus were probably developed successively: but few of the indications of human superiority appeared until the combination was accomplished. Let the opposable thumb be first perfected, but of what use would it be in human affairs without a mind to direct? And of what use a mind without speech to unlock it? And speech could not be possible though all the muscles of the larynx but one were developed, or but a slight abnormal convexity in one pair of cartilages remained.

It would be an objection of little weight could it be truly urged that there have as yet no remains of apelike men been discovered, for we have frequently been called upon in the course of paleontological discovery to bridge greater gaps than this, and greater remain, which we expect to fill. But we *have* apelike characters exhibited by more than one race of men yet existing.

But the remains of that being which is supposed to have been the progenitor of man may have been discovered a short time since in the cave of Naulette, Belgium, with the bones of the extinct rhinoceros and elephant.

We all admit the existence of higher and lower races, the latter being those which we now find to present greater or less approximations to the apes. The peculiar structural characters that belong to the negro in his most typical form are of that kind, however great may be the distance of his remove therefrom. The flattening of the nose and prolongation of the jaws constitute such a resemblance; so are the deficiency of the calf of the leg, and the obliquity of the pelvis, which approaches more the horizontal position than it does in the Caucasian. The investigations made at Washington during the war

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with reference to the physical characteristics of the soldiers show that the arms of the negro are from one to two inches longer than those of the whites: another approximation to the ape. In fact, this race is a species of the genus Homo as distinct in character from the Caucasian as those we are accustomed to recognize in other departments of the animal kingdom; but he is not distinct by isolation, since intermediate forms between him and the other species can be abundantly found.

And here let it be particularly observed that two of the most prominent characters of the negro are those of immature stages of the Indo-European race in its characteristic types. The deficient calf is the character of infants at a very early stage; but, what is more important, the flattened bridge of the nose and shortened nasal cartilages are universally immature conditions of the same parts in the Indo-European. Any one may convince himself of that by examining the physiognomies of infants. In some races—*e. g.*, the Slavic—this undeveloped character persists later than in some others. The Greek nose, with its elevated bridge, coincides not only with æsthetic beauty, but with developmental perfection.

This is, however, only "*inexact* parallelism," as the characters of the hair, etc., cannot be explained on this principle *among existing races*. The embryonic characters mentioned are probably a remnant of those characteristic of the primordial race or species.

But the man of Naulette, if he be not a monstrosity, is a still more distinct and apelike species. The chin, that marked character of other species of men, is totally wanting, and the dentition is quite approximate to the manlike apes, and different from that of modern men. The form is very massive, as in apes. That he was not abnormal is rendered probable by approximate characters seen in a jaw from the cave of Puy-sur-Aube, and less marked in the lowest races of Australia and New Caledonia.

EDWARD D. COPE.

A WEEK AMONG THE MORMONS.

DREARY, dark and drizzling—gray streaks of would-be light in the sombreness of the clouds—a flat stretch of partially-frozen mud on either side of the railroad track;—this was the scene, at five o'clock of a stormy morning, that we realized at Ogden Station as the train rolled away into the distance, and we three weary, sleepy travelers, bound for Mormonland, stood dolefully in front of the canvas house by courtesy yclept a station, shiveringly contemplating the prospect and ourselves by the dim rays of the station-master's lantern.

"Is this Mr. T. B.'s party?" the official presently demanded; and receiving an affirmative response, he pleasantly ushered us into the rude house which formed the company's office and the official's abiding-place. "Bishop West's carriage is waiting for you," was comforting tidings, and in a few moments more the sound of wheels reached our ears; and with thanks for the politeness of the railroad people we clambered into the ambulance-like "carriage" and moved off, bound for Ogden City, distant some three miles, and the second Mormon town in the Territory of Utah. Sleepily we bounced along, every little distance hearing the swish of water against the wagon wheels and the splash as the horses apparently

plunged into moist depths. Our wonder aroused, we tried to peer into the dim darkness, and, able to see nothing, demanded of the charioteer if "they generally had so much water lying around loose?" He chuckled somewhat over our ignorance, and replied, "Why, it's the *irrigation*." We wonder how we were to know that irrigation meant deep gutters full of water every few rods across the roads, so that when driving through the town one has a sensation of continually crossing small creeks.

We drew up presently in front of a long, low, story-and-a-half house, and a man armed with a lantern appeared, helped us to dismount, and preceded us, lantern in hand, up stairs into two quaint-looking rooms, with beds mountain high, and closing the door solemnly and silently, departed. Sleepy and tired from the journey of fifty-six hours from San Francisco, we clambered into the feather heights, and forgetful of many-wived Mormon bishops and houses with numerous doors, each entrance betokening a wife, slept our first sleep under Mormon authority in a "Latter-Day Saint's" household.

It would require more words than are furnished by our language to depict the scene which stretched before our windows when daylight had fully come to reveal its beauties. The time was in the early days of October. The gardens surrounding the houses were full of fruit trees in bearing: their branches drooped heavily, laden with ripe pears and bright-hued peaches. The blue sparkling waters of the great Salt Lake laved the shore almost at the gardens' edge: hemming in and encircling the town were mountains whose dusky sides were turning into vivid brilliancy with the vivifying fingers of cold, that had touched the sumach leaves and brought out their scarlet blushes: over this had fallen in the night a powdering of snow, and with the morning's sunlight, dazzling bright, bringing into bold relief each color, there was a bewildering beauty about the scene that caused vague visions of Fairyland to flit through the mind, and fully defies all description.

Feeling as though we were truly in a *terra incognita*, and that soft stepping would befit us, we wandered down stairs about mid-day, our sleep over, in search of adventure, curious to know what and whom we should see. The *second* wife of Bishop West came to minister to our wants—Mrs. West No. 2—and told us the bishop had been twice to inquire for us; that he lived opposite (pointing to a low, long, many-doored log house) with seven of his ten wives; and that *she* kept the house where we were stopping, a semi-hotel, and "Louise" lived in another house just down the street.

A young woman with a pretty little baby was in the sitting-room, and after a few moments' inspection of our party, abruptly inquired of me, "Are you married?" With a realizing sense of my shortcomings in that respect, I meekly replied in the negative; whereupon she demanded, "How old should you think *I* was?" Fully awake to the danger of *adding* aught to any woman's years, I stole a furtive look at the large, bony figure, the round, unintellectual face, the staring blue eyes and coarse yellow hair, and suggested, "About twenty." "I'm not *seventeen* yet, and I've been married a year and a half to Bishop Budge (!) of Caché Valley."

Subsequent judicious inquiry elicited many facts regarding the bishop's ménage: that he had three wives and thirteen children; that they all lived together; that it was pretty hard work, particularly the washing; that the wives did *not* quarrel—what was the use?—that *sometimes*, at bed-time, there was a *good deal* of noise (one could hardly doubt that, with thirteen children in a small house), but the men did not mind it, for they took their hats and went out; that they had no time to go visiting; that the bishop read a great deal, but *they* had to look after the children. On being asked why she had married so young, at only a little past fourteen years of age, she replied, "Why, we all do—we *have* to. If we don't, we are

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talked about, preached at by name in the Tabernacle, and made fun of. No Mormon woman would be an old maid, and they are called that at eighteen." Her curiosity was unbounded, and question followed question about the "world's people" and their denounced and forbidden ways. We felt it was almost too bad to show her a state of things where women had comforts, rights, attentions and education, for surely it was almost a case where "ignorance" was comparative "bliss."

I took the opportunity, while waiting for the rest of our party, who were to join us here, to jot down some items she gave me. She deliberately took her stand behind my chair to watch me, and suddenly exclaimed, "Laws me! how fast you do write!" It is presumable she never had written a letter in her life, and her ability to *read* written characters is open to doubt. Presently she said, "Do you do your washing with a machine?" I tried to remember whether that necessary domestic performance, in the household of which I was an honorary member, was accomplished with or without the aid of machinery, but had to give it up, and replied, "Really, I don't know. I *think* there is one in the house, but if you ask Mrs. B., she can tell." Her eyes grew immense, and with a countenance indicative of intense surprise, she ejaculated, "Why, *don't you do the washing?*" "Not exactly." "Well, *who does?*" "The servants," I replied, more amused than I cared to show. No more words were forthcoming, but I was looked at evidently as a poor good-for-naught: I was *not* married, and I *did not do the washing!*

I give a somewhat detailed account of Mrs. Budge No. 3, for she was not of the middle stratum even of Mormon society. Her husband was a man of station and position in the Church and State organization. He was a bishop, had charge over a township, and was well-to-do. In a little while he came into the room, and being introduced to me, "a lady from the East," entered into conversation, in which he proved himself an intelligent, cultivated, well-read man. From him I gathered a better epitome of the religious faith of the Mormon Church than I was able to glean in all my talks with men higher in place and authority than was he. But I gathered also how they managed to keep their wives in subjection. Almost the first article of the Mormon creed is, that women are unequal to men in the eyes of the great Ruler of the Universe—that no woman ever can enter the land of the Hereafter *unless taken there by her husband*. Then all their teachings go to show that heaven is to be the scene of the great triumph of the Latter-Day Saints—that there will all the universe be in subjection to *them*, and their wives and daughters will be queens and princesses. Then, although the men are educated thoroughly, especially upon points likely to affect the spread of their belief, the women are left in utter and complete ignorance. In all the many houses, even of the highest of the land, to which we afterward had access, we saw scarcely a book save those on Mormonism, and not a single paper or magazine. We spoke of the topics of the day both at home and abroad, and met with entire blankness: none of them had any idea of what we were talking about. Then, before a girl has reached full womanhood, while her ideas are still unformed and childish, she is married, probably to a man old enough to be her father. Take any girl of fourteen or fifteen—which is the common marriageable age in Mormondom—even an educated girl, and how able is she to form opinions and right judgments? Then leave out the education, and her abilities will surely be at the minimum. So, by these three levers do Mormon men, wise in their generation, act upon the hearts of the women among them: First, by appealing to the religious element so strong in every woman; next, by keeping her in ignorance of everything that might show her the fallacy of the claims to superiority of the men; and lastly, by throwing upon childish shoulders burdens of care and weights of responsibility under which mature

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womanhood must often faint. We are reminded of Him who pronounced woe of old upon those who "bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne," and lay them upon others' shoulders.

The place occupied by a Mormon wife in her husband's household is simply that of a servant, with fewer privileges than has Jane the cook or Lucy the waiter in our domestic economy. She has no "afternoon out"—no wages to do as she will with—no "followers," and no chance of a change. But she has hard work, unrealizable in our comfortable houses; the privilege of waiting upon the master of the house when he chooses to call upon her services; and the belief that the more patiently she bears the cross of the present, the more beautiful will be the crown of the future she hopes to wear.

By invitation our party went to ride with President F——, one of the "Twelve Apostles," who claim the same position and authority given by our Lord to the twelve who lived and suffered with Him during the three years of His earthly ministry.

Up Ogden Cañon we drove, along a busy, brawling, beautiful stream that danced and bounded over a rocky bed close beside the road, which has been built at great cost and much labor by the Mormons, that they might have a safe road along which to bring their firewood. This is one of the most beautiful of the many magnificent gorges in these Rocky Mountain fastnesses. The president said to us, "Have we not at least a beautiful country?" I could not refrain from answering him, in the familiar words of Heber, that had been singing incessantly in my mind: "Here every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." "Ah!" was his reply, "it only needs education and enlightenment to bring the world's people to a realization of our better things."

We were taken back to his house to tea: on driving to the entrance, some one said, "Have you a school here?" for the yard was full of children. "Oh no: this is my family." "How many do they number?" we inquired, aghast. "Twenty-nine living, and eleven dead." "Well, but honestly, president, do you know them all?" "Sometimes I *do* get their names a little mixed," was the response.

We were ushered into the house—a double, two-story adobe structure—where we met the mother of the president and Mrs. F—— No. 1. The latter was a pleasant-faced woman of thirty-five or thereabouts, evidently so intent upon household cares and the exercising of hospitality that she had not taken time to array herself for festivities; for she had on a calico dress, minus a collar, made without any attempt at grace or beauty; in all presenting such an appearance as would be scorned by Bridget after her day's work is done. The introduction over, we were left to the entertaining powers of the president and his mother. The latter was a chirpy old lady of seventy-two, a Vermont woman, who was quite ready to tell us of her conversion to Mormonism forty years ago in the mountains of Vermont—of her belief in its claims, its miraculous pretensions, its superior holiness. She told us of the trials and sufferings of the early comers in Utah twenty-two years ago—of how they had been prospered, and what a power in the land and the earth Mormonism is to-day, and how much more it eventually will be. Such thorough religious fanaticism, such perfect faith in the leaders of the movement, it is hard to believe can exist in this enlightened, progressive nineteenth century. Her son deferred to her, and treated her opinions and words with marked respect and regard. Indeed, we noticed this through all our wanderings amid this singular and in many respects wonderful people: the sons seem to have a marked tenderness toward their mothers. We asked the old lady about herself. Her husband had had five wives, and she was the first. I said, "Do tell me how the women feel about this institution: they surely cannot like it?" "Certainly not, but then this is our cross. God has appointed it for us, and we must take it up and bear it patiently; and the more

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quietly and happily we try to carry it, the greater will be our reward." "But," I persisted, "have you been happy?" "*Happy! I have suffered enough to have died ten thousand deaths.*" I can give the *words*, but not the accent or the look which accompanied and pointed them. We were answered.

Opposite to where we sat were some portraits, the president and his *five* wives hung in their rotation—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5—as close together as possible. The effect was infinitely funny. We asked their names and residences, and were told that the four lived in this same house, though occupying separate living-rooms, and each one having her own door; that the supplies for household needs and consumption were kept in the cellar, and were common to all, but that each family lived to itself. Presently a summons to supper came, and we found ourselves in a room half kitchen, half dining-room, where Mrs. F—— No. 1 waited upon her guests *from behind their chairs*, declining an invitation from her husband to "get herself a cup and plate and sit down at this corner." She joined in the chat, however, and was quite pleased when we were informed by her husband that she had eleven children. The courtesies of the table were a little "mixed," according to our slower ideas, for the head of the house was first supplied with comestibles, afterward the mother-in-law, and *then* the guests.

After the repast—which was well cooked and of good quality and great abundance—we ladies were shown into a third room, to see Mrs. F—— No. 1's daughter, with her little babe. Here we had a long talk with the women alone. In this one room were four generations—the great-grandmother, a Yankee woman, who had known better things; the others, who had seen naught but Mormonism. Mrs. F—— No. 1 said she did not care *how* many wives her husband had: she had gone through all the suffering possible for a woman's heart to bear, and she was callous. She used the identical expression of her mother-in-law—that she had gone through agony enough to have made death itself as naught; but *that* was past, and blessed indifference had followed. We queried whether they really thought this great country would allow Mormonism much longer to remain unmolested. The response came quickly—that the government could do nothing against the forces of the Latter-Day Saints. The hosts of the Lord would fight for them, and they would only need to bear the victors' palm. We looked in wonder and said, "Do you *really* feel this way?" The two elder women turned to each other, the fire of enthusiasm lighting up their faded, worn faces: "Our whole lives would have been utterly in vain if this is not true."

We shall never forget the scene. The room was plain, almost comfortless but for a bright crackling wood-fire in the large chimney-place. The bright light shone full on the figure of the young mother (not yet sixteen), with the little morsel of humanity in her arms; a younger sister was listening attentively, while the mother and grandmother, side by side, were sounding the key-notes of their whole lives. We could say but little: what we could we did, especially to the younger ones. But we felt it was futile. Our surprise at being allowed free talk with the Mormon women died away. Their submission was their religion, their only hope of happiness hereafter, which surely, if sorrow and sadness here can earn, they richly deserve. And they fully regarded us as benighted heathens, who one day would realize the mistake we had made. With women holding such ideas any efforts we might make at enlightenment would of course be unsuccessful.

By the next day the rest of the party had rejoined us, and bidding adieu to the kindly hostess, Mrs. Bishop West No. 2, and saying what has proved a final farewell to the fine-looking bishop himself—for he has since gone to his long home and final reckoning—we departed for "The City," in Mormon parlance.

The enthusiasm of the Mormon wanderers of twenty years ago is not to be

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wondered at, when, after months of toilsome journeyings over the Plains, they reached the heights that looked down upon the magnificent valley of Salt Lake. We never expect to see again such beauty as was spread out before us as the stage slowly lumbered up the last rise in the ground and the scene burst upon us in all its grandeur. The sparkling, brilliant waters of the lake; the fertile, widespreading valley; the winding current of the river Jordan, uniting the Sweet Lake and the Salt; the tree-embowered city; and around all the chain of silent sentinels, their lofty, heaven-kissing heads crowned with an eternal whiteness,—all this, seen through the wonderfully rarefied, translucent atmosphere, that almost annihilates distance, is simply indescribable.

Sunday was our first day in Salt Lake City, and, like the rest of the world, we wended our way to the Tabernacle, with whose name and outward appearance nearly everybody is familiar. "The President," as the arch-deceiver is universally styled, was absent, but sermons were delivered by others in power to over seven thousand people. More than two-thirds of the audience were women, and certainly every second one had a child with her: the solemnity of the scene was *not* increased by the pipings of the younger portion of the congregation. Service over—and it lasted nearly three hours—our party was introduced to the son of Brigham Young, who offered his services as cicerone; and we clambered on to the roof of the Tabernacle, and such a view as repaid the exertion! From this height were seen the coaches bringing Vice-President Colfax and his party into the city, and great was the cheering that greeted them.

We were taken through "the President's" orchard; treated to grapes of his raising; shown the first adobe house built in Utah, where lives now the first wife of Brigham; shown the "Gable House," where is the office of the President and the abiding-place of sixteen of his countless spouses. All the numerous questions we had to ask were courteously and fully responded to by Mr. Young, Jr., and an invitation finally tendered by him to visit his own house, which some of the party accepted. We found it to be one of the pleasantest-looking of a row of adobe buildings, tastefully furnished and occupied by "my wife Libbie." This lady was one of the first we had seen in Utah who seemed at all like our Eastern women. She made some queries of the party, and finally said she was a Philadelphian, a convert to Mormonism, and an inhabitant of The City only since her conversion and marriage to Mr. Young, just two years previous. We could not understand it. Down went all theories of lack of education, of observance of custom, of knowing nothing better, and we left the problem unsolved.

During the talk a pleasant-faced woman of about four-and-twenty came into the parlor, and was introduced as "my wife Lucy." The two women were very pleasant in their external intercourse, and had no asperity in their tones, but apparently were on the best of terms. We were lost in amazement. Presently a handsome light wagon drew up to the door, and a cordial invitation was given to go to Mr. Young's other home, seconded by "Mrs. Lucy," and the party moved on. A two-mile ride brought us to a fine plantation of trees surrounding a pleasant house: as the carriage rolled in at the gate the door opened and a voice said, "I'm so glad you've come back! I have been so lonely;" and we were presented to "my wife Clara," as pretty a blonde as one would wish to see, with a beautifully-shaped head and soft brown eyes—the first really pretty woman we had seen in Mormon dominions. We had a pleasant chat with these ladies, and a glorious drive back to the hotel under the star-besprinkled heavens, while the last rosy radiance lingered and stayed in the western skies.

The days sped rapidly in sight-seeing and attendance on the Fair, where all the articles displayed were of home manufacture, and testified strongly to the self-dependence of this industrious, fru-

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gal people. A drive of six miles brought us to the Cocoonery of Brigham Young in a grove of mulberry trees. The cocoons are in charge of the *last* wife of the President, married within a year to him for the express purpose of taking care of this portion of his domain, from which he hopes to gain material to export, and so exchange with the *foreign* powers of the "States" for iron and other necessaries not yet procurable in Utah.

All the Mormons with whom we talked seemed in an infuriated state of mind over Mr. Colfax, who had declined to accept the hospitalities of the city, as tendered him by some of their chief men. Brigham, who stands upon his dignity as President and head of the Mormon Church and organization, political and military, never calls upon strangers. The Vice-President of the United States likewise *receives* calls; and Mr. Young chose to ignore the Vice-President's presence completely, remaining out of Salt Lake City until within a few hours of the termination of Mr. Colfax's sojourn there.

One bright morning we started on a short exploring expedition around the city, meaning to return some of the visits that to our great surprise had been made to us by various Mormon women. Turning down the street opposite the "Gable House" with the "Eagle Gate," where Brigham Young has his abode, and where each gable is said to testify to the presence of a wife, we came to a pleasant-looking house, on whose porch stood a remarkably fine-looking woman, of whom we inquired for Mr. Joseph Young's house. With much suavity and courtesy we were directed opposite. Some one said, "That woman can never be a *Mormon:* she must belong to a Gentile family." During the call on "Mrs. Joe" we asked, "Who is your very handsome neighbor?" "Why," in some astonishment, "that is Amelia, and she wants your party to go to the President's with her." So the party adjourned to Mrs. Amelia Young's house, to be introduced to the favorite wife of Brigham—the only woman, it is reported, who has any influence over him, and who is considered to be "the power behind the throne." The house itself externally is very like all the Salt Lake buildings, being constructed of sun-dried brick, or "adobe," and painted to suit individual taste; low in structure—only a story and a half high—with a hall running through the middle. But this house and its surroundings were in fine order: paint fresh, fences straight and trim, and a general air of neatness and finish that was often wanting in other buildings. The furnishing in-doors was the best we had seen; a fine "Steinway" stood open, the walls bore some pleasant pictures; the aspect was more familiar than any before encountered, and Mrs. Amelia became the surroundings: tall and graceful, with a commanding figure and a head worthy of better things, it was hard to realize her position. A daughter of Brigham, about twenty, was also in the room, seemingly on the best of terms with "Aunt Amelia," this being the avowed relationship held by the children of one wife to all the other wives. After the first few moments the talk flowed into Mormon channels. We noticed that on all occasions they *would* talk of themselves, assert their superiority over the rest of the world, and endeavor by vehement self-assertion to prove how much better was their condition than that of others. Mrs. Joe said, "Amelia, are you going to the President's?" "That will not be necessary. I have sent for the President!" But a few moments elapsed ere the President's own handsome carriage, drawn by a pair of black horses, drew up to the door, with a message that its owner was engaged at a business meeting, but had sent Mrs. Amelia the carriage, and would come himself at a later hour. Amelia offered to show the ladies some of their best families, and our party, just filling the carriage, moved off. The first house was one occupied by "the Happy Family," where two wives and nineteen children were said to live in a state of intense beatitude. We surely think that never have we seen faces expressive of

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such utter joylessness as worn by these two women. Crushed-looking, without one spark of animation, one ray of interest, of all the sad faces we saw (and their name was legion), these were the very saddest. The house was handsome, the garden radiant with gorgeous plants and flowers. It is the show-place of the city, but those weary, woe-begone women! the memory of them haunts me yet, and stands out the more vividly from the elegance of the material surroundings.

We were amused at the commotion created by Mrs. Amelia's appearance in the stores on the street. Evidently she was recognized as a power. We watched her closely, curiously. Aware of her history, of the months of sueing that Brigham had undergone ere he could bring her to consent to be Mrs. Young No. 40 or 50, or thereabouts, we looked and marveled. After the progress was over, the question was put: "What do you think of polygamy *now?* Is it what people have represented it to be?" "Not exactly," was the response, "but much worse." "Ah, well! I suppose your minds are not educated up to this point, but the day will come when you will see that we are in the right. *I* am not the only wife of my husband, but I consider myself the *equal, if not the superior, of* ANY *woman in the United States.*" And she evidently did. "A kinder, more indulgent, more affectionate husband than mine cannot be seen." "No," chimed in *Miss Young*, "nor a better, kinder father than mine is." We were glad to hear it, but somehow it did sound a little dubious.

The hour approached, however, for the advent of the great man, and he entered the room with a quick, firm tread, not in accordance with his "threescore years and ten," and was presented to the group. In any assemblage he might have passed unnoticed. A short, rotund figure, grayish hair and whiskers, a pleasant face and a mellifluous voice, with a falling cadence in it;—this was the first impression of a man who has probably caused more wretchedness than any other person in this generation. He sat down carelessly in an arm-chair, and began to chat: finally he turned to us and said, "I hear you have had unwonted opportunities for seeing the interior of our households. What do you think of the *happiness* of Mormon families?" We said, "It seems as though there were more *peace* than we supposed possible." He returned, "I wanted to hear Anna Dickinson lecture here, very much. I would gladly have given a dollar to hear her scold. I understand she excels in that, and with all my wives and daughters I have not heard a woman scold these fifteen years. What do you think of that?" "We think it speaks very forcibly," we replied. How we longed to say it spoke volumes for the utter annihilation of all vim and energy and force of purpose in the souls of these wretched, oppressed creatures! The mention of Mr. Colfax acted as a spur, and the bitterness of the tone and malevolent expression of the face transformed the easy-going, smug-looking old man before us into a vindictive, unscrupulous, ambitious leader, as he said, "Colfax's conduct here is very significant of the probable action of the government toward us. We are ready for it, however: let it do its worst."

Brigham made many inquiries about the East and its strides of advancement. His language was ungrammatical and inelegant, but with a certain strength and terseness that evinced power and force. A photograph of himself having been produced, we asked him to write his name on the carte, which he did, and glancing at the caligraphy, said, "The *writing* is not much, but it will do. *I am satisfied to make history: I leave it for others to write.*"

At this juncture the door opened and quite an old lady entered, very plainly attired. Brigham exclaimed, "Oh, Sister Young, how do you do to-day? This is my *first wife*, ladies!" The old lady proved chatty, invited us to come and see her house, talked of her children and of the new railroad, and presently rose to go. Her husband said, "If you are going home, I shall have the pleas-

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ure of escorting you," and bowed himself out: the old couple went away, escorted to the gate by Mrs. Amelia with all cordiality and apparent contentment. We felt bewildered: our ideas were so twisted we could hardly tell whether "we were we."

An invitation was extended to us all to go to Mrs. Amelia's private box at the theatre, and for a few moments we stopped in to take a look at the audience and the actors. Five of Brigham's children were on the stage participating in the representation of *Richard III.* The house was full, the costumes, scenery, etc., quite first class, but oh the expression on the women's faces! Hopelessness predominated: a dogged quietude, a bearing of all ills, seemed the best condition they could arrive at. We tarried but a little: then with thanks to our entertainers, and a realizing sense of what Mormonism means, at least to its women, we passed out into the clear evening air, the starlit heavens above us looking on calm and quiet, as though no misery, no despair, were felt under their brilliant canopy.

As we look back on those days, spent in that glorious country, our hearts sink within us to realize the enslaved condition of the women. Bound in a bitter bondage, with but faint hope of anything better, taught that to refuse the servitude will bring upon their souls eternal misery, the key to their position lies in the invariable response made by each woman with whom we talked: "Yes, it *is* a cross, and a heavy one, but it is *right* and God's will, and we *ought* to submit."

One woman said, "Oh if you *knew* how we Mormon women felt when the railroad was finished! Thanksgivings went up all over the land, but those from our hearts outweighed them all. I used to feel that these mountains were prison walls that held us here in bondage, but now we can get away!" The *moral* effect of the railroad already begins to evince itself, we think, for there is much more freedom of speech in Salt Lake City, and the women are inquiring and thinking for themselves. May the day be hastened when this yoke of horrible bondage shall be lifted from their shoulders!

As the stage reached the top of the hill from which the last view could be procured of the valley and the city, and we turned for one final look at the loveliness spread out at our feet, overhung with all the glory of an autumnal sky, the contrast between the outward beauty and the inward deformity was sharp and striking. Familiar words would come to our memory:

> "Ah, they have fallen into a pit of ink,
> That the wide sea hath drops too few
> To wash them white again."

A. M.

SHALL WE DESPAIR OF THE REPUBLIC?

ARE we going to the dogs? It is what men say with untroubled coolness, and with even greater calmness proceed to demonstrate. They say that our legislative bodies and our public officials are absolutely corrupt; that our legal tribunals are in the control of rich men — in other words, that the "rings" have the courts in their pockets; that the vast fortunes made during the war have inspired a frantic thirst for wealth and wrought a vast demoralization of the country; and that men are now not ashamed openly to boast of transactions which a few years ago they would have as openly denounced.

If you hopefully dispute them, they will draw from their memories many

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facts as startling as they are disreputable. There is A, they tell you, in a public post of which the salary is not over fifteen hundred, and its lawful perquisites dear at five hundred more. Yet A keeps his fast trotter and lives in a brown-stone house at the corner of Fifth avenue and Walnut street. There is B, who three years ago went to the Legislature of Alaska as poor as Job in the days of his tribulation, who now is as rich as Job in the days of his restoration. There is General Cincinnatus, whose lovely place at Tusculum is the envy even of Verres, and whose income-tax would permit him to make of solid gold the ploughshare with which he cultivates his Sabine farm. There are D, E and F, the conscript fathers, who drive a regular traffic in plunder, and whose demands you must satisfy ere you can get a deed of your own water-lots on either sea-front of Corinthi-bi-maris. So it goes through an entire mercenary and marauding alphabet.

There is no reason to doubt these statements. The only question which concerns us is that generalized conclusion to which the narrators so swiftly jump—that they prove a civilization rotten ere it is ripe, and that we are just upon the verge of an utter wreck of prosperity, character and national hope. In other words, the thing to ask is, Are these facts evidence of vital disease? or are they simply a surface-rash by which the body in a healthy training process is expelling corrupt humors?

Let one generalization meet another. Is it possible for a nation which has just passed through a four years' agony of such mighty and ennobling self-sacrifice to fall so suddenly into the abyss of dishonesty? The answer is, "No!" It is *not* possible that the nation was saved by such martyr earnestness only to sell itself for the wages of infamy. And it can be also shown that a like state of things—corrupt officers and much maladministration—does not necessarily imply national ruin.

To refer to history. Three hundred years ago, roughly calculating, the English judiciary was not immaculate. Bribery approached even the woolsack when he who sat thereon was Francis Bacon. Philosopher, statesman, scholar, he was neither a man of the people forced upward into office by the concurrent forces of an ambitious temperament and an unsettled time, nor yet was he a scion of that aristocracy which could plead its Norman birth-right in bar of the requirement of ordinary morals. In either case we might call him an exception. But he was of the English middle class, the son of a father distinguished for his services, the inheritor of a name without blemish, no novice to the temptations of a court, no stranger to the lofty teachings of literature, and sprung from the country gentry, then to England the nursery of its noblest and best citizens and servants. Yet the lord chancellor was tried for taking bribes—tried and convicted. That such a man, so placed, could fall into this fault is proof of two things—viz., that neither for suitors to offer nor for judges to receive was beyond a precedent. Others must have sinned, and got off better than Bacon. If there were doubt on this point, Bishop Latimer's sermons, preached ere Bacon was born, would conclusively prove it. And the defence which Bacon attempted to set up—that he had not sold justice, only promptness in its administration, shows that a permissible license was not unknown to those times.

Half a century later, in the time of Charles the Second, came a day when political virtue hardly seemed to exist. The diary of Samuel Pepys, commissioner of the admiralty and courtier, lets us behind the scenes. Men of probity and character were not above direct pecuniary gifts in return for official service.

In the next reign another keeper of the great seal and of the king's conscience sat upon the bench, before whom neither age nor innocence knew mercy or justice. Jeffreys was that judge to whose pre-eminence of brutality and shamelessness even Scroggs and Williams owe a comparative obscurity of in-

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famy. Yet a single stroke of legislation purified the judiciary by making the Bench independent of the Crown.

We pass on to the days of the House of Hanover and the time of Walpole. That great minister—for he was great, great enough to uphold a dynasty of foreigners as narrow in their souls as in their petty ancestral domains, and as depraved in their morals as they were repulsive in their manners—that great minister took for his well-known maxim that "Every man has his price." Apparently that price was rarely too high in Walpole's market to hinder him from getting such and as many men as he wanted. Who were the men whom he bought? A Barebones Parliament swept from the purlieus of London? Not at all. They were the country gentlemen of England—the old, long-descended lines of the squirearchies of her rich counties.

As Walpole vanishes another succeeds. It is that young Mr. Pitt who entered upon public life an ardent patriot and a lofty declaimer against Hanoverian subsidies and court oppression. To the Orfords had succeeded the Pelhams in the business of corruption. Newcastle was the master in that school, the Raphael of his art who eclipsed the Perugino who preceded him. If Pitt stood haughtily apart from the drudgery of political intrigue, he did not hesitate to employ the votes the motive of which he could hardly have failed to know.

A little later on, and another great statesman, when the fate of British India and his own were trembling in the balance, bought Sir Elijah Impey, chief-justice of the supreme court of Bengal, and with that convenient tool broke the cabal of Francis and Clavering and put to death the Brahmin Nuncomar. That Hastings actually did all which Fisk and Drew have ever been accused of attempting, is unquestionable; yet he has found no less an apologist than Lord Macaulay. More than this, it was not the careless or questionable lending of judicial aid to further a doubtful transaction of the market that Impey engaged in. He used his high office to put to death the native of a conquered country over which he was the sworn protector, and that by a violent construction of a British statute as utterly foreign to the moral code of Hindostan as the retaliatory laws of Moses to the social life of to-day.

Pages might be cited of instances to the same effect. Yet out of this sea of official venality, out of this pool of judicial prostitution, out of this age of parliamentary frailty, there has emerged a judiciary whose integrity is only equaled by its ability; a Parliament which no Premier would dare approach with corrupt suggestions, and a civil service which, if dilatory, is very far from dishonest.

But it is said that our American government, once pure, is rapidly becoming more corrupt. The fact is yet to be proved. Photograph your smoothest pen-stroke into a twenty-times-magnified copy, and what spots and ragged outlines not before discernible! We have to deal with hugely magnified interests, and the microscopic deviation expands into a blur when applied to the distributor of a revenue now reckoned in millions where it once was counted in hundreds.

Some readers of this paper may recollect the charges poured out against the administration of Mr. Van Buren—the alleged extravagance in the Seminole war, and the fabled luxury of the White House, as described in the "gold-spoon" philippic of Mr. Ogle. We should laugh at them now.

Another point must be considered. The financial disturbance of the war, so greatly affecting all values, left it really uncertain what were just prices. Men took what they could get, especially in government contracts, being in honest doubt whether they were likely to receive even a fair return. It was fairy money which they pocketed, that might at any moment, it seemed, turn to stones and dried leaves. And men generally, if they reasoned at all upon the point, felt that since the government was bound to provide a sufficient currency,

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the loss of a depreciation should fall on the State rather than on the citizen.

This is not given as a sound argument for the practices complained of. It is only to show that what we have been calling absolute disregard of right and wrong may have been no more than a confusion of the moral sense. It is the ethics of the cloak-room after an inauguration ball, according to which one seizes *any* hat and *any* umbrella, because one's own are hopelessly gone. It does not follow that this sullied virtue will presently take to filching from private halls and reaping the outer garments it has not sown. We agree that better is catarrh with integrity than a clear larynx with larceny, but we do not feel that such doings necessarily imperil the general laws of *meum* and *tuum*.

Now, as to official peculation. The public is not without sin. It takes the services of its officers without proper compensation. If it is robbed, it has been robbing. What per cent. of their hard-earned salaries are naval officers compelled by the shabby economies of the State to expend upon their vessels and the public service? The navy is not complained of for being light-fingered, because its officers are gentlemen, but it would not be to be wondered at if they *were* somewhat lax in their ideas concerning perquisites. But generally, in regard to the service of the State, it should be held that the one who enters it has a right to two things. One of these is a fair living compensation: the other is a reasonable certainty of continuance in office during good behavior, with a retiring provision at the end.

He has a right to the former, since the people can always afford a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, because the State is independent of fluctuations in the labor-market, and because ordinarily the nation demands the man's entire service. Much of its work will brook nothing less. A commander cannot say, "I do not enter the navy for storms at sea and naval battles, but only for dockyard duty." He cannot in honor resign because ordered to the coast of Sumatra, instead of to the Mediterranean. He cannot so arrange his cruises as to provide for his family. This is true to a degree also of bureau employments. If they are faithfully discharged, they leave little time for the chances of private profit. And certainly in most cases they cut off all hope of that adventure and enterprise by which mercantile fortunes are made. The compensation for this disadvantage should be permanence. If we get little, let us get it surely. But five per cent. per annum for our investments, accompanied by the uncertainty of the stock-market, is not what any man would choose.

It is not right—but is it not natural? —for a man to say, "Since I *may* go at any moment, and *must* go when this administration ends, I will make all I can." Let a merchant give his clerks to understand that he is ever on the watch to get others in their places at cheaper rates, and he will not long keep honest men in his employ. Why do our banks, as a rule, command the services of men of sterling fidelity? They pay only moderate salaries, but every cashier knows that he has a place which is as certain as the earth's movement in its orbit, and his quarterly salary is an income on which he can count while he lives and can work. Try rotation in office upon our banks, and what would our deposits be worth?

Next, as to legislative corruption. This *is* a sore subject. But is it not greatly exaggerated in the popular mind? *All* business in public bodies is not done dishonestly, nor are *all* legislators accessible to bribes. Special legislation has been the *fons ac origo hujusce mali*, and there has been far too much special legislating. Yet herein a great deal of the corruption complained of belongs to secondary processes — to the mere expediting of business. It is like hotel bribery. Every guest cannot be served first. If *you* want the first service out of turn, others must wait who have an equal right, and you *ought* to pay extra. *You* cannot complain of the waiter's ex-

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tortion, since you paid the landlord for your dinner, but not for the privilege of tantalizing a dozen or more to see you eat it. It is the men who would not wait the due course of public business who have brought this upon us.

And the fact that we complain of legislative bribery, and chafe under it, shows that, however coolly we may talk of its inevitableness, we have not come to regard it as right. When a race loses the practice of any virtue, it is not offended at the presence of the correspondent vice. We do not expect a Fenian to set a high value upon accurate and measured statement. We do not look for abhorrence of unchastity at Tahiti. An Italian of the sixteenth century would consider Iago as rather an estimable character, and Paris takes very easily the breach of the seventh commandment. When we are really callous to this condition of our legislatures we shall say much less about it. When we accept the situation we shall choose our representatives according to their bribable capacity, getting the men who will do the most work at the lowest rates.

But bribery is self-limited. It implies a conscience to be perverted. There must be something worth buying in the market. In essence it means that the fidelity which the legislator owes to the general public is transferred for a consideration to an individual. But there it stops: the man who takes bribes indefinitely loses all value. This fact will always make bribery exceptional. There must be some character, some conscience — something which when bought will stay bought. Absolute venality serves nobody's turn, since when you have it you may lose it to another to-morrow. Nor are such legislators acceptable to the public. They damage the reputation of their party, as well as interfere with its policy. With a free ballot notoriously corrupt men must pay a high price for election, and even a great railroad corporation would find a staff of legislators an expensive luxury. As a rule, then, legislation is not carried on by sheer dishonesty. Exceptional wrong-doing is wrought by extraordinary means.

Let us look at the *rationale* of this. It is said that there is no chance to get anything that "has money in it" through most legislatures without paying a heavy tax. This is paid, it is believed, to a few who hold the balance of power, or to a clique who manage votes, or to one or two leaders whose management is not suspected. But what are these things that "have money in them?" They are schemes based upon private advantage. They are valuable privileges which ought to be granted only under great restriction. Their promoters hope for unlimited working of a monopoly ballasted only by so much of concession to the public convenience as is absolutely necessary. It is natural for men who see so much plunder pass through their hands to long to take hold of it. When a plan which has for its main end public benefit is introduced, black mail is not thought of, because that will stop it at once. Robin Hood was not unpopular in his day, since he confined his spoliations mainly to those who fleeced the people. If the people is a foolish sovereign, and flings away its monopolies to whoever will ask, it cannot blame those who in turn squeeze a percentage from its favorites. The remedy lies in guarding monopolies.

There is another source of this evil which is almost as dangerous as the elective judiciary — the greatest curse ever inflicted by headstrong theorists upon this country. It comes from the defective working of our political machinery. Men are unwilling to pass through the drudgery of entering political life, because it involves contact with so much that is corrupting. Why is this so? Because of one fatal mistake made in the repeal of the laws requiring majority elections. It was caused by a fit of pique at the trouble given by third parties, and an unwillingness to have repeated trials to elect. But the present law practically disfranchises every man who will not submit to a party nomination. He has no vote unless he gives it either to a party or to a person whom

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he disapproves. And this has thrown the business of choice into the hands of the managers of primary meetings—into the hands of those who can make a business of politics. These will always know how to keep nominations out of the hands of good citizens. What is to be done is to restore the right of *se*lection as well as of *e*lection, and to make bad nominations powerless by giving the voter a chance to defeat the man he objects to, without having to do it by the choice of another equally objectionable.

Three things, then, are indicated as plans of reform: A civil service during good behavior, with sufficient salary and retiring pension—an independent judiciary being included in the same; the subjection of all monopoly grants of public franchises to a rigid test; the restoration of the old majority law of elections.

If these do not vastly hinder corruption, then we may begin to despair of the republic. But while such mighty operations as daily take place are based upon a higher degree of confidence of man in man than the world has ever known, it is too early to say that honor and good faith and Christianity in common life are gone from the land.

WALTER MITCHELL.

A GHOST AS A MODERN CONVENIENCE.

SUCH a desperately new house you never saw: it was painted and papered and varnished and polished from top to bottom. Then the furniture was all staringly fresh and bright. They said it had been occupied six months, but it looked as if no one had ever sat down in it since the things were set in and ranged in order in the rooms. We took it from an agent, and he remarked at the time that it was an opportunity we would not often meet with. "Circumstances," he added, "had rendered it necessary for the owner to go abroad, and a completer or more modern dwelling it had never been his good fortune to offer to housekeepers."

It *was* modern—that was an undeniable fact—and so full of conveniences that it was enough to drive any one wild to see the way it insisted on your washing your hands. Silver spigots of all devices popped up at you out of closets and odd corners; little marble basins were burrowing everywhere, and bell-handles and speaking-tubes adorned the walls. There were so many registers that the furnace seemed to be discouraged, and declined heating any. There was a bay window at the side, and one at the back, and even the commonest rooms were corniced. To be sure, there was not any yard to speak of: that had been swallowed up in the back-building improvements; and when you looked out of the sitting-room windows, they introduced you face to face with the affairs of the people next door, who wisely enough declined to be stared at, and so lived behind drawn window-shades. Every house in the row was like its neighbors, but ours and that next door were twin creations of the same brain. There might possibly be a little variety in the others, in the quality of nails used or the shade of paint put on, but ours and our neighbors' did not vary in the size of a tack or the dash of a brush.

Cousin Jane is naturally timid and easily impressed. "Agnes, don't you think we had better keep our blinds down?" she asked: "they keep theirs so next door, and they are exactly alike, you know."

"But we can't see if we do."

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"Yes, I know that does make a difference; but then, again, they appear to be such solemn people they may expect it."

"Expect us to be uncomfortable?" I asked.

"Not quite that; but they look out of the cracks of the upper shutters, and peep over the kitchen blinds at us, always in such a gloomy, depressed way, as if we worried them and preyed on their minds, that I thought maybe it would be better to make a little sacrifice, if you didn't find it too inconvenient."

"Pshaw!" said her sister Nell: "that's just nonsense. You were born to be somebody's slave, Jane, and are always finding cords to bind yourself with. The truth is, I was going to suggest taking down the staring white things altogether, to break the monotony. The lace curtains are drapery enough, and I cannot endure a whole row of vacant white eyes glowering at me when I look up at a house."

Jane gasped for breath: "Oh pray don't think of such a thing, Nelly. Agnes knows how impressive the agent was on the subject of no alterations being attempted. He said there was a particular reason for it: didn't he, Agnes?"

"Well, well," said her sister, "then don't bother: the people next door are nothing to us. All we have got to do is to be comfortable till we hear from John."

John was Cousin Jane's husband, and he had to start to Liverpool on important business as soon as he got us the key of the house: Uncle Palmer, the girls' father, was to remain behind in charge; but just as we were settling nicely into place he was sent for to go to his cotton-mills to superintend the improvements they were making in consequence of the fire that had burnt down the old building two months before. Then Dick, my brother and uncle's ward, got an invitation from a college friend to go somewhere in a birch canoe, and we couldn't have prevailed on him to give it up if we had been a dozen lone women instead of three.

"Uncle will be back in a day or two, and there's neighbors enough to keep you from being lonely, I should hope," said Dick; and he strapped his portmanteau and departed, leaving us three desolate creatures. Three, did I say! I mean five, for were not Eliza Jane and Nancy as susceptible of loneliness and unprotected self-dependence as we were? I should say even more so, since we tried to rise above it and put cheerful faces on the matter, but they persisted in sighing heavily, and discovering food for gloomy reflection in everything that happened. The oven in the range would not brown things nicely. "What would you expect?" said Nancy. "A houseful of dissolute craytures of women, widout so much as a coat or a hat hung up in the hall! It's a wonder we're not all murdered in our beds, so it is."

"Lawsy me!" giggled Eliza Jane: "I'd jest as liefs be a nun, and a little liefser; for they don't have to work and slave themselves, and they don't never need to be scared to death for fear of seeing a feller's boots peeking out from under the bed when they go up stairs at night."

"We must not be hard on the girls," said Cousin Jane, gently. "You know they are very considerate in some things, and it really is quite dull and lonely for them."

Jane was not very strong. John's going was such a sudden thing that she had not time to miss him till he was gone, and then she gave her whole time to it, and did it thoroughly.

"Look at her eyes," Nell would cry, indignantly: "she's been crying, actually crying. And just behold what's she's been up to, shut in here by herself—reading his love-letters! Oh dear! it's enough to make a girl forswear such nonsense for life, to see what a noodle it has made of her sister. Separated for six weeks, and she wears the martyred air of a creature that has buried every hope on earth!"

Yes, that was the truth: Jane did allow herself to become greatly depressed,

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and when Nell said that she enjoyed being a slave, she might have added that she was ready to become a martyr too.

But even worrying about John Spencer, who was a dear, good young husband and in no earthly danger, was better than getting fussy over the family next door; yet I must confess they struck me as being very singular people. There were several of them, I suppose, but I had only seen a pale, sad-eyed girl and an elderly woman, both dressed in the heaviest and most uncompromising mourning. Their conduct was more remarkable than their appearance; and while they evidently seemed to have a really unwarrantable interest in us and our affairs, they at the same time endeavored to keep it a secret, and themselves as much out of sight as possible. Looking up suddenly from my work, I would see a sorrowful eye apparently fixed on me, and instantly retiring behind the corner of the white shade when discovered; and yet I felt I was not the object of interest. Nell was watched the same way; so was Jane; and we almost encouraged her to grieve about John, so that she would not have time to find herself the subject of this odd scrutiny.

We were going to live in our new house for a year. At the end of that time, Uncle Palmer's improvements and machinery would all be perfected, Dick's studies completed, and John and Jane in a position to go abroad for that Continental tour we had lived in expectation of so long.

Meantime, we were going to be economical and study, so as to know more and have more when we were all ready to enjoy it properly.

"We might set to work and make up things," said Nell: "it will save a great deal, and I have been reading all the tourists' books I could find, to discover what we shall be likely to need."

"There's a closet with a glass door lined with red silk in the third-story entry: it would be a good place to keep our Continental stores in, wouldn't it?"

"Yes; and do you know I have never looked into it?" said Nell. "Let us go and investigate its capabilities at once."

I pause here a moment and take breath, before entering on the serious part of this narrative, as Bluebeard's wife, holding the key of the fatal chamber in her hand, lingered before placing it in the lock, and felt the indefinable thrill of warning that runs electrically before evil to come.

Up to this moment we had been calmly happy, disturbed only by the natural regret of a fond wife and the maidenly pensiveness of our domestics. Now our own minds were to become a prey to harrowing emotions, and the sensation of content and self-reliance was to be obscured by shadows of doubt and lurking mystery.

Without alarm or trepidation we mounted the stairs—those modern stairs that creaked as if every fibre of their newness resented our tread—and reached the landing where the dreadful closet stood. We looked at it a moment in silence.

"Isn't it nice?" said Nell. How well I remember her words!

"Umph!" was my equally indelible reply. "I cannot see why they put it here: it's such a queer place for a closet, and there is no recess for it to fill up."

Nell had opened it, and a strange smell of decaying leaves came out in quite a little gust. It was all empty, except one of its shallow shelves, and that held a funeral wreath—faded and unsightly, but still a first-class, fashionable funeral wreath. Both stood still and stared at it blankly. There were nine camellias that had once been snowy white, but were now an ugly brown; there were geranium leaves in plenty, all shriveled and yellow; and quantities of mignonette and sweet alyssum, with some fossil orange flowers dropping to bits.

"Good gracious!" cried Nell, the first to gain courage and words: "whose is it? what can it mean?"

"Let us shut it up again," murmured I, faintly: "it seems like a grave."

"No; I do not think it would do to leave this thing here," said Nelly, slow-

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ly. "Nancy or Eliza Jane would discover it, and then we should have to give up living at once. I believe I will hide it or destroy it. Oh dear! what a dreadful thing to have to do! It's almost like injuring some living creature."

She was a resolute girl, high-spirited and courageous. I thought it better not to interfere or mar her heroic mood; so I stepped back a little as she pulled out the fearful ghost of former bloom.

A great many people have called flowers beautiful, and quite a quantity of verses of varied quality has been written to prove they are so. Indeed, it is now a received opinion, and I feel I am guilty of heresy in offering a conditional remark on the subject. Yet I must do it, and I protest that flowers are only beautiful when allowed to remain where Nature intended them to be—a fact which is proven by the protest they offer against their removal, in withering and becoming hideous as soon as they can. As for flowers preserved in wax, phantom-flowers, pressed flowers, and all the rest of the fossil flora, look at them—that is all I ask: see the walls of sorrowing friends adorned with half-decayed masses in wreaths, touching reminders of the state of the departed; or gaze on the vases of their spectral-looking fibres that make you chilly to contemplate them. As for that refined order of dried-herb-closet, a herbarium, it reminds one of hot teas for colds or spice for stuffing.

As Cousin Nell pulled this particular mass of remains toward her, a shower of dust and leaves came with it, and a small photograph fluttered to the ground.

I picked it up. Oh such a sick, ghastly-looking face—so sharp and thin and long and sallow!—a man who had had the consumption, and fought against death until there was nothing left to carry on the battle with. What a frightful memento of misery endured, and the triumph of hopeless, wasting disease! Why do people want to torture themselves by preserving such private and individual racks whereon to stretch their own sensibilities.

"That is the legitimate proprietor of the wreath," whispered Nell, shuddering, as she looked over my shoulder at the dreadful man. "Isn't it fearful? It seems as if we had the horrid things on our hands for life, and should never get rid of them."

"You shouldn't like to burn them up in the range at night, should you?" I hinted. I knew nothing would tempt me to do it, but I hoped she would discover more decision than I.

She shook her head.

"Then there's the loft," I said.

"Yes, that's it," she answered with a sigh of relief: "that is the very place;" and she gathered up the crumbling thing and I took up the photograph, and together we mounted the ladder in the upper back entry that communicated with the dark, empty space between the ceiling of the upper story and the roof. As Nelly, reaching her arms over as far as she could, dropped the wreath among the joists and rafters, I pushed the photograph after it, and a little shower of dust and shreds of leaves rose in the still air, as if in protest against the act.

"Let us get down as soon as we can, and promise never to name the affair to each other: it will only keep us thinking of it," I said, and scrambled off the ladder, leaving Nell to draw over the sliding door and follow, which she did immediately and with some trepidation.

As she commenced at once to talk about Paris and our winter there that was soon to be so delightful, Nancy came in on tiptoe and with elaborate caution:

"Do you know, Miss Agnes, what Eliza Jane and me has found out about them quare people that do be watching uz so next door? They're all mad, miss: yes, miss, jist what I'm telling ye—they're as mad as March hares; and if they was to take the notion to break in on uz, what's to hinder them from murdering uz in our beds? Sure there's no law in Ameriky that would meddle wid them for it, they say."

Eliza Jane, with a face no less portentous, came tiptoeing in her wake.

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Evidently they considered that extreme caution was their only safeguard in the peril that surrounded them.

"I see it myself," whispered Eliza Jane —"I see it with these here eyes. I was a-looking up at the windows, sort of sly —'tain't no wrong, for they for everlasting a-looking and a-spying at us— and I see that daughter of their'n come to the third-story back and lift the shade for half a minute; and, Miss Nell, as sure as you sit there it is all crossed with iron bars, like a menagerie."

"The window covered with bars?" repeated Nell. "Oh I think you must be mistaken: if there were bars we should see them outside the blinds."

"That's it!—that is just it! You see they're all crazy, and they has to be locked in in that way; but they don't want folks to know it, so they puts their curtains between the bars and the windows, so as to hide it."

"There must be a child in the house," said I, endeavoring to be perfectly calm, and even indifferent. "It was the nursery window you noticed, Eliza Jane, and you know we often protect such places in that way."

Eliza Jane took the explanation ill. She sniffed derisively and tossed her head. "I had a second cousin who was head-nuss in a lunaty asylum," she remarked, "and them bars ain't to keep no baby in, as she would tell you if she see 'em. Why, they looks more like things on a wild beast's cage than anything I can think of else."

"Troth, I wouldn't wonder if they had them there," said Nancy: "I heard something like a roar onct, and the whole family have a quare look, as if they were scairt out of their wits at something."

We heard Jane's step in the hall outside.

"There, there!" cried Nell, in a suppressed tone, "do not for your life let your mistress hear you talk in this foolish way. She is delicate and nervous, you know, and what only serves to amuse us would distress her."

So saying, she pretended to be telling them something about the arrangement of the furniture when Cousin Jane came in, and assuming a cheerful air dismissed them all with a warning look.

"Serves to amuse us!" I repeated her words to myself, but failed to find their applicability, for I could not discover such a sensation even distantly connected with our lonely household and our queer neighbors; and to add to the dolefulness of our position, Jane had come in to say that she really believed she was sick.

She confessed to feeling rather miserably for a day or two past, but a visitation in the form of chills had come upon her that morning, followed by a low but decided fever; so that she could no longer conceal her sufferings, and meant to give up and go to bed. Of course we had known it would come to this at last. She had gone on moping and crying secretly ever since John left, and this was the natural consequence, and only what might have been expected.

"I should not mind it so much," faltered Jane, "but all my sewing, that I meant to do so nicely, is cut out and basted; yet I do not feel as if I could hold a needle in my fingers if there was a fortune to be won by it."

Nell and I promised eagerly to do it all, and induced her to lie down and let us call the doctor for advice.

That was an odd way of Jane's: she never felt sick without calling up a host of neglected duties to prey on her mind and make her worse. We knew, even before the doctor told us so, that she was extremely nervous, and needed entire rest and cheerful surroundings more than medicine. Yet he gave her some, and whatever it was, the effect it produced was sleep — sleep of such a decided character that she seemed to sink into it as if she never meant to rise and come up to the surface of the waking world any more.

We sat in the sewing-room, and did our best with the cut-out and basted work. It was late: Nancy and Eliza Jane had retired, and we only waited to see if Jane would rouse in time for a

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second dose before we followed their example. Nell proposed lying on the sofa beside her bed, while I slept in the back room. Jane lay in such a deep, heavy sleep that she did not stir in the least, and you could not tell that she was breathing until you stooped down and listened. It grew oppressively silent all over the house: it was quiet enough at the best of times, but to-night it was positively awful. Nell made spasmodic efforts to be conversational and agreeable, so I knew she was feeling nervous and frightened. I tried hard to be careless and merry, and signally failed. We had talked of the hitherto unfailing theme, our trip abroad, and discovered it to be without a charm; then we had gone back to our life in the country, our old friends there, the changes and troubles produced by the fire, and Uncle Palmer's great loss, etc., etc.; and Nell tried so hard to keep up the interest in the conversation that she even harrowed her own feelings by recurring to events that we used to think too painful to mention. Still, I could see that it was an effort—and not a very successful one, either—for whenever a sound, however faint, seemed to stir in the awful stillness, she would start and change color, despite her strong desire to hide it. The truth is, we were both trying not to think of those horrid discoveries of ours, the funeral wreath and the ghastly picture, and I knew, and so did she, that there was no other subject in either of our minds all the time.

"Dear me!" said Nell, pretending to ruminate and look interested in the recollection, "it is next month that Minnie Davis meant to be married. I wonder if she will come to town and do her shopping?"

"It would be a relief to have such a gay creature here, wouldn't it?" I hinted.

Nell drew a sigh of inexpressible longing. "Oh," she said, "don't I wish I could hear her laugh? It would startle the shadows in this dreary new house."

Yes, that was the vexation: had it been an old house, one would not have minded a shade of gloom more or less, for it would have been in character; but in a fresh, strangely modern dwelling, all shining red and white, there could be no propriety in mysterious horrors and haunting terrors.

Just as I came to this conclusion, and, feeling a little nerved by it, determined to shake off the oppressive shadows that weighed me down, I heard a faint sound, like the slow turning of a screw. Nell started and laid her hand on my arm with a quick, tight grasp. The sound lasted quite a little while, and ended with a dreadful click, like the final turn of a screw in a coffin-lid.

Yes, that was what it reminded me of, and by a miserable fatality I saw that Nell shared the thought. Her hold tightened, and she drew a gasping breath. Something like a footfall, but very soft and almost noiseless, followed, and grew more distinct every moment, for it was coming toward us. The door stood a little way open, and a faint light glimmered in the hall outside: our terrified eyes turned in that direction, and beheld the outline of something white moving cautiously along among the shadows. It was a man—the man, the proprietor of the funeral wreath—and he seemed gliding through the air directly toward us; no doubt come to avenge its desecration and demand it back.

Nelly opened her lips as if to shriek, but no sound left them, and stretching her hands out to ward off the terrible presence that still kept advancing toward us, she fell down in a heap on the carpet, leaving me to face the horror all alone. It entered the room and seemed to go toward a writing-desk in the corner—a large affair, with a case of books above it, that was kept locked, and never used by any of us, according to a promise exacted by the agent.

I think I spoke to this fearful apparition, for I remember the sound of my own voice as I faintly whispered, "She put it in the loft," meanly desiring to save myself and implicate the insensible Nell; but I could not make a tone higher than a shrill whisper, and my heart seemed to cease beating, and to swell with an awful throb that smoth-

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ered my breath and turned my body to ice.

And yet the apparition appeared totally indifferent to us both—I could not but be aware of that, even in the midst of my fear—and having stood a silent moment or two beside the secretary, it turned and seemed to disappear in the shadows of Jane's bed-chamber.

As soon as it was out of sight I got back my breath and scrambled on my feet. I believe I had followed Nell on the carpet, and found myself behind the easy-chair as a sort of barricade against the wandering spirit's nearer approach. My cousin became suddenly conscious at the same moment.

"Has it gone?" she asked; and I hope my eyes were not quite as wild or my face as entirely white as hers.

"It went into Jane's room," I replied in a whisper; and in a second Nell's courage came back, for she loves Jane with her whole heart, and, though two years younger, always takes a tender elder sister's care of her.

"In Jane's room?" she repeated. "Oh, what does the terrible thing want with her? She did not touch it;" and she actually seized the sofa pillow as a weapon of defence, and followed the ghost.

It was not there. Jane was sleeping still so very heavily that even our exclamations of wonder and the attempt we made at search did not disturb her.

Yes, we did look for it, but we first waited a little while to be quite sure that it had gone. You cannot imagine how our courage came back when we knew it was entirely out of sight, and we even tried to persuade ourselves that we must have been dreaming, and no dead man had ever thought of paying us a visit on such a trifling pretext as a funeral wreath.

But we could not quite accomplish that, nor could we feel sleepy any more, nor desire to go to bed across the hall in the room that belonged to us.

The first thing we had done on regaining our self-control was to lock the door by which the spirit entered, and our search had all been made inside the two rooms. Neither of us thought it best to go beyond them, and Nell closed and fastened the door in Jane's room, out of which it seemed probable the spirit had departed. Then we made both apartments pretty light—that was because it seemed more cheerful—and sat down, our excitement being now subsided, to feel very doleful and depressed.

"I wish heartily that we had stayed in the country," said Nell, "and I believe father made a great mistake in selling Crayton Hill. What use will the improvements be if his family are not allowed to live to enjoy them? Jane's frightened to death, you look like a ghost, and I wish there never had been a furnished modern house to rent in the world."

That was the safest thing we could do, so we both got out of temper, and fretted and scolded and started at every sound till daybreak, and then we fell fast asleep and dreamed most uncomfortably.

I thought we had both found refuge down a trap-door that led away under the house to a wide, open country, green and beautiful, with great moss-grown rocks and little glens full of wild flowers. Somebody seemed waiting for us here, and led us into a little grotto with a stationary washstand and silver bell-handle in it, but just as we were admiring its completeness, a window was closed, and we discovered it to be crossed with iron bars that prevented our ever getting out again. Nell sprang up in great excitement, and beat and rattled at these bars, so as shake the very ground beneath our feet. Gradually a voice seemed to break through my dream. It cried:

"Miss Agnes, are ye slaping, or is it dead ye are? Miss Agnes—oh, Miss Agnes!—what's the matter wid you all?"

They were Nancy's tones, and they had evidently reached their climax in a wild, shrill, beseeching scream.

I sprang up and rubbed my eyes. Oh, what a miserable, aching, weary, dreary creature I felt! and the recollection of the ghostly figure made my

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head reel as I tried to remember just where I was and all about it.

Nell lay across the foot of Jane's bed, and both still slumbered profoundly. I opened the door.

"It is just nine o'clock, miss," remarked Nancy with a resigned air. "I've been knocking at this door, whenever Eliza Jane gave out, ever since seven. The breakfast's stone cold, there's two letters come, and a young lady's in the parlor with a traveling-bag."

It was evident from Nancy's manner that she had weighed the amount and nature of her communications, and considered a desperate calmness best calculated to show them off to their fullest effect: therefore she repeated all these items in a studied monotone that told well.

"Goodness gracious!" I cried. "Nine o'clock—letters—a young lady!"

"Who is it?" muttered Nell, gathering herself up.

"Yes, Miss Nell, she said she was an old friend, and that she would not disturb you for the world, but could just sit by the parlor window and read till you got up." Nancy drew a card out of her pocket. "That's her name," she continued; "and as she has been waiting so long for her breakfast, she may be famished by this time."

"Why, Nell, it's Minnie Davis!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I am so glad!" and running into the next room, I washed my sleepy face and brushed my tumbled hair with all the eager haste I could.

Nell followed me in a few moments, and shut the door carefully. "I have been thinking that we had better keep our secret, dear," she said, with quite a pathetic pity expressed in her voice for herself and me. "I know it is awful, but we can do nothing till my father comes, and now we are *four;* and Minnie is so lively it will not be so bad, you know."

"That is true, and Jane would be so terribly alarmed."

"Yes, she is awake reading her letters. John is all safe and well, and papa says the work goes on finely at Crayton. She will be soon well, of course, and to tell her about that dreadful thing last night would only set her off again."

So we went down to see Minnie, and never said a word about anything but Jane's illness, to account for our pale faces.

You could not possibly be dull where Minnie was: she was not at all wild or loud or rollicking, like some lively girls are: she was only quietly and irresistibly droll, and saw the funny side of everything at a first glance. It was no effort with her: it was simply her nature to amuse; and so we all sat down to breakfast together. It was almost noon: a stranger would have looked on us as a family of gay-spirited people, who had not a care in the world.

Of course, Jane got well as soon as she read John's letter, and Minnie told her she should ask her matronly advice on many housekeeping points, which made her feel important and delighted, because, though Jane never did anything about the domestic affairs, she was greatly flattered to be considered competent in all such respects. We had never seen Minnie's lover: he lived in the city, and she had met him while visiting her aunt. He was a dear, good fellow, she told me, but rather sorrowful just then, having lost a loved brother that the whole family looked up to and reverenced. The reason she was to be married on the sixteenth of the following month was, that her lover's family would see no one for the first year of their mourning, which would expire on the first, and they needed a fortnight to be able to bring themselves to bear the very moderate glimpse of gayety a private wedding, with no strangers present, made necessary.

"They came to see me while I was at Aunt Clara's," said Minnie, "and they seemed nice, good, sepulchral sort of people, with smiles like a bit of gilding on a tombstone, and manners as set as the little flower-borders around graves. George is not so melancholy as the rest; so you need not look so sympathizing. He has rather caught their ways, and he sincerely mourns his brother's loss,

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but he *can* laugh: I heard him before we set the day."

"Then you have never visited them?" said Jane, with a glance of surprise. She had gone to John's home with Nell, and stayed a month among the Spencers, before she was married; so she considered it odd that any one else should venture on matrimony without that initiatory step.

"Not yet," confessed Minnie. "I am afraid they would be shocked by my good spirits if I did; so George thought it better to wait till that awful year of methodical gloom was past, and then his family could conscientiously welcome me."

"Do they live in this part of the town?" asked Nell.

"I cannot tell, really. I never learned the streets, and I always address George at his office. When we get the important shopping over, I'll tell him that I am here, and I shall be so glad to have you see and like him."

"Which we will be sure to do," said Nell, confidently; and having become quite enlivened by our increased number, we began laying plans for home pleasures and quiet enjoyment of Minnie's visit during the next few days, almost forgetful of the terrible skeleton that was hid in our closet.

But twilight brought a reminder in the person of Eliza Jane, who came flying into the sitting-room with a white face and round eyes, and no ceremony whatever:

"Oh, Miss Agnes, there's an awful thing in the loft. I went up to put away Mr. Dick's fishing-net, and I saw two eyes like living coals looking down at me; so I dropped it and ran for my life."

Nell turned pale, and I gasped for breath.

"Come for that fearful wreath again," I thought. But a large, comfortable-looking cat wound slowly down the stairs, and, passing out of the back entry, went over the fence in a dignified, leisurely way that established her respectable mortality.

"That's a real cat, I think," said Jane, timidly. She inclined to the spiritual view, and was already quite alarmed.

"Of course it is," said Minnie, "and it was that she saw."

"It looked a heap wilder than that," protested Eliza Jane, "and bigger and more frightfuller every way."

"Still, that was it," said Nell with decision, and so dismissed the case.

"But how did it get in our loft?" she said to me afterward. "Oh, Agnes, I can't bear to think of that sight last night, and I wish you would just write to father and tell him all."

She had expressly forbidden my doing this while daylight and our courage lasted, but now, that night was coming on, it seemed a different thing.

"I think it would be nice to all sleep in these two connecting rooms," she said later in the evening. "It is so cheerful to talk till you fall asleep."

"What an idea, Nell!" said unconscious Jane. "You used to say it bored you to hear people talking all the time when you were trying to doze off."

"Yes, that was when the conversation consisted of little screams and inquiries, such as, 'What's that?' 'Oh listen, Nell!' or, 'Do you hear that queer sound?' That's your style, you know, and you have another way of keeping alive the interest by giving me sharp little terrified pinches whenever you hear a sound, that ruins my temper and makes my arms black and blue."

Jane laughed: she felt so happy about hearing from John that she had forgotten all her fears, and positively denied ever having felt them.

As we went up to bed she glanced up the third-story stairs.

"There's that closet door ajar," she cried in a dismayed voice: "the agent said it was to be kept locked, and that rummaging thing, Nancy, has gone and found a key for it."

"Why, Jane, what new discoveries you are making about that agent! Every day some fresh restriction, till it really seems as if the house were not ours at all. I will go and fasten the door;" and Nell ran up to attend to it,

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calling out as she went, "You stay there and wait for me, please."

But no key was to be found, and she had to leave it just as it was.

She carried her point about the bed arrangement, and we all four slept in the two communicating rooms. Jane claimed Minnie, and we two frightened ones were left together.

"Why, what a blaze of gas you have in your room!" complained Jane: "you'll heat it up directly."

"One can't get undressed in the dark," said Nell.

"And only see! she's locking her door!" cried Minnie. "Oh what an old-maidish trick on a warm summer night!"

Nell turned the key again, and set it open.

"What could I have been thinking of?" she said, laughingly.

I could have told her easily, but I only watched the shadows in the hall outside, and trembled secretly at every fancied sound.

I resolved to remain awake and watch, and began a lengthened conversation with a view to induce Minnie to a like course, but I felt my words becoming too burdensome to lift into utterance. Great gaps seemed to stretch between me and the rest, and I kept sinking into wells, and bringing myself to the top again with a painful jerk. Then I had a long, pleasant blank that was empty of care and trouble and fear of ghostly things.

Suddenly it was filled with a ringing cry of alarm, and a sharp consciousness, confused and painful, was thrust upon me. I sat up, and saw Jane and Minnie and Nelly all on the floor together—Jane keeping up her cries of terror, and they two looking about them in every direction, without seeming sufficiently composed to see anything clearly.

"The robber!" cried Jane — "the dreadful robber! I saw him come in at that door, and he tried to open the desk that the agent was so particular about; and now he is in the dining-room collecting the silver."

Minnie ran quickly and closed and bolted the doors that let into the hall.

"If it was a robber, we are safe now," she said. "Tell us what he looked like, Jane."

"He was fearful," said Jane to begin with, determined to see everything in its worst light! "He had dreadfully fixed eyes, and his face was pale—chalked over to frighten us, I suppose. He had left his shoes down stairs, and had no coat on."

"Let us make an alarm from the front window," said Minnie.

"It is no use," said Nell, desperately, "It is not a robber: it only wants its own, and Agnes knows it."

"What do you mean?" asked Jane, aghast. "Do you think we have anything belonging to the wretch?"

"Oh, don't mention it!" cried Nell, shuddering. She sat down and hid her face in her hands, really overcome with our miserable position.

"Let us call a policeman in to search the house," insisted Minnie. "Aunt Clara always said it was the safest way."

"There are things beyond the control of the force," muttered Nell; and so we all sat shivering with fear and bewildered with conflicting thoughts till the summer dawn came to our relief and took away our horror. Then we four searched the house, and found there was not a pin missing.

"We are a set of fools," said Minnie, as we concluded our investigation. "Jane dreamed it all, and we helped her to be alarmed at the recollection."

"No, but I *did* see the man," persisted Jane. "I couldn't get asleep right—I suspect it was because I took a powder the night before—and I was just as wide awake as I am now, when he came prowling in."

"Stalking, you mean, Jane."

"Yes, Nell, that is more like it; but I knew he had come to prowl and steal, and so I could see through his tricks of walking so straight and stiff, and keeping his eye fixed as if he were dead."

"What shall we do?" asked Nell, whose desperation grew intense at every word her sister uttered.

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"We can keep the girls up to-night for company," suggested I.

"To help us to be more frightened," said Minnie. "Whatever it is, it knows how to get in mysteriously, for there's not a bolt drawn nor key turned in the house. I believe it is a spirit, and I am going to watch for it myself to-night."

"Alone?" we asked all together.

"Why, no," confessed Minnie, laughing. "I intend to send to George, with your permission. I meant to wait a week, and let it get a little nearer the end of the season of mourning before introducing him, but Mr. Palmer and John and Dick being gone, and male stock being at a premium, I think it's a good time to bring mine forward. He is not afraid of ghosts, I know, and he is one of those quiet, sensible men who *ought* to have some courage."

We all began to be much interested in Minnie's lover, and again Nelly postponed writing for her father, for, as she said, it would give him trouble, and make him very captious if he could not discover any cause for her alarm.

"A man in the house is all we want, Agnes, and we must be just as agreeable as possible and betray Minnie's beau into late hours, so as to frighten that horrid thing off with our merriment and good spirits, and the pretence of having a protector with us."

Just as we sat down to tea that evening, rather flushed with the expectation of a pleasant change, Dick and uncle dashed in among us in high spirits, and it came out that the birch-canoe party had found rowing and poling such hard work that a little of it satisfied them, and they changed their plan into a walking tour. Dick, being away far enough from home to be sociable with those he met, discovered among the tourists just the kind of man uncle needed in his factory-work—a universal genius who held the key of mechanical invention between his handy thumb and forefinger. He had secured this prize, and carried him down to the mills, where uncle received him like a deliverer from a mass of confused responsibilities.

Both uncle and Dick were in excellent spirits, and we all grew gay and hilarious, quite forgetting our late depression, and meanly undervaluing the coming knight we had counted on so largely an hour before.

It was rather late when he came, and Minnie had been talking so amusingly with Dick that I am afraid the most of us had forgotten all about her lover. Eliza Jane, much flushed with the abundance of the article on hand, announced rather tamely—

"A gentleman, miss;" and Jane stepped forward. So did Nell, so did I.

With one accord we all three started back and uttered three distinct sounds.

"The robber!" screamed Jane, with quite a little yell.

"The dead man!" murmured Nell.

"Come for his wreath," added I.

Yes, there he was, the haunting spirit whose dreadful presence had filled us with nameless terror and distress, actually arrayed in modern evening costume and walking into our parlor.

Was that all? No: behind him came the sad-eyed lady whom we had seen from our windows, and her equally mournful daughter, followed up by a plump, comfortable-looking, rosy-faced old man, who seemed determined to be jolly, though he evidently had a hard time carrying out the idea.

"The family from next door," murmured Jane, faintly, evidently giving way beneath such a combined pressure of circumstances.

"We had expected to do ourselves this honor somewhat later," began the elder lady, in a voice as regular and monotonous as a passing bell. "The deep shadow that has obscured our lives is not yet shifted, but the approaching duty of a new connection has led us to waive for a while the luxury of seclusion and anticipate time a little."

She then solemnly kissed Minnie and shook hands with us all.

Her daughter followed in just the same manner, with a more timid spirit, but the old gentleman rubbed his hands briskly, and made several bows in different directions.

"Glad to see you all," he said in a

series of cheery jerks: "happy to greet neighbors and family connections at the same time. Pleasant, very pleasant. Sorry to say we're all rather down—lost our eldest—fine fellow—the image of George here; great blow, but must be borne." Here he rubbed his hands with increased energy, and seemed to feel that we now knew his family history, and there was nothing left to do but be comfortable.

But the dreadful young man! Minnie had gone to his side instantly, and looked sharply at us all as we uttered our irrepressible exclamations. But he only gazed in astonishment around him, and then seemed to seek his mother's eye for counsel and direction.

"Ah! what is it?" she asked. She was so full of her own systematized sorrow that she had not noted our dismay.

Nell tried hard to overcome her doubt, astonishment and shrinking repugnance, and speak reasonably: all I could do was to hold my tongue, but Jane did not even do that:

"Papa, he frightened us all out of our wits—indeed he did. Of course I know now he is no robber, because Minnie Davis couldn't be engaged to such a character, but I know John would object to it, and it really was alarming—"

"Object to what, Jane? Be intelligible!" But uncle required too much of my poor confused little cousin.

Nell did better. "We have certainly seen Mr. Harrington in here," she said, trying to be very composed. "It was impossible to hide our feelings on recognizing him, and it is due to you all to make an explanation."

So she told about the figure we had seen, not particularizing the night-dress, but Minnie's lover grew white and red, and stammered without uttering anything we could understand.

His stern and solemn mother glowered at us, but his agreeable father burst out laughing.

"Yes, follow my example," he entreated: "it is the only way we can come to a really clear conclusion. The poor lad walks in his sleep, and somebody has opened that staircase door that I wanted built up when Gerald died; but our people promised his widow, who believed in making a treasure of her gloom, to leave everything just as it was, to make her miserable again when she comes back from abroad next year; and so it had to remain. It was locked on your side, and I did not know there was a key to be found."

I looked at Nell, and she at me: we both drew a long breath.

"There was a funeral wreath," said I.

"There was! there was!" cried the bereaved mother in a harmonious groan: "we meant to have it preserved, but it was mislaid. Our lost Gerald was the last to use that door: it was made for him and his brother to consult about their studies and communicate, without the formality of leaving the house on either side. They were deeply attached and singularly alike in everything."

"It shall be closed up," cried Mr. Harrington, senior, decidedly; but his son only kept changing color like a chameleon, and looking at his boots.

"I can give you the wreath: I found it," said Nell. "So did your great cat, who came down from the loft to-day and startled us all."

"Oh, it will be an unspeakable pleasure," said the elder woman with unction; and she added, "The lofts connect: indeed the whole house was built so that our tender intercourse could be kept up easily."

"I am sorry our poor George gave you any uneasiness," whispered his sister: "he always dreaded that he would go out in his night-dress, but we only feared that he would walk from the window, and so we had it barred."

Minnie laughed. She had been looking from one to the other and trying to stifle the inclination, but it could not be repressed. Uncle's amazement, Dick's bewilderment, Jane's propriety, and her future mother-in-law's solemn woe, all mixed together, and crowned with her lover's abashed dejection and his father's desire to make it all pleasant, were too much for her: she began in a smothered titter, which swelled into a

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full-grown laugh, in which most of us joined.

"Please don't speak of it again," she said when she got her breath. "What overcomes me is, that I sent for him as a valiant and true knight to protect and succor us lonely damsels, and find that he has been the cause of all the mischief."

"Unintentionally, unintentionally, I assure you," murmured her adorer, faintly; which was the first successful attempt he had made to break silence; and though Minnie called him a courageous fellow, I never saw a more cowardly face than his whenever he met our eyes.

"I thought he looked plumper than the photograph," whispered Nell, "even when I believed him to be a spirit."

"Yes, so did I, but they must improve in the other world, you know," I replied: "and the likeness is astonishing."

"It is not fair to Minnie to allow it to prejudice us," we both agreed; and so, despite our gloomy commencement and rather incongruous material, we addressed ourselves so earnestly to the task as to produce a rather agreeable evening out of it.

It was hard work to make the somnambulist at ease, but we felt we should soon learn to like him as a legitimate acquaintance, particularly as his father declared the door should be built up at once to prevent any ghostly intimacy; but Jane remained obdurately prejudiced. She hid it as well as she could from Minnie, and tried to be very polite and courteous to Mr. George, but her conviction was that John would not like it, and she was too true a wife to forget such an uncomfortable encounter, or entirely excuse it as the effect of mental phenomena.

"He certainly behaved like a robber, and his family are very uncomfortable people, to watch other persons' dwellings as if they were the grave into which they had lowered all their perished hopes. If that designing agent had been more explicit, they might have kept their sacred memories to themselves, for I never could consider a ghost a modern convenience."

But this was with us in private: publicly, it was all suppressed, and we met our neighbors with all proper civility, though it certainly was nice to see the fossil wreath depart and hear the masons at work at the new wall.

MARGARET HOSMER.

LAKE SUPERIOR AND THE SAULT STE. MARIE.

THE body of fresh water which forms the upper link in the chain of great lakes stretching halfway across the North American continent—which is greater than any other one in, or any other five out of, this great lake chain, and which, in depth of crystal waters, salubrity of climate, surrounding mineral wealth and grandeur of scenery, is without a parallel on the globe—has appropriately received the name of Lake Superior. In all that constitutes superiority it is the *superior* of all lakes.

It is four hundred and thirty miles long, one hundred and sixty broad, and one thousand feet deep. Its waters wash a coast-line of over fifteen hundred miles. The surface, which is elevated six hundred and twenty-seven feet above the ocean's level, covers an area of thirty-two thousand square miles. This is a larger extent of the earth's surface in fresh water than the whole of Scotland with a population of three million souls, and about the same as Ireland with a population of nearly seven millions.

The tributaries of the lake are over

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two hundred, of various sizes, ranging from the brook to the large river. Few of the rivers are navigable, as they abound with rapids and falls, some of which are of great beauty.

There is but one outlet, that by the St. Mary's river at the east end, emptying into Lake Huron. Many have conjectured the existence of a subterranean outlet, as it is difficult to account for the escape of the superfluous water (making all due allowance for evaporation) by one river from such an immense lake, whose tributaries drain a territory of more than a hundred thousand square miles.

As most of the streams which find their level in the lake rise in regions covered with snow two-thirds of the year, the water is intensely cold. If one were shipwrecked at any great distance from shore the ability to swim would avail little, as the most robust would chill to death in a few hours, even in July or August. During my first summer on the lake I once, but only once, tried bathing a short distance above Ontonagon. I did not go in quite knee-deep, and was dressed in quick time. The day being exceedingly hot, the sensation, as I waded in the water, was similar to that produced by holding ice in the hand. I saw an old ocean sailor, the only survivor of a schooner in the iron trade which was sunk by colliding with the steamer Illinois opposite Grand Island, who had been floating about on planks for three hours. When picked up he was extremely swollen, and unable to use any of his limbs, and, though contrary to all expectation, he lived, he did not recover from the effects of the chilling for a long time. Knowing, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, where the vessel was at the time of the collision, he told me he felt, upon securing the planks, quite hopeful of reaching shore, but within an hour he began to feel insensibility from cold creeping over him, and he must have perished had not a passing vessel discovered him.

The transparency of the waters is wonderful. It is no figure of speech to say they are clear as crystal. I have looked over the side of a vessel on a calm day, and distinctly seen a white-stocked anchor at a depth greater than fifteen fathoms.

From waters of such purity and low temperature one would, of course, expect fish of the finest flavor; nor are you disappointed. They are much superior to those taken from the lower lakes, and command a higher price. Feasting on Lake Superior white-fish is one of the rare luxuries of visitors every summer. The fish most sought after are the white-fish, Mackinac trout, siskowet and speckled trout. The latter abound in the streams emptying into the lake, are of great delicacy, and their pursuit is the source of the greatest pleasure to the angler.

All over the bed of the lake lie great numbers of precious stones, which the waves are constantly washing ashore. The varieties obtained are the agate, carnelian, amethyst, chlorastrolite, jasper and opal. They are eagerly gathered by visitors, and borne as souvenirs to distant parts of the world. The stones are mostly small, but occasionally large ones are stumbled upon.

Numerous islands stud the waters of the lake, the greater number being near the coast, a few standing out toward the centre. Some of them, with their dense pine forests and white beaches, are exceedingly beautiful: others are masses of rugged, bald rock. These rocky islands are the haunts of wild birds. To many of them you can go at any time through the summer and gather baskets of eggs; which, by the way, are fine eating. The most noted of the islands is Isle Royal, which has an area of two hundred square miles, magnificent scenery, and was at one time the seat of celebrated copper-mines. Its beach is a favored spot for gathering precious stones. The bays of this island are very beautiful. On a calm day in July or August the visitor, sailing into one of these bays, might easily imagine himself entering a haven of the land of his dreams, so enchanting is the picture.

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The form of the lake is very irregular. The greatest length extends east and west, but in following the shore you are continually turning toward the different points of the compass. This gives an endless variety of scenery, and is advantageous in affording many fine harbors, to which vessels may run during storms, which in spring and fall are frequent, and sometimes terrific.

The shore is mostly high, rocky, rugged, sublime: majesty is the characteristic of nearly every scene on the rock-bound coast, which is more massive on the northern than on the southern side. Gloomy masses of green trap, or belted sandstone, or brightly-veined granite or marble, tower up many hundred feet, snow-white clouds crowning their summits. Bold, rugged headlands project miles out into the lake. Beautiful and spacious bays abound, Some of these bays recede in picturesque curves a great distance from the main shore-line, their waters lying placidly around the base of the vast mineral mountains, where the tempests rarely agitate them.

The Lake Superior region is emphatically one abounding in natural wonders. Nearly everything one meets presents an unusual appearance. The upheavings of the raging oceans of fire among these mountains at some remote period in the past have been fearful. The evidences of this meet you everywhere. In some localities rocks have been projected far into the air by the action of internal fires, and fallen in confused piles. I have walked over some of these rocks, and seen where large veins have been opened by one upheaval, and by a subsequent one closed up with a different kind of rock in a molten state, filling the veins occasionally to overflowing. The traces of the fire are as apparent as though it had occurred yesterday. I have seen trap, granite and sandstone all fused into a solid mass in this manner; the trap in most instances coming last, having been the fusing power. Any one having the curiosity to see an illustration of this can be gratified by walking over the rocks of Lighthouse Point at Marquette.

He who travels these shores, witnessing the sunsets of this northern clime, the displays of the Aurora Borealis, whose brilliancy is lost to lower latitudes, the ever-varying optical illusion known as mirage, so common in the summer months, and the endless variety of landscapes on islands, coast and mountains, need not go farther to have seen the grandest scenery on the globe.

Like the inexhaustible mineral deposits along its coasts, this majestic lake for a long time was but a cipher in the sum of the nation's greatness; and only for the discovery of the *extent* of the mineral wealth of the surrounding mountains, Lake Superior would not to-day be among our great highways of traffic. Such, however, it has become. The birchen canoe of the red man has been superseded by the spreading sail and thundering engine which now render these waters subservient to the commerce of the world. Twenty years ago a single schooner was adequate to the demands of Lake Superior commerce; the lapse of five years added three more; five years later, at the opening of the ship canal at the head of the St. Mary's river, by which all vessels are enabled to pass directly through from Lake Huron, six steamers were added; and at present, steam and sail, there are over two hundred. The boats cannot, as a general rule, enter the lake, on account of ice, earlier than the first of May: navigation closes in November. Many of the boats draw off earlier, as the fall storms are very severe. The sail vessels are principally engaged in the iron business, carrying up coal, etc. etc., as ballast. The most of the copper is carried on the steamers. Regular mail and passenger steamers run between Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago and the different points on Lake Superior. The travel on them is immense during the warm months. Their accommodations are not surpassed in the finest steamers crossing the Atlantic. It cannot be a matter of surprise that this travel should be increasing every year, for there is a concentration of at-

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traction in the Lake Superior country rarely excelled in any one region on the continent.

Among the multitudes one meets in summer are votaries of science, attracted by geological and botanical phenomena; artists, who appreciate the natural wonders of these shores and mountains, and render their beauties subservient to modern Art; pleasure-seekers of every variety and from both sides of the Atlantic, who flee the pent-up, sultry atmosphere of cities for the exhilarating breezes of a climate probably the most invigorating in the world; invalids, mostly consumptive, who go in search of their wonted vigor of step and richer hue in the life current; and shrewd speculators, who have calculated the future greatness of a trade, with its adjuncts, having as a basis the inexhaustible deposits of native copper and the best iron ore in the world. Hotels and nearly all private houses in the towns are crowded through the summer. A good many persons go prepared to coast the lake and camp out. This is the course, as far as it is practicable, for all who go in search of health. I have known a month of this life to do more for some invalids than three months' hotel-life could do. My first summer I lived in this way, and can heartily advise all who have lost their health, and are willing to throw physic to the dogs and give Nature a fair chance, to go and do likewise. I have spent five summers and one winter on the lake. When I first went there, few who knew me ever expected I would return, or even live through one season. Nine years have passed since, and that I have lived through them I attribute to outdoor life in coasting Lake Superior.

There are three great routes of travel open to tourists to the Lake Superior country.

The first is the Cleveland, Detroit and Lake Superior line of steamers. Starting from Cleveland, they cross Lake Erie; ascend the Detroit river or straits, stopping at Detroit; cross Lake St. Clair; ascend the river St. Clair, stopping at Port Sarnia in Canada, where the Grand Trunk Railway crosses to Michigan; then cross Lake Huron; ascend the river St. Mary into Lake Superior, along which they pass to the west end, making a trip of about a thousand miles from Cleveland to Superior City. By these steamers many travelers reach Lake Superior who do not touch Cleveland or Detroit, but go aboard at Port Sarnia on the St. Clair river, or at Sault Ste. Marie, reaching the latter point by steamers from Collingwood on the Georgian Bay in Canada.

The second is the Chicago and Lake Superior line of steamers. These boats travel the whole length of Lake Michigan; pass through the Straits of Mackinac (pronounced Mackin*aw*), by which Lake Michigan pours its waters into Lake Huron; thence along the head of Lake Huron a short distance to the mouth of the river St. Mary, ascending which they enter Lake Superior, making a trip of nearly nine hundred miles from Chicago to Superior City.

The third is the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. From Chicago the road runs up through Wisconsin to Green Bay, across which passengers are tranferred by steamboat to Escanaba, where they take the Peninsular division of the North-western Railroad, and are carried to Marquette, on the south shore of Lake Superior.

The course pursued by the regular mail and passenger steamers of the Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago lines, after entering Lake Superior through the ship canal, lies along the south or Michigan shore. Here are located the most productive iron and copper mines, and the towns attracting travel and creating lake commerce. Entering the lake, they first run to Marquette, the depôt and entrepôt of the iron region, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles; thence to Portage Lake, seventy miles; thence to Copper Harbor, sixty miles; thence to Eagle Harbor, sixteen miles; thence to Eagle River, eight miles; thence to Ontonagon, eighty miles; thence to Superior, one hundred and sixty miles — in all, five hundred

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and sixty-four miles along the south shore to the west end. Occasionally they return by the north shore, thus giving travelers an opportunity of witnessing the scenery of that wild and comparatively unknown region.

We will follow this line of travel along the south shore, then round the west, and return by the north, noting some of the natural wonders of the country, the towns in the iron and copper districts, and the mines.

Before committing ourselves to the broad waters of Lake Superior, however, let us take a ramble round the neighborhood of its mouth, and have a glance at the famous and romantic falls, the ancient village of Sault Ste. Marie, and the magnificent ship canal.

The St. Mary's river, which separates the upper peninsula of Michigan from Canada, and connects Lake Huron with Lake Superior, is sixty-three miles long, and is probably the most difficult of navigation on the continent. It is between two and three miles wide at the mouth, and studded with numerous beautiful islands. As we ascend, the stream becomes quite narrow at different points, then suddenly widens out into picturesque lakelets. Reaching the head of the river, we meet the falls, where all boats had to stop prior to the opening of the canal, but now pass on freely, no matter what their tonnage may be. The "falls" are a succession of rapids, with a descent of twenty-two feet in three-quarters of a mile, their whole length. There is no bold precipice at any point over which the waters leap, but a gradual flow into the deep channel of the river. There are several small islands scattered among the rapids, creating different channels. The waters rush down with great fury, leaping over huge boulders and winding round the fairy islands. The fish are abundant in the rapids. Indians and half-breeds may be seen at all hours of the summer day scooping out splendid white-fish. Two of them go out in each canoe. The canoe will sit in the dashing stream by the hour, steady as though held by anchor. They go right out into the most turbulent parts of the channel. One man sits in the stern of the canoe, and with his single oar holds her in the same position for a long time, her bow parting the waters beautifully. To the spectator ashore it frequently looks very hazardous. There is quite an art in the management of the frail little shell in such a position. The Indian who handles the net dips it quickly at the right moment and locality, and takes in his fish as the noble fellow is heading courageously against the current. This fishing is laborious, but very exciting, and frequently pays well. A score of canoes out in the rapids at a time when the fish are plenty produces a scene of high excitement among spectators on the shore, who probably have just landed from the steamboat on their first trip to Lake Superior. Adventurous strangers catch the spirit of the scene and try their hand. And now for fun. It is all very well while they are content to go out and share with the Indian; but if prompted by their vanity to take charge of a canoe—one to hold the oar, the other to fish—their ardor is soon dampened, and a good laugh afforded those who remain on *terra firma*. The scene is ludicrous in the highest degree. Despite the utmost efforts of white men I have seen try it, the canoe rushes down stream. They try again and again, but down, down she goes like a bird, and the only wonder is that she does not upset. Our travelers, having worked themselves into a frenzy of excitement to become expert fishermen after the style of the Sault Indian and half-breed, give up in disgust, make for the bank as soon as possible, and rarely try a second time. One chance, however, yet remains for the courageous spirits—that of having an exhilarating dance among the dashing, laughing waters. And be it known that the ladies are generally two to one in the adventure. This is to walk up the river bank to the head of the rapids, step into a canoe, and rush down some one of the channels, an Indian having you in charge. I have seen this done several times, but never attempted it. If everything hap-

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pens to go right, all is well; but a little oversight, and your chances of escape need not be reckoned on. Several lives were lost in earlier years in this attempt to descend the rapids. An Indian can do it safely, because he does not lose self-control through excitement. One who has not learned the art of suppressing all excitement under the most extreme circumstances should never make the venture.

The village of Sault Ste. Marie was founded by the Jesuits over two hundred years ago. The settlement figures prominently in the history of their missions among the Indians. It was also the seat of a government fort. The town is of little importance in any way. There is nothing to build it up, there being no mineral deposits in the vicinity, and its agricultural interests cannot amount to much at any time in the future. It will always have a great deal of summer travel, on account of its location by the falls. The country around is highly romantic, and the trout-fishing good in the streams. It is a delightful place at which to spend a few weeks in summer, exploring the many wild haunts around the mouth of the lake, and in fishing and duck-shooting.

It is only about fifteen years since Lake Superior was fully opened to our lake commerce by the construction of the St. Mary's ship canal, to overcome the obstruction of the rapids to continuous navigation. This canal is a noble monument of the enterprise of the present age. The old maxim was, "Perseverance conquers all things;" the modern reading of which is, "Money conquers all things." Thousands of years ago men were content to build pyramids, the tower of Babel and such like, without reference to large or even small dividends on their investments, but all that kind of building is unknown in America. We have as much perseverance as the pyramid or tower builders, but while they were content to live to work, we work to live. With us everything of this kind must pay in dollars, and then we build as high as the ancients, and excavate deeper, and bore through greater mountains, and talk under the widest oceans, and span with iron rails the largest continents. We stop at nothing. And so, up here lay inexhaustible mountains of minerals, but the rocks of the Sault rapids stood as an impassable barrier in the way of vessels waiting to carry these minerals to where they might augment the material wealth of the world; and, presto! the rocks disappear. A million dollars' worth of powder and muscle expended, and a highway is opened for the vessels through solid rock. The canal is wide and deep enough to admit the largest boats in the trade. I believe there are some steamers on the lower lakes too long for the locks, but these would not suit the Lake Superior trade. The locks are probably the largest in the world. The canal is a mile long. The cost of construction was largely borne by a government appropriation of lands in the State of Michigan. All vessels passing through pay toll.

We pass out of the ship canal across Tequamenon Bay into the lake with the rising of the sun. The morning is delightful. Such an atmosphere, so pure to the eye, so invigorating to breathe, one never moves through in lower latitudes. Every passenger is in ecstasy with the hour and surroundings. The lake is smooth as a sea of glass, save the gentle swell created by the motion of the boat. There is not the slightest current in the air that we can feel, except that arising from our own motion. We sit on the upper deck that we may be able to sweep the eye over the whole picture. Wild ducks by thousands are seen over toward the north shore. Some of them fly off in alarm: most remain quietly on the water, paying no attention to us. Indians are encamped on the south shore, the smoke of their camp-fires curling up snake-like toward the sun while their morning meal is in course of preparation. Some of them are gliding over the water in their canoes. And here, farther up, are white men busy taking in splendid white-fish and Mackinac trout from their gill-nets.

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As it is now the breakfast hour, the gulls begin to gather round the boat, hovering over her track that they may pick up the crumbs that will be thrown overboard by the waiters. The captain brings out a beautiful little fowling-piece and tries to wing some of them. Shot after shot is fired, but no bird falls. With every flash the birds make a sudden curve, and instantly fall into place again, following us up closely. They have a sublime contempt for the gun, if they *are* gulls. They seem to know well enough that danger is threatening them, but nevertheless consider themselves masters of the situation. Some of the passengers, who pride themselves on being good marksmen, are itching to try the captain's gun: they feel sure of success. They are gratified with the chance to shoot, but not with their ill success. Not a bird is hurt. In the mean time, the ladies have their enjoyment of the scene by casting bread on the water, and watching the birds dip with beautiful agility and pick it up, sweeping right on without breaking their graceful curve through the air.

The rapid motion of the steamer soon carries us out on the lake, where we lose sight of land on the north, while on the south, keeping close to shore, we pass successively White-fish Point, the seat of a lighthouse; Point au Sable, a chain of barren white sand-hills, rising several hundred feet above the lake; the world-renowned Pictured Rocks, stretching like a grand panorama for five miles along the coast; and Grand Island, where there is a fine natural harbor. Immediately after passing Grand Island, Marquette looms into view.

Marquette, the great depôt and entrepôt of the iron region, is situated on an eminence at the western end of a spacious and picturesque bay, and presents a beautiful appearance from the deck of the approaching vessel. Upon going ashore one is not disposed to say that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Many of the pioneers of the iron region were people of intelligence and refinement, the evidences whereof soon appear to the visitor. The houses are principally built of wood, though since the great fire, a few years ago, which destroyed much of the business portion of the town, stone and brick have been largely used. The numerous evergreens of Nature's planting over the site of the town, which the woodman's axe has spared, add much to the beauty of the landscape. The place, though yet in its youth, has quite the air of a city, with its foundries and machine-shops; its docks, stretching out into the bay, at which, through the summer, may always be seen numerous vessels engaged in the iron trade with Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo and other points; and its railroad, for the transportation of iron ore from the mountains to the furnaces and docks. The railroad crosses the Peninsula south to Green Bay, on Lake Michigan, and extends west toward the copper region.

Leaving Marquette, we pass, close by, Presque Isle and Granite Point, and in a few hours are at Keewenaw Point, where are located the first and principal towns of the copper region. Portage and Houghton lie back from the Lake Superior shore fourteen miles, and are reached by ascending a crooked river and crossing a small lake, which reposes quietly in a deep basin surrounded by vast overtopping mountains of copper. While in here the winds may lash into madness the waters of the great lake, and one know nothing of it, save as learned from the fugitive sounds wandering from the main shore up through the deep gorge, over the calm surface of the little sheet of water called Portage Lake, at the head of which sit the two towns. Little can be said for the beauty of either of these towns. They are located opposite each other, on rugged hillsides, over which boulders are scattered. They are, however, the *live* towns of Lake Superior. This is glory enough for their citizens. The spirit of speculation is in the ascendency, and the man who "makes haste to get rich" will find plenty of congenial spirits. Along the river banks there are several stamp-mills, smelting-works and other

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manufactories growing out of the copper-mining business. A large number of mines are in operation in the vicinity. The mineral wealth of this neighborhood is fabulous.

Returning by the little lake and river, we next touch at Copper Harbor. This is a small, unimportant village, notwithstanding it has the best harbor on the coast. There are but few mines in the neighborhood, consequently there are few improvements or additions to the population. There is an old fort just outside of the village, long since abandoned by the government. It has been converted into a resort for invalids.

Eagle Harbor, touched next, is a small place, and also a shipping-port for the copper-mines lying three miles back from the shore.

Eagle River, eight miles farther west, is a prosperous little place, being the port of entry for some of the best mines in the country.

The next town touched is Ontonagon, at the mouth of the Ontonagon river. This is the oldest of the modern towns on the lake, having been built after the days of the French Jesuits among the Indians and at the opening of the copper speculations. It opened with brilliant prospects, but after a brief, hotbed growth, declined as a shipping port rapidly and almost hopelessly. The place has no harbor, and it is frequently very difficult, if not impossible, for vessels to reach the dock. Vast sums of money in former years were spent in dredging the channel, but without permanent benefit. Since the introduction of railroad travel on the Peninsula, farther expenditures in this direction are not so necessary. Thirteen miles back from Ontonagon, among the mountains, are several mining towns, active, prosperous places. Some of the mines in this locality are of great value.

Bayfield, in Wisconsin, the famous Jesuit settlement in the palmy days of Indian missions in the North-west, which is next touched, I need hardly speak of: it has nearly ceased to exist, except on paper. Boats do not call regularly.

Here we are at the west end, entering the bay of Superior. This bay is practically the head of the grandest line of river-and-lake navigation in the world. From the Gulf of St. Lawrence, up through the whole line, including the rivers St. Lawrence, Niagara, Detroit, St. Clair and St. Mary, and Lakes Ontario, Erie, St. Clair, Huron and Superior, to the shore of this bay, where the city of Duluth is rising, the distance is two thousand two hundred miles.

As we enter the bay, Superior City, in Wisconsin, is on our left, and Duluth, in Minnesota, on our right. The distance between the two places across the bay (or rather the two bays, for an arm of land running down from the north shore forms St. Louis Bay) is eight miles. The St. Louis river, which for some distance forms the boundary line between Wisconsin and Minnesota, empties into Superior Bay, and is really the original source of the St. Lawrence and the great lake chain.

What a history the locality round the shores of Superior Bay and the mouth of the St. Louis river has had in the last fifteen or twenty years! Fifteen years ago thousands of people were confident one of our great cities was going to rise here on the Wisconsin shore, instantly. Building-lots were sold at fabulous prices. Many houses were built. The expectations of Superior City were stupendous. Everybody knows they were not realized. Superior was suddenly deserted. After the momentary excitement had passed, men began to think that this was another paper city, and off they went, each his own way. Some sold out for a mere song: others, refusing to pay taxes, had their lots sold for them. But how wonderfully all this has changed! There is little excitement on the south shore of the bay, at Superior City, but it is excitement intensified on the north shore, at Duluth. The growth of Duluth is magical. The question of success in founding a great city here is now for ever settled. From this time forward the world will hear regularly of the progress of towns, cities, railroads and navigation connected with this region;

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and from all parts of the Old World a tide of emigration will begin to roll over the Atlantic and the Eastern States that will cover these great empires even to the Pacific coast. What fortunes await the lucky few who held on to their swamps and sand-banks through the years of despondency, after the hopes of the original founders of Superior City had died out! A good many are to-day bitterly repenting their want of foresight. They say they might have foreseen that a great city would be founded here when the railroads would come, as come they must.

The time is not far distant when vessels laden with minerals from the Lake Superior mines, and grain from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Dakota, and all the North-western States, even from California, will pass through Lake Superior from Superior City, Duluth and other ports, direct to Liverpool, England. And the sight of this is not going to be reserved for the next generation. *We* are going to see it; and right soon. A network of railroads will soon spread over this vast territory, from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast, and towns and cities rise along every line. The St. Paul and Pacific Railroad is now penetrating toward Lake Winnipeg, into the Selkirk Settlement, where the fires of revolution have been recently kindled. The Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad will soon unite the Mississippi river and Lake Superior. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company are at present vigorously pushing their road from Duluth to the Red river, at the western boundary of Minnesota. This road, as soon as possible, will cross the Red River, and pass on to Puget's Sound, and also to Portland, Oregon. Few people who have not been up here have more than a faint conception of the fertility of this belt of the great North-west. It is a magnificent country. Its climate is delightful; its agricultural resources are superb; it is large and wealthy enough to become in itself, if separated by an ocean from the rest of the world, one of the greatest of nations, with a government of the highest rank. But it is not isolated in its greatness. It is a vital member of the Union, and is about to prove itself to be the one possessing the most vigorous vitality. It is not one of the extremities of the domain of the Union, but is, in fact, the great vital centre, having for one arm the Southern States down to the Gulf, and for the other, British America up to the North Pole.

ISAAC AIKEN.

EPIGRAM.

"YOU men are weathercocks," cried Rosalind.
"Quite true," said I, "but woman is the wind;
And if the wind its shiftings would but cease,
The weathercocks might rest in blissful peace;
But if it will from every quarter blow,
The poor things round and round must always go;
Until, at last, all power of movement o'er,
Worn, broken, smashed, they fall to turn no more!"

R. M. WALSH.

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THE LOSS OF THE ONEIDA; OR, YOKOHAMA'S BAY.

ABOVE the wind and waves
Of Ocean's distant caves,
A spirit seems to say:
"Here sleep th' Oneida's dead,
Within their watery bed
Of Yokohama's Bay;

"And ever o'er their graves
Shall moan the dashing waves,
That, ceaseless, will not stay
To heed th' imploring hands
Uplifted from the sands
Of Yokohama's Bay."

All hearts and hopes beat high,
No bosom heaved a sigh,
As on that fatal day
Th' Oneida homeward steered,
And from the land she veered
Of Yokohama's Bay.

Sweet thoughts of native land,
When they should press the hand
Of kindred far away,
Were joys their bosoms bore,
In parting from the shore
Of Yokohama's Bay.

Alas! the Future hides,
In her mysterious tides,
The fate of men alway:
Here many sailed the deep,
Unconscious of death's sleep
In Yokohama's Bay.

'Twas barely dark as yet,
The signal lights were set
When sat the sunset's ray:
Below, bright comforts glowed,
Hilarious spirit flowed
In Yokohama's Bay.

But soon there comes a shock!—
A trembling, fearful knock!—
Then all within's dismay!
They look: her quarter's gone!
A Demon Ship glides on
Up Yokohama's Bay!

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They hail her: vain the cry,
The whistle's note on high,
The signal-gun's fierce ray!
She speeds—remorseless thing!—
As 'twere with hell's dark wing,
Up Yokohama's Bay!

Eightscore and sixteen men
Are left to battle then
With all the wild waves' play:
But two small boats to save
A third from out the grave
Of Yokohama's Bay.

Fivescore fifteen go down,
And those who do not drown,
Threescore and one are they:
These live to tell the tale,
Those mourns the sighing gale
In Yokohama's Bay.

In duty's sternest hour,
When dangers darkly lower,
Forget the bravest may
What still to life they owe:
With Williams it was so
In Yokohama's Bay.

And with him sank to rest—
To whom in memory blest
The tribute tear we pay—
Full many a noble soul,
O'er whom the waters roll
Of Yokohama's Bay.

Perfidious Albion, thou!
How oft upon thy brow,
Since Columbia's natal day,
Thou'st worn the branded name!
And now again the shame
Of Yokohama's Bay!

Thy brutal Captain Eyre,
Of deed so dark and dire,
The world of him will say:
"His curse shall ever be
The shameless infamy
Of Yokohama's Bay."

HENRY H. GOODRICH.

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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.

LADY ALLINGHAM.

THERE was one more meeting between Cousin George and Emily Hotspur before Sir Harry left London with his wife and daughter. On the Sunday afternoon following the ball he called in Bruton street, and found Lord Alfred there. He knew that Lord Alfred had been refused, and felt it to be a matter of course that the suit would be pressed again. Nevertheless, he was quite free from animosity to Lord Alfred. He could see at a glance that there was no danger for him on that side. Lord Alfred was talking to Lady Elizabeth when he entered, and Emily was engaged with a bald-headed old gentleman with a little ribbon and a star. The bald-headed old gentleman soon departed, and then Cousin George, in some skillfully indirect way, took an opportunity of letting Emily know that he should not go to Goodwood this July.

"Not go to Goodwood!" said she, pretending to laugh. "It will be most unnatural, will it not? They'll hardly start the horses without you, I should think."

"They'll have to start them without me, at any rate." Of course she understood what he meant, and understood also why he had told her. But if his promise were true, so much good had been done; and she sincerely believed that it was true. In what way could he make love to her better than by refraining from his evil ways for the sake of pleasing her? Other bald-headed old gentlemen and bewigged old ladies came in, and he had not time for another word. He bade her adieu, saying nothing now of his hope of meeting her in the autumn, and was very affectionate in his farewell to Lady Elizabeth: "I don't suppose I shall see Sir Harry before he starts. Say 'good-bye' for me."

"I will, George."

"I am so sorry you are going. It has been so jolly, coming in here of a Sunday, Lady Elizabeth; and you have been so good to me. I wish Scarrowby was at the bottom of the sea."

"Sir Harry wouldn't like that at all."

"I dare say not. And as such places must be, I suppose they ought to be looked after. Only why in June? Good-bye! We shall meet again some day." But not a word was said about Humblethwaite in September. He did not choose to mention the prospect of his autumn visit, and she did not dare to do so. Sir Harry had not renewed the offer, and she would not venture to do so in Sir Harry's absence.

June passed away—as Junes do pass in London—very gayly in appearance, very quickly in reality, with a huge outlay of money and an enormous amount of disappointment. Young ladies would not accept, and young men would not propose. Papas became cross and stingy, and mammas insinuated that daughters were misbehaving. The daughters fought their own battles, and became tired in the fighting of them, and many a one had declared to herself before July had come to an end that it was all vanity and vexation of spirit.

The Allinghams always went to Goodwood—husband and wife. Goodwood and Ascot for Lady Allingham were festivals quite as sacred as were Epsom and Newmarket for the earl. She looked forward to them all the year, learned all she could about the horses which were to run, was very anxious and energetic about her party, and, if all that was said was true, had her little book. It was an institution also that George Hotspur should be one of the party; and of all the arrangements usually

made, it was not the one with which her ladyship could dispense the easiest. George knew exactly what she liked to have done, and how. The earl himself would take no trouble—desired simply to be taken there and back, and to find everything that was wanted the very moment it was needed. And in all such matters the countess chose that the earl should be indulged. But it was necessary to have some one who would look after something—who would direct the servants, and give the orders, and be responsible. George Hotspur did it all admirably, and on such occasions earned the hospitality which was given to him throughout the year. At Goodwood he was almost indispensable to Lady Allingham, but for this meeting she was willing to dispense with him. "I tell you, Captain Hotspur, that you're not to go," she said to him.

"Nonsense, Lady Allingham!"

"What a child you are! Don't you know what depends on it?"

"It does not depend on that."

"It may. Every little helps. Didn't you promise her that you wouldn't?"

"She didn't take it in earnest."

"I tell you you know nothing about a woman. She will take it very much in earnest if you break your word."

"She'll never know."

"She will. She'll learn it. A girl like that learns everything. Don't go, and let her know that you have not gone."

George Hotspur thought that he might go and yet let her know that he had not gone. An accomplished and successful lie was to him a thing beautiful in itself—an event that had come off usefully, a piece of strategy that was evidence of skill, so much gained on the world at the least possible outlay, an investment from which had come profit without capital. Lady Allingham was very hard on him, threatening him at one time with the earl's displeasure and absolute refusal of his company. But he pleaded hard that his book would be ruinous to him if he did not go; that this was a pursuit of such a kind that a man could not give it up all of a moment; that he would take care that his name was omitted from the printed list of Lord Allingham's party; and that he ought to be allowed this last recreation. The countess at last gave way, and George Hotspur did go to Goodwood.

With the success or failure of his book on that occasion our story is not concerned. He was still more flush of cash than usual, having something left of his cousin's generous present. At any rate, he came to no signal ruin at the races, and left London for Castle Corry on the 10th of August without any known diminution to his prospects. At that time the Hotspurs were at Humblethwaite with a party, but it had been already decided that George should not prepare to make his visit till September. He was to write from Castle Corry—all that had been arranged between him and the countess—and from Castle Corry he did write:

"DEAR LADY ELIZABETH:

"Sir Harry was kind enough to say last winter that I might come to Humblethwaite again this autumn. Will you be able to take me in on the 2d September? We have about finished with Allingham's house, and Lady A. has had enough of me. They remain here till the middle of this month. With kind regards to Sir Harry and Emily,

"Believe me, yours always,

"GEORGE HOTSPUR."

Nothing could be simpler than this note, and yet every word of it had been weighed and dictated by Lady Allingham. "That won't do at all. You mustn't seem to be so eager," she had said when he showed her the letter as prepared by himself. "Just write as you would do if you were coming here." Then she sat down and made the copy for him.

There was very great doubt and there was much deliberation over that note at Humblethwaite. The invitation had doubtless been given, and Sir Harry did not wish to turn against his own flesh and blood—to deny admittance to his house to the man who was the heir to his title. Were he to do so, he must give some reason: he must declare some

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quarrel; he must say boldly that all intercourse between them was to be at an end; and he must inform Cousin George that this strong step was taken because Cousin George was a—blackguard! There was no other way of escape left. And then Cousin George had done nothing since the days of the London intimacies to warrant such treatment: he had at least done nothing to warrant such treatment at the hands of Sir Harry. And yet Sir Harry thoroughly wished that his cousin was at Jerusalem. He still vacillated, but his vacillation did not bring him nearer to his cousin's side of the case. Every little thing that he saw and heard made him know that his cousin was a man to whom he could not give his daughter, even for the sake of the family, without abandoning his duty to his child. At this moment, while he was considering George's letter, it was quite clear that George should not be his son-in-law; and yet the fact that the property and the title might be brought together was not absent from his mind when he gave his final assent. "I don't suppose she cares for him," he said to his wife.

"She's not in love with him, if you mean that."

"What else should I mean?" he said, crossly.

"She may learn to be in love with him."

"She had better not. She must be told. He may come for a week. I won't have him here for longer. Write to him, and say that we shall be happy to have him from the second to the ninth. Emily must be told that I disapprove of him, but that I can't avoid opening my house to him."

These were the most severe words he had ever spoken about Cousin George, but then the occasion had become very critical. Lady Elizabeth's reply was as follows:

"My dear Cousin George:—Sir Harry and I will be very happy to have you on the second, as you propose, and hope you will stay till the eleventh.

"Yours sincerely,

"Elizabeth Hotspur."

He was to come on a Saturday, but she did not like to tell him to go on a Saturday, because of the following day. Where could the poor fellow be on the Sunday? She therefore stretched her invitation for two days beyond the period sanctioned by Sir Harry.

"It's not very gracious," said George as he showed the note to Lady Allingham.

"I don't like it the less on that account. It shows that they're afraid about her, and they wouldn't be afraid without cause."

"There is not much of that, I fancy."

"They oughtn't to have a chance against you, not if you play your game well. Even in ordinary cases the fathers and mothers are beaten by the lovers nine times out of ten. It is only when the men are oafs and louts that they are driven off. But with you, with your cousinship and half heirship, and all your practice, and the family likeness, and the rest of it, if you'll only take a little trouble—"

"I'll take any amount of trouble."

"No, you won't. You'll deny yourself nothing, and go through no ordeal that is disagreeable to you. I don't suppose your things are a bit better arranged in London than they were in the spring." She looked at him as though waiting for an answer, but he was silent.

"It's too late for anything of that kind now, but still you may do very much. Make up your mind to this—that you'll ask Miss Hotspur to be your wife before you leave— What's the name of the place?"

"I have quite made up my mind to that, Lady Allingham."

"As to the manner of doing it, I don't suppose that I can teach you anything."

"I don't know about that."

"At any rate I sha'n't try. Only remember this. Get her to promise to be firm, and then go at once to Sir Harry. Don't let there be an appearance of doubt in speaking to him. And if he tells you of the property—angrily, I mean—then do you tell him of the title. Make him understand that you give as

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much as you get. I don't suppose he will yield at first. Why should he? You are not the very best young man about town, you know. But if you get her, he must follow. She looks like one that would stick to it if she once had said it."

Thus prompted, George Hotspur went from Castle Corry to Humblethwaite. I wonder whether he was aware of the extent of the friendship of his friend, and whether he ever considered why it was that such a woman should be so anxious to assist him in making his fortune, let it be at what cost it might be to others? Lady Allingham was not the least in love with Captain Hotspur, was bound to him by no tie whatsoever, would suffer no loss in the world should Cousin George come to utter and incurable ruin; but she was a woman of energy, and, as she liked the man, she was zealous in her friendship.

CHAPTER VIII.

AIREY FORCE.

LADY ELIZABETH had been instructed by Sir Harry to warn her daughter not to fall in love with Cousin George during his visit to Humblethwaite; and Lady Elizabeth was, as a wife, accustomed to obey her husband in all things. But obedience in this matter was very difficult. Such a caution as that received is not easily given even between a mother and a child, and is especially difficult when the mother is unconsciously aware of her child's superiority to herself. Emily was in all respects the bigger woman of the two, and was sure to get the best of it in any such cautioning. It is so hard to have to bid a girl, and a good girl too, not to fall in love with a particular man. There is left among us, at any rate, so much of reserve and assumed delicacy as to require us to consider, or pretend to consider, on the girl's behalf, that of course she won't fall in love. We know that she will, sooner or later; and probably as much sooner as opportunity may offer. That is our experience of the genus *girl* in the general; and we quite approve of her for her readiness to do so. It is, indeed, her nature; and the propensity has been planted in her for wise purposes. But as to this or that special sample of the genus *girl*, in reference to this or that special sample of the genus *young man*, we always feel ourselves bound to take it as a matter of course that there can be nothing of the kind—till the thing is done. Any caution on the matter is therefore difficult and disagreeable, as conveying almost an insult. Mothers in well-regulated families do not caution their daughters in reference to special young men. But Lady Elizabeth had been desired by her husband to give the caution, and must in some sort obey the instruction. Two days before George's arrival she endeavored to do as she was told—not with the most signal success:

"Your cousin George is coming on Saturday."

"So I heard papa say."

"Your papa gave him a sort of invitation when he was here last time, and so he has proposed himself."

"Why should not he? It seems very natural. He is the nearest relation we have got, and we all like him."

"I don't think your papa does like him."

"I do."

"What I mean is, your papa doesn't approve of him. He goes to races, and bets, and all that kind of thing. And then your papa thinks that he's over head and ears in debt."

"I don't know anything about his debts. As for his going to races, I believe he has given them up. I am sure he would if he were asked." Then there was a pause, for Lady Elizabeth hardly knew how to pronounce her caution. "Why shouldn't papa pay his debts?"

"My dear!"

"Well, mamma, why shouldn't he? And why shouldn't papa let him have the property—I mean, leave it to him instead of to me?"

"If your brother had lived—"

"He didn't live, mamma. That has

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been our great misfortune. But so it is; and why shouldn't George be allowed to take his place? I'm sure it would be for the best. Papa thinks so much about the name and the family, and all that."

"My dear, you must leave him to do as he thinks fit in all such matters. You may be sure that he will do what he believes to be his duty. What I was going to say was this—" And, instead of saying it, Lady Elizabeth still hesitated.

"I know what you want to say, mamma, just as well as though the words were out of your mouth. You want to make me understand that George is a black sheep."

"I'm afraid he is."

"But black sheep are not like blackamoors: they may be washed white. You said so yourself the other day."

"Did I, my dear?"

"Certainly you did, and certainly they may. Why, mamma, what is all religion but the washing of black sheep white — making the black a little less black, scraping a spot white here and there?"

"I am afraid your cousin George is beyond washing."

"Then, mamma, all I can say is, he oughtn't to come here. Mind, I think you wrong him. I dare say he has been giddy and fond of pleasure; but if he is so bad as you say, papa should tell him at once not to come. As far as I am concerned, I don't believe he is so bad, and I shall be glad to see him."

There was no cautioning a young woman who could reason in this way, and who could look at her mother as Emily looked. It was not, at least, within the power of Lady Elizabeth to do so. And yet she could not tell Sir Harry of her failure. She thought that she had expressed the caution; and she thought also that her daughter would be wise enough to be guided — not by her wisdom—but by the words of her father. Poor, dear woman! She was thinking of it every hour of the day, but she said nothing more on the subject, either to her daughter or to Sir Harry.

The black sheep came, and made one of a number of numerous visitors. It had been felt that the danger would be less among a multitude, and there was present a very excellent young man, as to whom there were hopes. Steps had not been taken about this excellent young man, as had been done in reference to Lord Alfred; but still there were hopes. He was the eldest son of a Lincolnshire squire, a man of fair property and undoubted family, but who, it was thought, would not object to merge the name of Thoresby in that of Hotspur. Nothing came of the young man, who was bashful, and to whom Miss Hotspur certainly gave no entertainment of a nature to remove his bashfulness. But when the day for George's coming had been fixed, Sir Harry thought it expedient to write to young Thoresby and accelerate a visit which had been previously proposed. Sir Harry as he did so almost hated himself for his anxiety to dispose of his daughter. He was a gentleman, every inch of him, and he thoroughly desired to do his duty. He knew, however, that there was much in his feelings of which he could not but be ashamed. And yet, if something were not done to assist his girl in a right disposal of all that she had to bestow with her hand, how was it probable that it could be bestowed aright?

The black sheep came, and found young Thoresby and some dozen other strangers in the house. He smiled upon them all, and before the first evening was over had made himself the popular man of the house. Sir Harry, like a fool as he was, had given his cousin only two fingers, and had looked black at their first meeting. Nothing could be gained by conduct such as that with such a guest. Before the gentlemen left the dinner-table on the first day even he had smiled and joked, and had asked questions about "Allingham's mountains." "The worst of you fellows who go to Scotland is, that you care nothing for real sport when you come down south afterward." All this conversation about Lord Allingham's

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grouse and the Scotch mountains helped George Hotspur, so that when he went into the drawing-room he was in the ascendant. Many men have learned the value of such ascendency, and most men have known the want of it.

Poor Lady Elizabeth had not a chance with Cousin George. She succumbed to him at once—not knowing why, but feeling that she herself became bright, amusing and happy when talking to him. She was a woman not given to familiarities, but she did become familiar with him, allowing him little liberties of expression which no other man would take with her, and putting them all down to the score of cousinhood. He might be a black sheep—she feared there could be but little doubt that he was one—but, from her worsted-work up to the demerits of her dearest friend, he did know how to talk better than any other young man she knew. To Emily, on that first evening, he said very little. When he first met her he had pressed her hand and looked into her eyes, and smiled on her with a smile so sweet that it was as though a god had smiled on her. She had made up her mind that he should be nothing to her — nothing beyond a dear cousin: nevertheless, her eye had watched him during the whole hour of dinner, and, not knowing that it was so, she had waited for his coming to them in the evening. Heavens and earth! what an oaf was that young Thoresby as the two stood together near the door! She did not want her cousin to come and talk to her, but she listened and laughed within herself as she saw how pleased was her mother by the attentions of the black sheep.

One word Cousin George did say to Emily Hotspur that night, just as the ladies were leaving the room. It was said in a whisper, with a little laugh, with that air of half joke, half earnest, which may be so efficacious in conversation: "I did not go to Goodwood, after all."

She raised her eyes to his for a quarter of a second, thanking him for his goodness in refraining. "I don't believe that he is really a black sheep at all," she said to herself that night as she laid her head upon her pillow.

After all, the devil fights under great disadvantages, and has to carry weights in all his races which are almost unfair. He lies as a matter of course, believing thoroughly in lies, thinking that it is by lies chiefly that he must make his running good; and yet every lie he tells, after it has been told and used, remains as an additional weight to be carried. When you have used your lie gracefully and successfully, it is hard to bury it and get it well out of sight. It crops up here and there against you, requiring more lies; and at last, too often, has to be admitted as a lie—most usually so admitted in silence, but still admitted, to be forgiven or not according to the circumstances of the case. The most perfect forgiveness is that which is extended to him who is known to lie in everything. The man has to be taken, lies and all, as a man is taken with a squint, or a harelip, or a bad temper. He has an uphill game to fight, but when once well known, he does not fall into the difficulty of being believed.

George Hotspur's lie was believed. To our readers it may appear to have been most gratuitous, unnecessary and inexpedient. The girl would not have quarreled with him for going to the races — would never have asked anything about it. But George knew that he must make his running: it would not suffice that she should not quarrel with him. He had to win her, and it came so natural to him to lie. And the lie was efficacious: she was glad to know that he stayed away from the races for her sake. Had it not been for her sake? She would not bid him stay away, but she was so glad that he had stayed. The lie was very useful. If it only could have been buried and out of sight when used!

There was partridge-shooting for four days — not good shooting, but work which carried the men far from home, and enabled Sir Harry to look after his cousin. George, so looked after, did not

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dare to say that on any day he would shirk the shooting. But Sir Harry, as he watched his cousin, gradually lost his keenness for watching him. Might it not be best that he should let matters arrange themselves? This young squire from Lincolnshire was evidently an oaf: Sir Harry could not even cherish a hope on that side. His girl was very good, and she had been told, and the work of watching went so much against the grain with him; and then, added to it all, was the remembrance that if the worst came to the worst the title and property would be kept together. George might have fought his fight, we think, without the aid of his lie.

On the Friday the party was to some extent broken up. The oaf and sundry other persons went away. Sir Harry had thought that the cousin would go on the Saturday, and had been angry with his wife because his orders on that head had not been implicitly obeyed. But when the Friday came, and George offered to go in with him to Penrith, to hear some case of fish-poaching which was to be brought before the magistrates, he had forgiven the offence. George had a great deal to say about fish, and then went on to say a good deal about himself. If he could only get some employment—a farm, say, where he might have hunting—how good it would be! For he did not pretend to any virtuous abnegation of the pleasures of the world, but was willing—so he said—to add to them some little attempt to earn his own bread. On this day Sir Harry liked his cousin better than he had ever done before, though he did not even then place the least confidence in his cousin's sincerity as to the farm and the earning of bread.

On their return to the Hall on Friday, they found that a party had been made to go to Ulleswater on the Saturday. A certain Mrs. Fitzpatrick was staying in the house who had never seen the lake, and the carriage was to take them to Airey Force. Airey Force, as everybody knows, is a waterfall near to the shores of the lake, and is the great lion of the Lake scenery on that side of the mountains. The waterfall was full fifteen miles from Humblethwaite, but the distance had been done before, and could be done again. Emily, with Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and two other young ladies, were to go. Mr. Fitzpatrick would sit on the box. There was a youth there also who had left school and not yet gone to college. He was to be allowed to drive a dog-cart. Of course George Hotspur was ready to go in the dog-cart with him.

George had determined from the commencement of his visit, when he began to foresee that this Saturday would be more at his command than any other day, that on this Saturday he would make or mar his fortune for life. He had perceived that his cousin was cautious with him, that he would be allowed but little scope for love-making, that she was in some sort afraid of him; but he perceived also that in a quiet, undemonstrative way she was very gracious to him. She never ignored him, as young ladies will sometimes ignore young men, but thought of him even in his absence, and was solicitous for his comfort. He was clever enough to read little signs, and was sure at any rate that she liked him.

"Why did you not postpone the party till George was gone?" Sir Harry said to his wife.

"The Fitzpatricks also go on Monday," she answered, "and we could not refuse them."

Then again it occurred to Sir Harry that life would not be worth having if he was to be afraid to allow his daughter to go to a pic-nic in company with her cousin.

There is a bridge across the water at the top of Airey Force, which is perhaps one of the prettiest spots in the whole of our Lake country. The entire party on their arrival of course went up to the bridge, and then the entire party of course descended. How it happened that in the course of the afternoon George and Emily were there again, and were there unattended, who can tell? If she had meant to be cautious, she must very much have changed her plans in allow-

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ing herself to be led thither. And as he stood there, with no eye resting on them, his arm was round her waist and she was pressed to his side.

"Dearest, dearest," he said, "may I believe that you love me?"

"I have said so. You may believe it if you will."

She did not attempt to make the distance greater between them. She leant against him willingly.

"Dear George, I do love you. My choice has been made. I have to trust to you for everything."

"You shall never trust in vain," he said.

"You must reform, you know," she said, turning round and looking up into his face with a smile. "They say that you have been wild. You must not be wild any more, sir."

"I will reform. I have reformed. I say it boldly: I have become an altered man since I knew you. I have lived with one hope, and even the hope alone has changed me. Now I have got all that I have hoped for. Oh, Emily, I wish you knew how much I love you!"

They were there on the bridge, or roaming together alone in the woods, for nearly an hour after that, till Mrs. Fitzpatrick, who knew the value of the prize and the nature of the man, began to fear that she had been remiss in her duty as chaperon. As Emily came down and joined the party at last, she was perfectly regardless either of their frowns or smiles. There had been one last compact made between the lovers.

"George," she had said, "whatever it may cost us, let there be no secrets."

"Of course not," he replied.

"I will tell mamma to-night, and you must tell papa. You will promise me?"

"Certainly. It is what I should insist on doing myself. I could not stay in his house under other circumstances. But you too must promise me one thing, Emily."

"What is it?"

"You will be true to me, even though he should refuse his consent?"

She paused before she answered him: "I will be true to you. I cannot be otherwise than true to you. My love was a thing to give, but when given I cannot take it back. I will be true to you, but of course we cannot be married till papa consents."

He urged her no farther. He was too wise to think it possible that he could do so without injuring his cause. Then they found the others, and Emily made her apologies to Mrs. Fitzpatrick for the delay with a quiet dignity that struck her cousin George almost with awe. How had it been that such a one as he had won so great a creature?

George, as he was driven home by his young companion, was full of joyous chatter and light small-talk. He had done a good stroke of business, and was happy. If only the baronet could be brought round, all the troubles which had enveloped him since a beard had first begun to grow on his chin would disappear as a mist beneath the full rays of the sun; or even if there still might be a trouble or two—and as he thought of his prospects he remembered that they could not all be made to disappear in the mist fashion — there would be that which would gild the clouds. At any rate he had done a good stroke of business. And he loved the girl too. He thought that of all the girls he had seen about town, or about the country either, she was the bonniest and the brightest and the most clever. It might well have been that a poor devil like he in search of an heiress might have been forced to put up with personal disadvantages—with age, with plain looks, with vulgar manners, with low birth; but here, so excellent was his fortune, there was everything which fortune could give. Love her? Of course he loved her. He would do anything on earth for her. And how jolly they would be together when they got hold of their share of that twenty thousand a year! And how jolly it would be to owe nothing to anybody! As he thought of this, however, there came upon him the reminiscence of a certain Captain Stubber, and the further reminiscence of a certain Mr. Abraham Hart, with both of whom he had had dealings; and he told himself

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that it would behoove him to call up all his pluck when discussing those gentlemen and their dealings with the baronet. He was sure that the baronet would not like Captain Stubber nor Mr. Hart, and that a good deal of pluck would be needed. But on the whole he had done a great stroke of business; and, as a consequence of his success, talked and chatted all the way home, till the youth who was driving him thought that he was about the nicest fellow that he had ever met.

Emily Hotspur, as she took her place in the carriage, was very silent. She also had much of which to think—much on which, as she dreamed, to congratulate herself. But she could not think of it and talk at the same time. She had made her little apology with graceful ease. She had just smiled—but the smile was almost a rebuke—when one of her companions had ventured on the beginning of some little joke as to her company, and then she had led the way to the carriage. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and the two girls were nothing to her now, let them suspect what they choose or say what they might. She had given herself away, and she triumphed in the surrender. The spot on which he had told her of his love should be sacred to her for ever. It was a joy to her that it was near to her own home, the home that she would give to him, so that she might go there with him again and again. She had very much to consider and to remember. A black sheep! no. Of all the flock he should be the least black. It might be that in the energy of his pleasures he had exceeded other men, as he did exceed all other men in everything that he did and said. Who was so clever? who so bright? who so handsome, so full of poetry and of manly grace? How sweet was his voice, how fine his gait, how gracious his smile! And then on his brow there was that look of command which she had ever recognized in her father's face as belonging to his race as a Hotspur—only added to it was a godlike beauty which her father never could have possessed.

She did not conceal from herself that there might be trouble with her father. And yet she was not sure but that upon the whole he would be pleased after a while. Humblethwaite and the family honors would still go together if he would sanction this marriage; and she knew how he longed in his heart that it might be so. For a time probably he might be averse to her prayers. Should it be so, she would simply give him her word that she would never during his lifetime marry without his permission, and then she would be true to her troth. As to her truth in that respect, there could be no doubt. She had given her word, and that, for a Hotspur, must be enough.

She could not talk as she thought of all this, and therefore had hardly spoken when George appeared at the carriage door to give the ladies a hand as they came into the house. To her he was able to give one gentle pressure as she passed on; but she did not speak to him, nor was it necessary that she should do so. Had not everything been said already?

CHAPTER IX.

"I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE."

THE scene which took place that night between the mother and daughter may be easily conceived. Emily told her tale, and told it in a manner which left no doubt of her persistency. She certainly meant it: Lady Elizabeth had almost expected it. There are evils which may come or may not, but as to which, though we tell ourselves that they may still be avoided, we are inwardly almost sure that they will come. Such an evil in the mind of Lady Elizabeth had been Cousin George. Not but what she herself would have liked him for a son-in-law, had it not been so certain that he was a black sheep.

"Your father will never consent to it, my dear."

"Of course, mamma, I shall do nothing unless he does."

"You will have to give him up."

"No, mamma, not that: that is be-

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yond what papa can demand of me. I shall not give him up, but I certainly shall not marry him without papa's consent, or yours."

"Nor see him?"

"Well, if he does not come, I cannot see him."

"Nor correspond with him?"

"Certainly not, if papa forbids it."

After that, Lady Elizabeth did give way to a considerable extent. She did not tell her daughter that she considered it at all probable that Sir Harry would yield, but she made it to be understood that she herself would do so if Sir Harry would be persuaded. And she acknowledged that the amount of obedience promised by Emily was all that could be expected. "But, mamma," said Emily, before she left her mother, "do you not know that you love him yourself?"

"Love is such a strong word, my dear."

"It is not half strong enough," said Emily, pressing her two hands together. "But you do, mamma?"

"I think he is very agreeable, certainly."

"And handsome?—only that goes for nothing."

"Yes, he is a fine-looking man."

"And clever? I don't know how it is—let there be who there may in the room, he is always the best talker."

"He knows how to talk, certainly."

"And, mamma, don't you think that there is a something—I don't know what—something not at all like other men about him that compels one to love him? Oh, mamma, do say something nice to me: to me he is everything that a man should be."

"I wish he were, my dear."

"As for the sort of life he has been leading, spending more money than he ought, and all that kind of thing, he has promised to reform it altogether; and he is doing it now. At any rate, you must admit, mamma, that he is not false."

"I hope not, my dear."

"Why do you speak in that way, mamma? Does he talk like a man that is false? Have you ever known him to be false? Don't be prejudiced, mamma, at any rate."

The reader will understand that when the daughter had brought her mother as far as this, the elder lady was compelled to say "something nice" at last. At any rate, there was a loving embrace between them, and an understanding that the mother would not exaggerate the difficulties of the position either by speech or word.

"Of course you will have to see your papa to-morrow morning," Lady Elizabeth said.

"George will tell him everything to-night," said Emily. She, as she went to her bed, did not doubt but what the difficulties would melt. Luckily for her—so luckily!—it happened that her lover possessed by his very birth a right which, beyond all other possessions, would recommend him to her father. And then had not the man himself all natural good gifts to recommend him? Of course he had not money or property, but she had, or would have, property; and of all men alive her father was the least disposed to be greedy. As she half thought of it and half dreamt of it in her last waking moments of that important day, she was almost altogether happy. It was so sweet to know that she possessed the love of him whom she loved better than all the world besides!

Cousin George did not have quite so good a time of it that night. The first thing he did on his return from Ulleswater to Humblethwaite was to write a line to his friend, Lady Allingham. This had been promised, and he did so before he had seen Sir Harry:

"DEAR LADY A.:

"I have been successful with my younger cousin. She is the bonniest and the best and the brightest girl that ever lived, and I am the happiest fellow. But I have not as yet seen the baronet. I am to do so to-night, and will report progress to-morrow. I doubt I sha'n't find him so bonny and so good and so bright. But, as you say, the young birds ought to be too strong for the old ones.

"Yours, most sincerely, G. H."

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This was written while he was dressing, and was put into the letter-box by himself as he came down stairs. It was presumed that the party had dined at the falls, but there was "a tea" prepared for them on an extensive scale. Sir Harry, suspecting nothing, was very happy and almost jovial with Mr. Fitzpatrick and the two young ladies. Emily said hardly a word. Lady Elizabeth, who had not as yet been told, but already suspected something, was very anxious. George was voluble, witty, and perhaps a little too loud. But as the lad who was going to Oxford, and who had drank a good deal of champagne and was now drinking sherry, was loud also, George's manner was not specially observed. It was past ten before they got up from the table, and nearly eleven before George was able to whisper a word to the baronet. He almost shirked it for that night, and would have done so had he not remembered how necessary it was that Emily should know that his pluck was good. Of course she would be asked to abandon him. Of course she would be told that it was her duty to give him up. Of course she would give him up unless he could get such a hold upon her heart as to make her doing so impossible to her. She would have to learn that he was an unprincipled spendthrift — nay, worse than that, as he hardly scrupled to tell himself. But he need not weight his own character with the further burden of cowardice. The baronet could not eat him, and he would not be afraid of the baronet.

"Sir Harry," George whispered, "could you give me a minute or two before we go to bed?" Sir Harry started as though he had been stung, and looked his cousin sharply in the face without answering him. George kept his countenance and smiled. "I won't keep you long," he said.

"You had better come to my room," said Sir Harry, gruffly, and led the way into his own sanctum. When there he sat down in his accustomed arm-chair, without offering George a seat, but George soon found a seat for himself.

"And now what is it?" said Sir Harry with his blackest frown.

"I have asked my cousin to be my wife."

"What! Emily?"

"Yes, Emily, and she has consented. I now ask for your approval." We must give Cousin George his due, and acknowledge that he made his little request exactly as he would have done had he been master of ten thousand a year of his own, quite unencumbered.

"What right had you, sir, to speak to her without coming to me first?"

"One always does, I think, go to the girl first," said George.

"You have disgraced yourself, sir, and outraged my hospitality. You are no gentleman."

"Sir Harry, that is strong language."

"Strong! Of course it is strong. I mean it to be strong. I shall make it stronger yet if you attempt to say another word to her."

"Look here, Sir Harry, I am bound to bear a good deal from you, but I have a right to explain."

"You have a right, sir, to go away from this, and go away you shall."

"Sir Harry, you have told me that I am not a gentleman."

"You have abused my kindness to you. What right have you, who have not a shilling in the world, to speak to my daughter? I won't have it, and let that be an end of it. I won't have it. And I must desire that you will leave Humblethwaite to-morrow. I won't have it."

"It is quite true that I have not a shilling."

"Then what business have you to speak to my daughter?"

"Because I have that which is worth many shillings, and which you value above all your property. I am the heir to your name and title. When you are gone I must be the head of this family. I do not in the least quarrel with you for choosing to leave your property to your own child, but I have done the best I could to keep the property and the title together. I love my cousin."

"I don't believe in your love, sir."

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"If that is all, I do not doubt but what I can satisfy you."

"It is not all, and it is not half all. And it isn't because you are a pauper. You know it all as well as I do, without my telling you, but you drive me to tell you."

"Know what, sir?"

"Though you hadn't a shilling, you should have had her if you could win her, had your life been even fairly decent. The title must go to you—worse luck for the family! You can talk well enough, and what you say is true. I would wish that they should go together."

"Of course it will be better."

"But, sir—" then Sir Harry paused.

"Well, Sir Harry?"

"You oblige me to speak out. You are such a one that I do not dare to let you have my child. Your life is so bad that I should not be justified in doing so for any family purpose. You would break her heart."

"You wrong me there, altogether."

"You are a gambler."

"I have been, Sir Harry."

"And a spendthrift."

"Well, yes—as long as I had little or nothing to spend."

"I believe you are over head and ears in debt now, in spite of the assistance you have had from me within twelve months."

Cousin George remembered the advice which had been given him, that he should conceal nothing from his cousin. "I do owe some money, certainly," he said.

"And how do you mean to pay it."

"Well, if I marry Emily, I suppose that you will pay it."

"That's cool, at any rate!"

"What can I say, Sir Harry?"

"I would pay it all, though it were to half the property—"

"Less than a year's income would clear off every shilling I owe, Sir Harry."

"Listen to me, sir. Though it were ten years' income I would pay it all, if I thought that the rest would be kept with the title, and that my girl would be happy."

"I will make her happy."

"But, sir, it is not only that you are a gambler and spendthrift, and an unprincipled debtor without even a thought of paying. You are worse than this. There! I am not going to call you names: I know what you are, and you shall not have my daughter."

George Hotspur found himself compelled to think for a few moments before he could answer a charge so vague, and yet, as he knew, so well founded; nevertheless he felt that he was progressing. His debts would not stand in his way if only he could make this rich father believe that in other matters his daughter would not be endangered by the marriage. "I don't quite know what you mean, Sir Harry. I am not going to defend myself. I have done much of which I am ashamed. I was turned very young upon the world, and got to live with rich people when I was myself poor. I ought to have withstood the temptation, but I didn't, and I got into bad hands. I don't deny it. There is a horrid Jew has bills of mine now."

"What have you done with that five thousand pounds?"

"He had half of it; and I had to settle for the last Leger which went against me."

"It is all gone?"

"Pretty nearly. I don't pretend but what I have been very reckless as to money. I am ready to tell you the truth about everything. I don't say that I deserve her; but I do say this—that I should not have thought of winning her, in my position, had it not been for the title. Having that in my favor, I do not think that I was misbehaving to you in proposing to her. If you will trust me now, I will be as grateful and obedient a son as any man ever had."

He had pleaded his cause well, and he knew it. Sir Harry also felt that his cousin had made a better case than he would have believed to be possible. He was quite sure that the man was a scamp, utterly untrustworthy, and yet the man's pleading for himself had been efficacious. He sat silent for full five minutes before he spoke again, and

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then he gave judgment as follows: "You will go away without seeing her to-morrow?"

"If you wish it."

"And you will not write to her?"

"Only a line."

"Not a word," said Sir Harry, imperiously.

"Only a line, which I will give open to you. You can do with it as you please."

"And as you have forced upon me the necessity, I shall make inquiries in London as to your past life. I have heard things which perhaps may be untrue."

"What things, Sir Harry?"

"I shall not demean myself or injure you by repeating them, unless I find cause to believe they are true. I do believe that the result will be such as to make me feel that in justice to my girl I cannot allow you to become her husband. I tell you so fairly. Should the debts you owe be simple debts, not dishonorably contracted, I will pay them."

"And then she shall be mine?"

"I will make no such promise. You had better go now. You can have the carriage to Penrith as early as you please in the morning, or to Carlisle if you choose to go north. I will make your excuses to Lady Elizabeth. Good-night."

Cousin George stood for a second in doubt, and then shook hands with the baronet. He reached Penrith the next morning soon after ten, and breakfasted alone at the hotel.

There were but very few words spoken on the occasion between the father and the daughter, but Emily did succeed in

having pretty nearly the truth of what had taken place. On the Monday her mother gave her the following note:

"Dearest: At your father's bidding I have gone suddenly. You will understand why I have done so. I shall try to do just as he would have me; but you will, I know, be quite sure that I should never give you up. Yours for ever and ever, G. H."

The father had thought much of it, and at last had determined that Emily should have the letter.

In the course of the week there came other guests to Humblethwaite, and it so chanced that there was a lady who knew the Allinghams, who had unfortunately seen the Allinghams at Goodwood, and who, most unfortunately, stated in Emily's hearing that she had seen George Hotspur at Goodwood.

"He was not there," said Emily, quite boldly.

"Oh yes—with the Allinghams as usual. He is always with them at Goodwood."

"He was not at the last meeting," said Emily, smiling.

The lady said nothing till her lord was present, and then appealed to him: "Frank, didn't you see George Hotspur with the Allinghams at Goodwood, last July?"

"To be sure I did, and lost a pony to him on Eros."

The lady looked at Emily, who said nothing further, but she was still quite convinced that George Hotspur had not been at those Goodwood races.

It is so hard, when you have used a lie commodiously, to bury it and get well rid of it!

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NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

"Last Sat'day night
De niggas went a huntin'.
De dogs dey run de coon,
De coon he run de wolver,
De wolver run de Stiff-leg,
De Stiff-leg run de Devil;
Dey run him up de hill,
But dey cotch him on the level."

MANY a mythical story has originated in some such weird song as I have just quoted, and in time gained credence with the ignorant. I listened to this jargon for the first time in my early boyhood, as it was sung with banjo accompaniment by an old negro named Cato, who rejoiced in the euphonic surname of Escutcheons. On my way home from his cabin in the dim twilight, I drew, in my childish imagination, a picture, and half dreamed it over at night. Foremost came a bounding devil, with horns and tail erect, closely pursued by something half human, half animal (*i. e.*, the Stiff-leg), which with rapid strides but halting gait had almost clutched his Sable Majesty. The Stiff-leg in turn was pursued by a wolf, the wolf by a raccoon of tremendous proportions, and the raccoon by a pack of yelping, barking dogs; while the negro huntsmen, with wild mirth, over fallen logs and through brambly brake, brought up the rear. I have thought since, if I had wealth at command, and could find an artist who could form a like conception of the wild chase, I would have it painted in fresco on the walls of some favorite room. If such an impression was made on the childish imagination of a white boy, the song no doubt impressed itself with a strong semblance of reality on the dark minds of some half dozen negro children who listened to Cato at the same time.

We find in our cities, even at the present day, amongst people of intelligence and culture, minds having a strong tendency to superstition; and if we could look over a record of the names of those who stealthily visit fortune-tellers, we might lose faith in the right-mindedness of some of our intimate acquaintances. Romance, though, even as history, is not without its uses, and the heroisms of either will still continue to incite boys and girls and men and women to deeds of daring and noble suffering. The perusal of the one, especially to the youthful mind, is no less absorbing than that of the other. The boy or girl does not ask whether the story be true or not; and he would be a hard-hearted parent who would rob the boy of his pleasure, as he pores over *Robinson Crusoe* or the *Arabian Nights*, or the story of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, by telling him that what he reads is not true, or say to the little girl who weeps over the *Babes in the Woods* that it is all a fib.

Every era has had its peculiar myths. So also has every people. But there are superstitions which have been, and now are, common to different nations. Many of them have found place in the fabulous stories of newer nations, and most of them, whether ancient or modern, have originated in some trifling incident. We are told in books how the idea of the Centaur, the Dragon, the Unicorn, the Kraken, and even the Sea-serpent, originated; and I think I have shown how a wild legend might grow out of an imaginative, nonsensical song, the vagary of a woolly pate.

Although belief in witchcraft has almost faded away, it is not probable that a general diffusion of knowledge will ever entirely dissipate films of a like nature from the minds of the masses. Animal magnetism, the power of communicating through "mediums" with the spirits of the departed, et cetera, still find believers. It is human, and ever will be, to grope after the hidden, the ideal, and to hold them up as real.

The more refined a people, the more interesting its mythical legends. Those

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of the Caucasian race are attractive, while those of the negroes are repulsive, especially when connected with their heathenish religions. An extenuation for slavery put forth by many Southerners is, that the negro is modified, his nature softened, by association with the white man: I might add that his superstitions are humanized also. An illustrative argument in favor of this notion is to be found in a poem by a Mr. Randolph of Lower Virginia. There are some exceedingly fine passages in it for so unpretending a title, which is "A Fish Story," wherein an old negro fiddler, fishing one day, after waiting a long time in vain for a bite, ties his line to his ankle and commences playing his fiddle. The warm sunshine and the soothing music after a while cause him to fall asleep, when a huge drum-fish seizes his bait and pulls him with a sudden jerk from his canoe. The fish and fisherman both lose their lives, and, the one entangled in the line and the other hooked in the jaw, are cast ashore "by the heaving tide." The poet draws the contrast between Old Ned the fisherman and the wild African in the following lines:

"Although philanthrophists can see
The degrading effects of Slavery,
I cannot help thinking that this old creature
Was a great advance on his African nature,
And straighter of limb and thinner of lip
Than his grandsire who came in the Yankee ship.

"Albeit bent with the weary toil
Of sixty years on the slave-trodden soil,
Though thoughtless, and thriftless, and feeble of mind,
His life was gentle, his heart was kind:
He lived in a house, and loved his wife,
And was higher far in hope and in life,
And a nobler man, with his hoe in his hand,
Than an African prince in his native land.

"For perhaps the most odious thing upon earth
Is an African prince in the land of his birth,
With his negative calf and his convex shin,
Triangular teeth and pungent skin;
So bloated of body, so meagre of limb,
Of passions so fierce, of reason so dim;
So cruel in war, and so torpid in peace,
So strongly addicted to entrails and grease;
So partial to eating, by morning light,
The wife who had shared his repose over night:
In the blackest of black superstitions down-trod
In his horrible rites to his beastly god,
With all their loathsome and hideous mystery;—
But that has nothing to do with *the fish story*."

Nevertheless these lines, as we shall presently see, have some bearing on a certain mythological worship which still has existence in a limited way in Louisiana. I will first refer to a few of the negro superstitions of the Atlantic-Southern States.

Of course there is the universal horse-shoe branded on the door of negro cabins as a bar to witches and the devil. There are also the "conjuring gourd" and the frog-bones and pounded glass carefully hidden away by many an old negro man or woman, who by the dim light of a tallow candle or a pine-torch works imaginary spells on any one against whom he or she may have a grudge. There are also queer beliefs that are honestly maintained. One is, that the cat-bird carries sticks to the devil, and that by its peculiar note, "*Snake, snake*," it can call snakes to its rescue and drive away those who would rob its nest. Another is, that every jay-bird carries a grain of sand to the infernal regions once a year, and that when the last grain of sand is so taken away from the earth the world will come to an end; all of which, of course, is at variance with Father Miller's calculations. Then there is a belief in a certain affinity and secret communication between themselves and wild and domestic animals. Many persons have observed a negro's way of talking to his dog or to a horse. "Aunt Bet" will say as she is milking, "Stan' aroun' now, you hussy, you. You want to git you foot in de piggin, do you?" and the cow with careful tread and stepping high will assume a more favorable position.

Amongst the mythical animals of the woods is the moonack. It is generally supposed to live in a cave or hollow tree. The negro who meets with it in his solitary rambles is doomed. His reason is impaired until he becomes a madman, or he is carried off by some lingering malady. The one who has the misfortune to encounter it never recovers from the blasting sight: he dares not speak of it, but old, knowing negroes will shake their heads despondingly and

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say, "He's gwine to die: he's seed de moonack."

Many of these superstitions, as the efficacy of the frog-bones and conjuring gourd, are no doubt handed down from their African ancestors. A few years back the rites of the "Hoodoo" were practiced and believed in in the city of New Orleans. From the description I have had from those who have witnessed the ceremony, it must have resembled the incantation scene in *Macbeth*.

It is well known in Louisiana that many a cargo of slaves from Africa was landed on the Gulf coast soon after that portion of our national domain was purchased from France, and that this traffic in human flesh was stealthily kept up for some years after the war of 1812. Labor was in demand, and this demand increased as the rich alluvial lands along the Mississippi and the lagoons and bayous to the west of New Orleans were opened to the culture of cotton and sugar. The planters, whether they were creoles of French or Spanish extraction or emigrants from the Atlantic States, were not disposed to quibble as to the legality of procuring slaves in this way: they were only too glad to get them; and the numerous lagoons running from the Gulf into the interior offered facilities for the landing of slaves. That the heathenish rites of the Hoodoo should exist in Louisiana even at the present day is therefore not wonderful.

But to return to the votaries of Hoodoo in New Orleans. There was the fire in the middle of the earthen floor, with the iron pot swung over it. What its contents were none but the official negroes knew; but as it boiled and bubbled, the negroes, with song of incantation, would join hands and dance around it until they were successively exhausted and fell on the floor. Amongst the votaries of the Hoodoo, it is said, could occasionally be found white women of wealth and respectability who had been influenced by their old negro servants.

For some years before the war of the rebellion it was my fortune to be connected in business with a firm in New Orleans. One of my partners, as an act of humanity and to secure his services as porter, bought a negro boy whom we had been hiring for some years by the month. His name was Edwa, and at the time of buying him he was about eighteen years of age. When not employed in his regular duties, he improved the hours by learning to read and write. He was constitutionally and practically honest. His services were valuable, and he was a favorite with all. Still, his hereditary aptness for such things led him to join in the Hoodoo; and as a matter of course he became bewitched, and, although a consistent professor of the Christian religion, he believed in this superstition. It was about three years after my partner became his owner that he was thus affected. All arguments against his foolish impressions were useless. He imagined that some one of his co-worshipers had put a spell upon him; that his enemy had poured frog-spawn into some water which he had given him to drink, and that this spawn had hatched and entered into the circulation of his blood; that his veins were full of small tadpoles.

Dr. H——, a shrewd physician, became acquainted with Edwa's malady, and assured him that he was correct, and his master and friends unreasonable and entirely in the wrong, as to his complaint; and, to use an old saying, "to fight fire with fire" and restore this favorite servant, he put him under a course of medicine and made a final cure as follows: Procuring some hundreds of minute tadpoles from the ditches back of the city, he made an appointment with Edwa to be at his office at an hour of a certain day. Giving him a dose of some sickening and stupefying medicine, he then bled him copiously and shook the tadpoles from his coat sleeve into the basin of blood. His master and a few friends who were present acknowledged their error on seeing the tadpoles, and Edwa had ocular demonstration that he was

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delivered from these internal pests, and soon recovered his usual health and spirits.

Negroes are naturally suspicious of each other—that is, of some secret power or influence those of greater age have over them—and will entrust their money and health and well-being to white persons with perfect confidence, while they are distrustful of those of their own color. I cite the following as a case in point—its truthfulness I can vouch for: A gentleman in Alexandria, Virginia, had an old servant by the name of Friday, who filled the office of gardener and man-of-all-work about his premises. One summer, Friday, from some cause unknown to his master, was very "ailing." He lost his appetite, his garrulity, his loud-ringing laugh, became entirely incapable of attending to his duties, and appeared to be approaching his last end. On questioning him closely, he told his master, with some reluctance, that he was suffering from a spell that had been put upon him by Aunt Sina, the cook, who was some years older than himself. When pressed hard for some proof, he said that he had seen her, one moonlight night, raise one of the bricks in the pavement leading from the portico to the street, near the gate, and place something under it which he knew was a charm, for he had tried several times, without avail, to raise the brick; and that he could not even see that it had ever been moved. Further, that he had frequently heard Aunt Sina muttering something to herself which he could not understand, and on one occasion saw her hide something in her chest, which he was pretty sure was a conjuring gourd. All of this, he said, was a part of the spell; that all the physic he had taken was of no avail; that he was troubled with a constant "misery in his head," and was certain he was going to die.

His master, knowing how useless it would be to endeavor to reason him out of such belief, and being a practical wag, determined to treat Friday's case with a like remedy. He accordingly enjoined strict secresy toward Aunt Sina as to any knowledge of his being bewitched, and put him on a course of bread-pills tinctured with assafœtida. He then searched the garret, and finding a pair of old boots with light morocco interlinings, he cut out and drew distinctly, on two similar pieces, a skull and crossbones encompassed by a circle. He further warned Friday of the evil effect that might ensue by passing over or near the brick under which Aunt Sina had deposited the charm, and promised to write to a celebrated Indian doctor who lived some thousand miles away, and get his advice. Then he sent his old servant with a letter on some pretended business which would keep him away a few days.

When Friday had departed, with considerable difficulty and much care his master raised a brick as near as possible to the place where the charm was supposed to have been hidden, and carefully laying down one of the cabalistic pieces of leather, as carefully replaced the brick.

In a few days Friday returned. Some heavy rain having fallen during his absence, all marks of disturbance in the pavement were effaced. Friday still continued to grow worse, and in a few days more his master produced a letter from a long envelope with a singular-looking postmark and mysterious characters on it, which he informed him was from the Indian doctor. The letter of this wise sachem, as his master read it to Friday, informed him that the conjuring gourd had no power of evil in his case, but that the person who had put the spell on him had hidden two charms; that if one of these could be found and certain conditions observed, the other could also; and if they were both alike the spell would be broken. The letter then went on to describe the place where one of them was hidden. It was in an old churchyard, but the doctor could not say where the church was: it might be in America or England or France. The description of the church, however, was so graphic that by the time his master had read it through the white of Friday's eyes had

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enlarged considerably, and he gaspingly exclaimed, "Fo' God, Maas Ant'ony! it's Christ Church, here in dis very town!" His master here laid aside the letter, and bringing his fist heavily down on the table, declared that it was: it had not occurred to him before. The charm, so said the doctor's letter, was under the topmost loose brick (which was covered with leaves) of a certain old tomb, the fourth one from the gate, on the left-hand side of the middle walk, going in. It was to be taken from under the brick, and by the bewitched, going out of the churchyard backward—all the time repeating the Lord's Prayer. He was to turn around when he reached the street and throw a handful of sulphur backward over the wall.

The day on which the letter was read to the patient, Aunt Sina was sent on an errand which would detain her all night; and when the moon was well up Friday complied with all the conditions, his master awaiting his return. Then a few bricks in the pavement were removed with much difficulty, and the other charm was found. They were compared by the light of a red wax candle in his master's office, and to Friday's joy one was an exact duplicate of the other. "Now, Friday, drink this," said Maas Anthony, handing him a large tumbler of whisky, into which he had stirred a teaspoonful of sulphur taken from the same paper as that he had thrown over the churchyard wall. "The spell is broken, and if you sleep well to-night, you will be all right in a day or two. Remember, though, if you hint to old Sina anything about breaking the spell, she will bewitch you again. Now go to bed."

Of course Friday slept well. With his mind at ease, and under the influence of nearly a pint of whisky, why shouldn't he? He soon recovered his health, his garrulity and his loud laugh.

Every Southern boy has heard the story of the "Rabbit and the Tar Baby." It runs thus: An old negro, who cultivated a little truck-patch for his own private benefit, had his black-eyed peas stolen frequently, without being able to detect the thief. At length, as he crossed the branch near his patch one morning, he discovered rabbit tracks in the mud, and was convinced that Puss was the depredator. He knew from the size of the tracks that it was a very large and wary old rabbit which had haunted the neighborhood from time immemorial. His cunning was proof against all the snares, traps, deadfalls, gins and gums that were ever set for him. If he was captured, he managed by some device to get off and continue his thieving. After long consideration, and knowing the curiosity of wild animals, as well as the tenacity of tar, the old man concluded to make a "tar baby" or image, and set it where the rabbit was in the habit of crossing the branch. The rabbit, after feeding plentifully on the old man's peas through the night, was returning to his nest across the branch about daybreak one morning, and to his surprise saw a black baby standing bolt upright before him. After some hesitation he approached, and throwing himself on his haunches and nodding to the baby, bade it "Good-morning," but the baby gave no answer or sign of recognition. He then upbraided the baby for its impoliteness: still it gave no answer. He then abused it outright for its incivility, but the baby treated him with silent contempt. Infuriated at this insulting behavior, the rabbit gave the baby a terrible slap in the face with his right forepaw, when it stuck fast. "Let go my hand," said the rabbit: the baby maintained its silence, but held on to the paw. He then gave the baby a heavy left-hander, and that paw also stuck fast. Then he kicked the baby in the stomach with his left and then with his right hind foot, and they also were held. Losing all discretion in his rage, he gave the baby a vigorous butt in the face, when his head stuck, and he was irrevocably held fast—that cunning old rabbit—and outwitted by a *tar baby!*

The owner of the patch, going to his work about sunrise, discovered the arch old thief a victim to his curiosity and bad manners, and loosing him from the

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baby and holding him by the hind legs, rejoiced over his captive thus: "Ah ha, ole fellow! I got you at last, I is. You been thievin' dis long time, but now I got you, sartain. You good for roast, you good for bile, you good for fry, you good for potten-pie." But the rabbit, after remaining passive for some moments, suddenly thrust both of its tarry forepaws into the old man's eyes, so that he was compelled to let go the rabbit's legs to rub his aching orbs. Of course the rabbit escaped, and as he went bounding off, the old man exclaimed, "Go 'long, you big-eye, whopper-jaw, long-leg, cotton-tail! you ain't got nuff fat on you whole body for fry you hind leg."

When such stories were told, and I became inquisitive as to animals talking with human beings or with each other, I was generally told, "Dat was a long time ago, but dey don't do so any mo'." In my childhood I firmly believed in witches, and it was with some dread that I went out of doors or through a room alone when it was dark, and frequently dreamed of them after hearing some of the stories told by the servants on long winter evenings. An old house-servant of my father was as chock full of these witch stories as Sancho Panza was of proverbs. According to his teachings, wizards ("conjerors," he called them) and witches made a bargain with the devil that they were to possess extraordinary powers over their fellow-mortals in this life, and in exchange their souls belonged to him. There were some restrictions, however, which the devil could not free them from. For instance, they had no power over a child who had not arrived at the age of discretion, could work no evil to a person who had a Bible in the room at night, and could not utter the Lord's name. Stanton, the man referred to, said that a witch could creep out of her skin and leave it in bed, so that her absence could not be noted; that it was not uncommon for one witch, when she had enmity against another, and knew when she made a nocturnal excursion, to get her skin, and, turning it wrong side out, to salt and pepper it well; and then, turning it with the fleshy side in again, to replace it in bed. One of Stanton's stories was as follows. I will narrate it, as nearly as I can, in the language in which he used to tell it:

"Once der was a ole man dat was a conjeror, an' his wife was a witch; an' dey had a son, an' dey larnt him to be a conjeror too; an' every night dey use to git out of deir skins an' go ride deir neighbors. Well, one night de conjeror tetch his son wid his staff an' say, 'Horum sacrum' (dat mean, 'It's pas' de hour o' midnight'). 'Come, git up; let's go ride de overseer an' his oldes' son: I had a spite 'gin 'em dis long time.' So dey goes to de overseer's house, an' give de sign an' slip t'rough de keyhole. Den dey unbar de door on de inside an' take out de overseer an' his son, widout deir knowin' it; an' de conjeror tetch de overseer wid his switch an' he turns to a bull, an' tetch de overseer's son an' he turns to a bull-yerlin'. Den de conjeror mounts de bull, an' de boy he mounts de bull-yerlin', an' sets off a long way over de creek to blight a man's wheat what de conjeror had a spite agin. Well, dey rode a long time to git dar, an' when dey was cummin' back dey see de mornin' star shinin' mighty bright, an' de conjeror say to his son, 'S'pose we run a race? Whoever git to de ole gallus cross de creek fust will live de longes'.' So off dey goes, nip an' tuck—sometimes de bull ahead, an' sometimes de yerlin' ahead. But de bull, he gets to de creek fust, an' stops to drink, de yerlin' little ways behind; an' when *he* gits to de creek de boy gin him a cut, an' he would ha' gone clean over, but de boy as he went over hollered out, 'God, daddy! dat's a good jump for bull-yerlin'.' An' dat same minit dey was bofe standin' in de water forty miles from home. De bull wasn't dar, an' de yerlin' wasn't dar. An' de same minit de overseer was asleep in his bed at home, an' his son was in *his* bed. An' in de mornin' dey feel very tired, an' know dat de witches been ridin' 'em, but dey never find out what witches it was."

THADDEUS NORRIS.

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A GLANCE AT FAIRMOUNT PARK.

THE establishment of a public pleasure-ground like that on the Schuylkill is an afterthought of men, who thus seek to recall and lure again around a teeming city those natural beauties which the first advance of an energetic race is prone to destroy.

Indeed, the first progress of any people into a new and undeveloped region cannot but prove, on many accounts, destructive of those harmonies which Nature knows how to produce when left to her undisturbed devices; for the roar of her waterfall is not at variance with the twitter of her tiniest bird, nor the gloom of her deepest abyss with the summit of her sun-lighted hills, nor the mirror-like surface of her lakes with the cloudy promontories reflected there. We find variety indeed, high contrast of color, sound and shape, but no discord until man comes to make it; and then the scene is changed. The pioneer, with stern necessities of subsistence and defence pressing hard upon him, has no disposition to cultivate æsthetic impulses: he feels no need of the splendid forests that may crowd around him—lurking-places, perchance, for dangerous foes—save that he may construct from them dwellings and block-houses and boats; and so down they come before his relentless axe.

Then, first necessities being supplied, in course of years there comes that desire inherent among men to accummulate wealth, and factories arise to taint the water and blacken the air. Soon is heard a clank of engines and a roar of mighty furnaces, till

> "Far and near,
> Slag and cinder spread year by year.
> Never a blade of grass or flower
> Stands in the sun or bows in the shower;
> Never a robin whistles nigh,
> Or a swallow cleaves the grimy sky."

Mines are pushed under ground in search of hidden treasures, and while a region is defaced above, it is perforated below: railroads run out like huge *antennæ* from commercial centres, with every artifice of bridge and tunnel, till the constant shriek of rival locomotives is added to the general turmoil. And so civilization goes on. But at last there comes a reaction. Man, wearied with labor or satiated with wealth, would fain enter again and repose a while in some terrestrial paradise, from which the ever-whirling wheel of traffic has kept him away as effectually as his first parents were shut out of Eden by the revolving sword. He would fain wander in pleasant groves, and delight his eye with agreeable prospects: he would refresh his thirsty palate with unpolluted water, and invigorate his exhausted faculties by affording them brief respite from excitement. So the denizen of the city goes abroad into the fields, if he can find any left, and returns to the wall-lined pavement with regret. In every metropolis throughout the land there is an almost peremptory clamor from the people that there shall be a public pleasure-ground set aside for them—open to all, easy of access, secure from the grasp of the speculator and the touch of the destroyer — set aside for them and their descendants for ever. Fortunately for Philadelphia, it is in her power yet to rescue from desolation a tract of land lying on either side the Schuylkill, above Fairmount, that when completed will give her inhabitants a park scarcely rivaled throughout the world for extent and beauty, and to secure to the growing city an unlimited supply of fresh water as long as the Schuylkill shall flow onward to the sea. The Park Commissioners—gentlemen of character and position, who give their time without pay, and tolerate no waste or corruption in their high trust —are at work now, and the last object—that of supplying such a city with pure, fresh water for ever—would of itself be more than sufficient to justify

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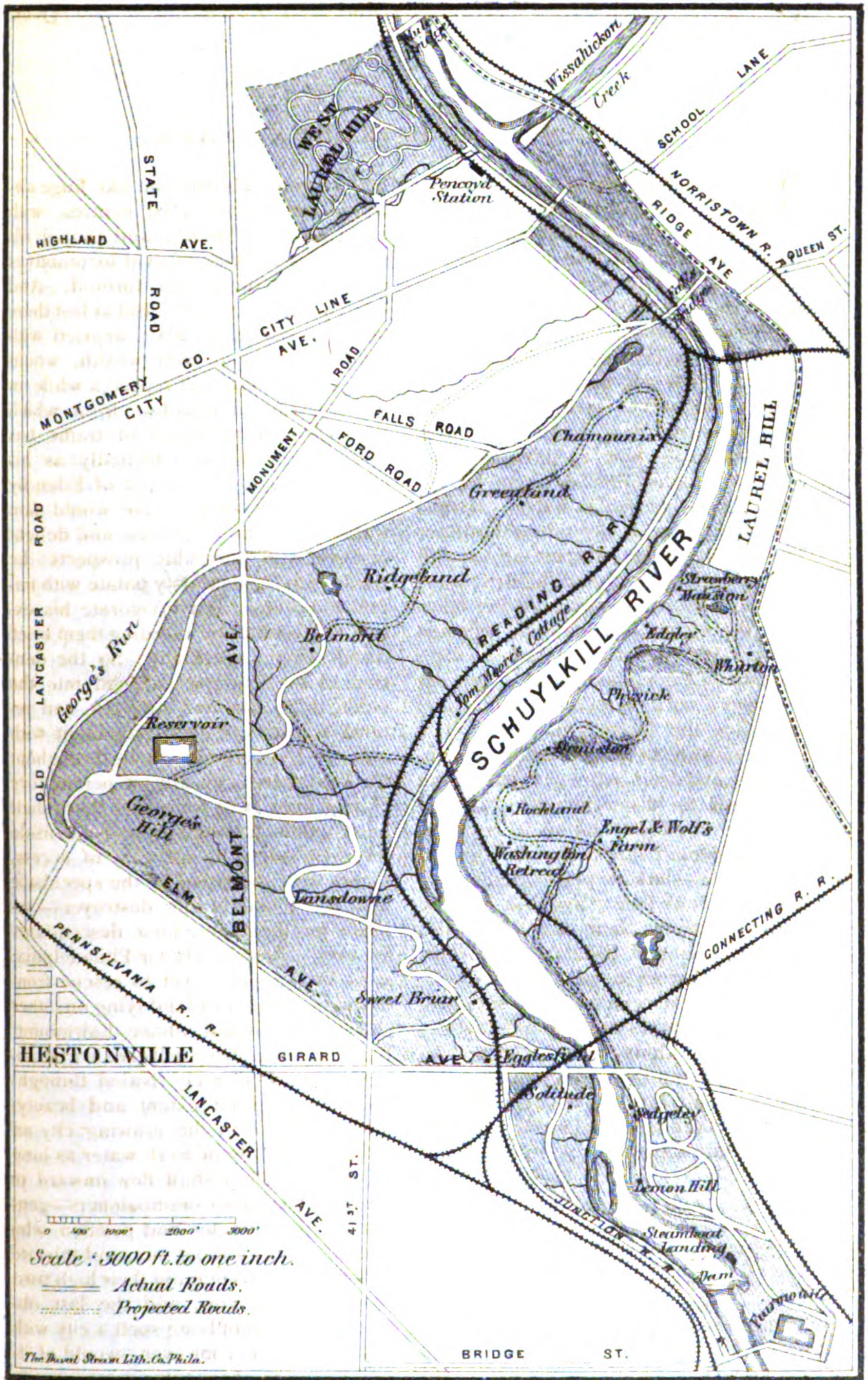

Lippincott's Magazine.

FAIRMOUNT PARK.

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the demand they have made for funds to carry on this magnificent project.

So much for parks in general, and the effect of this Park in particular. Let us now glance more minutely at some of the features of Fairmount Park, and see whether it does not deserve the eulogy pronounced upon it.

The general configuration of this vast domain, as one glance at the map will show, is that of a great irregular triangle, containing over twenty-six hundred acres of valley and hill, stream, meadow and woodland. At the three angles rise three hills, from each of which may be enjoyed a prospect peculiar in its own features of beauty. West Laurel Hill, recently purchased for a cemetery, and now in process of adornment in accordance with the rules of landscape gardening, touches the extreme northern angle just without the limits of the Park. The visitor who will take the trouble to mount to the highest point will obtain a view for miles up and down the river and across the adjacent country that will well repay the toil of the ascent. At this northernmost angle, too, the waters of the Wissahickon reach the Schuylkill, and with prudent forethought the Commissioners have procured a grant of land, on either side, far up the former stream, to protect its waters from pollution and preserve its scenery unimpaired, while a bridge at its mouth to connect the east and west sides of the river is a matter already determined on. It is to be hoped that the Commissioners will hasten to erect this proposed bridge over the Schuylkill at the end of the "Roberts' Hollow" road, so that carriages going northward can drive down from George's Hill by a more gradual descent than on the road leading to the "Falls' Bridge," and, crossing the river, enter at once on the beauties of the Wissahickon. Every lover of the beautiful must regret that a picturesque effect formerly produced by winding way and overarching trees on a road leading from George's Hill toward Belmont Mansion, has been obliterated: the charm of the spot is only photographed now in the memories of those who mourn its disappearance, and lament the wretched expediency—if such there were—that suggested its removal. Nature herself is queen landscape gardener: all that others can do is to profit by her teachings. If a fine tree stands in the line of a projected road, better, far better, to move the road a little than the tree. If an existing road is picturesque already, why destroy it? All the contractors in Christendom cannot restore its beauty, pay them never so liberally. It was the good fortune of the writer to accompany one of the young engineers of the Park—Mr. H. J. Schwarzmann—who drove up in his wagon just in time to save a splendid tree that stood a little within the limits of a newly laid-out avenue, and which, thanks to his interference, it now remains to shade and embellish. It was a narrow escape for the tree: the trench was already dug round its roots, the axe had just begun to cut, while all around stood ghastly stumps, evidences of a recent sylvan massacre—almost enough to make one wish that the fate of Milo had been reserved for some one else. It is but just to the gentlemen who control matters at the Park to state that they have taken measures to prevent any such unnecessary vandalism for the future.

At the western angle of the triangle George's Hill rises to challenge the eye. Here one of the main drives debouches on a plateau named the Concourse, where hundreds of carriages may be collected two hundred and ten feet above the city base; and from this point another view, different but equally attractive, showing the domes and spires of the distant city, bursts upon the sight.

To close this general glance: at the southern angle of the Park stands the hill from which it takes its name, Fairmount, holding reservoirs, erected long ago, that can supply only part of the present Philadelphia with water, with machinery at her base for pumping that water to her summit, boasting her own attractive view of gleaming cascade and lake-like river beyond, and alluring the

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entering visitor to mount and see it all along the ramp-like roads that run gradually up her sloping sides. The eastern extension of the Park, we may remark in passing, is intended to afford a site for a basin to hold a sheet of water one hundred acres in extent, for the further supply of the city.

So much for the promontories at the angles—for there are many more besides of less degree—overlooking artist-haunted dells, full of trees and rocks and admirable springs that would well bear description did space and time permit. Turn we now to the river which flows down through our great triangle of land —curving first to the east, then west, then eastward again, so as to assume somewhat the shape of a letter S drawn out at the extremities—and finally falls over the dam at Fairmount, and goes on to meet the Delaware. These curves in the stream are so many additional elements of beauty, and the spectator might often be cheated into a belief that he was gazing not on a continuous river, but on one of a chain of lakes, as he could not see behind some salient point round which the waters flowed to meet him, nor follow them as they retreated again beyond some other conformation of the ground. Madame de Staël observes that in Switzerland mighty mountains are often appositely placed in the neighborhood of great lakes, in order that by reflection their proud magnificence may be doubled; and the same effect may be observed amid less stupendous scenery. Water, whether in commotion or at rest, is always a most important addition to the beauty of a prospect, and when Byron devotes his verse to describing a placid evening on Lake Leman, he does not forget to sing in wonderful contrast how strong and lovely are

"Night,
And Storm, and Darkness."

Let us now imagine a party of visitors, having gone through the grounds immediately surrounding Fairmount, taking one of the numerous pleasure-boats to be found above the dam, and proceeding up the stream. The Park authorities have licensed a number of ingeniously-constructed carriages, made expressly for carrying, at fixed and moderate rates according to the number of passengers and the time to be occupied, those numerous visitors who prefer to drive throughout the grounds. This mode of transit will be preferred by many, no doubt, but it suits our present purpose better to imagine our visitors proceeding leisurely up the river, and landing on either side, as occasion requires, to see the prospects and examine places of interest. The Schuylkill will not thus remain to our party what it proved to the early Dutch navigators, who sailed up the Delaware without discovering its mouth—owing to the beleaguering island there—and so, when it was found out, called it in their native tongue, "The Hidden River;" but while the stream retains the not uneuphonious appellation which those old Netherlanders gave it, the visitors will, we trust, bear away many pleasant memories of discovered beauties.

First on the western bank stands a square yellow mansion, "Solitude"—even Alexander Selkirk might have found charms there once—built by John Penn, grandson of the founder of Pennsylvania, at the close of the Revolutionary war. There he lived, and being a scholarly man, fonder of books and thoughts than of interruption, he constructed cunningly-concealed passages through the house and under ground, leading beyond the little detached kitchen, by which he might escape any unwelcome intruder. He would have had to use them often nowadays, for "Solitude" is solitary no longer, but has noisy companions close at hand in the shape of railroads and machinery. The view to the river is still uninterrupted, however; and the imaginative visitor may perhaps find traces of a "ha-ha" fence which once suggested to the proprietor memories of Old England, for Mr. Penn was a man of influence abroad, trusted by King George the Third, and made governor of Portland: he was proprietor of "Pennsylvania Castle" in that island, and was

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fond of writing poetry in his leisure hours. Many of his poems must have been composed at "Solitude," as there is a picture of the place in an English edition of his works. These poems he read with great delight himself—if an old anecdote be true—and thus resembled many other poets.

But let us hurry on, or we shall not have the time for other places. Above "Solitude," on the western bank still, are a number of mansions with pretty names: "Egglesfield," built by Robert E. Griffith, where once Mr. Secretary Borie lived; "Sweetbrier;" "Lansdowne," now only a site, for the mansion was burned down sixteen years ago; "Belmont," "Greenland" and "Chamouni." How strangely the sounds of the two last bring together in the mind visions of Swiss glaciers and North American icebergs! Of these, two call for more particular notice. Lansdowne was a stately residence built by the last Colonial governor of Pennsylvania, the Hon. John Penn, about 1770. After the Revolution it passed by purchase into the possession of Mr. Bingham, grandfather of the late Lord Ashburton, and at a later period it was the residence of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, better known in this country as the Count de Survilliers. Before its destruction by fire the house was suffered to fall into great decay, though when Lord Ashburton visited the place he took some measures to have it partially restored. The fire was caused by some persons carelessly smoking there at a Fourth of July pic-nic.

Belmont was the residence of Judge Peters, well known as a wit and jurist. Washington was a frequent visitor at the house, and planted a chestnut tree there, which unfortunately is now dead. The view from the roof will well repay a journey up the old staircase. In the principal room, which is wainscoted, the arms of the family may still be seen; and that old carved escutcheon has doubtless looked down upon many personages of former days. There is a grove of hemlocks and firs near the house. One day, when Judge Peters was walking with the ex-king of Spain in that grove, the judge humorously remarked to the ex-monarch that he called that spot the grove of oblivion. "Ah," said Bonaparte, "what would I not give to find such a place!" Can it be that the head that loses a crown "lies uneasy" too?

It is a pity that the witticisms of Judge Peters have never found a chronicler beyond his mere contemporaries. We give but one—it has a good savor: He was one of a coterie of amateur farmers who resolved to improve our markets: they began with butter, but unfortunately the judge's pounds were of short weight, and the whole tub was seized for the benefit of the poor in the almshouse, with the advice to the vender to have his weights adjusted by authority. This was accordingly attended to, and when they came home were found stamped "C. P.," for Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. "Ah," said our humorist to his wife, "they have found us out! C. P. means, *Cheating Peters!*"

From Belmont let us descend the slope and cross the river, but not without a glance at a most dilapidated little white cottage on the west bank, for this place is pronounced by sundry devout believers to be the identical spot where Tom Moore's smoke curled so gracefully and the sumach berry hung so ruddily. Certes, no one would envy the poet if he took up his quarters there now. One looks in vain for elm or sumach: a bankrupt willow or two and a few mangey poplars stand there in misery, while everything desirable, except an uncertain legend, appears to have followed Mr. Moore and gone away.

Cross we now to the eastern side of the Schuylkill, to wander among the mansions there. It is impossible in the limited space at command to do more than select a few objects of scenery and renown, to make a few passing remarks upon them. It would be pleasant to follow the devious Wissahickon as it comes down from the hills, gleaming here and there among the forest trees like an armored knight. It would be

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satisfactory to ramble through that great city of the dead, Laurel Hill proper, which is now so enclosed by the Park that the quiet inhabitants may sleep without fear of disturbance until the day of the great awaking. It were pleasant to watch the Rhine-recalling reach of river that greets one from the heights on which Dr. Physick's old mansion stands; to describe "Edgely" and "Strawberry Mansion," "Ormiston" and "Rockland;" to tell a ghostly story that wanders about the country-side concerning a haunted house on these same heights. Among so many empty old mansions—now dark, once bright; now silent, once ringing with youth and joy and laughter—it's a wonder there are not fifty ghost-stories instead of one. But the writer's time is nearly up; he cannot turn improvisatore now; so pr'ythee, gentle visitor, follow him as fast as dingle and dell and briery brake will permit, and stand upon this old lawn, among old, old trees, and say what you think of this majestic house, mutilated and desecrated though it has been, that still seems to stand aloof in splendid dignity, and hold its own in spite of all modern improvements. This is the old Shippen Mansion, built about the same time as the State-house in yonder city, more recently known as the "Washington Retreat," and used for a lager-beer saloon and place for shooting festivals. Yonder obliging "Park Guard" in gray uniform, who comes to offer us information—or assistance in case we need it—will open the doors for us and let us wander through the echoing hall and up the staircase, and into the "Washington room," where the first President was wont to sleep sometimes. See how heavy the wainscoting and how large the fire-places. Think of departed dignitaries for whom bright logs have flickered there; of winsome beauties, long since dead, whose light laughter made these heavy walls resound; of happy groups assembled on yon lawn, and mettled chargers neighing in yon stables. Go through the house from top to bottom, then come down the spreading steps again, and say if you do not think that among all the fine old mansions you have seen the finest has been reserved until the last, even as in stately palaces abroad the wondering visitor is led through room after room, each increasing in splendor, until at last is reached one of magnificence superior to all, where the sovereign's throne is reared.

Now down the river again toward Fairmount, past the "Cliff House," where Lord Cornwallis once lived; past "Edgely" and "Lemon Hill," at whose base is too thickly planted a row of American lindens, which will rise in time to hide the view from the summit —why not have chosen catalpas, or some other umbrella-like, shade-casting trees, for that spot?—down to the boat-houses, where the tired party can land and take leave of Fairmount Park.

A few remarks in conclusion. Any park which is devoid of means of free ingress, egress and regress on account of railroads running past its principal entrance, is thereby deprived of one of its greatest advantages—perfect safety to visitors. The railroad lines that cross and skirt Fairmount Park were laid down before the Park attained its present dimensions, and perhaps in a merely legal sense the maxim, *Qui prior in tempore, potior in jure*, may apply. The gentlemen controlling these lines have, it is said, shown a spirit of courteous willingness to do all in their power to obviate the terrible drawbacks now existing to driving in or out of the Park; and it is most devoutly to be hoped that engineering skill may be finally successful in removing or mitigating such disadvantages, which even those who refrain from censuring cannot fail to regret.

This article would hardly be complete without a reference to monuments to be erected. One will be a bronze statue of Alexander von Humboldt. Another, a monument to two distinguished French savans. The Commissioners have decided that there shall be in Fairmount Park a grove of oaks, to bear for ever the name of the "Michaux Grove," in honor "of André François Michaux, who

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traveled long in this country, and described our oaks and forest trees in a work of great merit and splendor; and of his father, who by like travel and study rendered a service to science." This will be as appropriate a monument to the author of *Sylva Americana* as is Thorwaldsen's lion at Luzerne to the memory of those soldiers who fell defending their queen, on which is inscribed—

"Solerti amicorum curà clapi superfuerunt;"

for the anxious solicitude of his beloved oaks will be exerted anew every year to keep the name of Michaux fresh and flourishing.

Nor yet would it be an ungraceful compliment to a Pennsylvanian to have the "Darlingtonia" translated from the Pacific coast and naturalized in the Park, to commemorate the labors and abilities of the botanist of Chester county. MALCOLM MACEUEN.

MISS TIGGS' SECRET.

MISS TIGGS was not the legitimate and accepted form of old maid; or, in other words, Miss Tiggs was not tall, scraggy, prim and sharp-nosed. On the contrary, Miss Tiggs was of the roley-poley order, short, plump and full-faced, and without a bit more primness than was necessary to keep up the dignity of the profession into which the fortune of life had cast her, for Miss Tiggs kept a boarding-school for young ladies, and we all know that dignity is as essential in keeping young ladies from too great exuberance as sternness is for young gentlemen afflicted with the same complaint.

Miss Tiggs' school was fashionable, the number of her scholars, according to her circular, being "limited," but, according to her private programme, there being always an opening for one more. In this respect Miss Tiggs' school was not unlike a street-car—never full. It was, as she always expressed it to the parents, "more like an elegant home than an institution of learning." And so it was, in a great degree, for there's no denying the fact that the little woman did all she could to make her young ladies comfortable, and, while she did not ignore style, put forth her most strenuous efforts toward the solidities of life, and managed to win the affections of her pupils not only by that liberality, but by the genuine kindness of her heart and her forgiving disposition. Many a little breaking away from discipline did Miss Tiggs overlook when she found that it did not proceed from willfulness or wickedness—an overlooking which was apt to encourage the young ladies in many a droll escapade, but also had the advantage of restraining them from doing anything they felt could give Miss Leonora Tiggs real pain.

Besides her pupils, Miss Leonora had two nephews—one an inmate of the establishment, and one away at school in a distant city at Miss Tiggs' expense, whom she had not seen for nearly five years. The one who was an inmate of the establishment, a youth of twenty, Walter Askham by name, was under continual sentence of banishment, or, in other words, since he had reached the mature age of fifteen had been told daily that he was too old to be a dweller in the same house with his aunt's twenty-five rosebuds, and that he must make up his mind to immediate removal. He had made up his mind, but somehow the sentence, though reiterated almost daily, was never carried into effect, and so this wolf remained in the fold.

It is, however, only giving the ——, as personified in Walter Askham, his

due to declare that during those five years he had behaved with wondrous propriety. He had given up romping with the girls and playing practical jokes on them. He had not been known, for longer than that, to dress any of them up in his clothes or himself in theirs, and in fact had attained to the character of a most exemplary young man, having risen in the employ of Bunns, Brown & Co., during that five years, from only an errand-boy to the responsible position of second bookkeeper, with a salary not to be sneezed at for a young man of twenty.

To say that Walter, out of all the twenty-five charming pupils of Miss Lenora, did not see anything to charm him into breaking through that terrible line of demarkation his aunt had laid down for him, would be saying almost more than human nature is capable of. There was one, the neatest and sweetest little body that ever ate bread and butter—which her name it was Kate Dillon, and her age sweet sixteen—that he was especially fond of, and that state of things had existed for four years, since the very first day she had been taken into Miss Tiggs' school, which happened in this way.

When Miss Tiggs went to school herself, she had an intimate, Lillie Price by name, with whom the school-companionship was perpetuated. Lillie married, and after six years of matrimony was left a widow with one daughter. Six years' more struggle with the world as a widow, and Lillie one day laid down the load of life, and left this daughter to the tender mercies of the world as embodied in Miss Leonora Tiggs, who closed the eyes of the dying woman, and breathed in her ear the comforting assurance that Katie should never want a mother while she lived; and well she kept her promise, for in the four years she had been under her hands she had grown into as elegant a little lady as could be found in a summer day's walk, and as wonderfully in love with Walter Askham as it was possible to be. All this could not help leaking out, and into Miss Tiggs' eyes and ears, and, as a consequence, troubled her amazingly. One restriction after the other had she put on the couple, but all seemed to be of no avail, and simply made the young lovers regard her as a tyrant and one whose breast was not susceptible of the *grande passion*.

At last came the climax. Miss Tiggs entered the breakfast-room one morning noiselessly and suddenly, and caught Miss Katie kissing Walter right upon the lips. This was too much, and the fiat went forth. Had she caught Walter kissing Katie, there might have been some condoning, but the act reversed showed malice prepense, and on the spot the sentence of separation went forth—separation, not banishment for Walter from the Tiggs mansion — for Miss Leonora could not so suddenly make up her mind to so serious a step—but the rigid confinement of Katie to the girls' apartments, and the changing of Walter's room, so that he would be isolated and the lovers have no chance of meeting. This was the terrible sentence of Miss Tiggs, and a sentence that was carried immediately into effect, Miss Tiggs announcing to Walter, as she rebuked him for his heinous immorality, that within a very few days he would have an opportunity of judging what he ought to be by taking as his exemplar his cousin Bob, who was to spend a month from school with her for the first time in five years. This fact did not interest Walter much, for really nothing did interest him save Katie, and the only point on which he could dwell in connection with the new-comer was curiosity. Cousin Bob, according to Aunt Leonora's idea, was perfection. He was only thirteen, but an Admirable Crichton. What he couldn't do wasn't worth doing, and as to good looks, he had more of them than he knew what to do with, and was expected with them every hour at Miss Tiggs' establishment.

To change the scene to the girls' apartments. Poor Katie had now been one whole week that she had not seen Walter, and she was not only broken-hearted, but desperate. The gossip among the girls about the coming cou-

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sin Bob did not move her one bit. She knew nothing, could think of nothing, but Walter, and as long as Miss Tiggs was in the house it would be impossible for her to see him; and Miss Tiggs was always in when Walter was. All the girls pitied Katie, but what could all the girls do against Fate? But there was one very little girl, and as reckless as she was little, and as full of fun as she was reckless. This very little girl was always up to all the mischief that could be hatched, and had often been heard solemnly to bemoan the ancient days when the girls had such fun—when they used to dress up in Walter's clothes and play various pranks, generally ending in some sort of punishment from Miss Tiggs, which was only looked upon as the salt that flavored the affair. This very little girl it was, putting that and that together, who one day said to Katie, who was only waiting for a proper opportunity to burst into a real hearty cry—

"Why don't you dress up and pass yourself off with Miss Tiggs for Cousin Bob, and then you can see Walter as much as you please?"

Now it was a dreadful thing for this very little girl to say such a wicked thing as this, so very little as she was, too; but what shall we say of Katie, who took her as quick as lightning in her arms, and said,

"Oh, you dear little creature! how smart you are! I'll do it, right away."

Well, well! the wickedness of young ladies at boarding-schools never can be estimated, and therefore there need be no wonderment when we assert that Katie and this very little girl were very soon laying their good-looking heads together and contriving how this notable plot could be accomplished, and at last concluding that nothing could be done without calling in the aid of Molly.

Now, Molly was the maid-of-all-work for the young ladies—general dressing-maid, chamber-maid, errand-maid, and, made to do all kinds of things either by love or bribery; the first being the motive with Katie Dillon, for Molly had been heard several times unblushingly to declare that she would run her head off to serve that young lady, though how far running one's head off can serve any person is a problem not easily solved.

And now these three, Katie, Molly and this very little girl, have their heads together, and from the combination was solved—first, that a suit of clothes must be got, which Molly settled by engaging to borrow the Sunday-go-to-meetings of a nephew, which she had presented him herself; and why shouldn't she borrow them, which—taking Katie in with her eye—would just fit? After this master-stroke, the trouble was almost over, for there was nothing else but to manage the arrival between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, this being the hour between school and supper, and also of Walter's coming home, and the time when Miss Tiggs always went out. It was a bold move, but Molly could fix it. The deception could not be expected to last long, for Miss Tiggs must soon find it out and punishment must follow, but Katie was willing to take all risks, so that she should only once again pass an hour with Walter.

Is there any wonder, therefore, that when Miss Tiggs returned from her afternoon exercise, Molly, who was on the watch, announced that Mr. Robert Tiggs had arrived and was at that moment in the parlor, and that Miss Leonora, with a pleasant flush mantling her yet good-looking cheeks, made very hasty steps toward that spot, and caught in her arms an apparently good-looking boy of about thirteen, who modestly returned her caresses and answered the hundred questions that were showered upon him? How came he to arrive a day sooner than expected? Anxiety to see his aunt. Where was his trunk? Left behind, to be delivered to-morrow, for the same reason. Delicate flattery! how could Miss Tiggs withstand it? She was delighted. Several times she held the nervous and blushing boy at arms' length and declared, delightedly, that she could see nothing of the likeness of five years ago, he had so improved; and then, leading him up in front of the mirror, affirmed that he had grown very

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like herself—in fact, the likeness must strike everybody.

How many kisses and embraces all this was interspersed with cannot be recorded, but in the midst of it in walked Walter. The meeting between the cousins was a queer one. On his entrance, Walter was constrained and offered his hand, but Cousin Bob, however backward he might have been with Aunt Leonora, was not so with Walter, for in a moment he had his arms around his neck, and gave him one of the soundest kisses on the lips that had been seen or heard in that house for many a long day. Aunt Leonora saw this approvingly, but Walter rather winced under it at first, until, as it were, suddenly undergoing a revolution of sentiment, he gave a quick, piercing look at his new cousin, and as vehemently caught him in his arms and duplicated the kiss; which was all that was wanted to make Miss Tiggs burst out in a little cry of admiration, and clap her plump little hands with as much delight as though she had found a penny.

After this there was nothing for Miss Tiggs to display her delight in so practical a way as in a question of supper. For over a week Walter had taken his supper alone, to keep him away from Katie, but to-night, according to Miss Tiggs' arrangement, Cousin Bob should take supper with him; and away she fluttered to make the arrangement.

Now, we are not going to intrude on the privacy of these two cousins when left alone by their aunt; so we will not only close the scene on this part, but on the supper, only asserting that if ever there were two perfectly happy cousins, that roof sheltered them. In fact, Miss Tiggs knew it, for as they rose from the table this little lady said,

"I'm so delighted, Bob, to think that you and Walter have taken so great a fancy to each other that I am going to leave you as much together as possible. You shall always breakfast and sup together." ("Just like you, aunt, you are always so good," says Walter. Bob said nothing.) "And," resumed Miss Tiggs, "I have given Molly orders to change the single bedstead in your room, Walter, and put in a double one. You shall sleep together."

This *was* kind, but why there should come to the faces of these two happy cousins such a blank look of sudden misery, none could define but themselves. Certainly, Miss Tiggs could not, for this elderly young lady was proverbially short of sight, and desperately fought against the use of glasses except in the retiracy of her own room. Therefore it was that the blank look must have escaped her notice, though Walter felt that she had read to their very hearts' cores when, a few moments afterward, and before their speech was restored, she said in a grave and altered tone of voice—

"Walter, you can go up stairs for half an hour. I wish to have some talk with your *cousin*." (She certainly did emphasize "cousin.") "He can go with me to my room, and I will ring when I want you."

And so these two happy cousins separated, each feeling like detected felons led to their punishment.

We shall follow Katie to Miss Tiggs' room, where they arrived without a word spoken on either side. It was a very droll beginning that Miss Tiggs made toward having "some talk." Firstly, she turned the gas, which had been burning brightly, to so low a point that there was something less than "a dim religious light" in the room; and secondly, she went deliberately to a closet and bringing forth a bottle labeled "Sherry" and two glasses, set them on the table, filled the glasses, and motioning for her companion to do the same, she quietly emptied one of them. This was an extraordinary refection for Miss Tiggs, and only indulged in on momentous occasions, as the recipient of the hospitality knew, though only by hearsay. This disposed of, she settled herself in a large easy-chair and motioned her *ci-devant* nephew to a seat at her feet: then, without further preliminaries, she opened on the trembling girl.

"Robert," says Miss Tiggs, "I have

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much to say to you, and I feel that I must say it to-night, before I sleep."

"Robert!" says Katie to herself. "Then she has not detected me."

"For," resumed Miss Tiggs, "there's no knowing what a night or day may bring forth."

Katie thought so too.

"While you were away from me, Robert, I did not feel the importance of this as I do now, but seeing you has brought it all to my mind, and I feel that you must and ought to know it."

Katie did not feel so sure of that, but was afraid to dissent.

"I am going now to tell you some part of my past life; but while I want this known to yourself, so that in case of my death you will know how to act, while I am living you must keep it always a secret locked in your own breast."

Oh dear! what was Katie Dillon to do now? Here was some fearful revelation coming that she did not want, and which she was to be sworn to keep. There was no help for it: hear it she must. Miss Tiggs went on:

"Robert, the world, even to my own relatives, has always considered me unmarried. This is not true. I have been married, and you are my child." Oh horrors! for Katie Dillon to sit there and listen to such a confession, which she knew was not intended for her ears! She buried her face in her hands while Miss Tiggs burst into a succession of sobs:

"My poor boy, I don't wonder you hide your face for shame of your mother. And yet it is all true. At an age when I should have been thinking of anything else—for I had reached thirty-five—I loved your father and married him. He was my English teacher, and for fear of the world's opinion I kept the marriage secret."

How Katie did squirm on the little stool at the good lady's feet, and how guilty she felt in listening to all this! but she could not speak, for her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Three months after we were married my poor Robert, your father, left me for a few weeks to go home and close his old parents' eyes, and I never saw him again. The vessel in which he sailed was never heard of."

Katie sobbed aloud, and buried her face in Miss Tiggs' lap, half in shame at her deceit and half in sympathy; for she dearly loved her adopted mother, and felt her sorrows were her own.

"Shortly after that you were born, and from that time I have always passed you off as my nephew, though I knew it was wrong; yet now that it has gone so long, it must go on until my death."

"Oh, oh, oh! Miss Leonora!" sobbed Katie, jumping to her feet. "I am such a wicked girl to be sitting here listening to all this, but I declare I didn't know what was coming till it was all said—I declare I didn't! Oh, indeed I'm not as wicked as I look. I hope you'll forgive me. Oh dear! oh dear!"

Miss Tiggs didn't scream. She just got up as quietly as though she were going to her breakfast, turned up the gas to its full height, opened a bureau-drawer, put on a pair of spectacles and surveyed the trembling and crying Katie from head to foot; and having finished the inspection, only ejaculated, "Well, well!" and sat down.

Now it was Katie's turn to talk, and talk she did. The whole story ran glibly off her tongue. Her great love for Walter; her despair at not being able to see him; the plot to reach that end, even for a few hours, braving punishment and peril; her sorrow at being made the recipient of Miss Tiggs' secret, when she thought her disguise had been discovered and a reproof about to be administered,—all this came in a storm of words, mixed up with sobs and tears; and yet Miss Tiggs only sat and said, "Well, well!" until it was all over, and then she rose up and taking the poor girl in her arms, kissed her and said, "I forgive you, Katie: I don't believe you intended wrong."

"Oh, indeed I did not!" Katie sobbed.

"And now," said Miss Tiggs, "as you have my secret, I suppose I must make a bargain with you to keep it. What shall the bargain be?"

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"Let me see Walter sometimes," she answered, smiling through her tears and throwing her arms about the little lady's neck.

"That you shall, and more too. For if you love each other as much as you seem to, and it is not, as I first took it to be, child's play, God forbid that I should be the one to separate you. You are both young to marry yet, but if in another year your minds have not changed, we will see what can be done."

And Miss Tiggs was as good as her word, and always did declare, when the real cousin Bob came home, that he wasn't half as good-looking as his representor. As to Miss Tiggs' secret, a secret it always remained until she saw fit to make it known herself, which she did when she retired from business a few years after. J. W. WATSON.

RUSSIA IN CENTRAL ASIA.

FOR more than three hundred years past, Russia has pursued a steady line of policy in the East, whose true object is displayed in her recent movements toward the dominion of Central Asia. As long ago as the beginning of the sixteenth century the Czar Ivan imagined and began a great Tartar kingdom, planting on the soil of Asia that Muscovite foot which has since made so gigantic strides. Hints of Russian advances in this direction reach us frequently, but, not perceiving the persistent and long-continued policy underlying them, we fail to appreciate their great significance. Taken together, a connected and extensive plan appears, whose dénouement seems near at hand.

Russia, having first conquered and annexed the European Tartar kingdoms of Kazan and Astrakhan, gazed with longing eyes on the interminable stretch of Asia lying broad and mysterious before her.

The vast domain of Siberia was first made known by a political fugitive, who, flying from the law, crossed the Ural and discovered the regions beyond. He returned and described his adventures, and in reward for his discovery was pardoned and appointed to lead an expedition into this new world to the East. The progress of conquest was rapid. The hardy Cossacks, conquered about the middle of the fifteenth century, were then, and have been ever since, the military pioneers of Russia. Strong bodies of these were sent into Siberia, and rapidly explored the country to the eastward. This advance continued for fifty years, reaching the Gulf of Okhotsk in 1639. Another division tried the Amoor region, but here came into contact with the Chinese, by whom they were repelled.

This region embraces a vast extent of country, the most populous in Siberia. It is watered by a great river, twenty-two hundred miles long, whose valley is broad, fertile and well wooded, its climate endurable, its population composed of hunting and fishing tribes, who have some faint idea of agriculture. For centuries the Chinese have cheated and oppressed these simple-minded subjects.

The Russians made vigorous efforts to possess themselves of this region, building a fort far within the Chinese territory, from which they made destructive raids down the Manjoor river, and sadly troubled their Celestial neighbors. They were finally driven out in 1688, from which year to 1848 the Chinese held undisputed possession. In the latter year an officer and four Cossacks were sent down the river in a boat to spy out the land. They were

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never afterward heard of, though to learn their fate every effort was made consistent with the caution necessary to conceal the fact that the party were spies, instead of deserters, as pretended.

A bolder movement was next resolved upon. In 1854 the governor-general of Eastern Siberia organized an extensive expedition, which was sent down the Amoor. At every strong point on the north bank Cossack stations were formed, and possession taken of the whole northern country in the coolest manner imaginable, the Chinese quietly yielding to the onslaught of these fierce strangers. Various towns are now established in the fertile country to the north of the river, it having been ceded to Russia by the pen after she had first taken it by the sword.

By a treaty with China in November, 1860, the northern half of the island of Saghalien and the eastern portion of Manchooria were acquired, and in June, 1861, an island in the Straits of Corea was occupied. This island is fifty miles long by twelve wide, and fully commands the straits. The southern portion of Saghalien, belonging to Japan, has just been forcibly seized, and a strong garrison established.

These movements give Russia full possession of the coast of Asia from 35° North latitude to the Frozen Ocean, securing the possession of the vast regions she has been so long annexing, and giving her a controlling naval influence in the North Pacific.

The word Siberia seems to us synonymous with cold and barrenness, calling up thoughts of frozen soil and inhospitable temperature. But the Russian Court fully understands the value of its possession. Though the northern regions are only useful for their annual crop of furs, there is a wide region in the south excellently adapted to agricultural and pastoral pursuits, much of the soil being of the highest fertility. Some of its rivers swarm with valuable fish, its mountain regions produce abundance of timber, and it possesses many other sources of wealth which are being rapidly developed. The most important of these are the mines. These are numerous, and comprise all the precious and several of the baser metals. Rich deposits of precious stones are also found, with numerous valuable minerals. This country is also important as being a highway for trade with China and Japan, and will probably soon be traversed by a continental railroad, opening a channel for commerce which will compete with the Suez Canal.

But the acquisition of Siberia is only part of the Russian plan. South of this region lies a broad belt of desert, a vast expanse of sand and saline soil, broken here and there by mountain ranges, and possessed of occasional streams and lakes. In the mountain valleys and on the river banks grassy oases are found, which yield sustenance to extensive herds of horses, camels, cattle and sheep, the property of the barbarous nomads who wander over these barren levels. China controls the eastern part of this region. The western portion forms the range of the Kirgheez hordes. These Tartar tribes inhabit a territory extending two thousand miles in length by twelve hundred in breadth, and are very rich in cattle and sheep. In these vast steppes Russia is rapidly extending and concentrating her power. Her movements here have been of the most insidious character, the thoughtless tribes being drawn inch by inch under her influence.

To show the mode of Russian progress in this direction we may relate the following incident: In 1848, Russia had great need of lead for the working of her silver-mines in West Siberia. The East Siberian lead-mines, though very productive, were closed, as all the people east of Lake Baikal were needed for her intended movement on the Amoor, while the Crimean war afterward shut off her supply from England. Therefore some engineers were sent into the steppes on an exploring expedition. After a long search, not only lead, but rich silver-mines were found in a mountain district to the north of Lake Balkash. It was at once determined to treat for their purchase. The Kirgheez

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closely examined the locality, but could see no value in the rocks. They were better aware, however, of the worth of a small river that ran past, whose pastures were valuable to them, and whose water was indispensable to the Russians. But the shrewd agent dressed the sultan of the tribe in laced coat, sabre and gold medal, and his chiefs in brilliant attire, and rather than have taken off their finery again they would have sold the whole steppe. Thus for about seven hundred and fifty dollars the czar became the owner of rich mines embracing an area of one hundred and sixty square miles, and a foothold from which his authority could reach out in all directions.

But Russia does not usually descend to the farce of a purchase. She has built various frontier forts and trading towns, connected with Siberia by posting stations, and each a centre of wide influence over the hordes. Officers are appointed specially to deal with the nomads, and they have subordinates residing with the separate tribes. These resident officers court and pay deference to the chief, translating his official papers and writing his answers, to which he affixes his seal without knowing their contents. They invest him with some mark of distinction dear to his barbarous soul—a sabre, a cocked hat or gold-laced coat—with the privilege of attending a yearly council at Ayagus. At this council laws are made to govern the tribe, and thus the fetters of Russian power are slowly fastened upon the wandering hordes. For years the Cossack authority has been thus insidiously creeping over the shepherd tribes, till now the whole wide region is in great measure a Russian province.

Russia has been very prudent in her intercourse with the Asiatics, respecting their religions and superstitions, and permitting no priests to accompany the Cossack marches. The nomads are proud of their traditions, and would prove exceedingly hard to convert. Their conquerors have taken a different course, building mosques, and bringing Tartar mullahs into the steppes, who have made many of the tribes, formerly very tolerant, now the most zealous of fanatics. This strange procedure seems intended to conciliate the bigoted Mohammedans to the south.

Several of the Cossack towns are becoming very populous, and are already too strong to fear attacks by insurgent Kirgheez. The nomads are thus being rapidly surrounded by military stations, to whose strength they must submit, and from which emanate the influences of civilization. Many schools have been established for the Kirgheez children, and a considerable number of the new generation already possess the accomplishments of reading and writing. This is a new element, tending to overthrow the traditional nomad customs, and to plant the plains of Asia with the thoughts and habits of civilized Europe.

This occupation of the steppes and gradual Russianizing of the Kirgheez hordes is, however, but a chapter in that extended scheme of policy which looks for its final accomplishment to a more southern region, in which, during the past ten years, the drama of occupation has been vigorously played.

The region of Toorkistan has long been almost a *terra incognita*, and is yet but little known to the general reader. It will be well, then, to preface an account of the Russian operations in this region by a brief description of its inhabitants and physical peculiarities.

Toorkistan is chiefly a desert, and is peopled by fierce nomads, more warlike in character than the Kirgheez. It is diversified, however, by three great oases, which are interlaced by strips of desert, but comprise wide and very fertile districts. These include the Central Asian governments of Khiva, Bokhara and Khokan, which are ruled with the most absolute tyranny. Their settled inhabitants have several manufacturing interests, and produce from the soil abundant harvests of grain and the most delicious fruits and melons. Their principal cities, Khiva, Bokhara, Samarcand, etc., are far from being the important places they appear through the medium of Oriental exaggeration, being

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chiefly mud-built towns, immeasurably behind European cities. Khiva, the most westerly of these governments, touches the Caspian Sea on the west, the Aral on the north, the river Oxus traversing it and Bokhara, while the Syr Daria, more to the north, runs through Northern Khokan. East of this latter region lies the Chinese Tartary of the maps, though it is no longer a Chinese possession, the people having lately achieved a successful insurrection and driven out their Chinese governors.

The Toorkoman tribes of the desert are magnificent horsemen, and possess a breed of animals unsurpassed in the world. They have long been in the habit of diversifying their pastoral labors by piratical excursions on the Caspian, and the annual capture and sale into slavery of large numbers of the neighboring Persians.

Toorkistan is pre-eminent as the true headquarters of Islamism, the Mohammedan faith being held here with a fierce bigotry and an intolerance of other creeds that have long rendered the life of a European not worth an hour's purchase throughout the whole region. Such is the main cause of the mystery which has so long enveloped it.

The Russian advances against Toorkistan are not recent in their origin. As long ago as 1602 the Cossacks took Khiva, but were defeated in their return. Again, in 1703, during the reign of Peter the Great, the khan of Khiva placed his dominions under Russian rule. While the khans were of the Kirgheez race, the Khivans continued friendly to Russia, but since 1800 a change of dynasty has produced a feeling of hostility.

In 1835, Russia seized a post on the eastern shore of the Caspian, and built a fort, which is still held, and has proved of the greatest importance in repressing the Toorkoman pirates of this inland sea. In 1839 an unsucessful expedition against Khiva took place, which, however, frightened the khan into the release of some four hundred Russian prisoners held by him.

About this same period the English invaded Afghanistan, and pursued Dost Mohammed toward Bokhara. This expedition was a similar failure; but there has been a marked difference in the subsequent action of the two nations. No advance has been made since from India. Russia, on the contrary, has been pushing vigorously forward, freely using diplomacy, force and gold in the accomplishment of her objects. Her movements, however, have not been made from the Caspian, she having contented herself there with holding two or three fortified points, and patrolling the sea with three armed steamers for the protection of commerce and the suppression of piracy. The Aral has been her main centre of operations, being exceedingly favorable for this purpose, as receiving those two great currents, the Amoo and Syr Darias. These streams, penetrating the whole extent of Central Asia, form invaluable lines of military operation. The Amoo Daria, however, is full of shifting sandbanks, and great part of its water is drawn off to supply the irrigating canals of the Toorkistan agriculturists. This renders the Syr Daria a far more favorable line of operation. This latter stream is also favorable as running more to the north, and not, like the former, through the centre of a hostile country.

The Khokanians have long had a fort on this stream, which was made a basis of oppression of the neighboring nomad and agricultural tribes. In the year 1847, Russia unmasked her purpose by the seizure of the mouth of the Syr and the building of Fort Aralsk.

During the twenty-three years that have elapsed since this occupation a drama almost unknown to American readers has been played upon this distant stage, and the dominion of Central Asia in a great measure has changed hands. The hostility displayed by the Asiatics gave Russia the desired excuse for attacking the Khokanian fort. In 1852 the advance began by an armed survey of the river, ending in an unsuccessful attempt to storm the fort. The next year the fort was regularly

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invested by a strong force. It was strongly built of clay, and desperately defended, but the siege was vigorously prosecuted, and the fort finally stormed and taken.

The Khokanians made several efforts to retake their fort, but without success, and were finally diverted by an invasion of their territory from Bokhara. Russia took advantage of this to seize and strongly fortify several points along the river, finally occupying the Khokan fort Djulek, a point within striking distance of the khanat.

The region thus occupied is mostly a desert, its only fertile land being the narrow belt on each side the river. But between Djulek and Vernoje—the most southern station in the territory of the Great Horde of the Kirgheez — lies Northern Khokan, a district of fine climate and fertile soil.

The ostensible object of the Russians was the completion of their lines, and their removal from the desert to the inhabited border of Toorkistan. In furtherance of this objeet they had now full possession of the Aral Sea, and an unbroken chain of forts along the Syr Daria. Taking advantage of the internal dissensions of the Khokanians, they had marched resolutely down the river, and established military posts within thirty-two miles of the town of Tashkend, the military key to Toorkistan, while at the same time advancing over the steppes upon the eastern frontier of Khokan, thus threatening the khanat and surrounding the Kirgheez with military stations. On November 21, 1864, it was announced that the above object having been accomplished, the aggressive policy of Russia was ended. This announcement, however, was soon followed by a march into the interior of Khokan and an occupation of Tashkend, the latter being in response to a deputation to the Russian camp and a petition from the merchants of the town. During the five years that have elapsed since this occupation the population of the town has largely increased, and, among other radical changes, a Greek church has been built in this centre of rabid Mohammedanism. This military movement was vigorously continued, and early in 1866 a large portion of Khokan was seized.

The emir of Bokhara, alarmed by these threatening advances, at once proclaimed a holy war against the aggressors. "Death to the infidel!" was preached throughout the country; Colonel Struve, the eminent astronomer, who had been sent on an embassy from the Russian camp, was imprisoned; and the most vigorous efforts made to raise troops to repel the invaders.

Utter ignorance of the doings of outside barbarians prevails in this paradise of fanaticism, and the most extravagant ideas are held in relation to the power of the Sublime Porte. The dismay into which Europe was thrown centuries ago by the onset of the Turks is believed to still continue, and that a promise of assistance from the sultan would drive the infidel invader in terror from the holy soil of Toorkistan. But this is not their only military dependence. They trust largely to two powerful aids against aggression. One of these is the extensive deserts surrounding their territory: the other, in their eyes far more efficacious, is the large number of saints buried in their soil.

Thus powerfully armed in defence with the Porte, the desert and the saints, the emir vigorously prepared for war, and succeeded in defeating the Russians, who had marched into Bokhara for the purpose of liberating Colonel Struve. They, however, retreated in order, and soon made a second advance, capturing the large town of Khojend and holding other important posts, which gave them full command of the khanat of Khokan. The emir, astonished that the Sublime Porte had not annihilated the invaders, and that the saints had slept serenely with the foot of the infidel upon their graves, now sued for peace, which was readily granted.

During the year 1867 the Russian power in this region was consolidated, and a new province organized under the name of Toorkistan. The Russian

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movements are never barren military occupations, the Cossack advances being always followed by agriculturists with their families and stock, thriving colonies soon springing up round each fort.

In May, 1868, the Russian troops marched toward Western China, leaving weak garrisons. The emir, deceived by this movement, immediately proclaimed a holy war, allied himself with the neighboring khans, and marched against the Russian garrisons. This movement was met by the march of a powerful Russian force to Tashkend, whose garrison pushed vigorously forward. The khan of Khiva meanwhile tried to enlist Afghanistan on his side, but failed. The troops of the emir, led by his nephew, were met and defeated near Samarcand, which city was immediately occupied, the invader thus setting his sacrilegious foot in the very central shrine of unadulterated Mohammedanism. A vigorous effort was made to retake this city, the Russians being driven to the citadel, where they were besieged for eight days. They were relieved, however, and the emir defeated. In July, 1868, he sued for peace, which was granted on terms highly advantageous to the Russians. Samarcand was ceded to Russia, along with three other stations, shrewdly selected to give full military control of the country. One of these was a point on the road from Samarcand to Afghanistan, the second an important post between Samarcand and Bokhara, and the third a desirable military station near the Oxus; the three forming a triangle, which, strongly occupied, would effectually lock Bokhara in the military embrace of Russia.

Besides these advantages, the long seclusion of the country was broken up, resident mercantile agents being permitted in all the towns, and protection guaranteed to the Russian trade and caravans. Duties had been formerly collected by whoever felt strong enough to exact them, their amount depending entirely on the whim of the collector. They were now permanently fixed within the limit of two and a half per cent. of the value of the goods, and a regular system of collection prescribed.

Russia, in fact, has gained the most radical advantages, and has won a foothold in the country which will assure the good faith of the emir, and must eventually end in her taking full possession of Toorkistan and incorporating it as a province of the Russian empire.

Such are the apparent operations of Russia in Asia, but under all these wars and rumors of war lies a strong web of diplomatic mystery and of local change of habits and modes of thought in the Asiatics, which are working as much to the advantage of Russia as the open successes of her arms. To achieve conquest in the true sense of the term consists not alone in subjecting a people to the power of the sword. The popular mind must be educated up to the new phase of things, and made satisfied with the change of rulers and conditions. Russia, with a shrewd idea of diplomacy, is rendering herself the most prominent figure in Asiatic politics, and impressing the tribes with a salutary sense of her power and of the value of her friendship. She has already taken the place which was, during the last century, held by the Chinese, who, previous to the Russian advance, were greatly feared in Central Asia; and she is rapidly weakening the influence of England in Asiatic politics.

The Russian is in great measure an Asiatic, and is far better adapted to deal with his fellow-Orientals than is any full-blooded European. He meets the sons of the Orient with their own smiling suavity and endless prudence, glides through the net of diplomacy without displaying an angle in his body, enters into their modes of thought, conforms to their customs, and allows them to delay and prevaricate to their hearts' content. But when once a point is gained he is utterly unyielding. The edge of the sabre is hidden until it is ready to be drawn; in the use of intrigue no Asiatic can surpass him; he is an adept in the art of bribery, has emissaries everywhere: in fact thoroughly un-

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derstands Asia, and how to deal with her. The Asiatic looks only to the present, and will accept a momentary advantage, though it be full of the seeds of future loss. Thus the astute Russian has gained point after point from his Oriental neighbors, and has permanently annexed a territory one-half larger than all Europe, and yet has ever succeeded in making faithful subjects of those who before conquest were bitterly hostile.

England, on the contrary, though full of good intentions, so disgusts her Asiatic subjects with her pride and arrogance as to keep them thoroughly unreconciled to her authority. The English rulers of India are supercilious and overbearing in their intercourse with the natives, and constantly interfere with the local habits of the country. As a natural result, the Indians are only submissive through fear, and must believe in England's strength to yield to her authority.

What the future will bring forth no man can tell. Many shrewd politicians fear a future conflict between the two great rivals for Asiatic dominion. The Cossack seems following the path traced by the Aryan in the pre-historic past, and by the Mongol tribes of a later period. But his movements have not the torrent rush of these earlier invasions. His advances are made with endless caution—the ground skillfully prepared in front and strongly occupied in the rear. Gold and diplomacy are the comrades of the sword in all his marches, and he is moving forward with a solid front that is full of significance for the future.

In the last ten years, Russia has absorbed Khokan, annexed Samarcand, made Khiva and Bokhara submissive, Persia has become subservient to her influence, and the ruler of Afghanistan has had reason to be a friend of the Russians and an enemy of the English. The Cossack advance is already within fifteen days' journey of India, and should an invasion be a future part of the plan, Russia could easily strengthen her forces by two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand Afghan, Persian and Tartar recruits—warlike races for whom the Sepoys would be no match. Should such a war arise in the future, the English rule in India would be greatly imperiled. The Mussulman of India already looks to Russia for protection, and would probably join her in expelling the hated English from his soil.

The main difficulty of Russia in properly governing these new possessions lies in the desert region intervening between Orenburg on the European limit and the border of Toorkistan. There is, however, a possible means of overcoming this obstacle. The Amoo Daria, or Oxus, is said by the Greeks, who penetrated to this region during the invasion of Alexander the Great, to have formerly run into the Caspian. They report the same ancient terminus for the Syr Daria, or Jaxartes. Competent engineers, who have examined the land between the two inland seas, declare that such an ancient course of the rivers is possible, and it is rumored that the idea is seriously entertained of turning the two rivers into their former channels, and forcing them to reflow to the Caspian. Such a result would give Russia full military control of Central Asia, forming a water-route, in continuation of the Volga, for two thousand miles farther into the interior of Asia; thus giving the Russian war-steamers a complete line of navigable water extending from St. Petersburg to the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains, a South Asian range which forms the northern line of the English territory. Could troops thus be forwarded by continuous transportation from St. Petersburg, through a friendly and fertile country, to the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh and Kuen-Lun ranges, and to the borders of Afghanistan, it is apparent that India would lie open to a Russian invasion in force at any moment the czar might order; the only hindrance to such an invasion being the height and difficulty of these mountains, and possible resistance to a march across Afghan territory.

CHARLES MORRIS.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE changes which public sentiment may undergo in a few short years is well illustrated by the history of Fairmount Park, of which some account will be found on a preceding page. In 1854, three unassuming but public-spirited gentlemen became convinced that a park and the preservation of the drinking water of this great city were imperative wants. They labored with their friends and fellow-citizens in vain. Thomas P. Cope had succeeded by great zeal and consequent exertion in getting Councils to purchase Pratt's Garden at the dam supplying the city with water—a few acres only. Sedgely was next above on the river, and there was equal beauty, while dwellings upon it would render the river impure. Sedgely was for sale for about a hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Our enthusiasts determined the city should possess this beautiful site. No one was found to aid the trio. In despair of success they remembered that the late A. J. Downing, as editor of the *Horticulturist*, had the credit of creating by his writings the taste which produced the Central Park at New York. Calling a carriage one stormy winter day, they drove to the residence of a gentleman then temporarily filling the post left vacant by the death of Downing. They asked for help, for a paragraph. The editor advised another process. "Let us hold," said he, "a meeting;" and, he in the chair, one of the trio as secretary, and the others as orators, resolutions were passed and published, and an adjourned meeting called at the rooms of the Historical Society. Not a dozen persons attended, but the party were not discouraged: they besieged the rich and the munificent, but not quite half the required amount having been subscribed for the purchase of Sedgely, the brilliant idea was suggested to hand it over to Councils, under mortgage for the half of the purchase-money. *Councils declined it*, and only after a long delay accepted the hardly-earned gift. See what has come of it, and how the skies have changed: the small pittance grudgingly paid is now increased to millions with the approval of all. Indeed, the popularity of the Park has been steadily growing among the citizens of Philadelphia ever since, and it is confidently believed that its existence will add five per cent. to their average life. The number of vehicles and horses kept for pleasure in this city has nearly doubled in the last few years, and more than one gentleman has given up his country-seat, preferring the comforts of the city, even in summer, now that its discomforts can be tempered by a daily drive in Fairmount Park.

It is not the rich alone, however, or even chiefly, who are to benefit by this grand public improvement. Philadelphia's specialty is, to be the Home, the pleasant, healthful Home, of the workingman, and Fairmount Park therefore ought to be the Park, pre-eminently, of the workingman. The most beautiful parts of the domain, lie, however, at distances from the workingman's home too great for the workingman's wife to visit them, because when she leaves home she must carry the baby in her arms. George's Hill and Belmont Mansion are as impracticable as Yo-Semite; and even though the baby be sick unto death, she cannot take the poor little thing to get the pure and inspiring air of the Schuylkill bluffs, because no ten-cent horse-cars run to Sweet Brier and Peters' Farm. A man who can spend five hundred dollars a year for recreation (enough to feed the workingman and his wife) can enjoy his invigorating ride after a summer day's business is over, and for him and *his* baby the Park Commissioners have provided Lansdowne Drive. Now, if alongside, but out of the dust, of the five-hundred-dollar carriage these Commis-

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sioners of our lordly estate will at once proceed to lay down horse-car tracks, inviting, encouraging and paying if necessary any and all horse-car companies to send over it open railway carriages, the workingman's wife and baby can enjoy the scenery and the gayety, coming home to daily duties refreshed. There are possibly not more than one thousand who keep mere pleasure horses in the city, whilst there are six hundred and ninety-nine thousand who seldom ride behind any but the car horse. Let the six hundred and ninety-nine thousand have a chance to get exhilaration and health by breathing just such air as invigorates the minority. Let the enjoyment of the six hundred and ninety-nine thousand, the masses for whom King James had the Bible translated, be the special point kept in view by the Park Commissioners.

It would be in vain for the warmest supporters of our expensive Park to deny that the citizens who live at a distance do not reap the benefit and pleasure which the Park grounds might afford. The taxes for improvements may touch them lightly, but the inhabitants of Kensington and Richmond have no means of easy access to its lovely precincts, nor can they reach the drives except through great fatigue and loss of time. We would like to see them participate in the benefit. The Reading Railroad managers, always anxious to identify themselves with the interests of their fellow-citizens, might, and we trust will, run over their admirably-managed road a few daily passenger trains to connect with the "Park Accommodation," so that a painful and fatiguing route through the city could be reduced to a short, pleasant and inexpensive trip to the health-inspiring beauties now created and in progress. Let the Commissioners and the railroad directors have five minutes' conference, and the suggestion will be found of advantage to both parties, but especially to the public. The need and the popularity of the proposed trains all who make an examination of the map will at once see: it would bring new advocates for great expenditures, reconciling some unheard, though influential, parties. It is the business and right of the press to suggest: let those interested weigh and act.

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I am an old woman, Mr. Editor (writes a friend for whose communication we gladly make room in this department of the Magazine), but I am not in the least conservative after the manner of my kind. I have a weakness for the ways and fashions of the hour, and can smile cheerfully upon my eldest granddaughter when she appears before me crêpée, panierée and flounced to the height of the mode. She looks pretty, and I confess the fact. As long as she neither paints her face nor dyes her hair I can see no harm in her dainty and fantastic attire. Girls did not dress so in my day, to be sure. But then, in my day steamboats were scarce, and railroads and telegraphs were not. I should as soon yearn after a journey by stage-coach and canal-boat as to desire to see the young girls of the period attired in calico, with their hair combed tightly over their ears. Nor did I ever dress in that simple, be-praised and unæsthetic fashion myself. The mute evidence of my portrait, painted when I was just twenty-two, proves to me that I wore a black silk dress, a lace cape and sundry articles of jewelry, and that I built up my hair into a most astonishing edifice of puffs and bows, three times more difficult to construct than a modern chignon would be. I like the charming little concoctions of lace and ribbons and flowers which we call bonnets, and which replace the satin cartwheels of my girlhood. I like duplex elliptics, and do not sigh after the days when a fashionable lady could with difficulty step across a gutter by reason of the narrowness of her skirts. I like street-cars and railroads and telegraphs and gas-lamps and furnace fires. I took laughing-gas the other day to have a tooth extracted. I paid forty dollars last month for a new chignon (gray hairs being expensive, you see); and I must own that I think the dress

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of the present day infinitely more comfortable, sensible and healthful than were the styles in vogue almost forty years ago. Thin slippers and open-worked stockings and low-necked dresses, with embroidered muslin capes for street wear, scanty, tightly-cut and insufficient clothing at all times, and gigantic and cumbersome head-gear, have been replaced by the short skirts, thick Balmoral boots, warm outer garments and jaunty hats of the now reigning fashions. Our bonnets used to be horizontal cartwheels, and our hats perpendicular ones, both adorned with forests of feathers and gardens of roses of preternatural bigness. And to-day I can put two bonnets in my little trunk when I go to New York to pay my eldest son a visit, and yet have abundant space for all the rest of my clothing besides.

But here I am, rambling on like a garrulous old woman as I am, without ever coming to the point for which I started. And the point in question is this: People tell me that there are no children now-a-days, and shake their heads ruefully as they assure me that miniature men and women have replaced the joyous, innocent children of bygone epochs. Have they? Then, for my part, I am glad of it. A real, unmitigated, uncivilized child is a nuisance too great to be passively endured. It is a brat. It daubs its face and clothes with molasses candy, smashes the windows, tears lace curtains, mounts on brocade furniture with muddy boots, tortures cats, teases pigeons, and is a compound of noise and dirt and bad behavior generally. Enter the miniature lady and gentleman whose existence fills the conservative breast with horror. They are prettily and carefully dressed. They extend kid-gloved hands, and say, sweetly, "Good-morning." They speak when they are spoken to, and have something to say beyond "Lemme be!" and "I dunno!" If you give a children's ball, the Child of the Period (*ætat.* 8) will grace it. She will come elegantly dressed and well-mannered. She will dance the "German" with all possible science and *savoir faire*, will flirt a very little and very discreetly, and will partake modestly of a ladylike sufficiency of supper. Her brother (*ætat.* 10) is an accomplished cavalier. He engages his dancing partners early in the evening, escorts the chosen of his heart to the supper-room, waits on her with assiduity, bestows on her all the bonbons and flowers he receives, and refuses to be tempted even by *biscuit glacé* or crystallized fruits till all her wants are well supplied. The innocent, unsophisticated child would bolt into the room, pull down the pyramids of bonbons and the bouquets of flowers, throw ice-cream in his neighbor's face, and end by gorging himself to repletion, and by spilling all spillable and sticky viands over his clothes. And I must say that I have seen far more real enjoyment among the daintily-dressed, well-mannered couples who bounded through the *galop* and flew through the mazes of the "German," than I ever witnessed among a whooping, yelling crowd of those dreadful little savages, natural, unrestrained children. Children are naturally imitative, and it is as easy to persuade them to consider themselves refined, rational beings—ladies and gentlemen, in short—as it is to work them up to that pitch of excitement and unrestraint when they cease to be small specimens of humanity and become horrid little pigs. I hail the Child of the Period as a boon; and though not a Presbyterian, I am ready to subscribe to one at least of their doctrines—namely, that whatsoever is, is right, so far as children are concerned.

Out of a love of fairness as wise as generous, the Editor of this Magazine offers me a page or so of this, his own preserve, wherein to express certain heterodox views I entertain of our English relations.

It is held by the great mass of the American people that England has done us a wrong—that we had a right to expect from a nation which had given such signal proofs of a philanthropic and progressive spirit that recognition and support in our struggle which the importance of its issues demanded. We

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were fighting not simply for ourselves, but for humanity, and this the hitherto foremost nation in the ranks of progress, instead of helping, hindered, and either withheld from us, or gave our enemy, the advantage of such doubtful law or facts as a seeming adherence to her treaty obligations permitted.

Fair-minded men who have examined this sweeping charge in both its legal and popular bearings agree in reducing it to two specifications, variously stated as a lack of due vigilance on the part of corporate England in the case of the Alabama, and a lack of cordiality on the part of social England (meaning Belgravia) in the case of certain Northerners traveling in England. Of the two, perhaps the latter has caused more bitter feeling than the former; for if there is one thing of which your true Yankee is more tenacious than another, it is that his negation of all rank shall give him the highest. Gravely considered, this charge is no less insignificant than inconsistent, since any claim against social as distinct from corporate England must be made at the expense of the very dignity we are seeking to maintain. It might be shown very clearly, however, that we had many and warm friends in England, who were not slow to speak and act, and that these were not all of the *rabble*. Indeed, this term, so freely used of our English supporters, is hardly the proper one for a nation whose basis is the equality of all men. If America wished to express her opinion of England, she would do it through the ballot-box, where every man, *rabble* and all, would vote; and if by the rabble is meant the workingmen, they would decide the question. It is only consistent, then, for America to accept a like arbitration from England, more especially as that tribunal was so unequivocal in our support during the war, and that its influence was felt and acknowledged in the acts of the English government. We have nothing in common with the English peerage but a common origin and language. Our appeal was to the English masses—a power which the echo of the Appomattox is rapidly welding into definite shape—and from them came our response, prompt and clear, just so soon as the issues of our contest became sufficiently defined to justify them as lovers of freedom in giving it.

But we should remember that until the Emancipation Proclamation those issues were not very clear to us. For two years nearly we fought to maintain the integrity of the Federal Union alone — an idea sufficiently inspiring to us, but having little or no claim upon the sympathy of England, who saw in it only the perpetuation of a great republic already of unnatural proportions, overshadowing the world, and soon to encroach upon her own domain. Nor could she see why the integrity of the Union was essential to freedom, because disunion threw another powerful empire on the side of freedom, and permitted an aggressive policy on the part of that empire against slavery, while the Union, as we for a long time sought it, would have given the slave-power greater strength than ever, because we would have felt bound to protect it in the rights guaranteed. We could scarcely expect that England should compromise herself with the South, and boldly throw her influence with the North, when all her commercial interests pointed to the South, and no distinct assertion of Northern policy challenged her sense of right. Mr. Lincoln's first message proposed to secure slavery for ever to the Slave States, and until January, 1863, we gave no guarantee to the world that we were fighting for freedom. It was in the summer preceding this that the Alabama escaped from Liverpool. Admitting that she did not deposit her offence at the Azores—though if she did not, she was a pirate, not privateer—and that Judge Story's decision in the case of the Santissima Trinidad is inapplicable, the question is yet one involving new and nice points of law and evidence, to be gravely weighed and not lightly pronounced upon. The prompt action of England in the analogous case of the rams, notwithstanding the many conflicting and embarrassing obstacles put in Lord Russell's way, should be taken at its full import. No one can gainsay a pronounced disposition on the part of "corporate England" in this case to vindicate her neutrality to the uttermost, and from whatever aspersions may have been cast upon it by the escape of the Alabama. One who remembers the contest on this question in the English Parliament, and how it was made the great lever by the Tories to force the Russell ministry from office, will also remember to whom that ministry looked for support, how freely it was given, and how pregnant a ministerial change at that time was of evil to us. They will also remember that no di-

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vision could ever be taken in Parliament on the question of recognizing the independence of the South—that no public meetings were held in its favor, while the reverse is notorious; and they will consider, too, that no nation's interests and duties ever seemed in stronger conflict than England's—that her population was literally starving for a principle, while she had nothing in prospect but the hatred of both North and South for her neutrality.

One other relation, and perhaps the most important, was her check upon France. Resistance to Louis Napoleon's Mexican policy, whatever the motives, could not be otherwise than assistance to the North; and whether Mr. Roebuck's authority for proposing intervention in the emperor's name was real or pretended, there is good reason for believing that England alone prevented a recognition of the South on the part of France. Such recognition was for us disunion, as we know or should know, if we have not forgotten the dark days when loyal men trembled and hesitated between further sacrifice and disunion.

And now that these issues are dead, that we have crossed the Rubicon and carried the world farther on its march of progress, is it wise or generous to dwell too strongly on the errors of ignorance or prejudice in the past? Can we remember how rapidly we have grown from the nation which hung John Brown by acclamation to the nation which passed the Fifteenth Amendment, and not consider that other peoples and nations must grow likewise? For many years we presented the anomaly of sending ministers to England who laid much stress on the bond of our common origin and language, while the same bond was of so frail a tenure at home that some of the very men who urged it in England would have done so at the risk of their lives in Charleston.

Let us not rebuke England with being a dullard or a knave because her steady climbing has not placed her on as high a plane as our convulsion has placed us. We have gained so much that we can afford, without abatement of our dignity, to forgive much: especially can we and should we abandon rather than nurse a grievance so indefinite, so vague as this against England, which is puzzling the better spirits of both nations to define, but which is sufficient in the hands of the ignorant or unscrupulous to endanger the interests of humanity. Let us rather improve this period of profound peace throughout the world to relieve it of its cumbrous and demoralizing armies, and by concession and arbitration on these questions of issue with England assist in the formation of that international code to the want of which they are chiefly due. America can have no quarrel now with that nation whose press is free and whose masses can read.

COPE WILLING.

There are no blunders more ridiculous than those made by the Mrs. Partingtons of this world, *male and female*, who, with a feeble glimmering of the idea they mean to express, put it into such a disguise of language as to quite change its identity. Straining after effect, they employ words that they can't understand, and are thus quite apt to make a philological "mess" of it. The best representative of this class we ever knew was old Major P——, a pompous, ignorant person, whose portly figure and loud voice gave remarkable effect to his queer mistakes. He was a director of the C—— Bank at the time of its suspension, and attended a meeting of the board, when it was resolved to collect the assets and make an equitable distribution among the creditors. Descending the steps at the close of the meeting, the major was button-holed by an anxious shareholder, who asked, "Now, major, what are you going to do for us creditors? How much shall we get? "Sir," responded the director, swelling up with the importance of the idea he was about to enunciate, and emphasizing his words by the rapping of his cane on the sidewalk—"Sir, we shall immediately proceed to collect the *exits* of the concern, pay the debts, and make a *piratical division* of the surplus."

. . . The following is a veritable transcript from the record of a will admitted to probate in the State of New York: "I bequeath my body to the grave, my soul to its Maker, and the *remainder of my property* to my wife."

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Histoire de Napoléon Ier. Par P. Lanfrey. 4 tomes. Paris: Charpentier. 12mo.

At a time when the Second Empire is entering upon a new régime, which seems likely to bring it nearer to the great Napoleon's professed idea of a republican empire, it is not without interest to see a new life of the first emperor appear, written by an author whose evident aim it is to substitute the truth for illusions. An able and well-informed man, Colonel Lanfrey presents to his countrymen a patriotic but impartial portrait of their great hero: with unsparing hand he tears the purple from the throne, and shows the worm-eaten wood underneath; mercilessly he wipes the paint from the Cæsar's face and lets us see his false smile and his savage teeth. Equally far from the caricatures published by Napoleon's enemies and from the golden idol which France has long worshiped under his name, he tries to let us see the dark shadows by the side of the bright lights, and makes us exclaim, after reading his merciless dissection of the emperor's character, Poor humanity!

The work, however, is so manifestly truthful, and the author's views are so strongly supported by carefully-collected documents, that every new volume, as it appears, is eagerly welcomed and closely examined. The fourth volume, published this year, contains a graphic description of the famous interview at Tilsit in 1807, and incidentally a portrait of the new emperor's personal manner, which becomes interesting in proportion as it differs from the more familiar likenesses known to the French and the readers of French works.

Napoleon had come to the Russian frontier surrounded by all the prestige of new victories and unexpected successes. He had overcome all obstacles—old, well-established systems, as well as new ideas. Pitt had died of grief and disappointment; Nelson had fallen in his last victory; Fox had given way under unbearable pressure; the Prussian monarchy had been destroyed by a single blow; and in France the last expiring effort of the opposition had been crushed. Ancient rights and newly-won liberties, virtue and genius, all had yielded before his overwhelming power. As soon as the conqueror had met the emperor of Russia on the huge raft in the river on which the first interview took place, the latter had exclaimed, "I *hate* the English as much as you do!" and this single word, the giving up of the English alliance, secured to Napoleon the sovereignty of the continent of Europe.

At the second interview, in the town of Tilsit, another sovereign was present, the unfortunate king of Prussia. He came stripped of his power and his dominion, anxious to save the poor fragments which the haughty victor had left him in mocking compassion, and to prevent his indiscreet friend and kinsman, the czar, from sacrificing even his honor. He was a sore trouble to the two emperors, for to Napoleon he recalled some of the most shocking violations of the law of nations of which even he had ever been guilty, and to Alexander countless promises and pledges which his new friendship for Napoleon made it impossible for him to fulfill. His sad countenance, his impassive manner, his very silence and submission, were a constant reproach to the joyous new friends, and it required all his stern sense of duty, and the constant remembrance of his noble wife in her far more manly sorrow, to bear the indignities to which he saw himself daily exposed. Every night, after the brilliant reviews, military ceremonies and splendid banquets of the day were over, the two emperors retired to a private room to transact business.

Alexander seemed to be enchanted by this familiar intercourse with the hero whose terrible exploits filled all Europe. The sovereign of Russia, who was not yet twenty-eight years old, possessed, with a face full of kindness and nobility, the exquisite manners of a nobleman of the end of the eighteenth century. He was a type of that perfection of bearing in which the highest distinction is united with the most natural simplicity, and which is almost unknown to our age. With this matchless courtesy of manner and of speech he combined the easy grace of the son of the East, the delicacy and almost feminine suppleness which constitute the

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great charm of the Slavonic race. In all these features he formed a most striking contrast to the personal appearance of Napoleon at this period of his brilliant career.

When the latter entered upon life he had been grave, reserved and sententious, but since there was no longer any necessity for submitting to restraint, he had become intemperate in gesture as well as in speech. He presented the most eccentric views and uttered the most extraordinary opinions with great volubility: in fact, he had formed an eloquence of his own, full of fanciful conceits, of fire and energy, but also incoherent and inconsistent. No one knew better than he did how to be by turns caressing and imperious, insinuating and haughty; but he was everything without measure, for he was always sure of his end, and accustomed to dazzle, to subjugate and to have the whole stage to himself. Thus he became easily pompous when he intended to appear grand, and trivial when he wished to seem unaffected. He imitated Talma, his great master, to admiration, but in the midst of a noble speech he fell into Italian buffoonery. There is no doubt that his words had an irresistible power to overcome and to seduce his listeners; but this was mainly done by defying the person he addressed from the first, and by overwhelming him by main force It was all artificial and calculated—even his impetuosity of speech and the torrent of ideas which he poured forth—so that his conversation was rarely anything else but a profound monologue. People left him amazed, reduced to silence, but by no means convinced. Brusque by nature, he showed his bluntness at every moment by exaggerated gesticulation and the most unexpected sallies. What he wanted altogether was simplicity. He never had that imposing calmness, that simple, quiet dignity of the self-possessed man, who says frankly what he wants, and always remembers what he owes to others. This sublime comedian had one great defect in his art: he showed too clearly the absolute contempt with which he looked down upon mankind. That urbanity which is so necessary in all social relations does not depend on more or less pleasing manners, but on our respect for others, and when men do not feel this respect, they must acquire the art to feign it at least. It was this, no doubt, which led Macaulay in his comparison of Napoleon with Cæsar to say that the latter had the immense advantage over the emperor of being a "perfect gentleman." Talleyrand expressed it in his own peculiar way when he said, "What a pity that so great a man should have been so ill-bred!"

His intimate friends, his confidential servants, tell us in their memoirs that Napoleon had in private life tyrannical habits, such as no man should have submitted to who respected himself. He would pull the ears of his friends till they bled profusely; tap them on the cheeks and pinch them like little children; and sometimes even sit down on their knees. Such acts of condescension betokened with him a special liking, and men of the highest rank were proud and happy to receive such favors!

As far as the physique was concerned, he had begun about this time to grow stout, although his iron constitution only grew stronger amid the fatigues of war. According to his own statement, Napoleon had never felt better than during the short campaign which brought him to Tilsit, although he had often ridden a hundred miles on horseback through ice and snow. The fact is, the excitement of war had actually become a necessity for his constitution, and after a manner the indispensable food of that restless energy which formed the most prominent trait of his character. He lived literally on what killed others. War gave him sleep and appetite, which he lost as soon as the excitement was over. This last campaign in Poland, where he had lost fifty thousand men, had been nothing more to him than wholesome exercise, and he returned from it in most excellent health.

Unfortunately, however, this stoutness had effaced, in part at least, those sharp and classic outlines which once recalled the beauty of ancient medals, and had become so familiar to the whole world after the wars in Italy: the body also, formerly thin and spare, as if consumed by the fire of genius, had become heavy and almost uncouth. But the extreme quickness of his searching, piercing eye, and the incessant restlessness of his whole person, even the vehemence with which he would bite his nails when excited, bespoke still the stormy nature of the life within. There was still much of the Corsican in his heart. He had appropriated to himself all he considered needful of that refined civilization, that skeptical philosophy and that lofty indifference which character-

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ized the end of the last century: he had adopted the ideas of that period, its manners and its speech, but under all this varnish the original man was still strong in his primitive nature. He had even preserved some of the odd superstitions of his native land, which occasionally betrayed even in France his foreign origin. He, who can scarcely be said to have had any other religion than a real or affected faith in his star, would not unfrequently be seen to cross himself rapidly over and over again when some great danger was announced or an important event had occurred. In like manner he concealed under the apparent good-nature and the cat-like softness of his manners, which he knew so well how to assume when he chose, all the old bitterness and unconquerable mistrust of the Corsican, who is always on guard against his enemies. It was noticed that during the nineteen days which the two emperors passed together at Tilsit, and while they were both overflowing with evidences of the warmest friendship, Alexander dined daily with Napoleon, but the latter never once broke bread at the czar's house. He showed the same cautious foresight on other similar occasions, and never appeared at the palace of his crowned allies and friends without an escort, whose large numbers and armed appearance formed a striking contrast to the trustful confidence of his German hosts or of his Russian visitor.

Books Received.

An English-Greek Lexicon. By C. D. Yonge. With many new Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Order of Words in Attic Greek Prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York. Edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of "Liddell & Scott's Greek-English Lexicon," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. cxvi., 663, cxv.

The "Bab" Ballads: Much Sound and Little Sense. By W. S. Gilbert. With Illustrations by the author. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. Square 12mo. pp. 222.

Swedenborg Rite and the Great Masonic Leaders of the Eighteenth Century. By Samuel Beswick. New York: Masonic Publishing Company. 12mo. pp. 204.

Christianity and Greek Philosophy; or, The Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece, and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D. D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo. pp. 531.

The Life of Bismarck, Private and Political; with Descriptive Notices of His Ancestry. By John George Louis Hesekiel. Translated, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F. S. A., F. A. S. L. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 491.

The Gentleman's Stable Guide, Containing a Familiar Description of the American Stable; the most Approved Method of Feeding, Grooming and General Management of Horses. By Robert McClure, M. D., V. S. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 184.

The Private Life of Galileo. Compiled principally from his Correspondence and that of his Eldest Daughter, Sister Maria Celeste, Nun in the Franciscan Convent of St. Matthew, in Arcetri. Boston: Nichols & Noyes. 12mo. pp. 300.

The American Chess-Player's Handbook: Teaching the Rudiments of the Game, and Giving an Analysis of all the Recognized Openings. From the Work of Staunton. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 256.

Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature. Prepared by the Rev. John McClintock,, D. D., and James Strong, S. T. D. Vol. III., E—G. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1048.

The Young Wife's Cook-book, with Receipts of the Best Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner and Tea. By the author of "The National Cook-book." Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 675.

The Christmas Guest: A Collection of Stories. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth and her sister, Mrs. Frances Henshaw Baden. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 338.

In Spain, and A Visit to Portugal. By Hans Christian Andersen, author of the "Improvisatore," etc. Author's Edition. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 12mo. pp. viii., 289.

Miss Van Kortland: A Novel. By the author of "My Daughter Elinor." New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 180.

Onward: A Lay of the West. By A. W. Patterson. San Francisco and New York: A. Roman & Co. Square 12mo. pp. 28.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

AUGUST, 1870.

SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

TO say that Southern society has been destroyed by the war and the abolition of slavery would be going too far. A great structure, such as the social edifice of a people, does not fall of a sudden: fire and sword, even the earthquake and the inundation, all destroy but partially. The civil war and its dire effects fill but a span of ten years as yet; and what are ten years in the life of a nation? There are portions of the South where no arm was raised, no gun fired, and all kept the even tenor of peaceful life during the dire struggle. And even where war raged in its bitterest fury, and the land was deluged with blood, as in South Carolina, a few old families still stand erect in all the serene calmness which is the precious privilege of great wealth, ancient blood and high breeding. The richest and the poorest classes alike have more or less escaped destruction, the tempest having spared the humble millions that bent low before its fury, while a few have escaped by their eminence. But alas for the so-called middle classes—the honest, hard-working men who lived under their modest vine and fig tree, who tilled the paternal acres and prayed with contented hearts, "Give us neither riches nor poverty!" They had to bear the brunt of the battle in every sense of the word: they have been swept away, and the South will know them no more.

If Southern society cannot be said to have been destroyed as long as trade and commerce thrive along the seacoasts, valleys and mountains resound with the busy din of industry, the cotton-fields are white and the corn-fields golden with their rich harvests, and the halls of many a college overflow with eager students, it must nevertheless be acknowledged that there is a fearful struggle going on in its bosom—a social revolution, the like of which the world has seen but once or twice in the history of our race.

The material losses of the South are the very least of its sufferings. What matters it that every bank was broken and every company ruined, that millions were sunk in worthless currency, and mortgages dwindled to a mere nominal value? God has blessed this land more than most others, and the fertility of the soil is fully equal to the elasticity of the national mind. A few good cotton crops, two or three years' success with the cereals and with tobacco, and a fair increase in manufacturing and industrial enterprises, will make the South as rich as it was before the war. By a special providence, war has

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not been allowed to bring with it its dread companions, famine and pestilence; and whenever the prophetic words, "Let us have peace!" shall have become a reality throughout the land, the blood-stained battle-fields will once more wave with rich harvests, and the scarred and lacerated hearts will beat again in unison with their brethren and with love for a common country.

But as yet there is no peace in Southern society. Passions once roused to a full flame require much time to calm down and to change into gentler feelings; and with sadness and sorrow it must be confessed there has been no oil and no wine poured into the wounds of the conquered. Accustomed to act with the liberality and generosity which are so often found combined with hasty passions and impetuous action, the people of the South expected the same from others, and were disappointed: they fancied—whether rightly or wrongly does not matter so long as the feeling was there—that the purpose was not only to subdue their strong arms, but to crush their spirits and to break their hearts: the bread they asked for at a brother's hand looked to them like a stone, and the fish that was offered like a serpent; and the waters of bitterness rose in their hearts higher and higher. And yet they were silent. They had surrendered, and they kept their parole; they had promised to be of the Union, and they obeyed its laws: in sorrowful silence they did all they were required to do and bore all that was laid upon them. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and they cared not to lament aloud.

But where men and women, old and young, go about with such burdens weighing upon their souls, with a grief gnawing at their heartstrings, society cannot be joyous, it cannot be healthy. The simple pleasures of rural life are gone for ever where there is no peace of mind; and how can the cheerful farmer of former days look with pleasure upon his impoverished homestead, worked by hired laborers, burdened with heavy mortgages and taxed almost beyond endurance? The simple, happy life of the city has departed, and feverish excitement, a restless desire for high-wrought amusement, and an utter disregard for health and real comfort, have taken its place. The sting of poverty at home and the sight of great wealth at the North, the desire to enjoy life once more and to drown the harrowing memories of the past, have led to an insane haste to be rich, which has rendered social enjoyment almost impossible. Where so much has been lost, the paltry remainder is readily flung after it into the abyss, and where life becomes a lottery, prudence is laid aside and conscience but too often bidden to be silent.

Southern society still consists of the same elements which before the war made it so dear to its members and so attractive to foreigners. It will be different when the present generation has died out, but as yet we meet the same large-hearted land-owner, the same gentle and discreet matron, and the same happy, thoughtless children as of old. Yet the spirit that once animated them all has changed sadly: they have all grown wiser in their generation; their hearts are no longer so open, their hands no longer so ready to grasp yours with hearty kindness, their minds no longer free from suspicion, simple and straightforward. They have hardened in the fiery furnace: they may make better citizens hereafter; they have already, in many cases, become more industrious, more frugal, more provident; but they are happy no longer. They feel—a few clearly, from their knowledge of men and a power to read the signs of the times, others instinctively, often unconsciously — that a new trial is in store for them, harder in many aspects than war itself. They have to pass through a period of transition, to work out great problems, to adapt their native land to a new order of things—to be, in fact, the pioneers of a new era, and, like the settlers of the Far West, to pay with their lives and their happiness for the success and the welfare of those who come after them.

The greatest of all these problems is

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the social question, How to reconcile the various forms under which an active, aggressive antagonism presents itself in Southern society? For here lies the danger: if the manly energy and well-tried self-control of the Southern people enable them to fuse the new elements into an organic whole, to bind up the discordant parts by wise statesmanship and personal forbearance, and to accept wisely inevitable evils in order to force them to produce good, then the South will soon be greater and happier than ever, and rise from the struggle and the suffering with increased power at home and greater respect abroad. But the task is a heavy one—calling, not for great acts of daring, efforts of sublime courage, but for the far harder endurance in silence, patient waiting and humble submission to the Divine command: "*Be still*, and know that I am the Lord!"

It is difficult for a people to sit still when the long-accustomed habit of self-government is suddenly interrupted by the rule of outsiders, who from the very force of circumstances must be without familiarity and without sympathy with their wants and their usages. And here was the first bitter antagonism arising between the native and the foreigner. From the governor to the poor-house steward, every office was filled by one of that class which soon became known all over the country as "carpet-baggers." Many of them won the respect of the communities on which the sad state of things not unfrequently forced them against their own wishes, and these were met with courtesy and treated respectfully; but the simple fact of their being Northerners, conquerors and intruders raised an impassable wall between them and their new neighbors. The men mastered the feeling with that facility which alternate political triumphs and defeats naturally engender in republican communities; but the women, always more ready to follow the impulses of the heart than the dictates of reason, would hear of no truce and no peace. With that naïve ignorance which, affected or real, is their common prerogative, they classed all the new-comers as Yankees, and refused to meet them in society. They thought this conduct plucky; they called it constancy; above all, they found it so sweet to wound where men had failed, and to inflict pitiless scorn where no other weapon was available. It has been a costly indulgence, and bitterly has many a community rued the day on which a commander's heart was stung to the quick by a slight offered to his wife; while not a few fathers have sighed over their inability to control the feelings of some members of their family, when they found that the peace they longed for in public life was not be obtained even at their own fireside.

In other cases the sentiment of repugnance was well founded, and might have been justified but for the urgent plea of necessity. Violent convulsions, in which society is disturbed to its foundations, are apt to bring to the surface a scum of adventurers and unscrupulous characters, who are eager to extort a reward for their real or pretended services, and who become as annoying and injurious to their friends as they are intolerable to their enemies. Swarms of such locusts settled upon the conquered land, and with the rude ignorance of their class boldly squared their elbows and tried to push their way into society. Need we wonder that they were received with loathing, and that their victims, impoverished, mortified and plunged into unspeakable grief, shrank instinctively from the contact? There they were, notwithstanding—these generals and judges, lawyers and preachers, tax-collectors and Bureau agents, whose every act in the performance of their duty was a humiliation or a wound. There could be no common ground in society on which two such hostile classes might meet—the one flushed with victory and clothed with arbitrary power, the other humbled and wounded, and almost despairing.

Fortunately, the antagonism has diminished with every year, and good sense on both sides has been productive of good-will. The conquerors have

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ceased to abuse their brief authority: the conquered have learned to submit to what could not be helped, and even to appreciate whatever deserved respect. Carpet-baggers have been taken by the hand, made at home in many a Southern house, and raised to high stations. Did not Virginia quite recently present the strange spectacle of a New York man vindicating, as governor, her honor against one of her own sons, who attempted to inflict a new humiliation upon her? The Northern man who makes a fair Southern farm his residence is welcomed in all sincerity, and, thanks to the genial influence of the climate and the character of the people, in a short time feels himself at home among those who are no longer his enemies, but friendly neighbors.

A far more difficult antagonism, which has been a source of infinite trouble in Southern society, is that existing between the two classes of debtors and creditors. As there is no enmity bitterer than the enmity of brothers, so here also the very fact that creditors are generally neighbors, familiar with each other's fortunes and foibles, makes the relation more difficult, and often painful in the extreme. Almost everywhere, in the country and in the city, the line of division is sharply drawn, and neither kinship nor friendship prevents frequent estrangement. Most of the Southern States passed so-called Stay Laws after the war, professedly to protect the debtor against unfair losses in the forced sale of his property; but as popular sympathy naturally favors the debtor, as even those who were not really heavily in debt were willing to appear so in order to reap the benefit of like privileges, and as the legislative bodies were apt to contain more debtors than creditors, an apparent favor and immunity were granted to one class of society at the expense of another, producing no little complaint, and interfering most sadly with social relations. The holders of small bonds and moderate liens upon property, the widows and orphans whose modest means had been invested in mortgages by decrees of courts, and small tradesmen who had long given credit to wealthy customers, found their debtors suddenly pleading their losses by the calamities of the war and the abolition of slavery, and were denied their dues under the protection of the law. They suffered, they hungered, they saw their children growing up untaught, while the debtor, though heavily encumbered and much reduced, still had a sufficiency left, and listened with indifference to the creditor's complaint. He went farther than that: often he felt aggrieved by a request to discharge his obligations, and resented as a personal affront an appeal to his sense of justice. Thus the two classes of debtor and creditor became more and more estranged, and as the Stay Laws were extended from year to year, the breach widened and the bitterness increased on both sides.

Another movement which had been going on at the same time added to the injury thus done to Southern society. Before the war very large fortunes were rare at the South: with the exception of some great cotton and sugar planters, and a few men of large means in the cities, wealth was pretty equally divided, and all lived in ease, without knowing the extremes of great wealth or abject poverty. The latter, especially, was almost unknown save in some remote portions of a few States, and society at large moved easily and free from envy or jealousy. Now, however, this happy state is known no longer, and the contrast between rich and poor is raising a barrier between those who formerly stood on an equal footing. Speculators and contractors have grown rich at the South as well as at the North, and emulate in their style of living the extravagance of Northern cities, while thousands and tens of thousands, once well-to-do, or at least free from care, have sunk into absolute poverty. There is no need to adduce instances or to mention names. It is well known that while the leaders have been rewarded with lucrative positions, their humbler companions may be seen ploughing their fields or tending the little shop in manly independence

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and with praiseworthy energy, but not without bitter thoughts in their hearts. A few years ago the wife of a wealthy man was often the friend of her poor seamstress, and the principal of a children's school once entertained at her table the highest in the land. They murmur not and revile not; but how must a society be changed whose members have thus been torn apart and cast upon paths as different as those which in all countries are trodden by the rich and the poor!

The disintegration which this change is effecting is seen especially in the rural regions. The large land-owner, with his improvidence and his boundless hospitality, his wasteful extravagance and his half-selfish, half-generous kindness to his slaves — who reaped largely, but spent all he earned among his neighbors—is becoming extinct, and will soon live only in tradition. He parcels out his vast estate: he builds tenements and sells lots. There is no doubt that the State profits by the change, and the prosperity of the Commonwealth increases: the slovenly husbandry of former years gives way to careful, intelligent tillage: where formerly one man enjoyed much, now many men are happy in a modest competency. But is there no penalty to pay for this grave change? Was the happy life on a large plantation, the open door, the well-served table, the simple, hearty chat around the fireside, worth nothing in summing up the happiness of a people? Is material wealth really the highest of life's aims? Is hospitality no virtue, and good-breeding no advantage? In the mean time, there is an end of the patriarchal life, without care and anxiety, but with much kindly interest in neighbors and sympathy with servants: no more friendly meetings at country churches; no more joyous frolics at Christmas. The neighbors are new-comers, with strange habits and outlandish ways; the servants are hirelings, whom no bond but interest binds to the employer; *Atra Cura* sets behind every horseman, and the skeleton peeps from the cupboard at every convivial meeting. Society has not come to an end, but it is sadly altered; and the rent made by the distinction between rich and poor mars the fair beauty of its robe, till old friends know it no more.

But there is a broader gulf yet that divides the social system into two distinct parts: the antagonism of color. This is not the place to discuss the rights and wrongs of slavery: the institution is dead, and the sooner its very existence among us can be forgotten, the better it will be for both races. But for a generation to come its influences must continue to be felt deeply and universally, and the effects of the measures by which the former relations between master and servant were severed will survive even longer. With one blow the chains were struck from the hands of all slaves, but the same blow cut also the ties that bound them in mutual affection to their masters and their masters' families. Under other circumstances the results of such a sudden, violent severance would have been terrible: a race of so-called barbarians, avowedly held in intolerable slavery, untaught and untutored, were in an instant endowed with liberty, for which they had not struck a blow; men whose ignorance, though by no fault of their own, was as universal as profound, were by an edict admitted to all the rights and privileges of the most gifted man in the land; and, worst of all, the poor chattel, but just before at the mercy of his master, was suddenly called upon in all his ignorance and inexperience to make laws, to administer justice, to dispose of the very lives of those who were in every respect, by nature, by education and hereditary culture, his superiors. No such sudden and violent change is recorded in the annals of mankind. And where revolutions have taken place, bearing similar features, though far less abrupt and violent, they have invariably brought with them bloodshed and anarchy. Not so here. With truly admirable docility and self-control the poor blacks, bewildered rather than intoxicated, have behaved as creditably

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in peace as during the war; and while other nations have been carried away by the excitement of new-won liberties to inaugurate a Peasants' War or a Reign of Terror, the African race on our soil has shown a moderation worthy of a higher civilization, and deserving unbounded credit. The merit was their own to a great degree, and far be it from us to deny them their meed; but much also was owing to the long habit of quiet submission, the helpless condition of their former masters, and the certainty of being upheld by the bayonets of a victorious nation. We read, however, another sign in this quiet and peaceful assumption of new powers so suddenly bestowed upon them: it proved conclusively that they bore no ill-will to the whites, partly from a natural kindly disposition of their race, but mainly because they felt in their hearts that they had been in the hands of friends, who had done what could be done for their welfare and happiness.

The poor freedmen! They also have their sad task to work out, and to pass through the ordeal of a period of transition that will call for heavy sacrifices and countless victims. Place the tottering infant on a rock-strewn ground and bid it walk, or take the blind man just restored to sight to a crowded thoroughfare and tell him to push his way through the throng, and you will understand what is the condition of the poor freedman, who has been suddenly ordered to think of the morrow, to provide for his family, and to perform duties of the nature and necessity of which he has not the slightest perception.

He feels no anger in his heart against his former master, and cherishes no bitter resentments for the past; but the affection he once bore for the family, the house and the farm has been severed by the sword of a stranger, and he feels the coldness that gradually takes its place. Nor does his former master look upon him with enmity: he knows but too well that the severance of old ties was not the freedman's doings: he gives him due credit for his moderation and forbearance, and in a thousand cases, moved by sympathy and pity, he aids him in his hours of helplessness and despair. But what can he have in common with him now? He wants him as a laborer, to be sure, but he pays him high wages and looks upon him as a machine. No more exchanges of kindly greetings, no inquiries after common friends, no sympathy in joy or sorrow. The two races are daily moving farther apart, and in this severance of friendly intercourse both are conscious of a loss for which neither the wider diffusion of wealth nor the acquisition of political rights is as yet felt as an adequate compensation.

And what have we to expect from the altered relations of the two races in infancy and childhood? Though wet-nurses were always rare at the South, and helpless mothers preferred to raise their infants by hand, still thousands of Southern men and women in every generation had been brought up by colored nurses. Physiologists will have to tell us what influence the milk of the African woman had on the physique of the infant, and, above all, how far its character was affected by that of the nurse. Now that there is naturally an end to such help, and white nurses are introduced wherever they can be obtained, the question arises—and it is fraught with importance—What will be the effect of this change? Shall we be able hereafter to trace the subtle but undeniable influence of the nurse in the features and qualities of the next generation?

Perhaps even more telling on the character in after life was the close, unbroken intimacy which prevailed between the children of the master and those of his servants. For long years they were companions, playing together as children in the yard and the kitchen; as boys, sharing the same sports and adventures. They grew up in mutual affection, and the bond was never severed through life, however far apart their paths might lie. As "mammy" to the last claimed and was cheerfully allowed to give her advice, to interpose reproof, and even to take measures of her own

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for the good of the family, so the foster-brother remained for life a devoted friend, and was ever greeted with beaming eye and cordial joy. Here also the question arises, with all its serious consequences, What was the effect of this close intercourse upon the citizens of the South? Whatever the answer may be, no one can fail to see that the influence of such intimacies must have been great and lasting, even where its external traces were obliterated. Society must consequently feel the difference: all those friendly relations, beginning in infancy and not severed till the grave, could not be so suddenly broken without grave injury. In all of them, it is true, the serving race received far more than the ruling race, and the freedman will hence feel the loss most grievously in comfort and happiness; but it cannot be denied that the white man also will miss the simple-hearted devotion, the affectionate interest in his welfare and the unswerving attachment to his person which may have been often left unrewarded, but which were always appreciated as sources of happiness.

We must, finally, not overlook the increasing antagonism in Southern society between the educated and the uneducated. In this aspect also a great and mournful change has come over the people, and the transition is here perhaps fraught with the most serious difficulties. Before the war there existed hardly any difference besides that of the educated white and the ignorant black. The former was generally well taught, at his mother's knee, in fair though modest corn-field schools, and at good colleges at the North or at home. The slave, from mistaken policy or from sheer carelessness, was left untaught. The number of blacks who could read and write was, however, very fortunately, larger than the number of whites who could not, and hence society did not suffer from the curse of European countries—a proletariat. Now, however, the breach is here also daily widening between an educated class, consisting of whites only, and an uneducated, ignorant and mercenary class, formed of so-called mean whites and of freedmen. The five years' break in a whole nation's education was, beyond all question, the most fearful of all the consequences of the war: a whole generation grew up untaught and untutored; and however gratifying may be the sight of hundreds of young men who now devote the last remnant of their fortunes or the fruit of hard labor to acquiring a collegiate education, the injury will be felt long and grievously. Numbers of indigent young men, sons of former overseers and the like, are daily sinking lower and lower in the social scale; and it is often heart-rending to see the freedman and his children receiving instruction for a mere trifle in Bureau and charity schools, while a multitude of white children are growing up, for whose education the impoverished and ill-governed States can make no provision. A class of proletarians is thus gradually formed, and society afflicted with a curse from which the South had heretofore been kept free. These ignorant, untaught men instinctively draw nearer to the freedmen, from whom the barrier of slavery no longer separates them, and jointly they become the easy victims of unscrupulous politicians and the bane of the social system. Common schools, it is true, are in a fair way soon to cover the land: the wisdom of legislators, the good-will of the citizens and the generosity of men like Peabody, are all enlisted in the good enterprise; but the prejudice against a new and unknown institution, the sparsity of the population and the want of good teachers trained in normal schools, will delay for some time the beneficent effects of this admirable system.

All these antagonisms, all these evils, it must be borne in mind, are the inevitable consequences of a terrible convulsion unequaled in its suddenness and violence in the history of society. A state of transition is necessarily as hideous to the observer from without as it is painful to those who have to pass through it and to work out its problems. Fortunately, our people are endowed with an elasticity and a power of adapt-

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ing themselves to the exigencies of the times unequaled in the annals of other nations. Southern society, convulsed to its very foundations, torn asunder by the rude hand of the conqueror, and suffering from countless inherent ills, is just now rocking on a storm-tossed sea. But there is no lack of courage: men are facing the evils they have to combat with bold eyes and stout hearts; they see the task before them, and do not shrink from its appalling gravity; with unflinching pluck and devout trust in the great Helper on high they mean to work out its problems and to regain the peace and happiness of former days.

MARCHMONT.

AMY'S LOVER.

IT was five o'clock—five o'clock on a dull November afternoon—as I, Elizabeth Lacy, the wretched companion of Lady Cunningham, of Northampton Lodge in the town of Rockledge, stood gazing from the dining-room windows at the gray curtain of fog which was slowly but surely rising between my vision and all outward things, and thinking how like it was in color and feeling and appearance to my own sad life. I have said that I was the "wretched" companion of Lady Cunningham: is it very ungrateful of me to have written down that word? I think not; for if a wearisome seclusion and continual servitude have power to make a young life miserable, mine had fairly earned its title to be called so. I had withered in the cold and dispiriting atmosphere of Northampton Lodge for four years past, and had only been prevented rupturing my chains by the knowledge that I had no alternative but to rush from one state of bondage to another. To attend upon old ladies like an upper servant — to write their letters, carry their shawls, and wait upon them as they moved from room to room—this was to be my lot through life; and if I ever dreamed that a brighter one might intervene, the vision was too faint and idealistic to gild the stern realities which were no dreams.

I dare say there are plenty of people in this world more miserable than I was: indeed, I knew it for a fact even at the time of which I speak; and the few friends I possessed were never tired of telling me that I was better off than many, and that I should strive to look on the bright side of things, and to thank Heaven who had provided me with a safe and respectable home, when I might have been upon the parish. Did not Job have friends to console him in his trouble? Do not we all find in the day of our distress that, whatever else fails, good advice is always forthcoming? Well! perhaps, I *was* ungrateful: at all events, I was young and headstrong, and good advice irritated and worried, instead of making me any better. I knew that I was warmly clothed, whilst beggars stood shivering at the corners of the streets, and that beneath the care of Lady Cunningham no harm could happen to me, whilst women younger than myself broke God's holy laws to put bread in their mouths. And yet, and yet, so perverse is human nature, and so perverse was mine above all others, that, engaged on my monotonous round of duty, I often envied the beggars their liberty and their rags; and even sometimes wished that I had not been reared so honestly, and had the courage to be less respectable and more free. Perhaps one reason why my life chafed me so fearfully was because I had not been brought up to it. Five years before, I

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had been the child of parents in good circumstances, and loved and made much of, as only daughters generally are. My father, who held the comfortable living of Fairmead in Dorsetshire, had always managed to keep up the household of a gentleman, and my poor delicate mother and myself had enjoyed every luxury consistent with our station in life. She had had her flower-garden and her poultry and her pony-chair, and I my pets and my piano, and—my lover. Ah! as I stood at the wire-blinded windows of Lady Cunningham's dining-room that sad November afternoon, and recalled these things, I knew by the pang which assailed me at the thought of Bruce Armytage which loss of them all had affected me most. My father and mother, who from my youth up had so tenderly loved and guarded me, were in their graves, and with them had vanished all the luxuries and possessions of my early days; but though I stood there a penniless orphan, with no joy in my present and very little hope in my future, the tears had not rushed to my eyes until my memory had rested on Bruce Armytage. And then they fell so thickly that they nearly blinded me; for mingled with his memory came shame as well as regret, and to a woman perhaps shame is the harder feeling of the two. His conduct had been so very strange, so marvelously strange and unaccountable to me, that to that day I had found no clue to it. When he first came down and took lodgings in Fairmead—for the purpose of studying to pass his examination for the law, he said—he had seemed so very, very fond of me that our engagement followed on the avowal of his love as a matter of course. But then his family interfered: they thought perhaps that he ought to marry some one higher than myself, though my father was a gentleman, and no man can be more: at any rate, *his* father wrote to say that Bruce was far too young (his age was then just twenty) to fix upon his choice for life, and that no regular engagement must be made between us until he returned from the two years' foreign tour he was about to make. My father and mother said that old Mr. Armytage was right, and that in two years' time both I and my lover would be better able to form an opinion on so serious a matter. Bruce and I declared it was all nonsense, that fifty years of separation could make no difference to us, and that what we felt then we should feel to our lives' end. And they smiled, the old people, whilst our young hearts were being tortured, and talked about the evanescence of youthful feelings whilst we drank our first draught of this world's bitterness. How seldom can old people sympathize with the young! How soon they become accustomed to the cold neutral tints of middle age, and forget even the appearance of the warm fires of youth at which they lighted those passions which time has reduced to ashes! It was so with my parents: they were not unkind, but they were unsympathetic: they rather hoped, upon the whole, that I should forget Bruce Armytage; and in order to accomplish their end they pretended to believe it. But he went, with the most passionate protestations upon his lips that as soon as he returned to England no earthly power should keep us separate; and he never came back to me again! My father and mother had died rather suddenly, and within a few months of each other: our home had been broken up, and at the age of nineteen I had been sent forth upon the world to earn my own living; and at the age of three and twenty I was at the same trade, neither richer nor poorer than at first, but with all my faith in the constancy and honor of mankind broken and destroyed; for Bruce Armytage had never found me out, or, as far as I knew, inquired after me. His family had permitted me to leave Fairmead and enter on my solitary career without a word of remonstrance or regret; since which time I had had no communication with them, though at that period my pride would not have forbidden my sending an account of my trouble to Bruce, believing that he cared for me. Correspondence between

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us during his foreign tour had been strictly prohibited, and I had no means of ascertaining his address. For a while I had expected he would write or come to me; but that hope had long died out, and the only feeling I had left for him was contempt—contempt for his fickleness and vacillation, or the pusillanimity which could permit him to give up the woman he had sworn to marry because his father ordered him to do so. No! filial obedience carries very little weight with the heart that is pitted against it; and as I thought of it and him, I bit my lip, dashed my hand across my eyes, and hoped the day might yet come when I should be able to show Bruce Armytage how greatly I despised him.

At this juncture the housemaid came bustling into the room with a little note for me — a dear little, cocked-hat note —which seemed to speak of something pleasant, and at the writer of which I had no need to guess, for I had but one friend in Rockledge who ever sent such notes to me.

"Waiting for an answer," said the bearer, curtly; and I tore it open and devoured its contents:

"DEAR LIZZIE:

"I think you will be *very much* surprised to hear that your little friend Amy is engaged to be married! However, it is quite true, although the business was only settled this morning; and the young gentleman has promised to spend the evening with us, and to bring a cousin whom he is anxious to introduce. Will you come and take tea with us also? The doctor has only just told me that Lady Cunningham dines out to-night, or I should have sent before. Do come, Lizzie. Amy is crazy to see you and tell you all her secrets, and you know that you are always sure of a welcome from

"Your affectionate friend,
"MARY RODWELL."

The perusal of this little epistle threw me into a perfect whirl of excitement and delight, which would have appeared extraordinary to any one who had not been acquainted with the maddening monotony of my daily existence. These Rodwells, the family of the good old doctor who attended Lady Cunningham, were my only friends in Rockledge, the only people with whom I ever caught a glimpse of a happy domestic life, such as had been once my own. To spend the evening at their large, old-fashioned house, which rang from basement to attic with the sound of happy voices, was the only dissipation by which my days were ever varied, and a relaxation all the more precious because, on account of Lady Cunningham's requirements, it came so rarely to me. And on the afternoon in question, when I had allowed myself to become absorbed by fanciful thought, the cordial and unexpected invitation warmed my chilled spirits like a draught of generous wine. All things seemed changed for me: I no longer saw the gray fog nor remembered my mournful past, but in their stead pictured to myself the brightly-lighted, crimson-curtained room at Dr. Rodwell's house, and heard the ringing laughter and merry jests of his many boys and girls. In a moment I had shaken off my despondency—my eyes sparkled, my heart beat: I was in a flutter of anticipation at the pleasure in store for me.

"Is there any answer, miss?" demanded the housemaid, who had been waiting whilst I read my note.

"Yes, yes: I will go, of course. Say I will be there in half an hour," I replied, for my evening, in consequence of Lady Cunningham's absence, was at my own disposal. "And, Mary, please bring me up a jug of hot water: I am going to take tea with Mrs. Rodwell."

"Well, I'm very glad of it, miss: it's a shame you shouldn't have a holiday oftener than you do," returned my sympathizing hearer as she departed with my answer.

I must say that during my years of servitude I had nothing to complain of respecting the treatment I received from the hands of servants. I have read of needy companions and governesses being cruelly insulted and trampled on by

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their inferiors: I never was. From the first they saw I was a gentlewoman, and to the last they treated me as such.

With a hasty vote of thanks to Mary for her kind speech, I ran up stairs to my own bed-room to make the few preparations needful for my visit. I knew that Mrs. Rodwell would not desire me to dress; but to arrange my hair anew with a blue ribbon woven in it, and to change my dark merino body for a clear muslin Garibaldi, made me look fresh and smart, without taking up too much of the precious time I had to spend at her house. Besides, were there not to be some gentlemen present? At that thought my mind reverted to the wonderful news of Amy's engagement, and I could scarcely proceed with my toilet for thinking of it. Little Amy! younger by five years than myself, who had always appeared so shy and modest and retiring, was it possible she could have had a lover without my knowing it? And now to be actually engaged! going to be married at her age! It almost seemed incredible, until I remembered with a sudden sigh that I had been no older myself when Bruce Armytage proposed to me, and had been able to keep my secret very well until the necessity for doing so was over.

But I would not let such thoughts engross me now, for I had no wish to carry a long face to Mrs. Rodwell's house; and so I hurried on the remainder of my things, and wrapping myself up warmly in a dark cloak, hurried bravely out into the evening air. It was then six o'clock, and the fog was denser than before; but what cared I for outer dullness any longer? My imagination ran on before me, vividly picturing the cheerful scene in which I should so soon mingle, and my feet tripped after it, joyous as my heart. I had not far to go, and my eagerness shortened the short way; so that in a few minutes I was rapping at Dr. Rodwell's hall door and scraping my feet upon his scraper. How quickly it was opened by little Amy herself! and what a mixture of bashfulness, pleasure and self-importance was in her blushing face as I threw my arms around her neck and warmly congratulated her.

"Come up stairs, Lizzie," she entreated in a whisper—"come up and take off your things, and I will tell you all about it."

We were soon in her own room—that cozy room in which she and her younger sister, Mattie, slept, and which bore so many evidences of their mother's tender care and thought for them.

"And so you are really engaged to be married, Amy?" I exclaimed as the door closed behind us. "That was a very astounding piece of intelligence to me, who had never heard the faintest whisper of such a thing before."

"You forget you have not been near us for a month," she answered, laughing; "but the truth is, Lizzie, it was all so uncertain till this morning that mamma said it would be very unwise to mention it to anybody; so that you were the first recipient of the news, after all."

"Well, I suppose I must be satisfied with that; and when did you meet him, Amy?"

"Last month, up in London, while I was staying with my aunt Charlesworth."

"And it is a settled thing, then?"

"Oh yes! His parents have consented, and are coming to Rockledge on purpose to call on us. And—and—*he* came down this morning to tell papa; and I believe we are to be married in the spring."

"So soon?" I ejaculated, thinking how easily some people's courtships ran.

"Yes," replied Amy, blushing; "and he is here this evening, you know, with his cousin, who is staying at Rockledge with him. He talked so much about this cousin, but oh he is not *half* so nice-looking as himself; and—and—I hope you will like him, Lizzie dear," kissing me affectionately as she spoke, "for I have told him so much about you."

"I am sure I shall, Amy," I replied as I returned her caress: we were on the staircase at the time, descending to the dining-room. "I assure you I am quite impatient to see your hero. By the by, dear, what is his name?"

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"Armytage;" and then, seeing my blank look of amazement, she repeated it—"Armytage. Have you never heard the name before? I think it's such a pretty one. Amy Armytage," she whispered finally in my ear, as, laughing merrily, she pushed me before her into the dining-room.

It was all done so suddenly that I had no time to think about it, for before the echo of her words had died away, I was in the midst of the family group, being warmly kissed by Mrs. Rodwell, and Mattie, and Nelly, and Lotty; and shaken hands with by the dear, kind old doctor and his rough school-boys. "Well, Lizzie dear," exclaimed my motherly hostess as she claimed me for a second embrace, "this is quite an unexpected treat, to have you here to-night: I thought we were never going to see you again. But you look pale, my child: I am afraid you are kept too much in the house. Doctor, what have you been about, not to take better care of Lizzie? You should give her a tonic, or speak to Lady Cunningham on the subject."

But the good old doctor stuck both his fingers into his ears. "Now, I'm not going to have any talk about pale looks or physic-bottles to-night," he said: "the time for doctoring to-day is over. Miss Lizzie, you just come and sit between Tom and me, and we'll give you something that will beat all the tonics that were ever invented. Here, Mattie, pass the scones and oat-cakes down this way, will you? If you children think you are going to keep all the good things up at your end of the table, you are very much mistaken;" and with no gentle touch my hospitable friend nearly pulled me down into his own lap.

"Now, doctor!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell with an affectation of annoyance, "I will not have you treat my guests in this way. Lizzie has come to see *me*, not *you*, and she sits by no side but mine. Besides, you have not even given me time to introduce the gentlemen to her. Lizzie, my dear, we must all be friends here this evening. Mr. Bruce Armytage; Mr. Frederick Armytage—Miss Lacy. And now, doctor, we'll go to tea as soon as you please."

I had known, from the moment of my entering the room that there were strangers in it, but I had not dared to glance their way. Amy's announcement of her lover's name had come too unexpectedly to permit me to form any fixed idea upon the subject, excepting that it was the same as mine had borne, and yet when Mrs. Rodwell repeated it with the familiar prefix, strange to say, I seemed to hear it with no second shock, but to have known the bitter truth all along.

Not so, however, Bruce Armytage; for Mrs. Rodwell's introduction was scarcely concluded before I heard his voice (unforgotten through the lapse of years) exclaim, "Miss Lacy!" in a tone of surprise which could not but be patent to all.

Cold and pulseless as I had felt before, the mere tones of his voice sent the blood rushing from my heart to my head, till the room and the tea-table and the group of living figures swam before my dazzled eyes. I felt my weakness, but I determined all the more that no one else should guess at it, and mentally stamped upon my heart to make it steady against the moment when its energies should be required.

"You have met Mr. Armytage before, Lizzie?" said Mrs. Rodwell with a pleasant astonishment.

Then I lifted my eyes and looked at him. Good God! what is the vital force of this feeling, called love, which Thou hast given to us, far oftener to prove a curse than a blessing, that after years of separation, coldness and neglect it has the strength to spring up again, warm and passionate as ever, at the sight of a face, the tone of a voice or the touch of a hand? Has nothing the power to trample life out of it? Will it always revive when we think it most dead, and turn its pale, mutilated features up to the glare of day? Shall our mortal dust, even when coffined in the mould, stir and groan and vainly strive to make itself heard as the step of one whom we have loved passes sorrowfully

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over the fresh grass beneath which we lie?

I lifted up my eyes and looked upon Bruce Armytage, to be able to say truly if I had met him before. Yes, it was he, but little altered during our five years of separation, excepting that he had passed from a boy to a man. He colored vividly beneath my steady gaze: for a moment I thought he was about to seize my hand, but my eyes forbade him, and he shrank backward.

"Mr. Armytage and I *have* met before," I said with a marvelous quietness, in answer to Mrs. Rodwell's previous question—" when I was living in my old home at Fairmead; but that is so many years ago that we are nothing but strangers to each other now."

At these words any purpose which he might have entertained of claiming me as an old acquaintance evidently died out of Bruce Armytage's mind; for, retreating a few paces, he bowed coldly to me, and took a seat, where his proper place now was, by Amy's side.

"Oh, not strangers, my dear—oh no!" exclaimed Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken my answer in its literal sense. "You must all be friends together here, you know, if it is only for Amy's sake. Mr. Frederick Armytage, will you be so kind as to pass the muffins up this way? Thank you! Now, Lizzie, my dear, you must make a good tea."

I sat down between my host and hostess, triumphant on the subject of the manner in which I had acquitted myself, and feeling strong enough for any future trial; but before many minutes had elapsed I was overtaken by a sickly and oppressive sensation for which I was quite unable to account. The hot flush which had risen to my face whilst speaking to Bruce Armytage died away, leaving a cold, leaden weight upon my breast instead; my pulses ceased their quick leap and took to trembling; the rich dainties which the doctor and his wife heaped upon my plate nauseated me even to contemplate; and a whirring confusion commenced in my head, which obliged me to rally all my forces before I could answer a simple question. The noise and laughter of the tea-table seemed to increase every minute; and if one might judge from the incessant giggling of Amy, Mattie, Nelly and Lotty, the two gentlemen at the other end were making themselves very agreeable. I tried to eat: I tried to force the buttered toast and plum-cake and rich preserves down my throat, but there was something there which utterly prevented my swallowing them.

"Lizzie, my dear, are you not well?" inquired Mrs. Rodwell, presently. The friendly interrogation saved me: I had just been relapsing into a state of weakness which might have resulted in hysteria: her words recalled me to myself. Should all the table know that I was grieving? Or rather should he—he who had deserted me and had forsworn himself, who now sat by the side of his newly betrothed — guess that his presence had the slightest power to affect me? Good Heavens! where was my pride? where the contempt which I had hoped to have an opportunity of showing for him? I almost sprang from my chair at the thought.

"Not well, dear Mrs. Rodwell!" I exclaimed, speaking as fast and as shrilly as people generally do under the circumstances: "why, what can make you think so? I never felt better in my life. But, really, you do so oppress me with good things that it is quite impossible I can do justice to them all and talk at the same time. No, doctor, not another piece of cake. I couldn't, really: thank you all the same. You know there is a limit to all things, though you never seem to think so where I am concerned."

Whilst my voice thus rang out, harshly and unnaturally, across the table, I felt that the dark eyes of Bruce Armytage were regarding me from the other end, and I wished I had the courage to stare him down, but I had not. By and by, however, when he was again engaged in conversation, I tried to let my eyes rove in his direction, as though I were an uninterested hearer, but the moment that they reached him, he raised his

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own as if by intuition, and my lids dropped again. I hated myself for this indecision, though I felt it was but nervousness, and that were we alone together but for five minutes, I should have strength of mind to look him in the face, and tell him what I thought of his behavior. As it was, however, it was a great relief to me when the doctor gave the order to march, and the whole party adjourned to the drawing-room. As soon as we had entered it, Amy left her lover's side and flew to mine.

"Oh, Lizzie," she whispered as we sat in a corner together, "do tell me what you think of him! I am dying to hear. Is he not very handsome?"

"Very handsome," I answered with closed lips.

"Much better-looking than his cousin?"

"Yes, certainly: there is no comparison between them;" which was true, inasmuch as Frederick Armytage, with his fair hair and blue eyes, was a washed-out, sickly-looking creature by the side of his dark, stalwart cousin Bruce.

"I knew you would say so, Lizzie: I was sure you would agree with me. But just fancy your having met Bruce before! Where was it, and when? I couldn't ask you a lot of questions at tea-time, but you made me so curious."

"Amy," I said suddenly, for I felt this was a subject on which she must not be inquisitive, "when I knew Mr. Bruce Armytage I was living at home with my dear father and mother at Fairmead, and you must be aware that an allusion to those days cannot be a pleasant allusion to me. So, please, like a dear girl, don't ask me any more questions about it, or let me remember that I ever saw your friend before I met him here to-night."

"I won't," said Amy, submissively. "Poor, dear Lizzie!" and she stroked my hand with her soft little palm.

"And do not mention me to him, either. Our acquaintance was but a brief one: he can have no interest left in the matter."

"Oh, but he has, though, Lizzie," with a shy upward glance. "He was talking about you all tea-time: his cousin and I thought he would never stop. He asked where you were, and what you were doing, and seemed so sorry when I told him of Lady Cunningham, and what a cross old thing she is, and said several times that he could not get over the surprise of having met you here to-night."

"Indeed! He has a more retentive memory than I have: you can tell him so next time he speaks of me." I answered so haughtily that little Amy looked timidly up in my face, and I remembered suddenly that I was speaking of her lover. "There is your mamma beckoning to you, Amy, and Mattie and Tom are clearing away the chairs and tables. I suppose they want a dance. Tell them I shall be charmed to play for them;" and then, seeing that Bruce Armytage was crossing the room with a view to seeking Amy, I quickly left my seat, and taking possession of the music-stool, commenced to rattle off a polka. Soon they were all busily engaged in dancing, and the noise occasioned by their feet and voices almost prevented my hearing the conversation which Mrs. Rodwell, who had taken up a station with her knitting close to the piano, addressed to me.

"You were very much surprised to hear our news, Lizzie, I'm sure," she began, as she bent toward my ear.

"Very much surprised, Mrs. Rodwell—never more so."

"Ah!" with a sigh, "dear Amy is full young—only eighteen last October, you know, Lizzie; but I think she'll be happy. I'm sure I trust so. He is a very steady young man, and they are to live in Rockledge, which is a great comfort to me."

"In Rockledge!" Was I to undergo the pain of continual intercourse with him, or the alternative of quitting my present situation? "Did I hear you rightly, Mrs. Rodwell?"

"Yes, my dear. His papa, who appears to be a very pleasant old gentleman, has decided to set him up in an office here, that Amy may not be separated from her family. So thoughtful of him,

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Lizzie, is it not?" Very! I remembered the pleasant old gentleman's conduct on a similar occasion more immediately concerning myself, and could scarcely trust my voice to answer her.

"You have heard that Mr. Armytage is in the law, have you not?" I nodded my head: I had heard it. "A nice profession—so gentlemanly; and he is a fine-looking young man too: don't you think so? I have heard that some people prefer his cousin's looks to his; but beauty is such a matter of taste, and Amy is quite satisfied on the subject. You may stop playing now, my dear, for they have all done dancing. Nelly, child, how hot you are! Come away at once from the draught of the door."

"A waltz, a waltz, Lizzie!" they all shouted as they surrounded the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lacy is tired," suggested the deep voice of Bruce Armytage. I had been going to plead for a brief respite, but at that sound the desire for repose fled, and without a look in his direction I returned to the instrument and began to play the dance they had asked for. But I had not been so occupied long before I became aware that some one amongst them continued to hover about the piano, and felt by intuition that it was Bruce Armytage. At that discovery my fingers flew faster and more gayly, and I regarded the notes before me with a fixed smile, whilst, in order to keep up my courage, I kept repeating to myself: "He deserted me: he left me for no fault of mine. My father and mother died, and he never came near me in my sorrow. He is fickle, base, dishonorable—unworthy of regard." I tried to set the notes of the waltz that I was playing to the words, "Fickle, base, dishonorable!" but they refused to be so matched, and only seemed to repeat instead, "I loved him, I loved him, I loved him!" and then a blurred mist came before my eyes, and I had to play from memory; for Bruce Armytage had taken up his station at the back of the piano and was looking me full in the face.

"It is a long time since we met, Miss Lacy," he remarked presently, but in so low a voice that had my hearing not been sharpened by anger at his daring to address me, I do not think I should have caught the words.

"Do you think so?" I answered carelessly, for I felt that I must say something.

"How can you ask? Have the last five years passed so pleasantly as to leave no evidence of the flight of time?"

"Considering," I replied, panting with indignation at what appeared to me such thorough indifference to my feelings—"considering, Mr. Armytage, that during the years you speak of, I have lost both my dear parents, I should think you might have spared me the allusion."

"Forgive me! I did not mean to wound you. But if the loss of your parents is the only loss you have to regret during those five years, you are happier than some, Miss Lacy. Death is natural, but there are griefs (the loss of Love and Hope, for instance) almost too unnatural to be borne."

How dared he, how dared he—he who had treated me in so cruel and unnatural a manner himself, who had but just plighted his faith afresh to my friend—quietly stand there, looking me in the face with his dark searching eyes, and taunt me with the barrenness of the life which he had made sterile? Much as I had loved him—much as I feared I loved him still—I could have stood up at that moment and denounced him to them all as a traitor and a coward. But I thought of Amy, dear little innocent, confiding Amy, and I was silent.

"*I* have not lost them," I answered him, quietly. "Therefore I cannot sympathize with your allusion. The death of my dear parents was more than sufficient trouble for me: all else of solace that this world can give me is mine."

"Do you mean to tell me—" he commenced quickly.

"I mean to tell nothing," I replied in the same cold tones. "I am not in the habit of discussing my private affairs with strangers. Had you not better go to Amy? I see that she is sitting out this dance."

Upon which he gravely inclined his

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head in acquiescence, and left me to myself.

"Lizzie, Lizzie, how fast you have been playing! We are all out of breath," exclaimed Mattie, as she and Tom danced up to my side. "Get up, there's a good girl, and let me take your place: we are going to have a game of 'Magical Music.' Tom, will you go out first? That's right: now, girls, what shall we hide? Oh, papa's keys: they will do, and then, if he wants them, he will take quite an interest in coming and joining in the game himself."

I resigned my seat, and stole a hasty glance at the other end of the room. Mrs. Rodwell was busily engaged upon her knitting, and Bruce was sitting on an ottoman close by Amy's side; so, gasping for fresh air and one moment's solitude, and unperceived by the laughing group of children, I left the apartment and ran hastily up to the bed-room which I had first entered. The gas was lighted there, and the fire burned warmly on the hearth, but in my present state of feeling neither warmth nor light was what I most desired. I felt as though I were choking—as though, if no relief were at hand, I must scream aloud or dash my head against the wall, for my nerves were overstrung, and the Demon of Hysteria was gaining strength with every minute, and I almost feared would win the victory. But pride came to my assistance—that mighty supporter of human weakness—and flying to the window I raised the sash and leaned my head out of it, drinking in deep draughts of the foggy night air. And as I did so, watching the bustle in the street below and the calm stars in the sky above, I felt strength return to me—strength, not to avoid suffering, but to suffer in patience. The tears rose to my eyes and fell quietly over my cheeks, and as they fell they seemed to dissolve the hard, dry lump which had settled in my throat and threatened to deprive me of breath. I thought of Bruce Armytage as I had known him in the past, and my tears fell fast for the loss I had sustained in him; but I thought of him also as I saw him in the present, and pride and jealousy made me dash them from my eyes, and resolve that if I died—yes, if I died of grief and love and longing combined—he should never have the gratification of knowing that I had retained one particle of my old affection for him. With which intent I hurried on my walking things, determined not to expose myself any longer to the danger of betrayal; but before I had finished doing so, Mrs. Rodwell was in the room, all anxiety to know what had occasioned my sudden absence:

"What is the matter, Lizzie? Did you feel the heat of the room? Why, my dear child, you are never going? It is only just nine o'clock!"

"Yes, dear Mrs. Rodwell, I think I had better do so. Lady Cunningham will not be late to-night, and you know how particular she is about my being at home before her. Please let me go."

"Well, dear, it must not be so long again before we see you. We must try and get up a few parties this winter, as it will be Amy's last in the home circle. And mind, Lizzie, that you are to be one of her bridemaids: she insists upon it."

"Ah! She is very kind, as you all are, but we will talk of that when the time comes. Good-night, dear Mrs. Rodwell. Kiss the girls for me: I won't go into the drawing-room, such a figure as I am."

But Mrs. Rodwell accompanied me down the stairs, conversing as she went:

"I am sorry the doctor is from home, my dear: he would have seen you round to Northampton Lodge; but he is never to be depended on from one hour to another, you know."

"Oh, it is of no consequence, Mrs. Rodwell: I am used to going alone."

"But I don't half like your doing it, Lizzie: the night is so very dark, and—"

"Allow me to have the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lacy, Mrs. Rodwell," said the voice of Bruce Armytage. We had reached the drawing-room floor by that time, and he stood on the threshold of the open door.

"No, no!" I exclaimed as I shrank backward, "I do not desire it: I would rather go alone;" and with a hasty kiss

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on Mrs. Rodwell's cheek, I ran down the remaining stairs and out at the hall door. The wind was blowing fresh and cold as I turned into the open air, and the night was very dark, but I thought of nothing but his offer to accompany me, and I hurried onward. Did he wish to add insult to injury?

But I had not gone far when I heard the sound of footsteps running after me; and I had hardly realized it was indeed himself before he was by my side, apologizing for his presence by the excuse that Mrs. Rodwell had desired him to overtake me and see me home. Would I forgive what might otherwise seem an intrusion to me? I was too indignant to vouchsafe him any answer.

We walked on in silence side by side for several minutes — I with my head bent down and holding my thick cloak around me, and he vainly endeavoring to look me in the face. At last, as though making a great effort, he cleared his throat and said:

"I suppose, after the manner in which you spoke to me at the piano this evening, my pride ought to forbid my attempting any further explanation with you, but in this case I have one feeling more powerful than pride, Miss Lacy, and I must ask you what you meant by saying that all that this world could give of solace was yours?"

"I meant what I said," I answered abruptly; "or, rather, that I require no pity from you or any other stranger. Our paths in life are widely enough divided now: let us each walk in our own track, without interfering with the other."

"That is easier said than done, perhaps," he replied: "it is difficult in this world for people to forget what they have been."

"It does not appear so to me."

"Ah, perhaps you are differently, more happily, constituted than most. They told me so long ago, though I did not believe them. Will you consider an old friend impertinent for asking if that from which you derive your solace now is the same from which you derived it then; and if so, why I still find you unsettled in life?"

"You are speaking in riddles," I replied: "I do not understand you."

"Your present engagement—is it the same which separated us? Do not be afraid to tell me the truth, Lizzie: I have borne a good deal in my lifetime, and am proof against suffering."

His voice was so tender and kind, so much like the voice which I remembered in the old days of our love, that it won me to listen to him quietly. "My engagement!" I echoed in surprise. "What are you talking of? I have never been engaged — never since—" and then I halted, fearing what my revelation might suggest to him.

"What do you tell me?" he exclaimed. "What object have you in deceiving me? Were you not engaged, even before your parents' death, to young Hassell of Fairmead, and was it not by his father's means that your present situation was procured for you? I little thought to meet you here," he added, bitterly. "I imagined you were married long ago, or I should have been more careful of my own feelings. And now you are engaged for the third time! How easily life runs for some people!"

"Who could have told you such a falsehood?" I said, turning to him. "It is true that old Mr. Hassell stood my friend when I had not one in the world, and that he found my present situation for me; but as to being engaged to his son, why, he is a married man: he married my own cousin."

"Could the mistake have arisen so?" said Bruce Armytage as he seized my hand. "Oh, Lizzie, do not be angry: think what I have gone through! When I returned home from that wretched foreign tour, during which I was not allowed to correspond with you, the first news which I heard from my own family was, that your father and mother had died some eighteen months before, and that you were engaged to Robert Hassell, and living with some old lady (no one could tell me where) until the time for your marriage arrived. I would not believe them: I rushed down to Fairmead myself to make inquiries, and reached there on the very day of young

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Hassell's wedding with Miss Lacy. Do you think I was a coward not to stop and see the bride, believing her to be yourself? Perhaps I was; but I flew from the spot as though I had been haunted; and I suffered—ah, Lizzie, I cannot tell how much. It is so fearful, so awful a thing to teach one's self to believe the heart in which we have trusted to be faithless and unworthy."

"I know it," I said in a low voice, which was nearly choked by my tears.

"How I have lived since that time I can hardly tell you," he continued as he pressed my hand. (I knew it ought not to remain in his, but it was so sweet to feel it there.) "I have had very little hope or peace or happiness, though I have struggled on through it all, and made myself a name in my profession. And then to meet you again to-night so unexpectedly, still free, but promised to another, myself and my love so evidently forgotten, and to feel that it has been but a chance that separated us! Oh, Lizzie, it is almost harder than it was at first."

"I am not engaged," I answered, sobbing: "you chose to take my words at the piano as meaning so, but it was your mistake, not mine. I have lived much in the manner you describe yourself to have done—not very happily, perhaps, and finding my best relief in work. But I am glad to have met you, Bruce—glad to have heard from your own lips what parted us; and I thank you for this explanation, though it comes too late."

"But why too late, my dearest?" he exclaimed, joyfully. "Why, if you are free to accept my hand, and can forgive all that has made us so unhappy in the past, should we not bury our mutual trouble in mutual love? Oh, Lizzie, say that you'll be mine—say, that you'll be my own wife, and help me to wipe out the remembrance of this miserable mistake!"

I thought of Amy. I looked at him with astonishment: I recoiled from him almost with disgust. Was I to accept happiness at the expense of that of my dear friends, of the only creatures who had shown me any affection during my long years of exile from him? Oh no. I would rather perish in my solitude. The very fact that he could propose it to me made him sink lower in my estimation.

"Bruce," I exclaimed, "you must be mad, or I am mad so to tempt you from your duty. Think of all your offer involves—of the distress, the disappointment, the shame it would entail on those who have been more than friends to me; and consider if it is likely I could be so dishonorable to them as to take advantage of it."

"I don't understand you, my darling," he said with a puzzled look.

"Not understand!" I reiterated in surprise, "when your engagement to Amy Rodwell was only settled this morning, and the preliminaries for your marriage are already being talked of! Would you break her heart in the attempt to heal mine? Bruce, we must never see each other again after this evening."

"Oh, Lizzie, Lizzie!" he said, shaking his head, "we are playing at dreadful cross-purposes. Did it never enter into your wise little pate to inquire *which* Mr. Armytage was going to marry Amy Rodwell? I can assure you I have no desire or intention to risk getting a pistol-shot through my heart for stepping into my cousin Frederick's shoes."

"And is it really—is it really, then, *Frederick* whom she is going to marry?" I exclaimed, breathless with the shock of this new intelligence. "Oh, how can she?"

"It is indeed," he answered, laughing. "Lizzie, did you seriously think that it was I? Why, what a taste you must give me credit for, to choose that pretty little piece of white-and-pink china, after having had the chance of such a woman as yourself! And now, what is my answer?"

What it was I leave for my readers to guess. Let those who have thirsted until life's blood lay as dry dust in their veins, thrust the chalice of sparkling wine from their parched lips if they will: I am not made of such stern stuff as that.

FLORENCE MARRYAT CHURCH.

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THE ONE SWEET THING THAT IS LOST TO ME.

THE dew is off of the full-blown rose,
And the wind will flout it before he goes;
And the down is brushed from the yellow peach;
And the purplest grapes are out of reach;—
And I am as sad as sad can be
For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

Dear, my friend! it is none of these;
For after the wind will come the bees;
And the peach that ripens toward the south
Is just as sweet for an eager mouth;—
But I am as sad as sad can be,
For a sweeter thing is no more for me.

Why will you make me say it twice?
Leave my life to its own device!
Ah! you say that my hand is cold:
I say that my heart is numb and old;
I say I am sad as sad can be,
That love, sweet love, is no more for me.

But I—I would love you, if I could:
I would nestle to you in tender mood.
I am so weary of being alone,
I needs must make this piteous moan;—
My soul is famished so utterly
For the one sweet thing that is not for me.

You should have come in the Long Ago—
Before my heart went under the snow:
You should have come while the violets bloomed,
Ere the sweet blush-roses were all entombed—
Before I was sad as sad could be,
While love, sweet love, was the world to me.

Now, for the good I should receive
I have so little left to give,
I am ashamed that your love should lie
Low at the feet of such as I;—
Let me be sad as sad can be
That this sweet thing is not for me.

Kiss me but once, upon the brow—
Promise to be my friend from now:
Pity me that I cannot love—
Pity me all the world above!
Leave me as sad as sad can be
For the one sweet thing that is lost to me.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

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THE VIRGINIA TOURIST.

III.

"PURGATORY."

THE most romantic route to Puncheon Run Falls is undoubtedly that which leads up the stream, clinging to its banks or stepping along the rocks piled in its channel. It is perhaps not more difficult than scrambling down the mountain side; and one who can work his way through the "Purgatory" of broken timber, brush and rock, will be rewarded with vistas of wonderful beauty. Occasionally he may look a long distance through the cañon. For miles the stream is closely confined by walls of shrub-covered rock; and in the patch of sky overhead the sun is visible but for two or three hours of the day. An old mountaineer remarked to us that none of the deer, bears and other wild animals hunted in that vicinity had ever been known to attempt the crossing of Puncheon Run until it emerges from the mountain, so wild and violent is its course through the chasm above.

"PURGATORY"—VIEW ON PUNCHEON RUN.

FISHER'S VIEW.

ABOUT five miles from the Alleghany Springs towers "Fisher's View"—one of the finest and most characteristic mountain views to be found in this region. It is approached by a well-graded road, which will soon be completed to the mountain top, and which is now eked out by a narrow but sound path, along which one may ride safely on horseback. A few dead, dismantled pines project from the mountain comb, which affords a view around half the horizon. A natural platform juts out, a convenient observatory strewed with leaves and dead soil, on which we may luxuriously re-

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cline while "taking in" the delicious beauties of the scene.

We have described it as a *characteristic* mountain view. It is emphatically such, and one obtains here a vivid general idea, a typical impression, of the aspects of our mountainous country. There is scarcely any breadth of landscape in the scene, if we except a patch of open land on which glimmer the white cottages of the springs, and imperfect glimpses of a valley of gray fields breaking away toward the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. It is mountains — mountains all around, mountains interminable: now running in straight ranges with almost mathematical precision, now rising into pyramidal points, now jagged and indented by the blue sky. A companion compared the knotted expanse to "tobacco hills." Yet more striking was the homely phrase of an old lady who had never lived above tidewater, and who, having been transported in the night-time on a swift railroad over the Blue Ridge, looked in the morning from the windows of the cars, and exclaimed, "Law sakes! what a *bumpy* country!"

FISHER'S VIEW.

The name of the view is taken from Fisher, the artist, who made a picture of it last season, declaring that he had seen nothing in Europe to equal its wild and unkempt variety. It is seldom, indeed, that a mountain scene is so little disturbed by "clearings," or any signs of cultivation. Except the buildings of the Alleghany Springs, which lie at our feet, there is nothing in the intervening valleys to indicate the presence of man; while, in the distance, the huge mountains, dark, forbidding and sombre, do not relent from their frown until far away the dark blue grows fainter and fainter, and they soften to meet the embraces of the sky and mingle in the same light cerulean hue.

LITTLE STONY FALLS.

LITTLE STONY CREEK is a tributary worthy of New River. We had to ride seven miles from Eggleston's Springs to find it, hid as it is in a deep and narrow valley. Hitching our steeds at a saw-mill, we provided ourselves with veritable pilgrims' staffs to aid us on the rugged path to the Falls, half a mile below.

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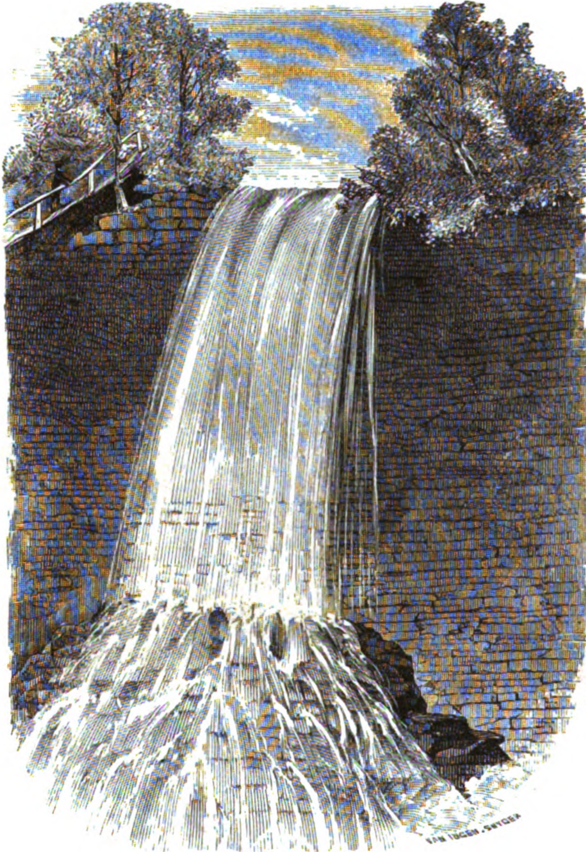
The stream has an average width of fifteen or eighteen feet, but the descent is great, and the water rushes through a deep channel with the volume and contention of a mountain torrent. At times it darts by us with arrowy swiftness; a cape of rock wounds its side, and it writhes for a moment as if in torment; again it passes into cascades, with here and there a divided current wandering playfully away to a worn basin, and throwing up drops of silvery water far into the air.



LITTLE STONY FALLS.

The path was rough and difficult enough to please my romantic notions. At one place, where we had to cross the stream, we found the rude bridge had been swept away, and our only resource was to "coon" a small tree, thick with branches, that was found lower down fallen across the chasm. The process is to straddle the tree and work the body along by the hands, with the necessity of "spraddling" in a very ungraceful manner whenever a limb jutting out from the body of the tree is encountered. I was some time working my passage, and I found that Warren, who was in my rear, had been amusing himself with making a pencil sketch of the performance.

But there was no time for idling, for the sound of the Falls was already in our ears. Spanning a turn of the stream, we come to a decayed wooden walk just on the brow of the Falls, and affording an excellent view. The water descends sixty feet clear; breaks in wild confusion upon a succession of short falls, and then rocks itself in a wide, worn basin fifty feet deep. The impetuosity of the stream has before been spoken of, but here it is grand: it does not fall, but it *leaps* far out into the air, and we might easily stand between it and the wall of blank rock that measures the descent. With a fierce, almost deafening, sound the stream springs over the chasm. It is fearfully lifelike, and makes one involuntarily shudder as the torrent, with frothy lip and wild scream, leaps past us to the torture of the rocks below.

At the foot of the Falls the scene and sounds are less terrific. We hear the incessant trampling of the waters on a

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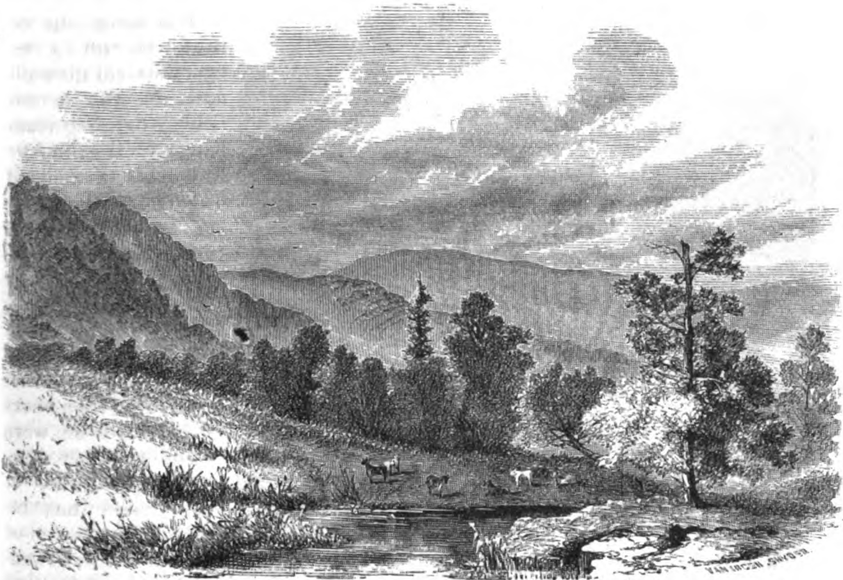
succession of short falls below. There are graceful shadows on the rocky face of the cliff; miniature rainbows hang around the falling waters; and for a hundred yards, such is the force of the main fall, the mist floats in the sunbeams and dances in our faces. The framing of the picture is curious. The entire structure of rock is seamed like masonry, and the abutments are almost as well defined as if the hand of man had reared them. But the other surroundings of the scene overpower the suggestion of Art having intruded here. A mountain crested with towering plumes guards the scene, and Nature reigns in unbroken grandeur around.

THE LURAY VALLEY.

THE Valley of Virginia properly extends from the wall of the Alleghany to the edge of the terrace known as the Atlantic slope, which rises above the maritime or Atlantic plain—this latter at its extremity south of Virginia joining the plain of the Mississippi. The features of it are ridges of hills and long valleys running parallel to the mountains. It is rich in soil and cultivation, and has an immense water-power in the streams and rivers which, flowing from the mountains across it, are precipitated over its rocky edge to the plains below. It has been calculated that Rockbridge county alone has in water-power and sites a capacity for manufacturing greater than that of the whole State of Massachusetts!



THE LURAY VALLEY.

In a more limited and more common acceptation, the Valley of Virginia has its head in the tract of country between Lexington and Staunton, becoming well defined toward the latter place, thence gradually widening toward the Potomac, and debouching into the hill region of Pennsylvania. In the late war it was a prominent theatre of strategy, as it afforded the most obvious avenue for an attack on Washington, exposing that city to constant danger from a flank movement.

The most remarkable flexure or minor formation of the valley occurs near the middle of it. About half-way between Staunton and the Potomac two ranges of mountains run parallel for twenty-five miles, uniting in Massanutten (Mes-

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inetto) Mountain, which divides the branches of the Shenandoah, and ends abruptly on the south in Rockingham county. This is the Luray Valley—a beautiful vale branching off from and thence running parallel to that main gallery through which the troops of Stonewall Jackson marched in 1862, and where that warrior won his first

VIEW ON DRY CREEK.

and imperishable laurels. It was terribly devastated at a later day by Sheridan.

The beauties of this valley have often been told. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the Shenandoah in this part of its course. Straying by its banks, we watch the waters rippling under the mottled arms of the sycamores. There is the swell of turf and slanting branches on the hillside; the spaces of the deep blue sky, at which we look from the narrow vales jutting on the stream, are edged round with dark tree-tops; and beyond is the forest full of whispered mysteries, within which are the dramas of a thousand creations—the birth, life and death of unseen flowers. The picture must be badly stripped in winter. What differences, indeed, wrought by the seasons on all this "pomp of groves and garniture of fields!" Now tresses of newly-budded flowers hung up in the forest, now "honeycombs of green," and on the warm fields the freckled wings of the butterfly; anon the yellow leaves, and the owl's cry of coming winter.

DRY CREEK.

A RADIUS of about forty miles, sweeping from the Greenbrier White Sulphur as a centre, will describe a circle containing the most important part of the Springs Region of Virginia. Within this circle we have to the north the famous cluster of springs in Bath county—the Warm, the Hot, the Healing and the Alum Springs; the distance to the former measured by the common route of travel being thirty-five miles; to the east, the Sweet Springs, seventeen miles from the common centre; to the south, the Salt Sulphur Springs, twenty-four miles, and the Red Sulphur Springs, forty-one miles; and to the west, the Blue Sulphur Springs, twenty-two miles.

In leaving this centre of the Springs Region in any direction, we can scarce-

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ly fail to meet refreshing views of mountain scenery. They lie on every hand. A general description might suit them all, and we select from our sketch-book but one, taken from the scenery of the Greenbrier. It is on Dry Creek, a few miles from the White Sulphur, and may be regarded as a specimen of the extent and combination of mountain views in this part of Virginia. The mountains are not so high or so steep as where the Alleghany ridge is more severely defined; the views are softer; there is more breadth of landscape; there is more for the eye to distinguish and to combine; and the distant mountains, instead of being thrust up as boundaries to our vision, "swell from the vale," and are lost in pleasing indistinctness near the rim of the horizon. In fact, each of the characteristic pictures of mountain scenery in Virginia has its merits: that which rises in clear and abrupt outlines against the sky, and gives bold and distinct effects, and that which in infinite variety of landscape reaches to the limits of vision, and with a mingling of effects yet prefers the picturesque to the sublime.

TROUT POOL.

THE Healing Springs are three miles distant from the Hot, and eight miles from the Warm Springs. The scenes around invite the visitor to numerous walks and repay him with varied recreations. The valley is hemmed on every side by the coolest and deepest shades, while the buildings shine pleasantly through the trees. On one side, the Warm Springs Mountain pierces the sky with its long bleak boundary, and lower ledges of rock guard recesses which we shrink at first from exploring, but once secluded in which we find places of repose and enjoy a delightful and perfect solitude. At the end of a short walk is a cascade, falling into a gorge where the sun at noonday penetrates with shorn rays and distributes a soft and shaded light. It shines, however, with full splendor on the snowy wreaths which the falling water has twined on the great rocks.

TROUT POOL.

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A pleasant recreation is here for the angler, who with pliant rod draws "the gamest of game fish," the speckled trout, from his native element. The sport is as much that of hunting as of fishing, as the angler has to steal upon this timid fish, disporting in the clear, crystal stream, with as silent and stealthy a tread as if still-hunting for deer. He creeps softly along the stream, concealing himself behind a rock, bush or bluff, careful to throw no shadow on the water: from his cover he casts his line with a long pole; the hook is taken at once greedily, if the trout has not been alarmed; and the glittering spoil, with its purple and gold yet reeking with water, is thrown panting on the green sward. It is a fine sport, but we must avoid noise, and practice a careful step, or we spoil the catch. The mountain trout is a gem to look at, and a sweet morsel for the palate when the last offices of the kitchen have been done for him.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

THERE was a time when the Natural Bridge was esteemed among the greatest wonders of this continent. Of late years it has languished in obscurity and neglect, visited only by stray travelers from the Virginia Springs, or by frugal pic-nic parties from the near town of Lexington and the neighborhood: so at least we inferred from a notice extraordinary posted at the hotel, warning visitors who omit to patronize the larder that they will be charged fifty cents a head for the privilege of looking at the Bridge! The neglect of this sublime spectacle, once so attractive to the multitude of sight-seers, is difficult to be explained when we consider the easy access to it.

The common route is by way of Lynchburg, thence thirty-eight miles on the James River and Kanawha Canal. The canal divides immediately at the foot of the Blue Ridge, one section extending up the North River to the town of Lexington, and the other pursuing the banks of the James to Buchanan, short of which you can stop at the mouth of Cedar Creek, within two miles of the Natural Bridge. From a few miles above Lynchburg the route by the canal is adorned with mountain scenery of the richest and most varied description, and the traveler passes slowly, going scarcely more than three miles an hour, through an almost continuous gallery of pictures. The writer on his trip had the advantage of a moonlit night and of the company of some musical ladies. As the boat moves slowly and so easily that unless for passing objects you can imagine it at rest, you see an horizon broken and pierced with mountain spurs; at one time under the shadow of great cliffs, again passing along silver-clad willows, where the James flows placidly through meadows with the trophy of shivered moonbeams on its bosom; in the distance mountains with twinkling fires on them, or the red glare of burning woods kindled by stray fires during the drought; and so, in this dioramic procession, with the music of sweet voices in the air, and the melancholy wail of the boatman's horn occasionally intruding, we travel on to the rugged backbone of the Blue Ridge.

Here, where the James River emerges from the mountains on the line of Amherst and Rockbridge counties, the scene is surpassingly picturesque. Overlooking Balcony Falls, the pyramid-shaped mountain throws in the night its pointed shadow on the mingled waters of the James and North Rivers like a great spear-head to divide them. Where it terminates in the water it falls in a precipitous cliff, the rocky face of which looked at once grand and weird as we saw it in the moonlight. A branch of the canal, as we have said, proceeds up the North River, while that along the banks of the James, which we pursue to our destination, passes into a wilder scene.

The stage-road, coincident here with the canal—either conveyance being at the choice of the traveler—affords a succession of views of the most picturesque and romantic character. As the

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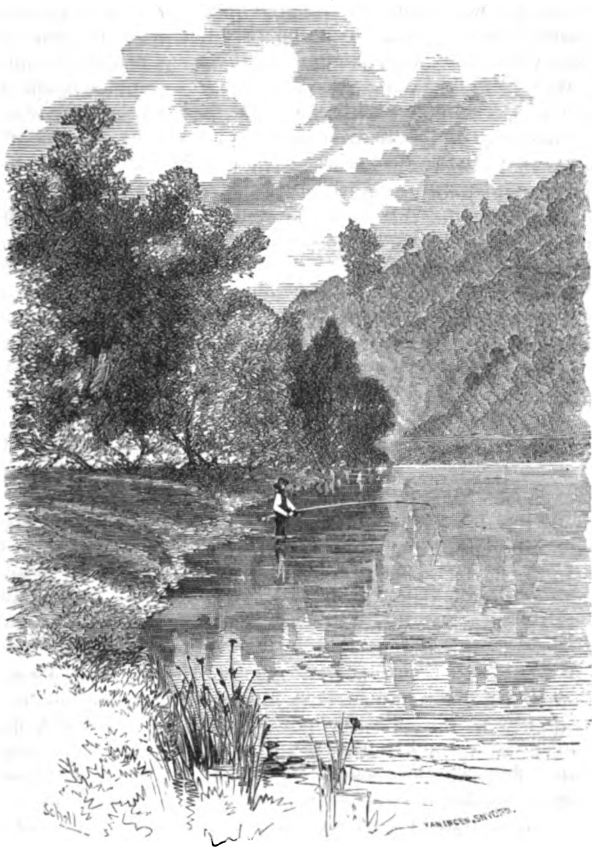
traveler enters the gap of the Blue Ridge from the east, the winding course of the stage-coach carries him up the mountain's side until he has gained an elevation of hundreds of feet above the James, over the waters of which the zig-zag and rotten road hangs fearfully. On every side are gigantic mountains, intersected by black ravines; and a mountain rivulet, slight and glittering from amid the primeval forest, dashes across the path, and, leaping from rock to rock, goes joyously on its way.

On the North River the scenes are quieter. Emerging here, the traveler sees a beautiful and fertile country opening before him, while the blue outlines still farther west of distant mountains in Rockbridge bound his vision. The water scenery is beautiful. Lovely valleys debouch upon the stream; there are peaceful shadows in the steel-blue waters; and on the broad shoulders of the cattle on the banks we see the drapery of the shadows of the trees beneath which they rest. The fisherman standing leg-deep in the water can see his face as in a mirror.

But at present our way does not lie through these scenes. The canal-boat is taking us along the James in the moonlit night, and by the time the day has broken we are within two miles of the Natural Bridge. A rickety team awaits us at the lock-house where we disembark Through an air filled with golden vapor, and with the mists of the morning yet hanging in the trees by the wayside, we proceed on our journey. The old stage-coach lumbers along under the thick, overhanging boughs of the forest pines, which scrape its top or strike in through the windows, scattering the dew-drops in the very faces of the passengers, or perhaps smiting their cheeks with the sharp-pointed leaves.



SCENE ON NORTH RIVER.

The first view of the Bridge is obtained half a mile from it at a turn in the stage-road. It is revealed with the suddenness of an apparition. Raised a hundred feet above the highest trees of the forest, and relieved against the purple side of a distant mountain, a whitish-gray arch is seen, in the distance as perfect and clean-cut as the Egyptian inventor of the arch could have defined.

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The tops of trees are waving in the interval, and we are relieved from the first impression that it is man's masonry, the work of art, on finding that it supports some fifteen or twenty feet of soil, in which trees and shrubbery are firmly imbedded — the verdant crown and testimony of Nature's great work. Here too we are divested of a notion which we believe is the popular one, that the Bridge is merely a huge slab of rock thrown across a chasm, or some such hasty and violent arrangement. It is no such thing. The arch and the approaches to it are formed of one solid rock: the average width of that portion which forms the Bridge is eighty feet, and beyond this the rock extends for a hundred feet or so in mural precipices, divided by only a single fissure, that makes a natural pier on the upper side of the Bridge, and up which climb the hardy firs, ascending step by step on the noble rock-work till they overshadow you.

This mighty rock, a single mass sunk in the earth's side, of which even what appears is stupendous, is of the same geological character—limestone covered to the depth of from four to six feet with alluvial and clayey earth. The span of the arch runs from forty-five to sixty feet wide, and its height to the under line is one hundred and ninety-six feet, and to the head two hundred and fifteen feet. The form of the arch approaches the elliptical: the stage-road which passes over the Bridge runs from north to south, with an incline of thirty-five degrees, and the arch is carried over on a diagonal line —the very line of all others the most difficult for the architect to realize, and the one best calculated for picturesque effects. It is the proportions of Art in this wild, strange work of Nature, its adjustment in the very perfection of mechanical skill, its apparently deliberate purpose, that render it an object of interest and of wonder. The deep ravine over which it shoots, and which is traversed by the beautiful Cedar Creek, is not otherwise easily passed for several miles, either above or below the Bridge. It is needful to the spot, and yet so little likely to have survived the great fracture the evidences of which are visible around, and which has made a fissure of about ninety feet through the breadth of a rock-ribbed hill, that we are at first disposed to reflect upon it as the work of man. It is only when we contemplate its full measure of grandeur that we are assured it is the work of God. We have the pier, the arch, the studied angle of ascent; and that nothing might be wanted in the evidences of design, the Bridge is guarded by a parapet of rocks, so covered with fine shrubs and trees that a person traveling the stage-road which runs over it would, if not informed of the curiosity, pass it unnoticed.

But let him approach through the foliage to the side. More than two hundred feet below is the creek, apparently motionless, except where it flashes with light as it breaks on an obstruction in the channel: there are trees, attaining to grander heights as they ascend the face of the pier; and far below this bed of verdure the majestic rock rises with the sharpness of a wall, and the spectator shrinks from contemplating the grand but cruel depths, and turns away with dizzy sensations. But the most effective view is from the base of the Bridge, whither you descend by a circuitous and romantic path. To escape from the hot sun into these verdant and cool bottoms is of itself a luxury, and it prepares you for the deliberate enjoyment of the scene. Everything reposes in the most delightful shade, set off by the streaming rays of the sun, which shoot across the head of the picture far above you, and sweeten with softer touches the solitude below. Standing by the rippling, gushing waters of the creek, and raising your eyes to the arch, massive and yet light and beautiful from its height, its elevation apparently increased by the narrowness of its piers and by its projection on the blue sky, you gaze on this marvel of Nature with increased astonishment. When you have sustained this view of the arch raised against the sky, its black patches

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here and there shaped by the imagination into grand and weird figures—among them the eagle, the lion's head, and the heroic countenance of Washington: when you have taken in the proportions and circumstances of this elevated and wide span of rock—so wide that the skies seem to slope from it to the horizon—you are called to investigate other features of the scene which strain the mind and the eyesight less, and are distributed around in almost endless variety. Looking through the arch, the eye is engaged with a various vista. Just beyond rises the frayed, unseamed wall of rock; the purple mountains stand out in the background: beneath them is a row of hills and matted woods enclosing the dell below, while the creek coursing away from them appears to have been fed in their recesses. A few feet above the bridge the stream deflects, and invites to a point of view of the most curious effect. Taking a few steps backward, we see the interval of sky between the great abutments gradually shut out: thus apparently joined or lapped over, they give the effect of the face of a rock, with a straight seam running down it, and the imagination seizes the picture as of mighty gates closed upon us, and leaving no outlet from the contracted circle of mountains and hills. Now let us move across to a position fronting where these gates apparently close. Slowly they seem to swing open on unseen and noiseless hinges; wider and wider grows the happy interval of sky, until at last wide open stands the gateway raised above the forest, resting as it were on the brow of heaven—a world lying beyond it, its rivers and its hills expanding themselves to the light and splendor of the unshadowed day.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

IN February last, returning from Washington to Philadelphia, Mr. Jay Cooke found as his companions the Russian and Spanish ministers and some of their attachés. An interesting conversation upon the subject of our great rebellion took place, and mutual inquiries were made as to various incidents and circumstances connected with each of these countries—Russia, Spain and the United States. M. de Catacazy, the Russian minister, was particularly eloquent when describing his own country and its institutions, and especially ardent in expressions of love and affection for the Emperor Alexander. An incident showing the regard and sympathy felt for the United States by the emperor is worthy of being related: When M. de Catacazy was summoned to the Imperial palace to receive his instructions before sailing for America, he found the emperor engaged in writing a letter to the empress, who was absent. The emperor soon completed his letter, and turned to converse with the minister, his whole manner showing the earnestness and affability of his nature. "I have sent for you," said the emperor, "to give you instructions as to the conduct of your mission. I wish you to assure the American nation of our earnest and hearty sympathy and respect. Whatever you can do to draw the two nations more closely together, and to unite our interests more and more inseparably, you will be expected to do. The friendship between the two nations has been, and must continue to be, based on reciprocal appreciation and discretion. All my instructions are summed up in these few words. I have nothing more to say."

In further continuing the conversa-

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tion, which now turned upon the subject of the emancipation of the serfs, M. de Catacazy, with great enthusiasm, narrated the following deeply interesting incidents connected with that great event. These incidents are familiar to all intelligent Russians, although probably now for the first time made known to the American people. Nothing was farther from the thoughts or intentions of the emperor Nicholas, the father of the present emperor, or of his advisers, or of the nobles of Russia, than the act consummated by the present emperor —the universal emancipation of the serfs. When a boy of nine years, Alexander, sitting one morning at the breakfast-table with the emperor and empress, his governess standing near, was observed to be leaning his head upon his hand, and apparently in deep thought. His mother asked him, "What are your thoughts my son?" As the boy hesitated, the question was repeated, when, looking up with an earnest and deeply serious air, he said, "I was thinking how, when I become emperor, I can make free all my poor countrymen who are now slaves." His mother was startled by this answer, whilst the emperor Nicholas turned pale. The governess, fearing that the charge might be made that her influence over the child had caused this strange and unaccountable remark, was much disconcerted. The empress earnestly questioned the boy as to the origin of this extraordinary thought. After some hesitation he answered that he had learned it in church and from God's word, wherein the duty of loving one's neighbor as one's self, and of doing unto all men as we would have them do unto us, was so often and so earnestly inculcated. He thought that it was not right that those poor people should for ever remain slaves. The subject was not again alluded to, but the young prince pondered all such things in his heart, and as he grew older grew stronger in his determination to confer this great boon upon his subjects.

On his accession to the throne, Alexander immediately sent for a man of eminent piety and honesty, as well as of a strong intellect, and entrusted his thoughts and plans to him. These two, in the recesses of the palace, with God's eye upon them, and with an earnest desire within them to carry out in the best manner possible the great plan of emancipation, devised and put into operation that vast scheme, the result of which has been the freedom of all the serfs of Russia.

At this point M. de Catacazy impressively asked, "How much do you think, Mr. Cooke, our noble emperor gave up of the revenues of himself and his immediate family?"

Mr. C. replied that he could not form an idea.

"He gave up more than twenty millions of dollars of *annual revenue!*

"How many serfs, think you, were liberated by one stroke of the emperor's pen? Why, over sixty millions. And how many families were raised from a position of slavery to become owners of homesteads? Why, over twenty millions of separate families; and now no slave, no serf, can be found in all the wide domain of the Russian empire."

"What is the population of the Russian empire at present, and what are its divisions?"

"The population is about eighty-two millions, of which between fifty and sixty millions are emancipated serfs; some seven or eight hundred thousand, not more, are of the noble classes, heretofore the owners of the serfs and all the lands; some seven to eight hundred thousand belong to the clergy; the remainder, some eighteen millions, is made up of merchants, mechanics, professional men, etc. Under the old régime slaves could not own land, but they were required to reside, generation after generation, on the same lands. The nobles did not own the slaves, but as they owned the land to which the slaves by law were attached, it amounted to the same thing. The merchants and some few other classes, not serfs, could own a small portion of land. The absolute power to regulate the oc-

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cupation of the serf and to grant or refuse his claim to redeem himself was vested in the land-owner. Many serfs were thus controlled who had risen to a respectable station as merchants or mechanics.

"The following authentic anecdote has been told of Count Scherametieff, the richest nobleman in Russia, who owned the land upon which four hundred thousand serfs were employed, and who is still engaged in immense enterprises throughout the entire dominion of Russia—manufacturing, mining and agricultural operations. It is said that by the decree of the emperor he had to part with at least one million acres of land, to furnish homsteads for his four hundred thousand serfs. This rich nobleman, being very fond of oysters, and desiring to give a grand dinner in St. Petersburg on one occasion when this luxury could not be had from the ordinary sources of supply, made it known that any serf of his who should supply him with a certain quantity of oysters for this feast, should have his freedom. Now, it frequently happened that amongst the serfs there were some who were permitted to leave the estates and enter into various pursuits in life; some even attaining to a high position in professional and mercantile pursuits, but still dependent as serfs upon the land to which they were attached, and deprived of all the privileges of freedom—even of the few accorded to such members of the mercantile and mechanical classes as had never been serfs. Count Scherametieff owned a serf who had become eminent as a merchant in St. Petersburg. This man had frequently offered any price for his freedom, but hitherto had been unable to obtain it. He now saw his opportunity, and with great tact and energy secured the required supply for his master's table, and thus purchased his own freedom. The name of the enfranchised serf is Smouroff, and he is worth six millions of dollars."

The emperor Alexander has tried to deal justly by his nobles, as well as to place it in the power of every freedman to obtain a home. The nobles were called upon to relinquish about a third of their land, to be distributed in small parcels among the emancipated serfs, who were required to pay for it in labor or otherwise, at a fair valuation. The terms were made easy, the payment being extended over a period of forty-nine years, in equal annual installments; and in order to avoid difficulty or contention between the former masters and serfs, the imperial government assumed these payments to the land-owner, and the serf made his payments to the government. It was also provided that the land-owner could receive his pay from the government at once, upon a discount of twenty per cent.—a very moderate rate of interest for forty-nine years. By these wise and judicious measures no injustice has been done to the nobility, while at the same time an incentive to labor and to effort has been given to those who have suddenly found themselves transferred from slavery to freedom. Had this policy been pursued in our own country, justice would have been secured to the freedmen, while all classes would have participated in the beneficial results.

Under the present laws of Russia any one can hold land who has the industry and energy to acquire it. The moral and material results of this wholesale emancipation have, as yet, only begun to develop themselves; but to give an idea of what has already been accomplished, M. de Catacazy stated that the emancipated serfs have already, under a system of taxation, established over fifteen thousand schools for the education of their children, and the number is constantly increasing.

As an illustration of the physical and material development consequent on this movement, he cited the fact that since the emancipation over eleven thousand miles of railroad have already been built, and eight thousand miles more are at this time in process of construction.

The story which recently went the rounds of our press that the emperor

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Alexander was addicted to habits of intemperance is pronounced by those who know him to be false and without foundation. The present emperor ascended the throne in February, 1854. The empress Mary was formerly a German duchess. Their first-born son is dead. The names of the surviving children are — Alexander, Waldemar, Alexis, Serge and Mary.

The third son, Alexis, who is said to be contemplating a visit to this country during the present year, is in the naval service. Somewhat more than a year ago, when holding the rank of midshipman, the flag-ship in which he was serving was wrecked on the coast of Denmark. The admiral ordered the life-boats to be lowered, and directed Alexis to take charge of the first boat. The royal midshipman declined to obey the order. It was peremptorily repeated: "I, your commanding officer, order you into the boat." "Admiral, I cannot obey you," said the young prince. "It would not become the son of the emperor to be the first to leave the ship. I shall remain with you to the last." "But I shall put you under arrest for disobedience of orders as soon as circumstances will allow me to do so." "I mean no disobedience, but I cannot obey," rejoined the youthful hero.

In due time almost the entire crew reached the shore in safety, only some four or five having perished in the transit from the ship. Among the last to land were the admiral and the grand duke Alexis. Tents were hastily erected from the sails and spars of the ship saved from the wreck, and the rigid discipline of ship-life was promptly resumed. The young prince was placed under arrest for his previous disobedience of orders. As soon as possible, the Russian minister at Copenhagen was informed of the facts, and telegraphed them to the emperor, from whom he received the following reply: "I approve the act of the admiral in placing the midshipman under arrest for disobedience of orders, and I bless and kiss my son for disobeying them."

There is a vast field opened for American enterprise in Russia. It is well known that American engineers and capitalists have always been warmly welcomed by the government and people of Russia, and this fact has undoubtedly tended as much as any other to unite the two countries sympathetically together.

OLD BOOK SHOPS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

A PAGE printed or written, though apparently one of the most ephemeral, is often in fact one of the most enduring, of human productions. The number of volumes still in existence which date from before the invention of printing is enormous, while the printed volumes are almost innumerable. In this year of grace, 1870, the modern civilized world has used the art of printing a little more than four centuries. We are too apt to think that the activity of the press is peculiarly a characteristic of the present, but examination shows that from its first invention it justified the proverb that of the making of books there is no end. A short and simple enumeration of the titles and editions of the *incunabula*—that is, of the books printed before the year 1500 — made with all a German bibliographer's conciseness by Hain, in his *Repertorium Bibliographicum*, occupies four good-sized octavo volumes, printed in small type and with all possible abbreviations.

Altogether, we have here enumerated

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16,312 publications, consisting of different works, or different editions of the same work, made in about the space of forty years. It has been estimated that an average edition with the old printers was about five hundred copies.* It would hardly be less than that, since many of the publishers at that time did not possess a sufficient supply of type to set up an entire volume, much less to keep the forms locked up and ready to print from as the demand declared itself, but each sheet was printed in the required number, and then the form broken up and re-distributed, in order to give the type for printing the next. A smaller sale than five hundred copies would hardly therefore repay the labor of publishing, even though things were cheaper then than now.

Supposing that these 16,312 editions consisted each of 500 copies, this would give us eight millions one hundred and fifty-six thousand volumes printed and offered for sale in Europe within a space of a little over forty years. In this view of the case the publishing activity of the fifteenth century will not compare unfavorably with that of the nineteenth. Within that time, also, the art was exercised in two hundred and twelve different cities of Europe, which fact of itself does much to account for the general diffusion of books at a time when railroads and expresses were things of the distant future. The speedy reduction in the prices of books shows, too, that the supply was large. From manuscript notes written on the fly-leaves of many of the early copies in the Imperial Library at Paris, M. Van Praet, the well-known bibliographer, and the librarian of that collection, has given us the means of judging of the prices of books at this time. A copy of the *Civitate Dei*, printed at Rome in 1467, and bought from the printers, Sweynheym and Pannartz, cost eight gold crowns and ten baiocchi, say $18. A volume of *Commentaries* upon the same work, printed at Mayence in 1473, folio, by Peter Schœffer, and containing also the *Fasciculus Temporum*, was bought from the printer himself for four crowns by the prebend of Sainte Croix at Paris, though the regular price, as the note goes on to say, was eleven crowns. This shows that then, as now, clergymen had the privilege of buying books at an irregular discount. In 1493, however, a copy of the *Legenda Sanctorum*, printed at Nuremburg in 1488, 4to, and containing 529 pages, was bought for a crown, or about $6 of our money. At the end of the *Catholicon*, printed at Rouen in 1499, are some verses telling how common books had then become, and how cheap, so that the poor even could have volumes which formerly kings and princes could scarcely buy. The last two of these verses are:

"Quem modo rex, quem vix princeps modo rarus habebat,
Quisque sibi librum pauper habere potest."

A singular proof of the avidity with which the press of that early time seized upon anything new, and one which is peculiarly interesting to an American, is the fact that as many as six different editions of the letter written by Columbus, giving a description of his discovery, were printed within a year after his return, and that these were printed in Paris and Rome. The letter was written in Spanish by Columbus before his return to Spain, while, on his voyage home, he lay off the island of St. Mary, one of the Azores, and was addressed to Sanchez, or Sanxis, the Crown treasurer.

The text of these various editions is a Latin translation made by Leander de

*Petit Radel, in his *Recherches sur les Bibliothèques*, makes the number of editions of the fifteenth century 14,750, and calculates the number of copies in each edition at 435. This estimate he arrives at as an average between 275 and 1100, which were the figures given by Sweynheym and Pannartz, the first printers in Rome, in a petition to Pope Sixtus IV., as the least and the greatest number of their editions. Using these data, he averages the volumes printed in Europe before 1500 at 5,153,000. This is better bibliography than arithmetic. Hain's enumeration of the works printed during the fifteenth century is, however, the more complete, and was published after the appearance of the *Recherches;* while to estimate the average edition at 500 copies is probably nearer the truth than 435, since in 1470, Vindelin de Spire found an edition of 400 copies of Sallust so quickly exhausted that he printed another the next year, as appears from this second edition. In 1526, Colineus printed at Paris an edition of 24,000 copies of the *Colloquies* of Erasmus.

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Cosco. It is also exceedingly probable that many other editions have been lost. In the *Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima* we have enumerated fourteen different publications mentioning the discovery of America, and published in 1493, which shows that the press of the time was prompt in diffusing important intelligence.

The demand for books during the earlier existence of the press is also shown by facts like this: that the publishing house of Aldus issued during its existence as many as twenty-one editions of Cicero's *Familiar Letters*, while Renouard's *Annales des Alde*, which consists of a complete list of the publications of this single house, is a work occupying four octavo volumes.

When the facts of the productiveness of the press and the indestructibility of books are taken together, it is evident that the four centuries during which the art has been practiced in Europe must have left immense stores of books there.

In France and in England, Paris and London are especially the centres for old books, any important collection in either of these countries being almost invariably sent to the capital when the possessor wishes to dispose of it. In our country, where the distances are so enormous, there is nothing analogous in the old book trade to this centralization in France and England. In Great Britain this centralization is all but complete. London absorbs nearly the whole trade in old books of that all-preserving, compact, snug little island. Edinburgh has some old book shops and a good deal of literary activity, but it is all of a more or less provincial kind. The publishing interest of Dublin was formerly very considerable, and that city still offers some opportunities for game to the book-hunter. The second known copy of the quarto *Hamlet* of 1603 was brought up to London in 1856 by a Dublin bookseller, who had bought it from a student of Trinity College, who had brought it up to Dublin in his trunk from Nottinghamshire. Tradition says that the lucky bookseller bought it for a shilling, because it wanted the title-page. He sold it to Mr. Boone, the well-known London bookseller, for seventy pounds. Mr. Boone sold it to Mr. Halliwell, the Shakespearian collector, for one hundred and twenty pounds. From Mr. Halliwell's hands it passed into the British Museum, that bourne from which no traveling volume ever returns.

It is a singular fact, showing that there is a providence which presides over the destinies of books, that up to that time the only copy known of this 1603 quarto edition of *Hamlet* was one in the possession of the duke of Devonshire, who bought it in 1825 for two hundred and fifty pounds from Payne & Foss, the famous booksellers of that period. It was bound up in a volume with twelve other plays, and had been in the possession of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Shakespeare editor. Payne & Foss paid for it one hundred and eighty pounds. It had the title-page, but was deficient in the last page of the text, so that this Dublin copy gave us the whole of the text of this edition.

This complete text, and that of the quarto of 1604, which is almost equally scarce — only three copies, it is said, being known — were published in facsimile together in 1860. This reprint is so arranged that the texts front each other on the opposite sides of the open pages, and thus show in a striking manner the corrections, emendations and additions made by the author. Those to whom the play of *Hamlet* is only the Cibberized, Garrickized, Kembleized, theatreized version ordinarily represented on the stage, should read this volume carefully, while to the student of Shakespeare or of literary history it is invaluable.

In Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Oxford, and in a few other English towns, there is some trade in old books, but nothing of any importance. London is the great mart. From all over England book-buyers and collectors look there for their prizes; and their collections, in turn, if sold after their death, are sent there again to be disposed of, and are generally sold at auction. Hence

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the book-auctions of London are very important in every point of view. The business is almost entirely in the hands of two firms—Wilkinson in Wellington street, Strand, and Puttich, in Leicester Square, in the house formerly occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The season for sales commences early in the fall, and lasts through the winter, well into the summer. The sales commence at one o'clock, and, as the catalogues say, "most punctually" or "precisely." The books are generally on view a day or two before the sale. During the season there are no more interesting places of resort in London than the auction-shops. Between these two establishments and Christie's in King street, Pall Mall, whose specialty is pictures and all kinds of artistic collections, but who has also frequent sales of books, an amateur will always find entertainment.

Besides these, there is Hodgson, in Chancery lane, who seems to have the monopoly of legal sales of the books which most probably come out of Chancery suits, for of all possible rubbish what is offered at these sales takes the lead. Here are mountains of old theology, miles of defunct law, solid masses of old novels and other light reading, which are just old enough to have lost all interest, and yet not old enough to have any value—ephemeral publications which have outlived their day. Sometimes, but rarely, there are good books to be obtained here, and at low prices, but as a general rule there can be no duller reading than a catalogue of these sales, unless it be the books themselves.

It is, however, worth one visit to admire the business-like rapidity with which the sale is conducted. Precisely at the minute indicated on the catalogue, the auctioneer, a thorough-looking business man, of the English type, with a clean-shaved chin, side whiskers, an immaculate shirt collar, and his dress constructed on the English ideal—intended apparently to combine all possible ugliness with all possible comfort—ascends the sort of rostrum, and while taking off his hat, as a sort of salutation to the company, says, "Gentlemen, the sale will commence. What shall I have for Number One? Shall I say five shillings? four shillings? three shillings? one shilling? sixpence? Mr. Jones.—Lot Number Two. Shall I say three shillings? two shillings? Mr. Smith.—Lot Number Three," etc. This is kept up until the sale is finished, when the auctioneer, while he is resuming his hat, says, "Gentlemen, the sale is ended: I am obliged for your kindness;" and leaves his rostrum as rapidly as he entered it. To buy at these sales requires a constant and vigilant attention.

Where the books all go to is a wonder. Probably to the junk-shops, and thence to the mills, since they often sell for less than they are worth as old paper by the pound. It is said, however, that Australia is slowly developing a literary taste, and yearly absorbs all the dead stock of the circulating libraries of England. Perhaps much of the theology and law goes there, since nothing gives such an air of learning to a study or an office as rows of reverend and wise-looking volumes, while not one client or parishioner in a thousand but will take them on trust, or who has the knowledge himself, should he have his suspicions, to discover their worthlessness.

In the auctions at the West End things are conducted in a different manner. There is the same punctuality and the same amount of business transacted, but the style is different, as is the company who attend. The chief booksellers of London are represented here, either in person or by proxy. If the sale is an important one, the room will be filled with London booksellers and amateurs, with most likely several from the Continent. When the sale is one which will peculiarly interest American buyers, the catalogues will have been published long enough beforehand to have been circulated in this country, and there will be many orders from here.

The books sell generally at their market values, though of course there

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are, as at all auctions, bargains to be obtained.

For example, a few years ago a collection of American newspapers, made by Gordon during the war of the Revolution to serve as his material for writing the history of that struggle, and comprised in five volumes, were sold for not quite two pounds a volume. But then they were very badly catalogued, and the sale took place during the height of the late war, and Englishmen generally were of the opinion then that this country was irretrievably ruined. Fortunately, they were secured for this country, and are now in the private collection of a gentleman of New York.

Many such opportunities do not occur, for the growing taste for book-collecting, both in England and America, has made the investment in choice and rare books so certain and profitable that the booksellers do not let them pass easily.

The number and importance of these sales are surprising, and appear to be yearly increasing. It is said that some years ago, Lilly, the well-known bookseller, undertook to purchase everything important which was offered, but soon had to give up this idea, as beyond the capacity of any one man's purse.

The stocks of the London booksellers, gathered as they are from these sales, are of course most interesting to the student. It would be difficult to say which firm among the old booksellers of London is the chief: they have most of them specialties, but the following general classification may serve: In Piccadilly and Pall Mall are those who find their customers among the rich and fashionable. Here are costly books in splendid bindings, fit for centre-tables, ladies' boudoirs and libraries, which are purchased more for ostentation than for use. As there is, however, in England a wealthy and cultivated class, here can also be found good books and choice. A set of Harper's double-columned novels, bound in full morocco and heavily gilt, such as is displayed in the carved cases of the gaudily-frescoed room called the library in a certain Fifth avenue mansion, would hardly find a purchaser in London. The culture, like the wealth, of its aristocracy is too old for such a naïve display as that.

In Pall Mall, in close vicinity to the clubs, the old book stores are still elegant, but more learned. Here is Quarritch, while in Bond street, in the midst of the aristocratic shopping quarter, is Boone's shop, containing one of the most extensive and best-selected stocks of rare and valuable old books in London. It has been gathered from the auction sales during a series of years, and by the personal visits of Mr. Boone himself to all the cities and towns of Europe where a rare or choice volume was to be found. The old gentleman is to be met anywhere and everywhere on the Continent where books are for sale.

In a walk from the foot of Regent's street, down the Strand to Temple Bar, with an excursion through King William street to Leicester Square or Covent Garden, might be found nearly all that is most distinctive in the old book trade of London.

In King William street are several establishments, the most noteworthy of which is Bumstead's, whose specialty is curious books, such as have any eccentricity about them. His stock comes under the head of "old," since it is his rule to buy nothing printed after 1800. About Covent Garden and Drury lane will be found books in all conditions, suited to all persons. Here is Bohn's great stock—he of the guinea catalogue, a volume surpassed in thickness only by the London Post-Office Directory. Of late years, however, his passion has been more for gaining a reputation as editor of the works he publishes. His name in this capacity is upon a more numerous army of volumes than even Dumas claims as his own, and, it is whispered by the captious, with even less right. This idiosyncrasy, however, does not affect either the magnitude or the value of his collection. Not far from here will be found J. Russell Smith,

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well known for his reprints of old English authors. His stock is choice.

In one of the dirtiest of the King streets with which London abounds is Lilly's shop. To step from the street, with its squalor and filth, its second-hand clothing stores, green-groceries and itinerant peddlers (who seem to remain always stationary and never to sell more than a penny's worth at a time), into this shop, with its immense stock of rare and valuable books, selected with skill and knowledge from the sales of the past twenty or thirty years, seems almost like some of the magical transformations of the *Arabian Nights*.

Lower down the Strand, as it approaches Temple Bar, we come to Holywell street, thickly clustered upon both sides with small shops, whose specialty is the flash and sporting class of literature which has made the name synonymous, to London ears, with moral filth. The indecent trade of London seems to centre here, though some reputable shops have remained in the street, despite its loss of character.

Just below this we come to Temple Bar. Here was formerly Richard Carlile's shop, the focus for the publication and sale of the "liberal" or atheistic books of fifty or sixty years ago. He published a cheap print which he labeled "God for a Shilling," and hung it conspicuously in his window. It was a face made up from pictorial representations of isolated texts from the Psalms and other parts of the Bible. The excitement it caused was very great, and his windows were frequently broken by zealots of the time. Persecution, however, only increased his trade, and being one of that class of persons who delight in it, he enjoyed the excitement none the less because it gave his publications the notoriety they would not otherwise have had. Finally, the matter got into the courts, and Lord Eldon, who has the honor of appearing as a prominent actor in all the shameful suits of the time in which bigotry and persecution invoked the willing co-operation of the law, sentenced him several times to imprisonment. Carlile was, however, unconquerable as long as enough notice was taken of him to keep him notorious. Finally, when the authorities became tired and left him severely alone, his business, being deprived of the stimulus of their gratuitous advertising, dwindled away. The odor of "liberalism" still clings, however, to this locality, and Hone's *Apochryphal New Testament* is still published near Temple Bar. Around this locality also most of the sidewalk shops or stalls are kept, and unquestionably some of the identical stalls are still standing from which Lamb, when he lived in the Temple, hard by, joyfully purchased many of his treasures.

The nameless something which so broadly distinguishes everything French from everything English is seen in the difference between the book-shops of Paris and those of London. The English ways are solid and stolid, the French are light, but neat and precise. It is a difference between quantity and quality. The English book-shops are large and crowded with enormous stocks—the French book-shops are small, but neatly arranged and well selected. All along the *quais*, from Notre Dame to the Palace of the Corps Législatif, fronting the Seine and looking over to the Louvre, the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, as they lie along in a line upon the opposite bank, are to be found the French booksellers' *boutiques*, and here centres the old book trade of Paris.

Sauntering along this half mile or so, we start from Notre Dame, leave the Musée de Cluny on our left, with the Sorbonne, the Collége de France and the schools just beyond it; pass before the Mazarin Library, in which the Academy holds its sessions, then the École des Beaux Arts, the house in which Voltaire died, and finally the headquarters of the Legion of Honor. In this short walk we have passed from the Lutetia of the Romans, through the Paris of the Middle Ages—represented in the University—the Paris of the Bourbons, that of the Revolution, to the Paris of to-day. At one end lies the students' quarter,

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and at the other the Faubourg St. Germain. What more fitting and appropriate spot in which to rummage among old books, those silent but eloquent historians of the past?

All along the stone parapet which borders the river side of the street, the *bouquinists*—that is, the sellers of *bouquins*, which is the trade term for such old volumes as are approximating or have already reached the condition of trash—display their wares in open boxes. These are arranged according to the price. All in the first box, say two francs a volume; then in the next box those for a franc and three quarters; and so on down to those for five centimes, or a cent, apiece.

At the French book-auction sales the volumes which are not considered worth the cost of cataloguing are sold in lots of ten to fifty volumes at a time. The volumes to be sold are never shown before the sale, and are sold at so much the lot. The *bouquinist* obtains his supply here, and his almost invariable rule is (he being generally as ignorant of the value of books as a swine is of pearls) to put those volumes which to his unprejudiced judgment appear to be valuable in the box of highest price. If after a reasonable time they still remain unsold, they are moved down to the next, and so on till they arrive at the lowest. A frequenter of the *quais*, who is aware of this fact, can amuse himself, if he choose, by speculating upon this peculiarity. He sees, for example, a book he wants in the two-franc box: if he leaves it, some one else may snap it up, but should this not happen, he will be able in a certain time to have it for a franc and a half, or even for a franc. To adjust this balance of contingencies is an intricate problem, in which theory goes for nothing, and only long experience is of any avail. Even the most skillful sometimes fail, but even then there has been the pleasurable excitement of speculation, the same excitement which throngs the Stock Exchange, and makes bulling or bearing gold so passionately pursued by thousands.

There are often great bargains to be picked up in these boxes, and many collectors daily make their rounds. Numerous traditions and stories are current concerning the treasures which have thus been secured for a trifle. It is said that a complete set of what is called the Elzevir Molière was thus picked up, volume by volume, by a persistent collector, who added to his vigilance the virtue of early rising, and was thus enabled to be on the ground when the *bouquinists* arranged their wares in the morning. To a French collector this is similar to finding, one by one, all the various quarto Shakespeares, and securing them for as many shillings. Such a result would almost repay a lifetime spent in ceaseless search, even looking at the matter simply as a money speculation.

The book auctions of Paris take place generally in a house in the Rue des Bons Enfants, a street running near the Palais Royal. Here in the season there are as many as four or five sales an evening in as many different rooms. The book auctions of Paris take place here always in the evening. At the Hôtel Druot, which is up above the Boulevard des Italiens, and which is chiefly occupied for the sale of pictures, furniture, curiosities, etc., sales of books sometimes occur, and generally in the daytime. In the Rue des Bons Enfants the books on view during the daytime are for sale in the evening.

A French book auction is conducted in quite a different way from an English one. In London the auctioneer and his assistants are all that are required, but things are managed otherwise in France. There to sell a book at auction are required—first, the *commissaire-priseur*, or auctioneer, who holds his office by appointment of the government, and is obliged to give security that he will perform his duties honestly and faithfully. Like all official or semi-official persons in France, he is a gentlemanly person. With him come a crier, who is a man of stentorian voice, and a clerk to keep the accounts, etc. Besides these, comes some

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bookseller, who has made out the catalogue, and is called an expert, and who assists at the sale. With him is some one to take the books from the shelves, place them on the table, and replace them when sold.

The commissaire-priseur, and his clerk and the bookseller, seat themselves behind a table which separates them from the audience: the crier and the assistant stand to perform their duties. Having saluted the company, the commissaire says, "Gentlemen, the sale will commence." "Lot Number One," says the bookseller, while his assistant places it on the table. Then, reading the title from the catalogue, he puts a price upon it, say ten francs. "Ten francs," says the commissaire. "Ten francs!" cries the crier. If no one present accepts, "Shall I say nine?" says the commissaire. "Nine francs!" cries the crier; and so on until some one accepts the offer. Then the bids commence, and may rise much above the price at which the book was placed upon the table.

When the sale is in full blast the noise is at times deafening. Surging above it all is the voice of the crier, bawling out the bids as he catches them or as they are given him by the commissaire or the expert, who are both on the lookout for them, and who are also both frequently repeating them, and encouraging the competition by appeals to the buyers or commendations of the lot offered.

The trade is always well represented at any sale of importance, and the books sell generally at their market value. There is always added in the bills five per cent. for the expenses, and this item enhances the price of expensive lots considerably.

The catalogues of these auction sales are carefully made. The books are classified by subjects, and not being merely anonymous auctioneer lists, but prepared by a bookseller, who signs his name to them and has a professional pride in their accuracy and completeness, they are frequently of real value. In England the books are arranged alphabetically and classed by the form, and as each day's sale is made up of a portion of each class, the catalogue is valueless for reference, since it has to be read through in order to find any special object in it.

Though enormous quantities of books are sold at these auctions, and though the Parisian booksellers are constantly making excursions to other parts of France, and even to England and other countries, for the purpose of replenishing their stocks, yet their shops are small, and none of them contain a quarter of the number of books to be found in any one of a dozen shops in London. The tasteful way in which the books are arranged, and generally their excellent condition, together with the skill with which they have been selected, make these shops seductive places even in that city of seductions.

Book-binding in Paris is very cheap and excellent. Of course a Capé, a Simier, or any one of the leaders in this art, can ask his own price, but then his work, by its neatness, its accuracy and artistic finish, justifies him. Good half-binding in real morocco, edges uncut, top and back gilt, will cost about three francs a volume, on the average; that is, sixty cents, in gold. The same, in an imitation morocco, that which we generally get here for real, is about a franc and a half, or thirty cents an octavo volume. At these prices the work is done with a neatness and accuracy almost impossible to find here. This fact, and the superiority of the climate of Paris, make the stock of the booksellers there look much more attractive than that of the London shops. There, the dampness, the fogs and the constant cloud of soot soon render the books even in the shops tarnished and dirty, while those exposed in the open air on the stalls become almost hopelessly grimy and filthy.

The Parisian booksellers, as a class, are also better informed concerning their wares than those of London. Many of them are students and expert bibliographers: especially is this so with those who unite with their regular trade the profession of experts at the auction

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sales. In proof of this statement it is only necessary to refer those of our readers who are curious in matters of bibliography to such publications as the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, the *Journal de l'Amateur des Livres*, the *Archives du Bibliophile*, the *Ami des Livres*, and others, all of which are published by booksellers as supplementary attractions to the regular sale catalogues of their stocks, and to which many of the best-informed students of literature in France contribute. The business of old books, thus conducted, rises to the dignity of a profession. And why should it not always be so? E. H.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X.

MR. HART AND CAPTAIN STUBBER.

WHEN George Hotspur left Humblethwaite, turned out of the house by the angry baronet early in the morning—as the reader will remember—he was at his own desire driven to Penrith, choosing to go south rather than north. He had doubted for a while as to his immediate destination. The Allinghams were still at Castle Corry, and he might have received great comfort from her ladyship's advice and encouragement. But, intimate as he was with the Allinghams, he did not dare to take a liberty with the earl. A certain allowance of splendid hospitality at Castle Corry was at his disposal every year, and Lord Allingham always welcomed him with thorough kindness. But George Hotspur had in some fashion been made to understand that he was not to overstay his time; and he was quite aware that the earl could be very disagreeable upon occasions. There was a something in the earl of which George was afraid; and, to tell the truth, he did not dare to go back to Castle Corry. And then, might it not be well for him to make immediate preparation in London for those inquiries respecting his debts and his character which Sir Harry had decided to make? It would be very difficult for him to make any preparation that could lead to a good result; but if no preparation were made, the result would be very bad indeed. It might perhaps be possible to do something with Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber. He had no other immediate engagements. In October he was due to shoot pheasants with a distinguished party in Norfolk, but this business which he had now in hand was of so much importance that even the pheasant-shooting and the distinguished party were not of much moment to him.

He went to Penrith, and thence direct to London. It was the habit of his life to give up his London lodgings when he left town at the end of the season, and spare himself the expense of any home as long as he could find friends to entertain him. There are certain items of the cost of living for which the greatest proficient in the art of tick must pay, or he will come to a speedy end; and a man's lodging is one of them. If indeed the spendthrift adapts himself to the splendor of housekeeping, he may, provided his knowledge of his business be complete and his courage adequate, house himself gloriously for a year or two with very small payment in ready money. He may even buy a mansion with an incredibly small outlay, and, when once in it, will not easily allow himself to be extruded. George Hotspur, however, not from any want

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of knowledge or of audacity, but from the nature of the life he chose to lead, had abstained from such investment of his credit, and had paid for his lodgings in St. James street. He was consequently houseless at the moment, and on his arrival in London took himself to a hotel close behind the military club to which he belonged.

At this moment he was comparatively a rich man. He had between three and four hundred pounds at a bank in which he kept an account when possessed of funds. But demands upon him were very pressing, and there was a certain Captain Stubber who was bitter against him, almost to blood, because one Mr. Abraham Hart had received two thousand pounds from the proceeds of Sir Harry's generosity. Captain Stubber had received not a shilling, and had already threatened Cousin George with absolute exposure if something were not done to satisfy him.

George, when he had ordered his dinner at his club, wrote the following letter to Lady Allingham. He had intended to write from Penrith in the morning, but when there had been out of sorts and unhappy, and had disliked to confess, after his note of triumph sounded on the previous evening, that he had been turned out of Humblethwaite. He had got over that feeling during the day, with the help of sundry glasses of sherry and a little mixed curaçoa and brandy which he took immediately on his arrival in London; and, so supported, made a clean breast of it, as the reader shall see:

"Dear Lady A," he said: "Here I am, back in town, banished from heaven. My darling, gentle future papa-in-law gave me to understand, when I told him the extent of my hopes last night, that the outside of the park gates at Humblethwaite was the place for me; nevertheless he sent me to Penrith with the family horses; and, taking it as a whole, I think that my interview with him, though very disagreeable, was not unsatisfactory. I told him everything that I could tell him. He was kind enough to call me a blackguard (!!!) because I had gone to Emily without speaking to him first. On such occasions, however, a man takes anything. I ventured to suggest that what I had done was not unprecedented among young people, and hinted that while he could make me the future master of Humblethwaite, I could make my cousin the future Lady Hotspur; and that in no other way could Humblethwaite and the Hotspurs be kept together. It was wonderful how he cooled down after a while, saying that he would pay all my debts if he found them—satisfactory. I can only say that I never found them so.

"It ended in this: that he is to make inquiry about me, and that I am to have my cousin unless I am found out to be very bad indeed. How or when the inquiries will be made I do not know, but here I am to prepare for them.

"Yours always most faithfully,

"G. H.

"I do not like to ask Allingham to do anything for me. No man ever had a kinder friend than I have had in him, and I know that he objects to meddle in the money matters of other people. But if he could lend me his name for a thousand pounds till I can get these things settled, I believe I could get over every other difficulty. I should as a matter of course include the amount in the list of debts which I should give to Sir Harry; but the sum at once, which I could raise on his name without trouble to him, would enable me to satisfy the only creditor who will be likely to do me real harm with Sir Harry. I think you will understand all this, and will perceive how very material the kindness to me may be; but if you think that Allingham will be unwilling to do it, you had better not show him this letter."

It was the mixed curaçoa and brandy which gave George Hotspur the courage to make the request contained in his postscript. He had not intended to make it when he sat down to write, but as he wrote the idea had struck him that if ever a man ought to use a friend

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this was an occasion for doing so. If he could get a thousand pounds from Lord Allingham, he might be able to stop Captain Stubber's mouth. He did not believe that he should be successful, and he thought it very probable that Lord Allingham might express vehement displeasure. But the game was worth the candle, and then he knew that he could trust the countess.

London was very empty, and he passed a wretched evening at his club. There were not men enough to make up a pool, and he was obliged to content himself with a game of billiards with an old half-pay naval captain, who never left London, and who would bet nothing beyond a single shilling on the game. The half-pay navy captain won four games, thereby paying for his dinner, and then Cousin George went sulkily to bed.

He had come up to town expressly to see Captain Stubber and Mr. Hart, and perhaps also to see another friend from whom some advice might be had; but on the following morning he found himself very averse to seeking any of these advisers. He had applied to Lady Allingham for assistance, and he told himself that it would be wise to wait for her answer. And yet he knew that it would not be wise to wait, as Sir Harry would certainly be quick in making his promised inquiries. For four days he hung about between his hotel and his club, and then he got Lady Allingham's answer. We need only quote the passage which had reference to George's special request:

"Gustavus says that he will have nothing to do with money. You know his feelings about it. And he says that it would do no good. Whatever the debts are, tell them plainly to Sir Harry. If this be some affair of play, as Gustavus supposes, tell that to Sir Harry. Gustavus thinks that the baronet would without doubt pay any such debt which could be settled or partly settled by a thousand pounds."

"D——d heartless, selfish fellow! quite incapable of anything like true friendship," said Cousin George to himself, when he read Lady Allingham's letter.

Now he must do something. Hitherto, neither Stubber, nor Hart, nor the other friend knew of his presence in London. Hart, though a Jew, was much less distasteful to him than Captain Stubber, and to Mr. Abraham Hart he went first.

Mr. Abraham Hart was an attorney —so called by himself and friends— living in a genteel street abutting on Gray's Inn road, with whose residence and place of business, all beneath the same roof, George Hotspur was very well acquainted. Mr. Hart was a man in the prime of life, with black hair and a black beard, and a new shining hat, and a coat with a velvet collar and silk lining. He was always dressed in the same way, and had never yet been seen by Cousin George without his hat on his head. He was a pleasant-spoken, very ignorant, smiling, jocose man, with a slightly Jewish accent, who knew his business well, pursued it diligently, and considered himself to have a clear conscience. He had certain limits of forbearance with his customers — limits which were not narrow; but when those were passed he would sell the bed from under a dying woman with her babe, or bread from the mouth of a starving child. To do so was the necessity of his trade, for his own guidance in which he had made laws. The breaking of those laws by himself would bring his trade to an end, and therefore he declined to break them.

Mr. Hart was a man who attended to his business, and he was found at home even in September. "Yes, Mr. 'Oshspur, it's about time something was done now, ain't it?" said Mr. Hart, smiling pleasantly.

Cousin George, also smiling, reminded his friend of the two thousand pounds paid to him only a few months since.

"Not a shilling was mine of that, Captain 'Oshspur—not a brass fardin'. That was quite neshesshary just then, as you know, Captain 'Oshspur, or the fat must have been in the fire. And what's up now?"

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Not without considerable difficulty Cousin George explained to the Jew gentleman what was "up." He probably assumed more inclination on the part of Sir Harry for the match than he was justified in doing, but was very urgent in explaining to Mr. Hart that when inquiry was made on the part of Sir Harry as to the nature of the debt, the naked truth should not be exactly told.

"It was very bad, vasn't it, Captain 'Oshspur, having to divide with that fellow Stubber the money from the 'Orse Guards? You vas too clever for both of us there, Mr. 'Oshspur; veren't you now, Captain 'Oshspur? And I've two cheques still on my 'ands which is marked 'No account!' 'No account' is very bad. Isn't 'No account' very bad on a cheque, Captain 'Oshspur? And then I've that cheque on Drummond, signed— God knows how that is signed! There ain't no such person at all. Baldebeque! That's more like it than nothing else. When you brought me that, I thought there was a Lord Baldebeque; and I know you live among lords, Captain 'Oshspur."

"On my honor I brought it you just as I took it at Tattersall's."

"There was an expert as I showed it to says it is your handwriting, Captain 'Oshspur."

"He lies!" said Cousin George, fiercely.

"But when Stubber would have half the sale-money for the commission—and wanted it all too!—Lord! how he did curse and swear! That was bad, Captain 'Oshspur."

Then Cousin George swallowed his fierceness for a time, and proceeded to explain to Mr. Hart that Sir Harry would certainly pay all his debts if only those little details could be kept back to which Mr. Hart had so pathetically alluded. Above all, it would be necessary to preserve in obscurity that little mistake which had been made as to the pawning of the commission. Cousin George told a great many lies, but he told also much that was true. The Jew did not believe one of the lies, but then neither did he believe much of the truth. When George had finished his story, then Mr. Hart had a story of his own to tell:

"To let you know all about it, Captain 'Oshspur, the old gent has begun about it already."

"What, Sir Harry?"

"Yes, Sir 'Arry. Mr. Boltby—"

"He's the family lawyer."

"I suppose so, Captain 'Oshspur. Vell, he vas here yesterday, and vas very polite. If I'd just tell him all about everything, he thought as 'ow the baronet would settle the affair off-'and. He vas very generous in his offer, vas Mr. Boltby; but he didn't say nothin' of any marriage, Captain 'Oshspur."

"Of course he didn't. You are not such a fool as to suppose he would."

"No; I ain't such a fool as I looks, Captain 'Oshspur, am I? I didn't think it likely, seeing vhat vas the nature of his interrogatories. Mr. Boltby seemed to know a good deal. It is astonishing how much them fellows do know."

"You didn't tell him anything?"

"Not much, Captain 'Oshspur—not at fust starting. I'm a-going to have my money, you know, Captain 'Oshspur. And if I see my vay to my money one vay, and if I don't see no vay the other vay, vhy, vhat's a man to do? You can't blame me, Captain 'Oshspur. I've been very indulgent with you—I have, Captain 'Oshspur."

Cousin George promised, threatened, explained, swore by all his gods, and ended by assuring Mr. Abraham Hart that his life and death were in that gentleman's keeping. If Mr. Hart would only not betray him, the money would be safe and the marriage would be safe, and everything would easily come right. Over and above other things, Cousin George would owe to Mr. Abraham Hart a debt of gratitude which never would be wholly paid. Mr. Hart could only say that he meant to have his money, but that he did not mean to be "ungenteel." Much in his opinion must depend on what Stubber would do. As for Stubber, he couldn't speak to Stubber himself, as he and Stubber

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"were two." As for himself, if he could get his money he certainly would not be "ungenteel." And he meant what he said—meant more than he said. He would still run some risk rather than split on an old customer such as "Captain 'Oshspur." But now that a sudden way to his money was opened to him, he could not undertake to lose sight of it.

With a very heavy heart Cousin George went from Mr. Hart's house to the house-of-call of Captain Stubber. Mr. Boltby had been before him with Hart, and he augured the worst from Sir Harry's activity in the matter. If Mr. Boltby had already seen the captain, all his labor would probably be too late. Where Captain Stubber lived, even so old a friend of his as Cousin George did not know. And in what way Captain Stubber had become a captain, George, though he had been a military man himself, had never learned. But Captain Stubber had a house-of-call in a very narrow, dirty little street near Red Lion Square. It was close to a public-house, but did not belong to the public-house. George Hotspur, who had been very often to the place-of-call, had never seen there any appurtenances of the captain's business. There were no account-books, no writing-table, no ink even, except that contained in a little box with a screw which Captain Stubber would take out of his own pocket. Mr. Hart was so far established and civilized as to keep a boy whom he called a clerk, but Captain Stubber seemed to keep nothing. A dirty little girl at the house-of-call would run and fetch Captain Stubber if he were within reach, but most usually an appointment had to be made with the captain. Cousin George well remembered the day when his brother captain first made his acquaintance. About two years after the commencement of his life in London, Captain Stubber had had an interview with him in the little waiting-room just within the club doors. Captain Stubber then had in his possession a trumpery note of hand with George's signature, which, as he stated, he had "done" for a small tradesman with whom George had been fool enough to deal for cigars. From that day to the present he and Captain Stubber had been upon most intimate and confidential terms. If there was any one in the world whom Cousin George really hated, it was Captain Stubber.

On this occasion Captain Stubber was forthcoming after a delay of about a quarter of an hour. During that time Cousin George had stood in the filthy little parlor of the house-of-call in a frame of mind which was certainly not to be envied. Had Mr. Boltby also been with Captain Stubber? He knew his two creditors well enough to understand that the Jew, getting his money, would be better pleased to serve him than to injure him. But the captain would from choice do him an ill turn. Nothing but self-interest would tie up Captain Stubber's tongue. Captain Stubber was a tall, thin gentleman, probably over sixty years of age, with very seedy clothes and a red nose. He always had Berlin gloves, very much torn about the fingers, carried a cotton umbrella, wore—as his sole mark of respectability—a very stiff, clean, white collar round his neck, and invariably smelt of gin. No one knew where he lived, or how he carried on his business; but, such as he was, he had dealings with large sums of money, or at least with bills professing to stand for large sums, and could never have been found without a case in his pocket crammed with these documents. The quarter of an hour seemed to George to be an age, but at last Captain Stubber knocked at the front door and was shown into the room.

"How d'ye do, Captain Stubber?" said George.

"I'd do a deal better, Captain Hotspur, if I found it easier sometimes to come by my own."

"Well, yes; but no doubt you have your own profit in the delay, Captain Stubber."

"It's nothing to you, Captain Hotspur, whether I have profit or loss. All you 'as got to look to is to pay me what

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you owe me. And I intend that you shall, or by G— you shall suffer for it! I'm not going to stand it any longer. I know where to have you, and have you I will."

Cousin George was not quite sure whether the captain did know where to have him. If Mr. Boltby had been with him, it might be so; but then Captain Stubber was not a man so easily found as Mr. Hart, and the connection between himself and the captain might possibly have escaped Mr. Boltby's inquiries. It was very difficult to tell the story of his love to such a man as Captain Stubber, but he did tell it. He explained all the difficulties of Sir Harry's position in regard to the title and the property, and he was diffuse upon his own advantages as head of the family, and of the need there was that he should marry the heiress.

"But there is not an acre of it will come to you unless he gives it you?" inquired Captain Stubber.

"Certainly not," said Cousin George, anxious that the captain should understand the real facts of the case to a certain extent.

"And he needn't give you the girl?"

"The girl will give herself, my friend."

"And he needn't give the girl the property?"

"But he will. She is his only child."

"I don't believe a word about it. I don't believe such a one as Sir Harry Hotspur will lift his hand to help such as you."

"He has offered to pay my debts already."

"Very well. Let him make the offer to me. Look here, Captain Hotspur, I am not a bit afraid of you, you know."

"Who asks you to be afraid?"

"Of all the liars I ever met with, you are the worst."

George Hotspur smiled, looking up at the red nose of the malignant old man as though it were a joke; but that which he had to bear at this moment was a heavy burden. Captain Stubber probably understood this, for he repeated his words:

"I never knew any liar nigh so bad as you. And then there is such a deal worse than lies. I believe I could send you to penal servitude, Captain Hotspur."

"You could do no such thing," said Cousin George, still trying to look as though it were a joke, "and you don't think you could."

"I'll do my best, at any rate, if I don't have my money soon. You could pay Mr. Hart two thousand pounds, but you think I'm nobody."

"I am making arrangements now for having every shilling paid to you."

"Yes, I see. I've known a good deal about your arrangements. Look here, Captain Hotspur, unless I have five hundred pounds on or before Saturday, I'll write to Sir Harry Hotspur, and I'll give him a statement of all our dealings. You can trust me, though I can't trust you. Good-morning, Captain Hotspur."

Captain Stubber did believe in his heart that he was a man much injured by Cousin George, and that Cousin George was one whom he was entitled to despise. And yet a poor wretch more despisable, more dishonest, more false, more wicked or more cruel than Captain Stubber could not have been found in all London. His business was carried on with a small capital borrowed from a firm of low attorneys, who were the real holders of the bills he carried, and the profits which they allowed him to make were very trifling. But from Cousin George during the last twelve months he had made no profit at all. And Cousin George in former days had trodden upon him as on a worm.

Cousin George did not fail to perceive that Mr. Boltby had not as yet applied to Captain Stubber.

CHAPTER XI.

MRS. MORTON.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS before Saturday, and this was Tuesday! As Cousin George was taken westward from Red Lion Square in a cab, three or four dif-

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ferent lines of conduct suggested themselves to him. In the first place, it would be a very good thing to murder Captain Stubber. In the present effeminate state of civilization, and with the existing scruples as to the value of human life, he did not see his way clearly in this direction, but entertained the project rather as a beautiful castle in the air. The two next suggestions were to pay him the money demanded, or to pay him half of it. The second suggestion was the simpler, as the state of Cousin George's funds made it feasible; but then that brute would probably refuse to take the half in lieu of the whole when he found that his demand had absolutely produced a tender of ready cash. As for paying the whole, it might perhaps be done. It was still possible that with such prospects before him as those he now possessed, he could raise a hundred or hundred and fifty pounds; but then he would be left penniless. The last course of action which he contemplated was to take no further notice of Captain Stubber, and let him tell his story to Sir Harry if he chose to tell it. The man was such a blackguard that his entire story would probably not be believed; and then was it not almost necessary that Sir Harry should hear it? Of course there would be anger, and reproaches, and threats, and difficulty. But if Emily would be true to him, they might all by degrees be leveled down. This latter line of conduct would be practicable, and had this beautiful attraction—that it would save for his own present use that charming balance of ready money which he still possessed. Had Allingham possessed any true backbone of friendship, he might now, he thought, have been triumphant over all his difficulties.

When he sat down to his solitary dinner at his club, he was very tired with his day's work. Attending to the affairs of such gentlemen as Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber—who well know how to be masterful when their time for being masterful has come—is fatiguing enough. But he had another task to perform before he went to bed, which he would fain have kept unperformed were it possible to do so. He had written to a third friend to make an appointment for the evening, and this appointment he was bound to keep. He would very much rather have stayed at his club and played billiards with the navy captain, even though he might again have lost his shillings. The third friend was that Mrs. Morton to whom Lord Allingham had once alluded. "I supposed that it was coming," said Mrs. Morton, when she had listened, without letting a word fall from her own lips, to the long rambling story which Cousin George told her — a rambling story in which there were many lies, but in which there was the essential truth that Cousin George intended, if other things could be made to fit, to marry his cousin Emily Hotspur. Mrs. Morton was a woman who had been handsome— dark, thin, with great brown eyes and thin lips, and a long, well-formed nose: she was in truth three years younger than George Hotspur, but she looked to be older. She was a clever woman, and well read too, and in every respect superior to the man whom she had condescended to love. She earned her bread by her profession as an actress, and had done so since her earliest years. What story there may be of a Mr. Morton who had years ago married and ill-used and deserted her, need not here be told. Her strongest passion at this moment was love for the cold-blooded reprobate who had now come to tell her of his intended marriage. She had indeed loved George Hotspur, and he had been sufficiently attached to her to condescend to take aid from her earnings.

"I supposed that it was coming," she said in a low voice when he brought to an end the rambling story which she had allowed him to tell without a word of interruption.

"What is a fellow to do?" asked George.

"Is she handsome?"

George thought that he might mitigate the pain by making little of his cousin: "Well, no — not particularly. She looks like a lady."

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"And I suppose I don't." For a moment there was a virulence in this which made poor George almost gasp. This woman was patient to a marvel, long-bearing, affectionate, imbued with that conviction so common to women and the cause of so much delight to men—that ill-usage and suffering are intended for women; but George knew that she could turn upon him, if goaded far enough, and rend him. He could depend upon her for very much, because she loved him; but he was afraid of her. "You didn't mean that, I know," she added, smiling.

"Of course I didn't."

"No; your cruelties don't lie in that line: do they, George?"

"I'm sure I never mean to be cruel to you, Lucy."

"I don't think you do. I hardly believe that you ever mean anything, except just to get along and live."

"A fellow must live, you know," said George.

In ordinary society, George Hotspur could be bright, and he was proud of being bright. With this woman he was always subdued, always made to play second fiddle, always talked like a boy, and he knew it. He had loved her once, if he was capable of loving anything; but her mastery over him wearied him, even though he was, after a fashion, proud of her cleverness, and he wished that she were—well, dead, if the reader choose that mode of expressing what probably were George's wishes. But he had never told himself that he desired her death. He could build pleasant castles in the air as to the murder of Captain Stubber, but his thoughts did not travel that way in reference to Mrs. Morton.

"She is not pretty, then—this rich bride of yours?"

"Not particularly: she's well enough, you know."

"And well enough is good enough for you, is it? Do you love her, George?"

The woman's voice was very low and plaintive as she asked the question. Though from moment to moment she could use her little skill in pricking him with her satire, still she loved him; and she would vary her tone, and as at one minute she would make him uneasy by her raillery, so at the next she would quell him by her tenderness. She looked into his face for a reply when he hesitated. "Tell me that you do not love her," she said, passionately.

"Not particularly," replied George.

"And yet you would marry her?"

"What's a fellow to do? You see how I am fixed about the title. These are kinds of things to which a man situated as I am is obliged to submit."

"Royal obligations, as one might call them."

"By George, yes!" said George, altogether missing the satire. From any other lips he would have been sharp enough to catch it. "One can't see the whole thing go to the dogs after it has kept its head up so long. And then, you know, a man can't live altogether without an income?"

"You have done so, pretty well."

"I know that I owe you a lot of money, Lucy; and I know also that I mean to pay you."

"Don't talk about that. I don't know how at such a time as this you can bring yourself to mention it." Then she rose from her seat and flashed into wrath, carried on by the spirit of her own words: "Look here, George: if you send me any of that woman's money, by the living God, I will send it back to herself. To buy me with her money! But it is so like a man."

"I didn't mean that. Sir Harry is to pay all my debts."

"And will not that be the same? Will it not be her money? Why is he to pay your debts? Because he loves you?"

"It is all a family arrangement. You don't quite understand."

"Of course I don't understand. Such a one as I cannot lift myself so high above the earth. Great families form a sort of heaven of their own, which poor broken, ill-conditioned, wretched, common creatures such as I am cannot hope to comprehend. But, by Heaven! what a lot of the vilest clay goes to the mak-

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ing of that garden of Eden! Look here, George: you have nothing of your own?"

"Not much, indeed."

"Nothing. Is not that so? You can answer me, at any rate."

"You know all about it," he said—truly enough, for she did know.

"And you cannot earn a penny?"

"I don't know that I can. I never was very good at earning anything."

"It isn't gentlemanlike, is it? But I can earn money."

"By George, yes! I've often envied you. I have indeed."

"How flattering! As far as it went you should have had it all—nearly all—if you could have been true to me."

"But, Lucy, about the family?"

"And about your debts? Of course I couldn't pay debts which were always increasing. And of course your promises for the future were false. We both knew that they were false when they were made. Did we not?" She paused for an answer, but he made none. "They meant nothing; did they? He is dead now."

"Morton is dead?"

"Yes: he died in San Francisco, months ago."

"I couldn't have known that, Lucy: could I?"

"Don't be a fool! What difference would it have made? Don't pretend anything so false. It would be disgusting on the very face of it. It mattered nothing to you whether he lived or died. When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"Your marriage with this ill-looking young woman, who has got money, but whom you do not even pretend to love."

It struck even George that this was a way in which Emily Hotspur should not be described. She had been acknowledged to be the beauty of the last season—one of the finest girls that had ever been seen about London; and as for loving her, he did love her. A man might be fond of two dogs or have two pet horses, and why shouldn't he love two women? Of course he loved his cousin. But his circumstances at the moment were difficult, and he didn't quite know how to explain all this.

"When is it to be?" she said, urging her question imperiously.

In answer to this he gave her to understand that there was still a good deal of difficulty. He told her something of his position with Captain Stubber, and defined—not with absolute correctness—the amount of consent which Sir Harry had given to the marriage.

"And what am I to do?" she asked.

He looked blankly into her face. She then rose again, and unlocking a desk with a key that hung at her girdle, she took from it a bundle of papers.

"There!" she said—"there is the letter in which I have your promise to marry me when I am free, as I am now. It could not be less injurious to you than when locked up there, but the remembrance of it might frighten you." She threw the letter to him across the table, but he did not touch it. "And here are others which might be taken to mean the same thing. There! I am not so injured as I might seem to be, for I never believed them. How could I believe anything that you would say to me—anything that you would write?"

"Don't be down on me too hard, Lucy."

"No, I will not be down upon you at all. If these things pained you, I would not say them. Shall I destroy the letters?" Then she took them, one after another, and tore them into small fragments. "You will be easier now, I know."

"Easy? I am not very easy, I can tell you."

"Captain Stubber will not let you off so gently as I do. Is that it?"

Then there was made between them a certain pecuniary arrangement, which, if Mrs. Morton trusted at all the undertaking made to her, showed a most wonderful faith on her part. She would lend him two hundred and fifty pounds toward the present satisfaction of Captain Stubber; and this sum, to be lent for such a purpose, she would consent to receive back again out of Sir Harry's money. She must see a certain man-

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ager, she said, but she did not doubt but that her loan would be forthcoming on the Saturday morning. Captain George Hotspur accepted the offer, and was profuse in his thanks. After that, when he was going, her weakness was almost equal to his vileness.

"You will come and see me?" she said as she held his hand. Again he paused a moment. "George, you will come and see me?"

"Oh, of course I will."

"A great deal I can bear, a great deal I have borne, but do not be a coward. I knew you before she did, and have loved you better, and have treated you better than ever she will do. Of course you will come?"

He promised her that he would, and then went from her.

On the Saturday morning Captain Stubber was made temporarily happy by the most unexpected receipt of five hundred pounds.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HUNT BECOMES HOT.

SEPTEMBER passed away with Captain Hotspur very unpleasantly. He had various interviews with Captain Stubber, with Mr. Hart and with other creditors, and found very little amusement. Lady Allingham had written to him again, advising him strongly to make out a complete list of his debts and to send them boldly to Sir Harry. He endeavored to make out the list, but had hardly the audacity to do it even for his own information. When the end of September had come, and he was preparing himself to join the party of distinguished pheasant-shooters in Norfolk, he had as yet sent no list to Sir Harry, nor had he heard a word from Humblethwaite. Certain indications had reached him, continued to reach him from day to day, that Mr. Boltby was at work, but no communication had been made actually to himself, even by Mr. Boltby. When and how and in what form he was expected to send the schedule of his debts to Sir Harry he did not know; and thus it came to pass that when the time came for his departure from town, he had sent no such schedule at all. His sojourn, however, with the distinguished party was to last only for a week, and then he would really go to work. He would certainly himself write to Sir Harry before the end of October.

In the mean time, there came other troubles, various other troubles. One other trouble vexed him sore. There came to him a note from a gentleman with whom his acquaintance was familiar though slight, as follows:

"DEAR HOTSPUR: Did I not meet you at the last Goodwood meeting? If you don't mind, pray answer me the question. You will remember, I do not doubt, that I did—that I lost my money too, and paid it. Yours ever,

"F. STACKPOOLE."

He understood it all immediately. The Stackpooles had been at Humblethwaite. But what business had the man to write letters to him with the object of getting him into trouble? He did not answer the note, but nevertheless it annoyed him much. And then there was another great vexation. He was now running low in funds for present use. He had made what he feared was a most useless outlay in satisfying Stubber's immediate greed for money, and the effect was, that at the beginning of the last week in September he found himself with hardly more than fifty sovereigns in his possession, which would be considerably reduced before he could leave town. He had been worse off before, very much worse; but it was especially incumbent on him now to keep up that look of high feather which cannot be maintained in its proper brightness without ready cash. He must take a man-servant with him among the distinguished guests: he must fee gamekeepers, pay railway fares, and have loose cash about him for a hundred purposes. He wished it to be known that he was going to marry his cousin. He might find some friend with softer heart than Allingham, who would lend him a few hundreds on being made

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to believe in this brilliant destiny; but a roll of bank-notes in his pocket would greatly aid him in making the destiny credible. Fifty pounds, as he well knew, would melt away from him like snow. The last fifty pounds of a thousand always go quicker than any of the nineteen other fifties.

Circumstances had made it impossible for him to attend the Leger this year, but he had put a little money on it. The result had done nothing for or against him—except this, that whereas he received between one and two hundred pounds, he conceived the idea of paying only a portion of what he had lost. With reference to the remainder, he wrote to ask his friend if it would be quite the same if the money were paid at Christmas. If not, of course it should be sent at once. The friend was one of the Allingham set, who had been at Castle Corry, and who had heard of George's hopes in reference to his cousin. George added a postscript to his letter: "This kind of thing will be over for me very soon. I am to be a Benedict, and the house of Humblethwaite and the title are to be kept together. I know you will congratulate me. My cousin is a charming girl, and worth all that I shall lose, ten times over." It was impossible, he thought, that the man should refuse him credit for eighty pounds till Christmas, when the man should know that he was engaged to be married to twenty thousand a year! But the man did refuse. The man wrote back to say that he did not understand this kind of thing at all, and that he wanted his money at once. George Hotspur sent the man his money, not without many curses on the illiberality of such a curmudgeon. Was it not cruel that a fellow would not give him so trifling an assistance when he wanted it so badly? All the world seemed to conspire to hurt him just at this most critical moment of his life. In many of his hardest emergencies for ready money he had gone to Mrs. Morton. But even he felt that just at present he could not ask her for more.

Nevertheless, a certain amount of cash was made to be forthcoming before he took his departure for Norfolk. In the course of the preceding spring he had met a young gentleman in Mr. Hart's small front parlor who was there upon ordinary business. He was a young gentleman with good prospects and with some command of ready money, but he liked to live, and would sometimes want Mr. Hart's assistance. His name was Walker, and though he was not exactly one of that class in which it delighted Captain Hotspur to move, nevertheless he was not altogether disdained by that well-born and well-bred gentleman. On the third of October, the day before he left London to join his distinguished friends in Norfolk, George Hotspur changed a cheque for nearly three hundred pounds at Mr. Walker's banker's. Poor Mr. Walker! But Cousin George went down to Norfolk altogether in high feather. If there were play, he would play. He would bet about pulling straws if he could find an adversary to bet with him. He could chink sovereigns about at his ease, at any rate, during the week. Cousin George liked to chink sovereigns about at his ease. And this point of greatness must be conceded to him—that, however black might loom the clouds of the coming sky, he could enjoy the sunshine of the hour.

In the mean time, Mr. Boltby was at work, and before Cousin George had shot his last pheasant in such very good company, Sir Harry was up in town assisting Mr. Boltby. How things had gone at Humblethwaite between Sir Harry and his daughter must not be told on this page; but the reader may understand that nothing had as yet occurred to lessen Sir Harry's objection to the match. There had been some correspondence between Sir Harry and Mr. Boltby, and Sir Harry had come up to town. When the reader learns that on the very day on which Cousin George and his servant were returning to London by the express train from Norfolk, smoking many cigars and drinking many glasses—George of sherry, and the servant probably of beer and spirits alter-

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nately—each making himself happy with a novel (George's novel being French, and that of the servant English sensational), —the reader, when he learns that on this very day Sir Harry had interviews with Captain Stubber and also with Mrs. Morton, will be disposed to think that things were not going very well for Cousin George. But then the reader does not as yet know the nature of the persistency of Emily Hotspur.

What Sir Harry did with Captain Stubber need not be minutely described. There can be no doubt that Cousin George was not spared by the captain, and that when he understood what might be the result of telling the truth, he told all that he knew. In that matter of the five hundred pounds Cousin George had really been ill-treated. The payment had done him no sort of service whatever. Of Captain Stubber's interview with Sir Harry nothing further need now be said. But it must be explained that Sir Harry, led astray by defective information, made a mistake in regard to Mrs. Morton, and found out his mistake. He did not much like Mrs. Morton, but he did not leave her without an ample apology. From Mrs. Morton he learned nothing whatever in regard to Cousin George — nothing but this, that Mrs. Morton did not deny that she was acquainted with Captain Hotspur. Mr. Boltby had learned, however, that Cousin George had drawn the money for a cheque payable to her order, and he had made himself nearly certain of the very nature of the transaction.

Early on the morning after George's return he was run to ground by Mr. Boltby's confidential clerk, at the hotel behind the club. It was so early, at least, that George was still in bed. But the clerk, who had breakfasted at eight, been at his office by nine, and had worked hard for two hours and a half since, did not think it at all early. George, who knew that his pheasant-shooting pleasure was past, and that immediate trouble was in store for him, had consoled himself over night with a good deal of curaçoa and seltzer and brandy, and had taken these comforting potations after a bottle of champagne. He was consequently rather out of sorts when he was run to ground in his very bed-room by Boltby's clerk. He was cantankerous at first, and told the clerk to go and be d—d. The clerk pleaded Sir Harry. Sir Harry was in town, and wanted to see his cousin. A meeting must of course be arranged. Sir Harry wished that it might be in Mr. Boltby's private room. When Cousin George objected that he did not choose to have any interview with Sir Harry in presence of the lawyer, the clerk very humbly explained that the private room would be exclusively for the service of the two gentlemen. Sick as he was, Cousin George knew that nothing was to be gained by quarreling with Sir Harry. Though Sir Harry should ask for an interview in presence of the lord mayor, he must go to it. He made the hour as late as he could, and at last three o'clock was settled.

At one, Cousin George was at work upon his broiled bones and tea laced with brandy, having begun his meal with soda and brandy. He was altogether dissatisfied with himself. Had he known on the preceding evening what was coming, he would have dined on a mutton chop and a pint of sherry, and have gone to bed at ten o'clock. He looked at himself in the glass, and saw that he was bloated and red, and a thing foul to behold. It was a matter of boast to him—the most pernicious boast that ever a man made—that in twenty-four hours he could rid himself of all outward and inward sign of any special dissipation; but the twenty-four hours were needed, and now not twelve were allowed him! Nevertheless, he kept his appointment. He tried to invent some lie which he might send by a commissioner, and which might not ruin him. But he thought upon the whole that it would be safer for him to go.

When he entered the room he saw at a glance that there was to be war—war to the knife—between him and Sir Harry. He perceived at once that if it were worth his while to go on with the thing at all, he must do so in sole de-

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pendence on the spirit and love of Emily Hotspur. Sir Harry at their first greeting declined to shake hands with him, and called him Captain Hotspur.

"Captain Hotspur," he said, "in a word, understand that there must be no further question of a marriage between you and my daughter."

"Why not, Sir Harry?"

"Because, sir—" and then he paused —"I would sooner see my girl dead at my feet than entrust her to such a one as you. It was true what you said to me at Humblethwaite. There would have been something very alluring to me in the idea of joining the property and the title together. A man will pay much for such a whim. I would not unwillingly have paid very much in money, but I am not so infamously wicked as to sacrifice my daughter utterly by giving her to one so entirely unworthy of her as you are."

"I told you that I was in debt, Sir Harry."

"I wanted no telling as to that, but I did want telling as to your mode of life, and I have had it now. You had better not press me. You had better see Mr. Boltby. He will tell you what I am willing to do for you upon receiving your written assurance that you will never renew your offer of marriage to Miss Hotspur."

"I cannot do that," said Cousin George, hoarsely.

"Then I shall leave your creditors to deal with you as they please. I have nothing further to suggest myself, and I would recommend that you see Mr. Boltby before you leave the chambers."

"What does my cousin say?" he asked.

"Were you at Goodwood last meeting?" asked Sir Harry. "But of course you were."

"I was," he answered. He was obliged to acknowledge so much, not quite knowing what Stackpoole might have said or done. "But I can explain that."

"There is no need whatever of any explanation. Do you generally borrow money from such ladies as Mrs. Morton?" Cousin George blushed when this question was asked, but made no answer to it. It was one that he could not answer. "But it makes no difference, Captain Hotspur. I mention these things only to let you feel that I know you. I must decline any further speech with you. I strongly advise you to see Mr. Boltby at once. Good-afternoon."

So saying, the baronet withdrew quickly, and Cousin George heard him shut the door of the chambers.

After considering the matter for a quarter of an hour, Cousin George made up his mind that he would see the lawyer. No harm could come to him from seeing the lawyer. He was closeted with Mr. Boltby for nearly an hour, and before he left the chamber had been forced to confess to things of which he had not thought it possible that Mr. Boltby should ever have heard. Mr. Boltby knew the whole story of the money raised on the commission, of the liabilities to both Hart and Stubber, and had acquainted himself with the history of Lord Baldebeque's cheque. Mr. Boltby was not indignant, as had been Sir Harry, but intimated it as a thing beyond dispute that a man who had done such things as could be proved against Cousin George—and as would undoubtedly be proved against him if he would not give up his pursuit of the heiress—must be disposed of with severity, unless he retreated at once of his own accord. Mr. Boltby did indeed hint something about a criminal prosecution and utter ruin, and—incarceration.

But if George Hotspur would renounce his cousin utterly, putting his renunciation on paper, Sir Harry would pay all his debts to the extent of twenty thousand pounds, would allow him five hundred a year on condition that he would live out of England, and would leave him a further sum of twenty thousand pounds by his will, on condition that no renewed cause of offence were given.

"You had better perhaps go home and think about it, Mr. Hotspur," said the lawyer.

Cousin George did go away and think about it.

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ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

II.

AS to the single or multiple origin of man, science as yet furnishes no answer. It is very probable that, in many cases, the species of one genus have descended from corresponding species of another by change of generic characters only. It is a remarkable fact that the orang possesses the peculiarly developed malar bones and the copper color characteristic of the Mongolian inhabitants of the regions in which this animal is found, while the gorilla exhibits the prognathic jaws and black hue of the African races near whom he dwells. This kind of geographical imitation is very common in the animal kingdom.

ζ. *The Mosaic Account.*

As some persons imagine that this hypothesis conflicts with the account of the creation of man given in Genesis, a comparison of some of the points involved is made below.

First: In Genesis i. 26, 27 we read, "And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness," etc. "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." Those who believe that this "image" is a physical, material form, are not disposed to admit the entrance of anything ape-like into its constitution, for the ascription of any such appearance to the Creator would be impious and revolting. But we are told that "God is a Spirit," and Christ said to his disciples after his resurrection, "A spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye see me have." Luke xxiv. 39. It will require little further argument to show that a mental and spiritual image is what is meant, as it is what truly exists. Man's conscience, intelligence and creative ingenuity show that he possesses an "image of God" within him, the possession of which is really necessary to his limited comprehension of God and of God's ways to man.

Second: In Gen. ii. 7 the text reads, "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." The fact that man is the result of the modification of an ape-like predecessor nowise conflicts with the above statement as to the materials of which his body is composed. Independently of origin, if the body of man be composed of dust, so must that of the ape be, since the composition of the two is identical. But the statement simply asserts that man was created of the same materials which compose the earth: their condition as "dust" depending merely on temperature and subdivision. The declaration, "Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," must be taken in a similar sense, for we know that the decaying body is resolved not only into its earthy constituents, but also into carbonic acid gas and water.

When God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, we are informed that he became, not a living body, but "a living soul." His descent from a pre-existent being involved the possession of a living body; but when the Creator breathed into him we may suppose that He infused into this body the immortal part, and at that moment man became a conscientious and responsible being.

II. METAPHYSICAL EVOLUTION.

IT is infinitely improbable that a being endowed with such capacities for gradual progress as man has exhibited, should have been full fledged in accom-

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plishments at the moment when he could first claim his high title, and abandon that of his simious ancestors. We are therefore required to admit the growth of human intelligence from a primitive state of inactivity and absolute ignorance; including the development of one important mode of its expression — speech; as well as that of the moral qualities, and of man's social system—the form in which his ideas of morality were first displayed.

The expression "evolution of morality" need not offend, for the question in regard to the *laws* of this evolution is the really important part of the discussion, and it is to the opposing views on this point that the most serious interest attaches.

That the theory of physical development is consistent with Genesis will, I think, before long be admitted by most persons; but the correlation of the facts of metaphysical evolution with the theologies of some of the churches will require more care.

The two views of evolution already treated of, held separately, are quite opposed to each other. The first (and generally received) lays stress on the influence of external surroundings, as the stimulus to and guidance of development: it is the counterpart of Darwin's principle called Natural Selection in material progress. This might be called the *Conflict theory*. The second view recognizes the workings of a force whose nature we do not know, whose exhibitions accord perfectly with their external surroundings (or other exhibitions of itself), without being under their influence or more related to them, as effect to cause, than the notes of the musical octave or the colors of the spectrum are to each other. This is the *Harmonic theory*. In other words, the first principle deduces perfection from struggle and discord; the second, from the coincident progress of many parts, forming together a divine harmony comparable to music. That these principles are both true is rendered extremely probable by the actual phenomena of development, material and immaterial. In other words, struggle and discord ever await that which is not in the advance, and which fails to keep pace with the harmonious development of the whole.

All who have studied the phenomena of the creation believe that there exists in it a grand and noble harmony, such as was described to Job when he was told that "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

a. Development of Intelligence.

If the brain is the organ of mind, we may be surprised to find that the brain of the intelligent man scarcely differs in structure from that of the ape. Whence, then, the difference of power? Though no one will now deny that many of the Mammalia are capable of reasoning upon observed facts, yet how greatly the results of this capacity differ in number and importance from those achieved by human intelligence! Like water at the temperatures of 50° and 53°, where we perceive no difference in essential character, so between the brains of the lower and higher monkeys no difference of function or of intelligence is perceptible. But what a difference do the two degrees of temperature from 33° to 31° produce in water! In like manner the difference between the brain of the higher ape and that of man is accompanied by a difference in function and power, on which man's earthly destiny depends. In development, as with the water so with the higher ape: some Rubicon has been crossed, some floodgate has been opened, which marks one of Nature's great transitions, such as have been called "Expression points" of progress.

What point of progress in such a history would account for this accession of the powers of the human intelligence? It has been answered, with considerable confidence, The power of speech. Let us picture man without speech. Each generation of men would learn nothing from its predecessors. Whatever originality or observation might yield to a man would

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die with him. Each intellectual life would begin where every other life began, and would end at a point only differing with its original capacity. Concert of action, by which man's power over the material world is maintained, would not exceed, if it equaled, that which is seen among the bees; and the material results of his labors would not extend beyond securing the means of life and the employment of the simplest modes of defence and attack.

The first men, therefore, are looked upon by the developmentalists as extremely embryonic in all that characterizes humanity, and they appeal to the facts of history in support of this view. If they do not derive much assistance from written history, evidence is found in the more enduring relics of human handiwork.

The opposing view is, that the races which present or have presented this condition of inferiority or savagery have reached it by a process of degradation from a higher state—as some believe, through moral delinquency. This position may be true in certain cases, which represent perhaps a condition of senility, but in general we believe that savagery was the condition of the first man, which has in some races continued to the present day.

β. *Evidence from Archæology.*

As the object of the present essay is not to examine fully into the evidences for the theories of evolution here stated, but rather to give a sketch of such theories and their connection, a few facts only will be noticed.

Improvement in the Use of Materials. As is well known, the remains of human handiwork of the earliest periods consist of nothing but rude implements of stone and bone, useful only in procuring food and preparing it for use. Even when enterprise extended beyond the ordinary routine, it was restrained by the want of proper instruments. Knives and other cutting implements of flint still attest the skill of the early races of men from Java to the Cape of Good Hope, from Egypt to Ireland, and through North and South America. Hatchets, spear-heads and ornaments of serpentine, granite, silex, clay slates, and all other suitable rock materials, are found to have been used by the first men, to the exclusion of metals, in most of the regions of the earth.

Later, the probably accidental discovery of the superiority of some of the metals resulted in the substitution of them for stone as a material for cutting implements. Copper—the only metal which, while malleable, is hard enough to bear an imperfect edge—was used by succeeding races in the Old World and the New. Implements of this material are found scattered over extensive regions. So desirable, however, did the hardening of the material appear for the improvement of the cutting edge that combinations with other metals were sought for and discovered. The alloy with tin, forming bronze and brass, was discovered and used in Europe, while that with silver appears to have been most readily produced in America, and was consequently used by the Peruvians and other nations.

The discovery of the modes of reducing iron ores placed in the hands of man the best material for bringing to a shape convenient for his needs the raw material of the world. All improvements in this direction made since that time have been in the quality of iron itself, and not through the introduction of any new metal.

The prevalent phenomena of any given period are those which give it its character, and by which we distinguish it. But this fact does not exclude the coexistence of other phenomena belonging to prior or subsequent stages. Thus, during the many stages of human progress there have been men more or less in advance of the general body, and their characteristics have given a peculiar stamp to the later and higher condition of the whole. It furnishes no objection to this view that we find, as might have been anticipated, the stone, bronze and iron periods overlapping one another, or men of an inferior culture supplanting in some cases a

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superior people. A case of this kind is seen in North America, where the existing "Indians," stone-men, have succeeded the mound-builders, copper-men. The successional relation of discoveries is all that it is necessary to prove, and this seems to be established.

The period at which the use of metallic implements was introduced is unknown, but Whitney says that the language of the Aryans, the ancestors of all the modern Indo-Europeans, indicates an acquaintance with such implements, though it is not certain whether those of iron are to be included. The dispersion of the daughter races, the Hindoos, the Pelasgi, Teutons, Celts, etc., could not, it is thought, have taken place later than 3000 B. C.—a date seven hundred years prior to that assigned by the old chronology to the Deluge. Those races coexisted with the Egyptian and Chinese nations, already civilized, and as distinct from each other in feature as they are now.

Improvement in Architecture. The earliest periods, then, were characterized by the utmost simplicity of invention and construction. Later, the efforts for defence from enemies and for architectural display, which have always employed so much time and power, began to be made. The megalithic period has left traces over much of the earth. The great masses of stone piled on each other in the simplest form in Southern India, and the circles of stones planted on end in England at Stonehenge and Abury, and in Peru at Sillustani, are relics of that period. More complex are the great Himyaritic walls of Arabia, the works of the ancestors of the Phœnicians in Asia Minor, and the titanic workmanship of the Pelasgi in Greece and Italy. In the iron age we find granitic hills shaped or excavated into temples; as, for example, everywhere in Southern India. Near Madura the circumference of an acropolis-like hill is cut into a series of statues in high relief, of sixty feet in elevation. Easter Island, composed of two volcanic cones, one thousand miles from the west coast of South America, in the bosom of the Pacific, possesses several colossi cut from the intrusive basalt, some in high relief on the face of the rock, others in detached blocks removed by human art from their original positions and brought nearer the sea-shore.

Finally, at a more advanced stage, the more ornate and complex structures of Central America, of Cambodia, Nineveh and Egypt, represent the period of greatest display of architectural expenditure. The same amount of human force has perhaps never been expended in this direction since, though higher conceptions of beauty have been developed in architecture with increasing intellectuality.

Man has passed through the block-and-brick building period of his boyhood, and should rise to higher conceptions of what is the true disposition of power for "him who builds for aye," and learn that "spectacle" is often the unwilling friend of progress.

No traces of metallic implements have ever been found in the salt-mines of Armenia, the turquoise-quarries in Arabia, the cities of Central America or the excavations for mica in North Carolina, while the direct evidence points to the conclusion that in those places flint was exclusively used.

The simplest occupations, as requiring the least exercise of mind, are the pursuit of the chase and the tending of flocks and herds. Accordingly, we find our first parents engaged in these occupations. Cain, we are told, was, in addition, a tiller of the ground. Agriculture in its simplest forms requires but little more intelligence than the pursuits just mentioned, though no employment is capable of higher development. If we look at the savage nations at present occupying nearly half the land surface of the earth, we shall find many examples of the former industrial condition of our race preserved to the present day. Many of them had no knowledge of the use of metals until they obtained it from civilized men who visited them, while their pursuits were and are those of the chase, tending domestic animals, and rudimental agriculture.

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γ. The Development of Language.

In this department the fact of development from the simple to the complex has been so satisfactorily demonstrated by philologists as scarcely to require notice here. The course of that development has been from monosyllabic to polysyllabic forms, and also in a process of differentiation, as derivative races were broken off from the original stock and scattered widely apart. The evidence is clear that simple words for distinct objects formed the bases of the primal languages, just as the ground, tree, sun and moon represent the character of the first words the infant lisps. In this department also the facts point to an infancy of the human race.

δ. Development of the Fine Arts.

If we look at representation by drawing or sculpture, we find that the efforts of the earliest races of which we have any knowledge were quite similar to those which the untaught hand of infancy traces on its slate or the savage depicts on the rocky faces of hills. The circle or triangle for the head and body, and straight lines for the limbs, have been preserved as the first attempts of the men of the stone period, as they are to this day the sole representations of the human form which the North American Indian places on his buffalo robe or mountain precipice. The stiff, barely-outlined form of the deer, the turtle, etc., are literally those of the infancy of civilized man.

The first attempts at sculpture were marred by the influence of modism. Thus the idols of Coban and Palenque, with human faces of some merit, are overloaded with absurd ornament, and deformed into frightful asymmetry, in compliance with the demand of some imperious mode. In later days we have the stiff, conventionalized figures of the palaces of Nineveh and the temples of Egypt, where the representation of form has somewhat improved, but is too often distorted by false fashion or imitation of some unnatural standard, real or artistic. This is distinguished as the day of archaic sculpture, which disappeared with the Etruscan nation. So the drawings of the child, when he abandons the simple lines, are stiff and awkward, and but a stage nearer true representation; and how often does he repeat some peculiarity or absurdity of his own! So much easier is it to copy than to conceive.

The introduction of the action and pose of life into sculpture was not known before the early days of Greece, and it was there that the art was brought to perfection. When art rose from its mediæval slumber, much the same succession of development may be discovered. First, the stiff figures, with straightened limbs and cylindric drapery, found in the old Northern churches—then the forms of life that now adorn the porticoes and palaces of the cities of Germany.

ε. Rationale of the Development of Intelligence.

The history of material development shows that the transition from stage to stage of development, experienced by the most perfect forms of animals and plants in their growth from the primordial cell, is similar to the succession of created beings which the geological epochs produced. It also shows that the slow assumption of main characters in the line of succession in early geological periods produced the condition of inferiority, while an increased rapidity of growth in later days has resulted in an attainment of superiority. It is not to be supposed that in "acceleration" the period of growth is shortened: on the contrary, it continues the same. Of two beings whose characters are assumed at the same rate of succession, that with the quickest or shortest growth is necessarily inferior. "Acceleration" means a gradual increase of the rate of assumption of successive characters in the same period of time. A fixed rate of assumption of characters, with gradual increase in the length of the period of growth, would produce the same result —viz., a longer developmental scale and the attainment of an advanced position. The first is in part the rela-

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tion of sexes of a species; the last of genera, and of other types of creation. If from an observed relation of many facts we derive a law, we are permitted, when we see in another class of facts similar relations, to suspect that a similar law has operated, differing only in its objects. We find a marked resemblance between the facts of structural progress in matter and the phenomena of intellectual and spiritual progress.

If the facts entering into the categories enumerated in the preceding section bear us out, we conclude that in the beginning of human history the progress of the individual man was very slow, and that but little was attained to; that through the profitable direction of human energy, means were discovered from time to time by which the process of individual development in all metaphysical qualities has been accelerated; and that up to the present time the consequent advance of the whole race has been at an increasing rate of progress. This is in accordance with the general principle, that high development in intellectual things is accomplished by rapidity in traversing the preliminary stages of inferiority common to all, while low development signifies sluggishness in that progress, and a corresponding retention of inferiority.

How much meaning may we not see, from this stand-point, in the history of the intelligence of our little ones! First they crawl, they walk on all fours: when they first assume the erect position they are generally speechless, and utter only inarticulate sounds. When they run about, stones and dirt, the objects that first meet the eye, are the delight of their awakening powers, but these are all cast aside when the boy obtains his first jackknife. Soon, however, reading and writing open a new world to him; and finally as a mature man he seizes the forces of nature, and steam and electricity do his bidding in the active pursuit of power for still better and higher ends.

So with the history of the species: first the quadrumane—then the speaking man, whose humble industry was, however, confined to the objects that came first to hand, this being the "stone age" of pre-historic time. When the use of metals was discovered, the range of industries expanded wonderfully, and the "iron age" saw many striking efforts of human power. With the introduction of letters it became possible to record events and experiences, and the spread of knowledge was thereby greatly increased, and the delays and mistakes of ignorance correspondingly diminished in the fields of the world's activity.

From the first we see in history a slow advance as knowledge gained by the accumulation of tradition and by improvements in habit based on experience; but how slow was this advance while the use of the metals was still unknown! The iron age brought with it not only new conveniences, but increased means of future progress; and here we have an acceleration in the rate of advance. With the introduction of letters this rate was increased many fold, and in the application of steam we have a change equal in utility to any that has preceded it, and adding more than any to the possibilities of future advance in many directions. By it power, knowledge and means of happiness were to be distributed among the many.

The uses to which human intelligence has successively applied the materials furnished by nature have been—First, subsistence and defence: second, the accumulation of power in the shape of a representative of that labor which the use of matter involves; in other words, the accumulation of wealth. The possession of this power involves new possibilities, for opportunity is offered for the special pursuits of knowledge and the assistance of the weak or undeveloped part of mankind in its struggles.

Thus, while the first men possessed the power of speech, and could advance a little in knowledge through the accumulation of the experiences of their predecessors, they possessed no means of accumulating the power of labor, no

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control over the activity of numbers—in other words, no wealth.

But the accumulation of knowledge finally brought this advance about. The extraction and utilization of the metals, especially iron, formed the most important step, since labor was thus facilitated and its productiveness increased in an incalculable degree. We have little evidence of the existence of a medium of exchange during the first or stone period, and no doubt barter was the only form of trade. Before the use of metals, shells and other objects were used: remains of money of baked clay have been found in Mexico. Finally, though in still ancient times, the possession of wealth in money gradually became possible and more common, and from that day to this avenues for reaching this stage in social progress have ever been opening.

But wealth merely indicates a stage of progress, since it is but a comparative term. All men could not become rich, for in that case all would be equally poor. But labor has a still higher goal; for, thirdly, as capital, it constructs and employs machinery, which does the work of many hands, and thus cheapens products, which is equivalent in effect to an accumulation of wealth to the consumer. And this increase of power may be used for the intellectual and spiritual advance of men, or otherwise, at the will of the men thus favored. Machinery places man in the position of a creator, operating on Nature through an increased number of "secondary causes."

Development of intelligence is seen, then, in the following directions: First, in the knowledge of facts, including science; second, in language; third, in the apprehension of beauty; and, as consequences of these, the accumulation of power by development—First, of means of subsistence; and second, of mechanical invention.

Thus we have two terms to start with in estimating the beginning of human development in knowledge and power: First, the primary capacities of the human mind itself; second, a material world, whose infinitely varied components are so arranged as to yield results to the energies of that mind. For example, the transition points of vaporization and liquefaction are so placed as to be within the reach of man's agents; their weights are so fixed as to accord with the muscular or other forces which he is able to exert; and other living organizations are subject to his convenience and rule, and not, as in previous geological periods, entirely beyond his control. These two terms being given, it is maintained that the present situation of the most civilized men has been attained through the operation of a law of mutual action and reaction—a law whose results, seen at the present time, have depended on the acceleration or retardation of its rate of action; which rate has been regulated, according to the degree in which a third great term, viz., the law of moral or (what is the same thing) true religious development has been combined in the plan. What it is necessary to establish in order to prove the above hypothesis is—

I. That in each of the particulars above enumerated the development of the human species is similar to that of the individual from infancy to maturity.

II. That from a condition of subserviency to the laws of matter, man's intelligence enables him, by an accumulation of power, to become in a sense independent of those laws, and to pursue a course of intellectual and spiritual progress.

III. That failure to accomplish a moral or spiritual development will again reduce him to a subserviency to the laws of matter.

This brings us to the subject of moral development. And here I may be allowed to suggest that the weight of the evidence is opposed to the philosophy, "falsely so called," of necessitarianism, which asserts that the first two terms alone were sufficient to work out man's salvation in this world and the next; and, on the other hand, to that antiphilosophy which asserts that all things in human progress, intellectual and

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moral, are regulated by immediate Divine interposition instead of through instrumentalities. Hence the subject divides itself at once into two great departments — viz., that of the development of mind or intelligence, and that of the development of morality.

That these laws are distinct there can be no doubt, since in the individual man one of them may produce results without the aid of the other. Yet it can be shown that each is the most invaluable aid and stimulant to the other, and most favorable to the rapid advance of the mind in either direction.

EDWARD D. COPE.

OUR CASTLES.

I SAT down to write an essay upon private life in America, with observations upon certain of its discomforts. But I found that any argument I might wish to offer would lack a major premiss, and that I was arrested by a fact similar to that which shortened the labors of the learned naturalist Pontopidan when he undertook to describe the reptiles of Iceland. There is no private life in America.

By private life I mean essentially that phase of social existence which is illustrated by the old English adage, "Every man's house is his castle." No American's house can be called his castle, for no American's house contains any place from which curiosity or impertinence is bound to recoil under the certain penalty of a kick.

"Minding one's own business" has ever seemed to me one of the loftiest of the virtues. To a quiet man the older civilizations of Europe have no greater charm than the fascinating possibility they hold out of a life of serene retirement, into the sequestered shades of which the letters of introduction of Mr. or Mrs. Meddle shall be no passport. To be hospitable is of course an essential quality of a magnanimous people, but what merit can be claimed for a hospitality that consists in keeping the latch-string always out under penalty of being ostracised, and permits one no option in the selection of his entertainment? That can only be a tavern which is under obligation to provide for man and beast alike.

The Frenchman, the social being *par excellence*, with all his fondness for *éclat*, all his gregarious instincts, can yet withdraw from his salons, his cafés, his boulevards, his theatres, into a private place of his own—his *home*—into which no intruder is admitted, and where madame may transact her domestic affairs without danger of interruption. John Bull never goes out from home but he takes his house with him, like the tortoise, wherever he travels. It is his especial quarrel with us that his tortoise-shell is not sacred against the fire-coal of impertinence and intrusion in New York and Boston, as it is in Paris, and Vienna, and Rome. He builds his house of stout brick, garnishes his garden wall with broken bottles, and chains and bars his front door, inside of which he is "both king and bishop," the freest and most independent of human beings, because he knows that what he says and what he thinks will go no farther. *Hic secura quies*, he boasts, and in that assurance finds unlimited resources for enjoyment and unchecked impulses to freedom. His own thoughts are an atmosphere in which he can bathe, unconstrained by the dread of contact with mephitic vapors intruding from outdoors.

It follows from this that while abroad a person can have two distinct lives—a

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life out-doors and a life in-doors—the American has but one life. He must take the street into his house, and make his closet a thoroughfare. The American lady can copy the French lady's salon, but not the French lady's boudoir. The American gentleman's house is built not of brick, but of glass, and he can never be at ease so long as the stones are not chained down.

This difference between ourselves and foreign nations is wider perhaps than is generally supposed. The American wit has a shrewd inventive turn, but seems radically impatient of imitation. It would rather blaze a path for itself through the wilderness than pursue roads already laid out. Doubtless this is an independent tendency of mind, but doubtless it often leads to incommodity, sometimes to mishaps. The new road may run up a tree or end untimely in a morass: the new invention may be already covered by an existing patent. It is perhaps on account of this instinct that we have failed equally to copy the wholesome features of private life as it exists abroad, and to invent a clever substitute for them. It seems as if, when our social fabric was first built, there was no corner left for the private closet, nor have our subsequent alterations of the structure made provision for it. We have hence grown up, as it were, ignorant of such conveniences, and scorning to believe in their utility. When some foreigner, tortured beyond all endurance by an evil so new to his experiences and so irritating to his sensibilities, escapes home to tell his neighbors how disagreeable our manners are, we are fatally prone to grow indignant, and accuse him of libel or of caricature. When an American, like Mr. Willis or Mrs. Stowe, after being admitted more or less freely to some European interiors, returns with an eager pen to describe the newly-discovered regions, and there is a consequent outcry of indignation for violated privacy, we are sincerely astonished to find the people abroad so touchy and thin-skinned, and that they should object so vehemently to having revealed what we take such pleasure in showing. Now and then, to be sure, a more than usually ferocious invasion of privacy, a more than usually impertinent charge of the light brigade of those Bashi-bazouks, the "Interviewers," or a more than usually disgusting betrayal of sacred confidences, provokes a sort of mild indignation and gentle uneasiness in our bosoms; but the feeling is feeble and ephemeral, and by no means implies that we are capable of sympathizing with Chuzzlewit's horror of Pogram, or of comprehending Fredrika Bremer's bewildered longing to "be let alone for one single hour."

The *crimen læsæ magestatis* against the American people is the attempt to enact private life and assert private judgment. We make no provision of exclusiveness for ourselves, and we suspect it—nay more, we do not tolerate it — in others. He is always a Jesuit, a conspirator or an aristocrat in our eyes who builds his garden wall so high that we cannot see over it, or puts a double lock upon his front door. And so complaisant are we to custom that this treasonable practice of privacy, and this felonious privilege of thinking for one's self, are as little known to the tribunals of society as was the crime of parricide to the ancient courts of Rome. It was somewhat a matter of wonder to the stranger in Athens, on occasion of the performance of Aristophanes' play of the *Clouds*, that Socrates should make himself so unusually conspicuous, and give the whole audience an opportunity of observing what manner of person the hero of the piece really was. Every American would be fully as complaisant each day of his life, nor think himself a philosopher on that account. Washington was the most dignified of Americans, yet an American still. When Charles Wilson Peale was painting his portrait, said Gilbert Stuart, "I looked in to see how the old gentleman was getting on with the picture, and to my astonishment I found the general surrounded by the whole [Peale] family. They were peeling him, sir. As I went away I met Mrs. Washington.

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'Madam,' said I, 'the general's in a perilous situation.' 'How, sir?' 'He is beset, madam—no less than five upon him at once: one aims at his eye—another at his nose—another is busy with his hair—his mouth is attacked by a fourth—and the fifth has him by the button; in short, madam, there are five painters at him, and you, who know how much he has suffered when only attended by one, can judge of the horrors of his situation?'" * And every one of us is in like manner the public's servant. Every one of us yields implicit obedience to that universal Agrarian law of the land which constrains us to divide with our neighbors what in other countries is deemed the most exclusively personal possession of the individual—our privacy. We are scarcely conscious of doing this until the fact comes nakedly home to us. It seems eminently proper for us to expect, in our damp morning's paper, an account of Grant's views on Cuba or Fisk's opinion of Erie summed up for us by some eminent interviewer's hand. We naturally look to the same source for a résumé of Beecher's sermon, an abstract of Boutwell's speech, or a description of Père Hyacinthe's appearance. But how when Corbin's sick room is invaded? How when, armed with impudence and note-book, the same esurient caterer to a depraved taste scales our own castle walls, as he would scale high heaven if he were ordered—

"Græculus esuriens ad cœlum jusseris ibit"—

and puts our own domestic concerns into his crisp paragraphs?

I take it to be a bad state of society when Paul Pry is lifted from his natural place as a blackguard and put among gentlemen. I take it to be unwholesome for any people to recognize as a legitimate profession the practice of peeping in at windows and listening at keyholes. Yet, this is our case, nor is it wise for us to try to disguise the fact. When the American Godiva shall ride through the streets of the American Coventry—and when the occasion demands it, she will do it full as heroically and as single-heartedly as her prototype did—the programme of arrangements will be materially changed from that which was pursued in the city and times of the "grim earl" whom legend and Tennyson have famed. "Peeping Tom," no longer a "low churl compact of thankless earth," but a spruce and appreciative reporter for some "first-class daily," full of enterprise and *chique*, will by no means have to seek the materials for his "special" through the dim channel of an auger-hole "bored in fear." On the contrary, armed with his note-book and opera-glass by way of credentials, he will claim, and will be accorded, the best place along the whole line of the procession. The sublime performance once over, the grim earl will invite him to dinner, and will present him to the blushing and agitated *débutante*, who, in her turn, will be sure to hand him a bouquet or a piece of jewelry as a memorial of the occasion, and an incentive to him to give attractiveness to his report and produce a faithful inventory of her charms. So are things done now—not that Tom is more inclined to peep, nor Godiva less capable of doing the deed of martyrdom, but simply because such is "the custom of the country."

That license of the press which editors call "enterprise," and which cannot stoop too low nor employ too much baseness in its pursuit of novelty, is the infamy and the curse of our country. We treat the sins of the reporters as venial, and we read the report, thus as it were making ourselves *participes criminis*. And what crimes these are which we tacitly sanction—crimes such as lying, stealing, slandering, forging, bearing false-witness, deep villainies of malignity and scandal—meannesses reeking with dishonor and contempt! The "newspaper-man" of our day is our own creature, born of our own impulses, fashioned to suit our urgent demands; and he is a creature before whom the Gnathos, the sycophants, the succession-hunters of imperial Rome must hide their diminished heads. This

* Dunlap's *History of Arts of Design in America*.

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chartered libertine, this licensed corsair, this legitimated Paul Pry, with brazen front and unchallenged feet, goes ramping up and down the land, seeking for notabilities upon whom he may lay his pruriginous finger, and novelties which he may sliver into the shapelessness of paragraphic scandal. He never pauses, he never spares, he never blushes. His boast is

> "Populus me sibilat
> At mihi plaudo"

if he can fill a noticeable column. It is his trade to fawn, to lie, to flatter, and then to betray the bosom that shelters and bite the hand that caresses him. It is his business to be a knave, and his usefulness to his employer is in direct proportion to his ingenuity in rascality. Careless, reckless, unscrupulous, conscious of his power and confident of his hold upon the very framework of society, he sits like Satan atop the tree of knowledge, surveying the whole fair land with cormorant eyes, and bringing a truly diabolical ingenuity to aid him in his pursuit of evil. So perfect is his system becoming that modesty has no place, timidity no shelter, honesty no rest, provided they can furnish him a paragraph. The proud victim has no resort—

> "None but the plain and passive fortitude
> To suffer and be silent."

In the presence indeed of this overgrown and monstrous evil the man of worth must endure incalculable torture. Merit ceases to aspire; genius learns to dread achievement; honest industry tries in terror to escape from its rewards. Even thought is not free, and our very dreams are dangerous, lest they should escape over our lips and be brought to the scrutiny of this Inquisition, whose apparitors are ever upon the watch, and whose flunkeys dance attendance at every key-hole.

> "Nothing hath privilege against the violent ear.
> No place, no day, no hour (we see) is free
> (Not our religious and most sacred times)
> From this one kind of cruelty: all matter,
> Nay, all occasion, pleaseth. Madman's rage,
> The idleness of drunkards, woman's nothing,
> Jesters' simplicity—all, all is good
> That can be catch'd at." *

* Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*.

The pity of it is, these men embrace most of the literary talent of the country, and our ingenuous youth is drawn to the daily press and its corruptions by the attraction of profitable employment. Profitable! Is there profit to a man in slicing his mind into paragraphs and blackening his soul in that mad rush for novelty which hourly demands a new victim and a fresh sacrifice? Fluency, wit, impudence, enterprise are the qualities most in demand, and to perfect these all the higher functions of a man are cast out to flounder in the ditch. So it happens that pride, and dignity, and manhood, and scholarship are driven to go upon crutches, while the Bohemian bestrides the gulf of literature, a colossus with front of brass and lungs of leather and feet of clay.

The extent of this evil can scarcely be exaggerated, nor its injuriousness extravagantly stated. Virtually, the American has no private life in its presence. If the practice had the excuse of wonder, and were confined to the modest gratification of a laudable curiosity in respect to public men, it might be excused. "Men in great place," we have Bacon's authority for affirming, "are thrice servants—servants of the sovereign or state, servants of fame, and servants of business." The discomfort of notoriety is a necessary mortgage upon their title-deeds to honor; and, as old Judge Brackenridge says in his quaint and homely dialect, "When a man becomes a member of a public body, he is like a raccoon or other beast that climbs up the fork of a tree—the boys pushing pitchforks or throwing stones or shooting arrows at him, the dogs barking in the mean time."† But the American Paul Pry fishes in shallow as well as in deep water, and takes sprats as well as whales. The puniest minnow of our brooks is not safe from the impartial sweep of his unscrupulous drag-net. A couple of years ago there was a lottery in a Western city, the chief prize in which was drawn by a quiet and apparently unsophisticated gentleman residing in one of the rural

† *Modern Chivalry*. By Hugh Henry Brackenridge.

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districts of Illinois. Straightway, "the man who drew the Opera-House" became public property, and was converted into a lion of the first magnitude. The columns of the newspapers were stocked with neat little biographies of him, and piquant sketches of his personal appearance, his manners and his domestic relations. Celebrations were got up and suppers bestowed upon him in commemoration of his success: he was viewed, reviewed and interviewed: his conversations were published, and his most private and peculiar correspondence unsparingly invaded and outraged. At his home there was a perfect irruption of good-will and curiosity upon the part of neighbors and strangers, and the private letter in which he gives an account of these intrusions—a private letter to his brother-in-law, which was seized upon and published with the most contemptuous disregard of both propriety and property—exhibits such an extravagance of curiosity and of encroachment on domestic privacy as is seldom encountered. He writes: "I was very much astonished, last evening, at about 7 o'clock, by the sudden appearance of two men making their appearance in our bed-room, where I was reading by the side of my wife's bed" [his wife was seriously ill], "with the sudden announcement that I had drawn the Opera-House in Chicago. . . . I had a slight acquaintance with Mr. B., one of the men: the other, from Waterloo, was an entire stranger. . . . I bore the congratulations of my new friends with commendable fortitude, and dismissed them with suitable acknowledgments. After the lapse of half an hour I was the recipient of sundry calls from neighbors and friends in the village, all highly excited. The report had flown like lightning, and the whole neighborhood was in an uproar. I bore a hand at receiving the company, answered their numerous questions with as much dignity as I could assume, and in a state of semi-unconsiousness of what it all meant started off to commune with Frank on the curious appearance of things. I had been there but a few minutes when a halloo was made at the door for Mr. L.: 'Is Mr. L. here?' Well, I went to the door and acknowledged that I was that person, and went at him with the question of, 'What do *you* want?' "Why,' said the poor frozen fellow, 'I have a despatch for you from Belleville. You have drawn the Opera-House.' I received the document, and, after asking of Sally the privilege of reading it by the light of her lamp, I read as follows: 'A. H. L. —Crosby's Opera-House yours. Hold your ticket. (Signed) J. B. C.' I mentally returned thanks to my new friend C., and returned home considerably perplexed, and *not yet fully conscious of the reason of my being in the hands of so many new friends, who all seemed to show so strong a desire to show me attention*. . . . I had undressed myself, for it was growing late, and *was sitting in my long-tailed night-shirt, discussing the events of the evening*, when a thundering knock at the door announced that all was not over yet. Ma went to the door, and quickly returned with the intelligence that 'a man' wanted to see me, and that he said I had drawn 'Crosby's Opera-House.' 'The devil!' said I: 'I wish they had to swallow the Opera-House;' and, after dressing myself, went down to receive this new messenger. He bowed to me, I thought, as though I was a man of property, and in suitable style delivered his credentials," etc. Who is there that can read this simple and naïve statement of an obscure man's experiences under the pressure of a brief twenty-four hours' éclat, and then say that Chuzzlewit is a caricature, or that Miss Bremer has perpetrated exaggerations? The facts that such a matter should be so conspicuously paraded—that such a letter should have been published—that a man's bedroom should be thus invaded—that strangers should take such an intense interest in his concerns, and show that interest in such a nonchalant fashion—that because a man has drawn a prize in a lottery he should be thus searched through and pilloried,—how significant they all are of the truth of what I have

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said, that there is no private life in America!

This is but one instance. He who reads the daily papers can recall ten thousand more. If two fools have made a stupid wager, such as compels one of them to saw a cord of wood, wheel a barrel of apples, drink a keg of beer or eat a bushel of oysters, and have met to decide it; if a banker robs his creditors, or a clerk dips in his master's till, or a prostitute shoots her keeper; if there is to be a hanging, a funeral, a feast, a fast, a wedding, a christening, a sermon, a speech; if there be anything notorious, or sickening, or filthy, or immoral, out of which a paragraph can in any wise be made, straightway the paragraphist is at hand, and the dish is served. Your private injury is seized, impaled and held up for public scrutiny, for all the world like a butterfly stuck upon a pin. Your domestic scandal is hung in the market-place as if it were a carcass of show-beef. Your wife's dress at the ball, the manuscript of your poem on your desk, your pew in church, your wine-list at home, your boy at school, your baby in the cradle, —nothing can escape, nothing is sacred. Alas if there be a blot on your 'scutcheon or a deficit at your banker's!

Infamous! you exclaim. Beyond a a question; and yet I shrewdly misdoubt if we do not, as a people, instead of repudiating, rather like this sort of thing, especially if we can seem to sacrifice our ease *pro bono publico*, as our politicians say when they have the burden of office inflicted upon their patriotic shoulders. It is quite common for us to contend that we consider ourselves, as Socrates said of himself upon the occasion before mentioned, "hosts at a public festival," and consequently that it is our duty, and should be our pleasure, to furnish "entertainment for the whole company." We plead constantly, in the languge sneered at by old Montaigne, "Que nous ne sommes pas nayz pour nostre particulier, ains pour le public." And, in good truth, we are not actually amenable to the sneer, for this plea is not resorted to as a screen to ambition or avarice, but is an indigenous practice of the land and a habit of thought of our people. What the private citizen demands the public functionary should sacrifice he does not feel entitled to withhold in his own case, since we are all sovereigns alike, and must treat upon terms of exalted equality. It is a necessary condition of those terms that, because Dick and Harry require to see Tom's fine house or to be entertained with Tom's fine thought, they must not attempt to sue out any writ of *quare clausum fregit* against Tom when he sifts the quality of *their* fine thoughts or peers in at the windows of *their* fine houses.

Not a few philosophers have contended that it is an idiosyncrasy of republics and a necessity of the democratic phase of thought to be intolerant of individuality, to prohibit the resort to private judgment, to ignore privacy and to exact a life in the streets. I shall not venture to decide what parentage our blemishes ought to claim, whether Americanism or republicanism, but I will say that History has a remarkable penchant for repeating herself. Who has not beheld the Athenian ostracism at work? Who has missed seeing Pisistratus at his humble toils, or Pericles worshiping the greasy citizens? Have I not seen Alcibiades cut off the tail of his dog, and Napoleon gild the dome of the Invalides? Do not all of us eat black broth with Lycurgus? Have we not all of us heard Cleon prohibit the people from wearing wreaths at their banquets? Have we not all of us heard Augustus protest his desire to remain a private citizen? Doth not the justice of Aristides, the glory of Themistocles, the fortune of Cymon, oppress us? In republican Venice I might not sail in any but a black gondola. In republican Massachusetts I may not drink anything stronger than cider. And it has long been my persuasion that, of those persons who so enthusiastically shout with the mob, more than half do so upon the same principle that constrains the house-builder in Oriental cities to place no decorations upon his outside

walls, lest they should attract some despotic eye.

Idiosyncrasy of republics or foible of the American people, whichever it grow out of, the mythic character of our private life is well established, and there is no maxim of Bacon less applicable to our condition than that in which he claims that "houses are built to live in, and not to look on." On the contrary, *our* houses are built to look at, and not to live in. They are not our property, but part of the common stock. Nor indeed do we hold any possessions in fee or in peculiar personal property. All that we have is more or less entailed upon a sense of supposititious public duty, or mortgaged to public opinion, or made a thoroughfare for public intrusion. We submit our right of private judgment to the impertinent correctives demanded by the *vox populi*. Our sentiments dance attendance upon what the crowd is suited with, like so many flunkeys at the tail of a feast, and our very thoughts are subdued, like the dyer's hand, to the complexion of what they work in.

Moreover, private life, intrinsically regarded, being thus rendered at once an impossible and a worthless possession, we not only do not attempt to compass it, but actually grow impatient of such a thing, and repudiate it. General Ogle, when he was turned out of office and deprived of his public functions, is represented in the notable sketch of him by Dr. Elder as characteristically abandoning all his dignity of character, and making a sot and a beast of himself. A typical American, that! He will either die in harness or in the gutter. Indeed, our Americans nearly always, happily for themselves perhaps, choose to die in harness. Dr. Doran's list of actual "kings retired from business" is longer and more comprehensive than the whole catalogue of American sovereigns who have really withdrawn like Candide to his garden, or like Dioclesian to his cabbage-patch. The American king sometimes indeed goes into the country upon a pretence of retiring to his farm; but this retiracy is very much like that of the tallow-chandler, who never could resist going down to the old place upon "smelting-days." He takes the shop with him in fact, and his country life exists merely in his own conceit. The rural shade for which he pretends to pant is, after all, only some pert villa perched upon the edge of town, like a pigeon-box against a wall—a turnpike show, made to catch all the dust and dishonor of the purlieus, and to inflict dyspepsia upon the owner, who,

> "Gasping there,
> Breathes clouds of dust, and calls it country air."

Here, in his snug bandbox, a thing for exhibition like himself, our sovereign gives himself uneasily to fancy agriculture, grows big vegetables and costly fruit for the Fairs, and writes important letters to *The Country Gentleman*. If this be not what Cowper means by forgetting one's labors and yet finding no rest, it is hard to say what is.

Incalculable evils fall upon our society from this incessance of life in the crowd, life under inspection, life under the drill-sergeant. Incalculable diseases rack our body politic because we never rest, never sleep, never feel the subduing air of night and the mellowing shadows of darkness. All society is pervaded by a vein of hypocrisy, that lies so deep one fancies it is almost impossible for us to be genuine even with ourselves. Our houses not being insured against the intruder, but having, on the contrary, a window of Momus* made expressly for the impertinent to spy through, we sophisticate the very interior of the structure, erect wrong images there, simulate false appearances there, and wear, as it were, fictitious grimaces upon our very hearts, until seeming, not being, becomes our end of existence. How utterly false we are! how hollow, how basely counterfeit! It is the saddest fact to me in all our history, this, that the very constitution and framework of our society should

* "That window which Momus did require, who, seeing in the frame of men's hearts such angles and recesses, found fault that there was not a window to look into them."—*Bacon*.

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incline us to deceit and compel us to become actors. And actors we assuredly are—"totus mundus histrionem agit" —nor do we ever venture to demand a "vos plaudite" of the people, unless, like Augustus, we claim it as the consummation of a lifelong course of pretence, of simulation and of self-repression;—actors quite as much to ourselves as to others, in that, fully awake to the shallow device and bitterly scorning it, we yet permit the "blandæ mendacia linguæ" to corrupt us, making us see all things *couleur de rose*. In fact, we are not nearly so sensible as the clown in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, for we have played the "lion fierce" so often and so lovingly that we quite forget to become "Snug the joiner" again; nor have we other people's ears to tell us that, after all, our most exquisite roaring is but a deplorably palpable bray.

These evils disgust our best men, and so bring other evils in their train. Our true leaders, our brave advance-guards, our good citizens, fly from us as from the plague. They are disgusted with the spectacle of our infirmities and debaucheries. They are disheartened and out of faith with that braying which persists in claiming leonine tones, yet cannot frighten a calf from his pasture. They ostracise and banish themselves, rather than lend their sanction to the infamies which they cannot strike down and the corruptions which they cannot purge away. Their disgust, their abhorrence—worse than all, their *silence*, so significant of the despair they have of our affairs—should smite us with panic and terror. If they would only pray, if they would only scold, if they would only curse, and with sublime invective and solemn anathema dismiss us to some *Purgatorio* or *Inferno*, as Dante did his erring Florentines, there would be something to give us encouragement. But this they have ceased to do. Each one for himself gives us up in despair and chilling silence. Each one passes us by on the other side with averted face, and the dog-faces continue our guides, unchallenged and unrebuked.

The curse of ill-bottomed vanity—so different from a rational and intelligent self-importance—sits all the time with hideous weight upon our shoulders. How shall we ever get out of this thrice-accursed maelstrom of over-weeningness which makes us the laughing-stock of the nations? When will the tide turn? When shall we cease to cry, wagging our ridiculous heads, that we are the people and wisdom shall die with us? How moral we are, how elegant, how happy! How much brighter the side the sun turns toward us, and how superior the quality of the oxygen and nitrogen that enter into the composition of our particular atmosphere! What incomparable institutions our sagacity and prudence have devised! Oh truly are we born in the purple, and truly are we kings by transcendent right divine! Oh truly the high song is set to sing our praises and charm our enraptured ears with the dulcet harmony of encomium! If we demand divine honors, the altars are dressed and the priests garlanded and filleted for the unblushing sacrifice. Shall we never come to see ourselves as others see us? Must all our statesmen outvie Pericles or Burleigh? Must all our soldiers be Hectors, Agamemnons, Ajaxes — "invictissimi, serenissimi, multis trophæis ornatissimi, naturæ domini?" Must our women for ever spread their vain feathers wider than ever "Juno's bird" dared to do? and must "the eyes of the world" be upon us always, and our *amour propre* see but its own image in ten thousand mirrors?

"Sæva indignatio," however, does no good; nor is it probable that a whole volume of jeremiads will effect anything. This is an age of frivolity, and our intemperance does not display itself in the guise of passion, but in the wildness of the giddy whirl, and the mad, fantastic rush of our social career. We are dancing a national *cancan*, as it were, and we trip it so lightly that we spurn the solid ground and betake ourselves to an aerial limbo of superficiality, where every blast of doctrine, every zephyr of conceit, tosses us about

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like empty garments. A turgid leaven of bombast helps our flights, inflating with nothingness, until, like Xerxes, we are ready to challenge Mount Athos and scourge the unsubmissive sea. We have inherited the simple and modest diction of Addison, but we are not satisfied to rant in less than "King Cambyses' vein," sturdy prodigals as we are. We have the sublimity of nature, of man, of art in our bosoms, yet choose to flounder in abysses of perpetual bathos. We know so much better; yet, like Panurge's sheep, follow our leaders out of a simple spirit of subserviency and empty complaisance.

Our very virtues themselves are open to the reproach cast by the philosophers of the Garden upon the doctrine of the Stoics—a *bonum theatrale*, a fair-weather, holiday virtue, a goodness merchantable because comely on the outside, made for show and parade and for public wear alone. Our morals are the morals of the crowd, not those of the individual: we get our politics from the corrupt hearts and facile lips of our demagogues; we learn our manners where we take our dinners—in the hotels. Sardon's *Famille Benoiton* made many visits to Saratoga and Long Branch before he caught them up for the French stage; and the *demi-monde* of New York and of Washington is, if anything, more chary of appearances than the great world which parodies it.

I have often, with grave forebodings and with no feeble sense of shame, compared the leisure hours and the private life of some of our leading men with those of leading men in other times and other countries. If there ever has been a typical statesman of modern America, that man was Stephen A. Douglas, a spirit over-full of all our virtues, all our glories and all our vices. If there be anywhere a typical statesman of modern England, that man is William E. Gladstone, once the hope and anchor of "Church-and-State" high Toryism, now the Radical prime minister of his country. How different the culture of these two men! how contrary the influence they have exerted! how wide apart their tendencies! With a brain-power equally well developed in each; with equal command of that "daimonic" magnetism which is essential to the born leader of men; with equal eloquence, equal tact, equal personality,—how strangely diverse the paths they have pursued! How rounded, equable, serene, Jove-like one life seems!—how mean, inadequate, narrow, unsatisfactory the other! Why should the Senator from Illinois go down to posterity as the author of the "Nebraska Bill," the conductor of a memorable canvass, the perpetrator of some forcible speeches, and the beloved father of an extreme faction, when the ex-"scholar of Christ Church," the first lord of the treasury, the busiest man in Europe, not excepting Bismarck, has a reputation for scholarship and refinement second to none in his country? Why should Douglas have speculated only in Chicago town-lots, while Gladstone speculates upon the personality of Homer, and those "good old days when the world was young"? Webster delivers an address—Derby translates the *Iliad;* yet Webster was a scholar as well as Derby. Surely these things indicate a radical difference between our culture and English culture; nor can the utmost stretch and flight of our national vanity claim the superiority for our side of the ocean.

Shall we correct the defects in this culture? Assuredly we shall not do so so long as our whole people make the *digito monstrari* the end and aim of life; nor so long as acceptable certificates of reputation are to be had only under the pencil of the newspaper reporter; nor so long as our castles are but houses-of-call for the entertainment of man and beast. But it seems to me that a better time is coming, and that the day is by no means distant when the "interviewer" will be consigned to his place and the flunkey to his. This will make room for the gentleman to reappear in society, and will give him encouragement to do so in his genuine colors. There is beginning to grow up in our midst a class

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of men who both think and have time to think—a class who are graceful in all the graces of leisure, taste, culture and refinement; a class at whose touch ignorance will assume all its deformity, as Satan under the spear of Ithuriel. These people will teach us what we need to know in respect of deportment. They will teach us to appreciate "comfort, use and protection" as the true ends of social union. They will teach us the truth of Bacon's maxim, that "the sum of behavior is to retain a man's own dignity without intruding upon the liberty of others."

EDWARD SPENCER.

THE HUNGRY HEART.

A VILLAGE on the coast of Maine; in this village a boarding-house; in this boarding-house a parlor.

This parlor is, strictly speaking, a chamber: it is in the second story, and until lately it contained a bed, wash-stand, etc.; but a visitor from New York has taken a fancy to change it to a reception-room. In the rear, communicating with it, is a sleeping-closet.

The room is what you might expect to find in a village boarding-house: the floor of liliuptian extent; the ceiling low, uneven, cracked and yellow; the originally coarse and ugly wall-paper now blotched with age; the carpet thin, threadbare, patched and stained; the furniture of various woods and colors, and in various stages of decrepitude.

But a tiny bracket or two, three or four handsome engravings, two fresh wreaths of evergreens, two vases of garden flowers, a number of Swiss and French knickknacks, and a few prettily-bound books, give the little nest an air of refinement which is almost elegance.

You judge at once that the occupant must be a woman—a woman moreover of sensibility and taste; a woman of good society. Of all this you become positive when you look at her, take note of her gracious manner and listen to her cultured voice.

Her expression is singularly frank and almost childlike: it exhibits a rapid play of thoughts, and even of emotions: it is both vivacious and refined, both eager and sweet. It would seem as if here were the impossible combination, the ideal union, so often dreamed of by poets and artists, of girlish simplicity and innocence with womanly cleverness and feeling.

In a large easy-chair reclines her rather small, slender and willowy form, starting slightly forward when she speaks, and sinking back when she listens. Her sparkling eyes are fixed on the eyes of her one visitor with an intentness and animation of interest which should be very fascinating.

He, a young man, not five years older than herself, very gentle in manner and with a remarkably sweet expression of face, evidently is fascinated, and even strongly moved, if one may judge by the feverish color in his cheeks, the eager inquiry of his gaze and the tremor of his lips.

The first words of hers which we shall record are a strange utterance to come from a woman:

"Let me tell you something which I have read lately. It sounds like a satire, and yet there is too much truth in it: 'Every woman in these days needs two husbands — one to fill her purse, and one to fill her heart; one to dress her, and one to love her. It is not easy to be the two in one.' That is what I have read, and it is only too true. Remember it, and don't marry."

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A spasm of intense spiritual pain crossed the young man's fine and kindly face.

"Don't say such things, I beg of you!" he implored. "I am sure that in what you have quoted there is a slander upon most women. I know that it slanders you."

Her lips parted as if for a contradiction, but it was evidently very pleasant to her to hear such words from him, and with a little childlike smile of gratification she let him proceed.

"I have perfect confidence in you," he murmured. "I am willing to put all my chances of happiness in your hands. My only fear is that I am not half worthy of you—not a thousandth part worthy of you. Will you not listen to me seriously? Will you not be so kind?"

A tremor of emotion slightly lifted her hands, and it seemed for a moment as if she would extend them to him. Then there was a sudden revulsion: with a more violent shudder, evidently of a painful nature, she threw herself backward, her face turned pale, and she closed her eyes as if to shut him from her sight.

"I ought to ask your pardon," she whispered. "I never thought that it would come to this. I never meant that it should. Oh, I ask your pardon." Recovering herself with singular quickness, a bright smile dancing along the constantly changing curves of her lips, like sunbeams leaping from wavelet to wavelet, she once more leaned cordially toward him, and said in a gay yet pleading tone, "Let us talk of something else. Come, tell me about yourself—all about yourself, nothing about me."

"I cannot speak of anything else," he replied, after looking at her long in silence. "My whole being is full of you: I cannot think of anything else."

A smile of gratitude sweetly mastered her mouth: then it suddenly turned to a smile of pity; then it died in a quiver of remorse.

"Oh, we cannot marry," she sighed. "We must not marry, if we could. Let me tell you something dreadful. People hate each other after they are married. I know: I have seen it. I knew a girl of seventeen who married a man ten years older—a man who was Reason itself. Her friends told her, and she herself believed it, that she was sure of happiness. But after three years she found that she did not love, that she was not loved, and that she was miserable. He was too rational: he used to judge her as he would a column of figures—he had no comprehension for her feelings."

There was a momentary pause, during which she folded her hands and looked at him, but with an air of not seeing him. In the recollection of this heart-tragedy of the past and of another she had apparently forgotten the one which was now pressing upon herself.

"It was incredible how cold and unsympathizing and dull he could be," she went on. "Once, after she had worked a week in secret to surprise him with a dressing-gown made by her own hands—labored a week, waited and hoped a week for one word of praise—he only said, 'It is too short.' Don't you think it was cruel? It was. I suppose he soon forgot it, but she never could. A woman cannot forget such slights: they do not seem little blows to her; they make her very soul bleed."

"Don't reproach *me* for it," whispered the young man with a pleading smile. "You seem to be reproving me, and I can't bear it. I am not guilty."

"Oh, not you," she answered quickly. "I am not scolding you. I could not."

She did not mean it, but she gave him a smile of indescribable sweetness: she had had no intention of putting out her hands toward him, but she did it. He seized the delicate fingers and slowly drew her against his heart. Her face crimson with feeling, her whole form trembling to the tiniest vein, she rose to her feet, turning away her head as if to fly, and yet did not escape, and could not wish to escape. Holding her in his arm, he poured into her ear a

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murmur which was not words, it was so much more than words.

"Oh, *could* you truly love me?" she at last sobbed. "Could you *keep* loving me?"

After a while some painful recollection seemed to awaken her from this dream of happiness, and, drawing herself out of his embrace, she looked him sadly in the eyes, saying, "I must not be so weak. I must save myself and you from misery. Oh, I must. Go now—leave me for a while: do go. I must have time to think before I say another word to you."

"Good-bye, my love—soon to be my wife," he answered, stifling with a kiss the "No, no," which she tried to utter.

Although he meant to go, and although she was wretchedly anxious that he should go, he was far from gone. All across the room, at every square of the threadbare carpet, they halted to renew their talk. Minutes passed, an hour had flown, and still he was there. And when he at last softly opened the door, she herself closed it, saying, "Oh no! not yet."

So greedy is a loving woman for love, so much does she hate to lose the breath of it from her soul: to let it be withdrawn is like consenting to die when life is sweetest.

Thus it was through her, who had bidden him to go, and who had meant that he should go, that he remained for minutes longer, dropping into her ear whispers of love which at last drew out her confession of love. And when the parting moment came—that moment of woman's life in which she least belongs to herself—there was not in this woman a single reservation of feeling or purpose.

These people, who were so madly in love with each other, were almost strangers. The man was Charles Leighton, a native of Northport, who had never gone farther from his home than to Boston, and there only to graduate in the Harvard College and Medical School.

The lady was Alice Duvernois: her name was all that was known of her in the village—it was all that she had told of herself. Only a month previous to the scene above described she had arrived in Northport to obtain, as she said, a summer of quiet and sea-bathing. She had come alone, engaged her own rooms, and for a time seemed to want nothing but solitude.

Even after she had made herself somewhat familiar with the other inmates of the boarding-house, nothing positive was learned of her history. That she had been married was probable: an indefinable something in her face and carriage seemed to reveal thus much: moreover, her trunks were marked "James Duvernois."

And yet, so young did she sometimes look, so childlike was her smile and so simple her manner, that there were curious ones who scouted the supposition of wifehood. People addressed her both as "Miss" and Mrs."; at last it was discovered that her letters bore the latter title: then she became popularly known as "the beautiful widow."

It would be a waste of time to sketch the opening and ripening of the intimacy between Doctor Leighton and this fascinating stranger. On his part it was as nearly a case of love at first sight as perhaps can occur among people of the Anglo-Saxon race. From the beginning he had no doubts about giving her his whole heart: he was mastered at once by an emotion which would not let him hesitate: he longed with all his soul for her soul, and he strove to win it.

Well, we will not go over the story: we know that he had triumphed. Yes, in spite of her terror of the future, in spite of some withholding mystery in the past, she had granted him—or rather she had not been able to prevent him from seizing—her passionate affection. She had uttered a promise which, a month before, she would not have dreamed herself capable of making.

In so doing she had acquired an almost unendurable happiness. It was one of those mighty and terrible joys which are like the effect of opium—one of those joys which condense life and abbreviate it, which excite and

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yet stupefy, which intoxicate and kill. With this in her heart she lived ten of her old days in one, but also she drew for those ten days upon her future.

After one of her interviews with Leighton, after an hour of throbbing, of trembling, of vivid but confused emotions, her face would be as pale as death, and her weakness such that she could hardly speak. The hands which, while they clung to his, had been soft and moist, became dry and hot as with fever, and then cold as ice. At night she could scarcely sleep: for hours her brain throbbed with the thought of him, and of what stood between him and her. In the morning she was heavy with headache, dizzy, faint, hysterical; yet the moment she saw him again she was all life, all freshness.

From the point of confession there was no more resistance. She would be his wife; she would be married whenever he wished; she seemed mad to reward him for his love; she wanted somehow to sacrifice herself for his sake. Yet, although she hesitated no longer, she sometimes gazed at him with eyes full of anxiety, and uttered words which presaged evil.

"If any trouble springs from this, you must pardon me," she more than once whispered. "I cannot help it. I have never, never, never been loved before; and oh, I have been so hungry, so famished for it, I had begun to despair of it. Yes, when I first met you, I had quite despaired of there being any love in the world for me. I could not help listening to you: I could not help taking all your words and looks into my craving heart; and now I am yours —forgive me!"

Stranger as she was in Northport, everybody trusted the frank sweetness in her face, and sought no other cause for admiring her and wishing her happiness. The whole village came to the church to witness her marriage and to doat upon a bridal beauty which lay far more in expression than in form or feature. A few words of description—inadequate notes to represent the precious gold of reality—must be given to one who could change the stare of curiosity to a beaming glance of sympathy.

Small, slender, fragile; neither blonde nor brunette; a clear skin, with a hectic flush; light chestnut hair, glossy and curling; eyes of violet blue, large, humid and lustrous, which at the first glance seemed black because of the darkness, length and closeness of the lashes, and capable of expressing an earnestness and sweetness which no writer or artist might hope to depict; a manner which in solitude might be languid, but which the slightest touch of interest kindled into animation; in fine, white teeth that sparkled with gayety, and glances that flashed happiness.

She was married without bridal costume, and there was no wedding journey. Leighton was poor, and must attend to his business; and his wife wanted nothing from him which he could not spare—nothing but his love. Impossible to paint her pathetic gratitude for this affection; the spiritual—it was not passionate — fondness which she bore him; the softness of her eyes as she gazed for minutes together into his; the sudden, tremulous outreachings of her hands toward him, as she just touches him with her finger and draws back, then leans forward and lies in his arms, uttering a little cry of happiness. Here was a heart that must long have hungered for affection —a heart unspeakably thankful and joyous at obtaining it.

"I have been smiling all day," she sometimes said to him. "People have asked me why I looked so gay, and what I had heard that was funny. It is just because I am entirely happy, and because the feeling is still a surprise. Shall I ever get over it? Am I silly? No!"

Her gladness of heart seemed to make her angelic. She rejoiced in every joy around her, and grieved for every sorrow. She visited the poor of her husband's patients, watched with them when there was need, made little collections for their relief, chatted away their forebodings, half cured them with her smile. There was something catch-

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ing, comforting, uplifting in the spectacle of that overbrimming content.

The well were as susceptible to its influence as the sick. Once, half a dozen men and twice as many boys were seen engaged in recovering her veil out of a pond into which the wind had blown it; and when it was handed to her by a shy youth on the end of a twenty-foot pole, all felt repaid for their labors by the childlike burst of laughter with which she received it. Now and then, however, shadows fell across this sunshine. In those dark moments she frequently reverted to the unhappy couple of whom she had told Leighton when he first spoke to her of marriage. She was possessed to describe the man —his dull, filmy, unsympathetic black eyes, his methodical life and hard rationality, his want of sentiment and tenderness.

"Why do you talk of that person so much?" Leighton implored. "You seem to be charging me with his cruelty. I am not like him."

The tears filled her eyes as she started toward him, saying, "No, you are *not* like him. Even if you should become like him, I couldn't reproach you. I should merely die."

"But you know him so well?" he added, inquiringly. "You seem to fear him. Has he any power over you?"

For a moment she was so sombre that he half feared lest her mind was unstrung on this one subject.

"No," she at last said. "His power is gone—nearly gone. Oh, if I could only forget!"

After another pause, during which she seemed to be nerving herself to a confession, she threw herself into her husband's arms and whispered, "He is my —uncle."

He was puzzled by the contrast between the violence of her emotion and the unimportance of this avowal; but as he at least saw that the subject was painful to her, and as he was all confidence and gentleness, he put no more inquiries.

"Forget it all," he murmured, caressing her; and with a deep sigh, the sigh of tired childhood, she answered, "Yes."

The long summer days, laden with happiness for these two, sailed onward to their sunset havens. After a time, as August drew near its perfumed death, Alice began to speak of a journey which she should soon be obliged to make to New York. She *must* go, she said to Leighton—it was a matter of property, of business: she would tell him all about it some day. But she would return soon; that is, she would return as soon as possible: she would let him know how soon by letter.

When he proposed to accompany her she would not hear of it. To merely go on with her, she represented, would be a useless expense, and to stay as long as she might need to stay would injure his practice. In these days her gayety seemed forced, and more than once he found her weeping; yet so innocent was he, so simple in his views of life, so candid in soul, that he suspected no hidden evil: he attributed her agitation entirely to grief at the prospect of separation.

His own annoyance in view of the journey centred in the fact that his wife would be absent from him, and that he could not incessantly surround her with his care. Whether she would be happy, whether she would be treated with consideration, whether she would be safe from accidents and alarms, whether her delicate health would not suffer, were the questions which troubled him. He had the masculine instinct of protection: he was as virile as he was gentle and affectionate.

The parting was more painful to him than he had expected, because to her it was such an undisguised and terrible agony.

"You will not forget me?" she pleaded. "You will never, never hate me? You will always love me? You are the only person who has ever made the world pleasant to me; and you have made it so pleasant! so different from what it was! a new earth to me! a star! I will come back as soon as this business will let me. Some day I will come

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back, never to go away. Oh, will not that be delightful?"

Her extreme distress, her terror lest she might not return, her forebodings lest he should some day cease to love her, impressed him for a moment—only for a truant moment—with doubts as to a mystery. As he left the railway station, full of gratitude for the last glance of her loving eyes, he asked himself once or twice, "What is it?"

What was it?

We will follow her. She is ominously sad during the lonely journey: she is almost stern by the time she arrives in New York. In place of the summer's sweetness and gayety, there is a wintry and almost icy expression in her face, as if she were about to encounter trials to which she had been long accustomed, and which she had learned to bear with hardness if not with resentment.

No one meets her at the railway station, no one at the door of the sombre house where her carriage stops—no one until she has passed up stairs into a darkling parlor.

There she is received by the man whom she has so often described to Leighton—a man of thin, erect form, a high and narrow forehead, regular and imperturbable features, fixed and filmy black eyes, a mechanical carriage, an icy demeanor.

At sight of her he slightly bowed—then he advanced slowly to her and took her hand: he seemed to be hesitating whether he should give her any further welcome.

"You need not kiss me," she said, her eyes fixed on the floor. "You do not wish to do it."

He sighed, as if he too were unhappy, or at least weary; but he drew his hand away and resumed his walk up and down the room.

"So you chose to pass your summer in a village?" he presently said, in the tone of a man who has ceased to rule, but not ceased to criticise. "I hope you liked it."

"I told you in my letters that I liked it," she replied in an expressionless monotone.

"And I told you in my letters that I did not like it. It would have been more decent in you to stay in Portland, among the people whom I had requested to take care of you. However, you are accustomed to have your own way. I can only observe that when a woman will have her own way, she ought to pay her own way."

A flush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of irritation, crossed her hitherto pale face, but she made no response to the scoff, and continued to look at the floor.

After a few seconds, during which neither of them broke the silence, she seemed to understand that the reproof was over, and she quietly quitted the room.

The man pushed the door to violently with his foot, and said in an accent of angry scorn, "That is what is now called a wife."

Well, we have reached the mystery: we have found that it was a crime.

In the working of social laws there occur countless cases of individual hardship. The institution of marriage is as beneficent as the element of fire; yet, like that, it sometimes tortures when it should only have comforted.

The sufferer, if a woman, usually bears her smart tamely—with more or less domestic fretting and private weeping indeed, but without violent effort to escape from her bed of embers. Divorce is public, ugly and brutal: her sensibility revolts from it. Moreover, mere unhappiness, mere disappointment of the affections, does not establish a claim for legal separation. Finally, there is woman's difficulty of self-maintenance—the fact that her labor will not in general give her both comfort and position.

What then? Unloved, unable to love, yet with an intense desire for affection, and an immense capacity for granting it, her heart is tempted to wander beyond the circle of her duty. A flattering shape approaches her dungeon-walls; a voice calls to her to come forth and be glad, if only for a moment; there seems to be a chance of winning the adoration which has been her whole

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life's desire; there is an opportunity of using the emotions which are burning within her. Shall she burst open the gate on which is written LEGALITY?

Evidently the temptation is mighty. Laden with a forsaken, wounded and perhaps angry heart, she is so easily led into the belief that her exceptional suffering gives her a right to exceptional action! She feels herself justified in setting aside law, when law, falsifying its purpose, violating its solemn pledge, brings her misery instead of happiness. She will not, or cannot, reflect that special hardships must occur under all law; that it is the duty of the individual to bear such chance griefs without insurrection against the public conscience; that entire freedom of private judgment would dissolve society.

Too often—though far less often than man does the like—she makes of her sorrow an armor of excuse, and enters into a contest for unwarrantable chances of felicity. Only, in general, she is so far conscious of guilt, or at least so far fearful of punishment, as to carry on her struggle in the darkness. Few, however maddened by suffering, openly defy the serried phalanx of the world. Still fewer venture the additional risk of defying it under the forms of a legality which they have ventured to violate.

Why is it that so few women, even of a low and reckless class, have been bigamists? It is because the feminine soul has a profound respect, a little less than religious veneration, for the institution of marriage; because it instinctively recoils from trampling upon the form which consecrates love; because in very truth it regards the nuptial bond as a sacrament. I believe that the average woman would turn away from bigamy with a deeper shudder than from any other stain of conjugal infidelity.

But there are exceptions to all modes of feeling and of reasoning.

Here is Alice Duvernois: she is a woman of good position, of intellectual quickness, of unusual sensitiveness of spirit; yet she has thought out this woeful question differently from the great majority of her sex. To her, thirsty for sympathy and love, bound to a man who gives her neither, grown feverish and delirious with the torment of an empty heart, it has seemed that the sanctity of a second marriage will somehow cover the violation of a first.

This aberration we can only explain on the ground that she was one of those natures—mature in some respects, but strangely childlike in others — whom most of us love to stigmatize as unpractical, and who in fact never become quite accustomed to this world and its rules.

On the very evening of her arrival home she put to her husband a question of infantile and almost incredible simplicity. It was one of the many observations which made him tell her from time to time that she was a fool.

"What do they do," she asked, "to women who marry two husbands?"

"They put them in jail," was his cool reply.

"I think it is brutal," she broke out indignantly, as if the iron gates were already closing upon her, and she were contesting the justice of the punishment.

"You are a pretty simpleton, to set up your opinion against that of all civilized society!" was the response of incarnate Reason.

From that moment she trembled at her danger, and quivered under the remorse which terror brings. At times she thought of flying, of abandoning the husband who did not love her for the one who did; but she was afraid of being pursued, afraid of discovery. The knowledge that society had already passed judgment upon her made her see herself in the new light of a criminal, friendless, hunted and doomed. The penalty of her illegal grasp after happiness was already tracking her like a bloodhound.

Yet when she further learned that her second marriage was not binding because of the first, her heart rose in mutiny. Faithful to the only love that there had been for her in the world, she repeated to herself, a hundred times a day, "It *is* binding—it *is*!"

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She was in dark insurrection against her kind: at times she was on the point of bursting out into open defiance. She stared at Duvernois, crazy to tell him, "I am wedded to another."

He noticed the wild expression, the longing, wide-open eyes, the parted and eager lips, the trembling chin. At last he said, with a brutality which had become customary with him, "What are you putting on those airs for? I suppose you are imagining yourself the heroine of a romance."

With a glare of pain and scorn she walked away from him in silence.

It is shocking indeed to be fastened speechless upon a rack, and to be charged by uncomprehending souls with counterfeiting emotion. She was so constituted that she could not help laying up this speech of her husband's against him as one of many stolid misdoings which justified both contempt and aversion. In fact, his inability or unwillingness to comprehend her had always been, in her searching and sensitive eyes, his chief crime. To be understood, to be accepted at her full worth, was one of the most urgent demands of her nature.

The life of this young woman, not only within but without, was strange indeed. She fulfilled that problem of Hawthorne's — an individual bearing one character, living one life in one place, and a totally different one in another place—upon one spot of earth angelic, and upon another vile.

Stranger still, her harsher qualities appeared where her manner of life was lawful, and her finer ones where it was condemnable. At Northport she had been like sunlight to her intimates and like a ministering seraph to the poor. In New York she avoided society: she had no tenderness for misery.

The explanation seems to be that love was her only motive of feeling and action. Not a creature of reason, not a creature of conscience—she was only a creature of emotion, an exaggerated woman.

Unfortunately, her husband, methodical in life, judicial in mind, contemptuous of sentiment, was an exaggerated man. Here was a beating heart united to a skeleton. The result of this unfortunate combination had been a wreck of happiness and defiance of law.

Duvernois had not a friend intelligent enough to say to him, "You *must* love your wife: if you cannot love her, you must with merciful deception make her believe that you do. You must show her when you return from business that you have thought of her: you must buy a bouquet, a toy, a trifle, to carry home to her. If you do these things, you will be rewarded; if not, you will be punished."

But had there been such a friend, Duvernois would not have comprehended him. He would have replied, or at least he would have thought, "My wife is a fool. She is not worth the money that I now spend upon her, much less the reflection and time that you call upon me to spend."

Two such as Alice and Duvernois could not live together in peace. Notwithstanding her old dread of him, and notwithstanding the new alarm with which she was filled by the discovery that she was a felon, she could not dissemble her feelings when she looked him in the face. Sometimes she was silently contemptuous—sometimes (when her nerves were shaken) openly hostile. Rational, impassive, vigorous as he was, she made him unhappy.

The letters of Leighton were at once a joy and a sorrow. She awaited them impatiently; she went every day to the delivery post-office whither she had directed them to be sent; she took them from the hands of the indifferent clerk with a suffocating beating of the heart. Alone, she devoured them, kissed them passionately a hundred times, sat down in loving haste to answer them. But then came the necessity of excusing her long absence, of inventing some lie for the man she worshiped, of deterring him from coming to see her.

During that woeful winter of terror, of aversion, of vain longing, her health failed rapidly. A relentless cough pursued her, the beautiful flame in her

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cheek burned freely, and a burst of blood from the lungs warned her that her future was not to be counted by years.

She cared little: her sole desire was to last until summer. She merely asked to end her hopeless life in loving arms—to end it before those arms should recoil from her in horror.

No discovery. Her husband was too indifferent toward her to watch her closely, or even to suspect her. As early in June as might be she obtained permission to go to the seaside, and with an eagerness which would have found the hurricane slow she flew to Northport.

Leighton received her with a joy which at first blinded him to her enfeebled health.

"Oh, how could you stay so long away from me?" were his first words. "Oh, my love, my darling wife! thank you for coming back to me."

But after a few moments, when the first flush and sparkle of excitement had died out of her cheeks and eyes, he asked eagerly, "What is the matter with you? Have you been sick?"

"I am all well again, now that I see you," she answered, putting out her arms to him with that little start of love and joy which had so often charmed him.

It absolutely seemed that in the presence of the object of her affection this erring woman became innocent. Her smile was as simple and pure as that of childhood: her violet eyes reminded one of a heaven without a cloud. It must have been that, away from punishment and from terror, she did not feel herself to be guilty.

But the day of reckoning was approaching. She had scarcely begun to regain an appearance of health under the stimulus of country air and renewed happiness, when a disquieting letter arrived from Duvernois. In a tone which was more than usually authoritative, he directed her to meet him at Portland, to go to Nahant and Newport. Did he suspect something?

She would have given years of life to be able to show the letter to Leighton and ask his counsel. But here her punishment began to double upon her: the being whom she most loved was precisely the one to whom she must not expose this trouble—the one from whom she was most anxious to conceal it.

In secret, and with unconfided tears, she wrote a reply, alleging (what was true) that her feeble health demanded quiet, and praying that she might be spared the proposed journey. For three days she feverishly expected an answer, knowing the while that she ought to go to Portland to meet Duvernois, should he chance to come, yet unable to tear herself away from Leighton, even for twenty-four hours.

In the afternoon of the third day she made one of her frequent visits of charity. At the house of a poor and bedridden widow she met, as she had hoped to meet, her husband. When they left the place he took her into his gig and carried her home.

It was a delicious day of mid June: the sun was setting in clouds of crimson and gold; the earth was in its freshest summer glory. In the beauty of the scene, and in the companionship of the heart which was all hers, she forgot, or seemed to forget, her troubles. One hand rested on Leighton's arm; her face was lifted steadily to his, like a flower to the light; her violet eyes were dewy and sparkling with happiness. There were little clutches of her fingers on his wrist whenever he turned to look at her. There were spasms of joy in her slender and somewhat wasted frame as she leaned from time to time against his shoulder.

Arrived at the house, she was loth to have him leave her for even the time required to take his horse to the stable.

"Come soon," she said—"come as quick as you can. I shall be at the window. Look up when you reach the gate. Look at the window all the way from the gate to the door."

In an instant, not even taking off her bonnet, she was sitting by the window waiting for him to appear.

A man approached, walking behind

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the hedge of lilacs which bordered the yard, and halted at the gate with an air of hesitation. She turned ghastly white: retribution was upon her. It was Duvernois.

With that swift instinct of escape which sensitive and timorous creatures possess, she glided out of the room, through the upper hall, down a back stairway, into the garden behind the house, and so on to an orchard already obscure in the twilight. Here she paused in her breathless flight, and burst into one of her frequent coughs, which she vainly attempted to smother.

"I was already dying," she groaned. "Ah, why could he not have given me time to finish?"

From the orchard she could faintly see the road, and she now discovered Leighton returning briskly toward the house. Her first thought was, "He will look up at the window, and he will not see me!" Her next was, "They will meet, and all will be known!"

Under the sting of this last reflection she again ran onward until her breath failed. She had no idea where she should go: her only purpose was to fly from immediate exposure and scorn—to fly both from the man she detested and the man she loved. Her speed was quickened to the extent of her strength by the consideration that she was already missed, and would soon be pursued.

"Oh, don't let them come!—don't let them find me!" she prayed to some invisible power, she could not have said what.

Mainly intent as she was upon mere present escape from reproachful eyes, she at times thought of lurking in the woods or in some neighboring village until Duvernois should disappear and leave her free to return to Leighton. But always the reflection came up, "Now he knows that I have deceived him; now he will despise me and hate me, and refuse to see me; now I can never go back."

In such stresses of extreme panic and anguish an adult is simply a child, with the same overweight of emotions and the same imperfections of reason. During the moments when she was certain that Leighton would not forgive her, Alice made wild clutches at the hope that Duvernois might. There were glimpses of the earlier days of her married life; cheering phantoms of the days when she believed that she loved and that she was beloved — phantoms which swore by altars and bridal veils to secure her pardon.

She imagined Duvernois overtaking her with the words, "Alice, I forgive your madness: do you also forgive the coldness which drove you to it?"

She imagined herself springing to him, reaching out her hands for reconciliation, putting up her mouth for a kiss, and sobbing, "Ah, why were you not always so?"

Then of a sudden she scorned this fancy, trampled it under her weary, aching feet, and abhorred herself for being faithless to Leighton.

At last she reached a sandy, lonely coast-road, a mile from the village, with a leaden, pulseless, corpselike sea on the left, and on the right a long stretch of black, funereal marshes. Seating herself on a ruinous little bridge of unpainted and wormeaten timbers, she looked down into a narrow, sluggish rivulet, of the color of ink, which oozed noiselessly from the morass into the ocean. Her strength was gone: for the present farther flight was impossible, unless she fled from earth—fled into the unknown.

This thought had indeed followed her from the house: at first it had been vague, almost unnoticed, like the whisper of some one far behind; then it had become clearer, as if the persuading fiend went faster than she through the darkness, and were overtaking her. Now it was urgent, and would not be hushed, and demanded consideration.

"If you should die," it muttered, "then you will escape: moreover, those who now abhor you and scorn you, will pity you; and pity for the dead is almost respect, almost love."

"Oh, how can a ruined woman defend herself but by dying?" She wept

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as she gazed with a shudder into the black rivulet.

Then she thought that the water seemed foul; that her body would become tangled in slimy reeds and floating things; that when they found her she would be horrible to look upon. But even in this there was penance, a meriting of forgiveness, a claim for pity.

Slowly, inch by inch, like one who proposes a step which cannot be retraced, she crept under the railing of the bridge, seated herself on the edge of the shaky planking and continued to gaze into the inky waters.

A quarter of an hour later, when the clergyman of Northport passed by that spot, returning from a visit to a dying saint of his flock, no one was there.

We must revert to the two husbands. Duvernois had long wondered what could keep his wife in a sequestered hamlet, and immediately on her refusal to join him in a summer tour he had resolved to look into her manner of life.

At the village hotel he had learned that a lady named Duvernois had arrived in the place during the previous summer, and that she had been publicly married to a Doctor Leighton. He did not divulge his name—he did not so much as divulge his emotions: he listened to this story calmly, his eyes fixed on vacancy.

At the door of the boarding-house he asked for Mrs. Duvernois, and then corrected himself, saying, "I mean Mrs. Leighton."

He must have had singular emotions at the moment, yet the servant-girl noticed nothing singular in his demeanor.

Mrs. Leighton could not be found. None of the family had seen her enter or go out: it was not known that she had been in the house for an hour.

"But there comes Doctor Leighton," remarked the girl as the visitor turned to leave.

Even in this frightful conjuncture the characteristic coolness of Duvernois did not forsake him: after a moment's hesitation and a quick glance at his rival, he said, "I do not know him: I will call again."

On the graveled walk which led from the yard gate to the doorstep the two men met and passed without a word—the face of the one as inexpressive of the strangeness and horror of the encounter as the mind of the other was unconscious of them.

Leighton immediately missed Alice. In a quarter of an hour he became anxious: in an hour he was in furious search of her.

Somewhat later, when Duvernois came once more to the house, accompanied by a fashionably-dressed youth, who, as it subsequently appeared, was his younger brother, he found the family and the neighborhood in wild alarm over the disappearance of Mrs. Leighton. The two at once returned to the hotel, procured saddle-horses and joined in the general chase.

It was ten o'clock at night, and the moon was shining with a vaporous, spectral light, when the maddest of chances brought the two husbands together over a body which the tide, with its multitudinous cold fingers, had gently laid upon the beach.

Leighton leaped from his horse, lifted the corpse with a loud cry, and covered the white wet face with kisses.

Duvernois leaned forward in his saddle, and gazed at both without a word or a movement.

"Oh, what could have led her to this?" groaned the physician, already too sure that life had departed.

"Insanity," was the monotoned response of the statue on horseback.

The funeral took place two days later: the coffin-plate bore the inscription, "Alice Leighton, aged 23." Duvernois read it, and said not a word.

"If you don't claim her as your wife," whispered the brother, "you may find it difficult to marry again."

"Do you think I shall want to marry again?" responded the widower with an icy stare.

He was aware that he had lost a shame and a torment, and not aware that she might have been an honor and a joy, if only he had been able to love.

J. W. De Forest.

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THE DOMINICAN REPUBLIC AND ANNEXATION.

SAINT DOMINGO—the first land in the Western hemisphere which was peopled by Europeans — sprang into wealth and prosperity so rapidly that the imagination would not be sorely taxed in attributing its marvelous growth to the potent wand of some enchanter. And in sober truth an enchanter there was, whose dazzling allurements induced thousands of Castilians to quit their native land, to brave innumerable hardships, and imbue their hands in the blood of millions of gentle and inoffensive beings who had received them as brothers and worshiped them as gods. This enchanter was Gold.

Fourteen years after the discovery of the island by Columbus, fifteen towns, all peopled by Castilians,* had sprung up, of which Santo Domingo† was the capital—a capital so splendid that Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo, speaking of it to the Emperor Charles V., said, "There is not a town in Spain worthy of being compared to it, whether from the agreeable nature of its situation, the beauty of its streets and squares, or the pleasantness of its environs;" adding that "his imperial majesty sometimes lodged in palaces which were neither so vast, so commodious nor so rich as many of the edifices in Santo Domingo."

Reared on the banks of the Ozama—in this place nearly a mile broad, with a depth of twenty-four feet, and capable of accommodating all the fleets of Spain—this city was, during the first half of the sixteenth century, the centre of attraction, the metropolis and entrepôt of the New World. Everything flowed into its capacious bosom; adventurers from every land flocked to it; projects for the conquest of the main land, of Cuba, Jamaica, Porto Rico, Margarita, Trinidad, were formed there; and the means of putting them into execution might have been found in its wealth, adventurous spirit and teeming population. Its port was constantly crowded with vessels; the rich mines of silver discovered in the vicinity induced the emperor to establish a mint in the city, and, in short, every species of prosperity existed in Santo Domingo. Within the jurisdiction of its *Audiencia Real*, or supreme court of the colonies, were comprised Cuba, Porto Rico, Margarita, Trinidad, Maracaybo, Cumana and Guyana. It was the seat of an archbishopric; its cathedral, containing the bones of Columbus, rivaled the most celebrated in Europe, while its other churches were scarcely less magnificent; its public buildings, convents, monasteries and hospitals denoted the wealth of its inhabitants. Yet the very source of all this wealth and prosperity was the cause of its ruin.

The marvelous success of Cortez—once a clerk to the municipality of Azua—of Pizarro and other leaders, turned all heads. Every one was anxious to share in the spoils of the rich and populous countries portrayed in brilliant colors by adventurers who sought to fit out expeditions in Saint Domingo, the inhabitants of which island, having by this time almost annihilated the aborigines by excessive tasks, scanty food, and brutal butcheries of thousands upon thousands, abandoned their mines, their roads and their agriculture to rush in crowds to the *El Dorado* of Peru or to the vast plains of Mexico. Commerce was ruined, vessels ceased to visit the ports, and the country became so impoverished that the expenses of the government had to be met by drafts on the treasury of Mexico.‡ Forty years after the discovery of the island, out of three millions of original inhabitants not more than *two hundred* remained, and during that period from twelve to fifteen millions,

* Herrera.

† In this article the name *Santo Domingo* is applied to the town exclusively.

‡ Moreau de St. Méry.

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men, women and children, are said to have been destroyed by the Christians.*

Such was the condition of Saint Domingo from the year 1550, fifty-eight years after the landing of Columbus, to the commencement of the eighteenth century.

But whilst this decay of the Spanish colony was rapidly and surely progressing, causes independent of the governments of Europe were at work, which, by strange and unforeseen means, were to restore to a portion of the island some of its former prosperity.

Bands of freebooters and buccaneers, requiring a safe and convenient place to which they might retreat in the intervals of their adventurous excursions, had established their headquarters in the little island of Tortuga, and using that diminutive and easily-defended spot as a base of operations, had, as early as 1630, formed establishments at what is now called Port de Paix, on the main island. These adventurers were a conglomeration of all nations, mainly, however, French, Spaniards and English, each of whom, at different times, held the command. Bearing down from this little island, the French established themselves in detached bands along the coast from Samana to Port de Paix. Their freebooters—privateers not always over-scrupulous as to whether they attacked hostile or friendly vessels—scoured the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico in quest of booty, or occupied themselves in the cultivation of the soil; while the buccaneers confined themselves mainly to the chase of the wild cattle—descendants of those introduced by the Spaniards†—and the curing of their meat in the *boucans*.‡

Advancing—to use the expression of Lepelletier de St. Rémy—"dagger in hand," and subject to be called upon at any moment to repel the attacks of their enemies, these Frenchmen, unassisted by their government, which ignored their existence as a colony, followed the sinuosities of the coast and laid the foundation of that magnificent province which eventually overshadowed its Spanish rival, and came to be the place designated when Saint Domingo was mentioned by any but the Spaniards, although (at least since the treaty of Ryswick in 1697) it never embraced quite a third of the island.

This treaty—the first in which Spain regularly ceded the western part of the island to the French—established the limits of the two territories, and put an end to the constant quarrels which had hitherto enfeebled the rival colonies, each being henceforward free to pursue unmolested its career, which, on the part of the French, was one of prosperity and wealth, but on that of the Spaniards one of poverty and decay. Had not this treaty, or some other of a like nature, been entered into, it is more than probable that the French colony would have greatly extended itself, and perhaps monopolized the island; for at different periods D'Ogeron, De Cussy, Ducasse, and the celebrated Count d'Estaing, governors of the French Antilles, entertained the project of capturing the Spanish portion.

This French idea of undivided possession was in fact finally accomplished by the treaty of Basle, July 22, 1795. But at that period a new element had sprung up, neutralizing in this quarter the effect of the French victories in Europe and the protocols and provisions of European diplomatists. The black race had asserted its power, and Toussaint l'Ouverture, the negro general, took possession of the Spanish part of the island *in the name of the French government*.

Since the memorable 6th of December, 1492, when Columbus landed in the little bay which he called St. Nicholas, the Indians, the Spaniards, the French, the English, the negroes and the mixed races have ruled over portions or the whole of Saint Domingo, and its vicissitudes have been so great, its misfortunes so severe and its wars

* Las Casas. Moreau de St. Méry, however, thinks the original number of inhabitants did not exceed two millions.

† Only four kinds of animals were found by the Spaniards, and none larger than a rabbit.

‡ Père Labat, who gives most graphic and interesting accounts of their manners.

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so prolonged and sanguinary, that, as it would appear, nothing but its genial intertropical climate, its copious rains and the extraordinary fertility of its soil could have saved it from the desolation and decay which the passions of man have done so much to produce.

But the past has vanished: let us turn to the present, and by a cautious examination endeavor to discover the most judicious and effectual means of building up anew that prosperity which once made of this beautiful island a terrestial paradise, and which seems to be its natural birth-right.

Let us at once admit that the novel experiment of African civilization, left to its own resources, has been a failure,* and then consider whether the time may not have arrived when, in the interests of the negro race itself, it will be well to interfere—not unwisely or precipitately, but advisedly and with every possible precaution for the welfare of the inhabitants.

Those of the western portion of the island have had more than half a century in which to forget their ancient animosity to the French, which was never a hatred such as a nation may feel toward a rival, but a hatred arising from the differences of color and of caste, from the relations of master and slave. The remains of this feeling are still manifest in the jealousy with which the pure blacks watch the movements of the mulattoes and sang-mêlés, and in the struggles between them for the possession of political power or of the semblance of power. The prejudices of the Haytians have been anti-white rather than anti-French: their sympathies are with the Latin race; their language, religion, manners and ideas are French; and it may be fairly regarded as a matter of doubt whether any sudden amalgamation with an Anglo-Saxon race would prove beneficial to either party.

The inhabitants of the eastern portion possess the same sympathy with the Latin race, but circumstances, and the manners of the stock from which they spring, have created a national character totally different from that of their neighbors. Moreau de St. Méry has recorded his impressions of the Dominicans. "They exhibit," says he, "in general, a mixture of baseness and pride. Crawling and servile when necessary, they wish to appear proud. Submissive to those above them, they are haughty to those beneath them. Rancorous and vindictive to the death, they cannot comprehend that it is possible to be great and generous even toward an enemy." The portrait is not flattering, and it may be hoped that some of its harshness is to be attributed to prejudice.

The number of negro slaves has never been so great, either actually or relatively, in the eastern as in the western portion of the island, and the prejudice of color, which, until of late years, has, amongst other nations, placed so wide a gulf between the freedman and his descendants and the whites, has always been very feeble with the Spanish creoles. The Spanish colonial constitution recognized no difference between the civil status of a white and that of a freedman, and it is certain that the great majority of the inhabitants belong to the class of sang-mêlés.† M. Weuves jeune, a merchant of Cape Français, states, in his description of the island, that the whole space from the capital

* At the time of the official recognition by France of the independence of Hayti, the credit of that republic stood higher at the Paris Bourse than that of France itself; whilst, during the revolution against Salnave it required from eight hundred to twelve hundred Haytian dollars to buy one dollar in coin.

A writer (in 1842) says: "The rural districts of Hayti are dead. In places where slavery produced sugar by thousands of tons, nothing is now raised but a few provisions, and syrup for the manufacture of tafia. The prolific wood of bayahonda covers with its thorns the cane-fields, the meadows and pasturages deserted by the hand of man; it encroaches on the villages, and, penetrating even to the heart of the towns, grows in the midst of the ruins, as if desirous of insulting the citizens." Another writer calls it "a sarcastic concert of Nature celebrating the absence of labor." Recently a journal of Port au Prince thus appreciated the situation: "Let us carefully notice the events which are taking place amongst us, and let us ask whether, in proportion to our first steps in our career, our advancement has not constantly slackened: let us ask if, from the state of matters most vital to our civilization, it is not proved that the country is stricken with immobility, and even decay."—*Quoted by Lepelletier de St. Rémy.*

† Moreau de St. Méry.

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to the Pointe des Salines is inhabited by a mixed race of Spaniards, Americans and negroes, and that it is doubtful whether a single person of unmixed blood can be found there. He adds: "We have passed over about three hundred marine leagues of the coast belonging to the Spaniards, if we can so call those whose blood is so mingled with that of the Caribs and the negroes that it is very rare to meet with a single man whose blood is without admixture."

When Toussaint took possession of the Spanish portion in 1801, the Audiencia Real had already been removed to Havana, and the subsequent rigor of Dessalines and the verification of land-titles introduced by Boyer induced nearly all the pure whites to emigrate to other islands; so that, with the exception of a kind of colony established in the Cibao district, and claiming descent from the Spanish and Carib races alone, it is doubtful whether any of the population are exempt from a greater or less proportion of negro blood.

A certain familiarity has always characterized the intercourse between the Spanish master and his servant, as represented in the works of Spanish authors, notably in those of Cervantes; and the Spanish creoles adopted this system of gentleness toward their slaves. To this familiarity, and perhaps also to the natural indolence of the Spanish character, may be traced that amalgamation of races which constituted so marked a difference between the French and Spanish parts of the island.*

The national pride of the Castilian has descended to his illegitimate children, who, with a foolish vanity, which, however, circumstances have rendered excusable, will rarely admit that they are anything but white, and who regard their neighbors of Hayti as of an inferior race. Hence probably has arisen an idea, once prevalent in the United States, that the Dominicans are all white, whilst the Haytians are all black.

In general, the soil of the island is exceedingly fertile, though from the mountainous nature of the country it varies according to situation; but in this respect the eastern portion is more favored than Hayti, as in the former the mountain ranges are susceptible of cultivation, whilst in the latter they are more often arid.

The opening of the Bay of Samana lies between Cape Raphael and Cape Samana, the latter forming the most north-easterly point of the island, the distance between the two points being about twenty miles; but if the real opening of the bay be considered to lie between Point-à-Grappin and Point Icaco the distance will not be much more than half; whilst the actual passage by which vessels can enter is extremely narrow, as at the southern part of its opening there exists a key or reef extending in a northerly direction, and terminating in a point near Port Bannister. Between the point of this reef and the port there is a rock called *Cayo de los Levantados*, or Levantados Key, and as the port, the key and the point of the reef are all susceptible of being fortified, it is clear that any vessels passing either to the north or south of Levantados Key must be subjected to a cross-fire at very short range; thus rendering the sole entrance to this magnificent bay impracticable for ordinary vessels. Should this passage, however, be forced, there are numerous other positions in the bay itself which could offer the most powerful resistance to any attack.

Reckoning from Cape Samana, the bay is about sixty miles long, but from Point-à-Grappin the distance is not more than forty miles, and its mean breadth may be placed at about fifteen miles. All the coves or indentures on its northern shore form safe and convenient ports suitable for repairing and careening vessels, well protected from every wind but the south, the force of which, however, must be much diminished by the mountain chains of the in-

* The French treatment of the freedmen was exceedingly harsh, including compulsory military service and forced labor in the making of roads. A mulatto could be neither a priest, lawyer, physician, surgeon, apothecary nor schoolmaster; while in the eastern part all these careers were open to him.—*Moreau de St. Méry.*

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terior. Between Point Bannister and Point des Martiniquais the Spaniards planted the town of Samana, colonizing it with inhabitants brought from the Canary Islands, as they also did that of Savana-la-Mar, almost directly opposite to it on the main island. The best and most commodious port, however, is that under Point Martiniquais, which Moreau de St. Méry thinks should have been selected as the site of the town. A vast extent, salubrious air, the proximity of stone and wood for building purposes, clear and abundant water purified by cascades, should have given it the preference over the actual port of Samana.

At the head of the bay is the mouth of the Yuma River, the largest in the Dominican Republic, which is navigable for small craft for fifty miles into the interior. Near its source are the copper-mines of Maymon; it waters the tobacco-producing region of Cotuy; on its banks are magnificent forests capable of furnishing timber of every description, from that suitable for naval architecture to the finest and rarest cabinet woods; iron ore is found along its shores, and recently coal formations have been discovered in close proximity to this noble river. The possession of the Bay of Samana and the command of this invaluable stream would afford the means of establishing perhaps the finest naval arsenal and shipyard in the world.

Much space cannot be devoted to commenting on the strategical advantages of the Bay of Samana, which have been so frequently expatiated on that to do more than recapitulate them in the present paper appears unnecessary. Although the position of Samana, commanding the Mona Passage and the entrance to the Caribbean Sea, is undoubtedly a valuable one, the importance of its situation to the windward of Cuba and the Gulf of Mexico—so highly appreciated by writers in the last century and the first quarter of the present—has been relatively much diminished by the introduction of steam into the navy. Still, it must be admitted that it is the strongest and most desirable point in all the Antilles. The soil of Saint Domingo is more fertile, and its productions more numerous, than those of Cuba, while it is more easily to be obtained than the latter island.

With a strange inconsistency, Samana has been called indifferently a peninsula and an island. Charlevoix in his text speaks of it as a peninsula, but in his map he makes it an island; whilst Moreau de St. Méry affirms that it is a peninsula, but in commenting upon this discrepancy he commits a curious error by saying that all the ancient authors have delineated it in their maps as an island, with the exception of Charlevoix. Weuves says clearly, and more than once, that it is an island, but he is doubtless mistaken, as the general opinion of more modern writers is opposed to this view. It is probable that the great *estero* in the Bay of Cosbeck, on the north, and the little *estero* at the head of the Bay of Samana, on the south of the peninsula—two low, marshy and alluvial encroachments on the sea—which at high water are partially covered by the tide, may have given to it an insular appearance, but it is certain that there is no passage for vessels in this place.

It will no doubt be remembered by many that during the presidency of General Pierce a secret mission was sent to Santo Domingo, at the suggestion of General Santana, at that time President of the Dominican Republic, with whom General W. L. Cazeneau, the agent of this government, entered into negotiations, resulting in the signature of a treaty, which, though never ratified, was generally understood to provide for the cession of Samana. Santana had then just been re-elected President by the people, defeating Baez, who had become unpopular with the Dominicans on account of his attachment to the clerical party and his endeavors to support himself by means of French influence. Such at least were the ostensible reasons for his defeat, though looking at the history of the republic since the

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days of Boyer, we shall scarcely be uncharitable in attributing the election of Santana as much to the love of change as to any other motive. The treaty had been signed for a cession of part of the Dominican territory, but as it was a secret one, the people cannot have been consulted with regard to this alienation of a most valuable portion of the public domain; and this independent action on the part of Santana throws much light on his subsequent negotiations with Spain for the recovery of her ancient province.

When, in the spring of 1861, encouraged probably by the confusion prevailing in the United States, the Spanish government undertook to reannex its ancient colony, it found in the President a ready accomplice in that scheme, and his proclamation to the people declaring Saint Domingo an appurtenance of the Spanish Crown was rewarded with the title of lieutenant-general, a patent of nobility and other honors. That this cession was never accomplished by the will of the people—though believed perhaps at Madrid to have been—is clear from the desperate and successful efforts which the Dominicans made to shake off the yoke, and from the acknowledgment which the cabinet of Narvaez made to the Cortes in 1864, that it had been deceived in believing that Santana had acted in accordance with the will of the people. The address concluded with these words: "That it was a delusion to believe that the Dominican people, as a whole or in great majority, desired, and, above all, demanded, their annexation to Spain; . . . that, even by concentrating all our efforts and sacrifices in order to obtain a triumph, we should place ourselves in the sad position of holding the island entirely by *military occupation—a position full of difficulties and not exempt from dangerous complications;* that, taking the most favorable hypothesis—namely, that a portion of the people may show themselves devoted to us after a victory—the administrative system that would have to be established in those dominions must either be little suitable to the usages and customs of the inhabitants, or very dissimilar to those of other colonial provinces."

The Spanish government, being convinced that "the game was not worth the candle," wisely resolved to retreat with the best grace it could assume, and acknowledged for a second time the independence of the Dominican Republic.

The two most prominent Presidents of that republic, though opposed to each other in politics, have ever been equally desirous of ceding, selling, or in some way disposing of their country to a foreign power. Indeed, the desire to dispossess themselves of a country of which Columbus wrote to Ferdinand and Isabella, "I assure your majesties that there is not in the world a better nation nor a better land," appears to be an endemic malady with the Dominican rulers, and this beautiful and fruitful island seems literally to go begging; for, during the recent war with Spain, the patriot authorities at Santiago offered to annex their country to Hayti,* but their offer was not accepted; and Cabral again, in 1867, sent an envoy to the United States to endeavor to lease the Bay of Samana.

These persistent efforts to annex the republic to some foreign state may be regarded in a twofold manner. When a Jimenes conspires with a Soulouque for the surrender of his country, and is rewarded with a sable dukedom; when a Santana

* Previously to this event, and soon after the successful revolution against the Haytian government headed by Santana in 1843, both Santana and Baez made overtures to the cabinet of Madrid; but not meeting with encouragement, they turned their attention to France, and their offers were so well received by the ministry of Louis Philippe that Admiral Mosges was ordered to assemble the Gulf fleet at Santo Domingo and proclaim the annexation of the country. The affair, however, got wind, and the order was countermanded. Again, in 1848, Baez, being in Paris, put himself in communication with the French government with the same object, but political troubles prevented any result. Thus, in the one case, we see the Dominican rulers soliciting annexation with Spain or France to protect themselves against the Haytians, and in the other desiring annexation with Hayti to protect themselves from Spain; while at the present moment the plea of fears of a Haytian invasion is put forward in order to bring about annexation with the United States.

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proclaims the annexation of the republic to Spain, and is recompensed by a lieutenant-generalship and other titles; and when a Baez proposes to sell to the United States a portion or the whole of the territory,—we may look upon these acts as proceeding from treachery and corruption, dictated by ambition, by the desire of crushing a rival, or by the mere lust of money. On the other hand, it may be fair to suppose that these leaders, more capable of political foresight than their countrymen, more impressed by the facts of the scanty population and meagre fiscal resources, and convinced of the impossibility of developing the natural wealth of the country and launching it upon a career of national prosperity, have believed it wiser to seek the aid and protection of a foreign power—to let the feeble and drooping vine entwine itself around the stem of some sturdy oak, rising by its support and growing with its growth.

The questions, however, arise, whether the people themselves desire this protection; whether they consider themselves incapable of self-advancement; whether they believe that the benefits to be derived from annexation would compensate for the loss of their nationality and independence; whether they would prefer to be more wealthy and less free; in short, whether they would prefer to be merged into some other nation or to remain Dominicans. To all these questions the answer is undoubtedly, No!

Jimenes was obliged to flee from the anger of his countrymen. Santana's work was undone by a general rising of the whole people, who fought desperately against the Spaniards, vanquished them in numerous combats, burned some of the cities they held, starved them to death in others, and, driving them to their last stronghold, forced them to abandon all idea of conquest. The result of the negotiations entered into by Baez is still pending, but his opponent, Cabral, has published a protest, declaring that the popular vote in favor of annexation was a sham, and rejecting as false the statement that the majority of the people are in favor of it. It has been shown how, in 1861, the Spanish government believed in the genuineness of a similar vote, and how, three years after, they were forced to admit their error and acknowledge the impossibility of holding the country except by military force. The protest of Cabral would point to a similar state of things at present.

The Dominican Republic is an extensive though thinly-peopled territory, but its numerous mountain ranges and the effect of its climate upon northern races peculiarly adapt it to guerrilla warfare, the insignificant number of its inhabitants being counterbalanced by its natural means of defence. Though it cannot be supposed that any first-class power—least of all, the United States—would fail to capture Saint Domingo and to hold it if so disposed, yet the process would be a slow, an expensive, and, above all, an odious one. It therefore becomes highly important to ascertain the real facts in regard to the sentiments of the population.

When the retiring Spanish lieutenant-governor, José de la Gándara, required, before evacuating Santo Domingo, a declaration on the part of the Dominican government that the cessation of hostilities was "a high and voluntary act of generosity on the part of Spain," which withdrew "purely and solely out of a noble and disinterested respect for the preference entertained by the Dominican people for an independent nationality," the demand was instantly refused. "The Dominican people," was the reply, "without regard to rank or color, have planted the white cross of the republic on the principle enunciated by the great mother of free nations, that 'America belongs to the Americans,' and we will endure all our trials over again sooner than desert it." And although Gándara threatened that he would "encircle the whole island in a fiery ring of ruin and desolation by means of a perpetual blockade and incessant raids on all its forts and large towns," the people were firm, and he was obliged to evacuate unconditionally.

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In our own case, the most important preliminary step (after having satisfied ourselves as to the value of the acquisition) is to obtain a *clear*, *decided* and *unpartisan* declaration from a large majority of the Dominicans in regard to annexation. If this be favorable, there will still remain a question of no little importance in regard to the sentiments of the Haytian population; for the interests of the eastern and western republics are so intimately connected that whatever affects the one must influence the destiny of the other.

At the time when Santana delivered up his country to Spain, President Geffrard of Hayti issued a solemn and dignified protest against the annexation; a portion of which is here quoted. "No one can deny," says he, "that Hayti possesses a paramount interest in desiring that no foreign power should establish itself in the eastern part. From the moment that two nations inhabit the same island, their destinies, with regard to foreign attempts, are indivisible (*solidaires*). The political existence of the one is closely allied to that of the other, and they are bound to guarantee to each other their mutual safety." . . . . "The Haytian government considers itself freed by that fact" (the action of Santana) "from every engagement, and recovers its ancient freedom of action, reserving to itself the use of all means which, according to circumstances, may be suitable to protect and guarantee its most precious interests." We are probably safe in assuming that the "means" hinted at in this passage is a foreign alliance in some form or other.

During the presidency of Geffrard, Salnave, his successor, assisted the Dominicans in their struggle with Spain, and in August, 1867, three months after he himself became President, he concluded a treaty with the Dominican Republic, by which the two governments engaged, "with all their forces and with their whole power, to maintain the integrity of their respective territories, and never to cede or alienate in favor of any foreign power any part whatever of their territories, or of the adjacent islands dependent thereon," and, in addition, "to enter into a further treaty of defensive alliance in case of foreign invasion."

This treaty, evidently suggested by the Spanish attempt at annexation, is equally adverse to annexation to the United States. It would deprive neither of the contracting parties of the right to *lease* a portion of their territory for a definite time and a specific purpose. Such, at least, must have been the opinion of the Dominican government, as President Cabral sent an envoy, General Sujol, to this country to offer a *lease of Samana;* and it will be borne in mind that this is the same Cabral who now makes the protest against the annexation of the *whole island.*

But this is not all. At the end of last year, Mr. Evariste Laroche, the Haytian minister to Washington, made the following communication to the press: "There has appeared in the columns of the *Herald*, and of several other journals, a correspondence in which it is said that President Salnave and myself have offered to cede the Môle St. Nicolas to the United States in exchange for the *Algonquin* and other vessels. I beg you will have the goodness to contradict this assertion, which has not the slightest foundation. The Môle St. Nicolas neither belongs to President Salnave nor to me, but to the Haytian nation, which is not disposed to cede the smallest portion of its territory at any price; and the President and myself share the views of the nation.

"Once for all, it is well that public opinion in the United States should be settled on one point—namely, that the people of Hayti will never ratify any treaty, whatever it may be, tending toward the loss of its autonomy or the alienation of any part whatever of its territory. It may be that *intrigants* are making, or have made, such a proposition, but neither the American government nor the capitalists should allow themselves to be deceived by such individuals, who possess no national character."

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The above facts are significant. Should the Dominicans cede any portion of the island to a foreign power, the Haytians would have a right under the above treaty to prevent the consummation of the act; and should any foreign power be induced by a Dominican government representing only a portion of the people to accept its proposal of annexation, the Haytians would be bound to assist the refractory portion. Thus in either case, the annexation of the Dominican Republic involves the possibility of a war with Hayti, justified on the part of the latter by its treaty rights and obligations, and demanding on our part a disregard of those engagements and a conquest over a people capable of a long and desperate resistance. Few persons having fresh in their memory the melancholy spectacle of a country—in many respects similar to Saint Domingo—almost depopulated by invasion, would counsel a repetition of the Paraguayan horrors for the sake of an idea, when far more desirable results might be obtained by adopting a policy of persuasion and example.

Mention has already been made of the advantages offered by Samana as a naval and coaling station. The peninsula is, however, by no means adapted to agriculture, one-third of its length, at the eastern end, being rugged and almost inaccessible, while the rest is so broken by mountain ranges that very little of the surface is available for cultivation. Savana-la-Mar, on the opposite side of the bay, is almost the only place in the vicinity where the culture of the soil might be carried on.* In respect to the strength of its position, the commodiousness of its bay and the infertility of its soil, Samana may be fitly compared to the Môle St. Nicolas, though it is on a larger scale. Nature would seem to have endowed each extremity of the favored island of Saint Domingo with an impregnable fortress and an admirable port, the possession of which by any naval power would give it as much command over the Gulf of Mexico as that of both Gibralter and Ceuta over the Mediterranean. Such being the case, it would seem necessary that any establishment founded at Samana with a view to its being self-supporting should be endowed with sufficient territory for that purpose, and, as this desideratum is not to be found on the shores of the bay, it must be sought elsewhere.

Nature, as if to further such a project, has separated from the rest of the island a narrow belt of land stretching along the northern coast. It runs from the Bay of Mancenilla, on the Haytien frontier, to that of Samana, being about one hundred and ninety miles in length by from six to ten in breadth, and comprising an area of some fifteen hundred square miles. It is enclosed, as in a frame, between the sea and the Monte Christi range of mountains, and, as a glance at the map will show, occupies an isolated position cut off from all but Samana, thus forming the most appropriate adjunct to that place. It possesses numerous outlets on the coast for the transport of its productions, which in no case would require to be conveyed across the mountains for shipment. It enjoys the refreshing breezes from the north and east, and is sheltered from the debilitating airs of the south; and whilst the eastern and southern coasts of Saint Domingo are, from July to October, frequently ravaged by hurricanes of terrible fury and destructive violence, this region has been entirely exempt from such visitations.† It was from the summit of the Monte Christi mountains that Columbus gazed, his eyes wearied with searching the horizon in quest of Terra Firma, but enraptured at the richness and fertility of the vast tropical carpet of verdure spread over the luxuriant plains at his feet. The three millions of inhabitants he probably found on the island have disappeared, and the tract is now known by the significant appellation of *La Despoblada* (The Depopulated).

A well-informed writer is of opinion that in less than ten years, with an en-

* Moreau de St. Méry and Weuves.

† Moreau de St. Méry.

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terprising population, this region would exhibit from two to three hundred sugar plantations, producing, one with another, two hundred and fifty to three hundred thousand pounds of sugar, making a total of from fifty to ninety millions of pounds, on an area which had never given more than five hundred and eighty thousand pounds of indigo before being planted with cane. There might also be established two hundred coffee plantations, with forty thousand plants on each; and in addition to these a hundred cotton plantations, producing in the aggregate a million pounds of cotton. These establishments would be susceptible of being doubled in regard to sugar—trebled and perhaps sextupled in respect to coffee and cotton.* Cattle-raising is at present the chief employment of the rural population, and it is well known that in tropical climates the larger kind of animals do not thrive near the sea, where it is too warm for them, and where they are deprived of the necessary shelter afforded by the forests farther inland. This district, therefore, would be of little service to its present possessors, but, if the figures of M. Weuves may be relied on, would prove of enormous benefit to others.

Let it then be assumed that a lease of this territory can be secured for twenty, fifty or a hundred years by our government, and the land relet at remunerative prices to individuals, who would not fail to take advantage of such an opportunity, and a colony with all the elements of prosperity would be at once created on a spot where it is most needed. The iron, copper, tin and coal mines along the river Yuma would draw capital to that region: the sugar, cotton, tobacco, coffee, cocoa, indigo, etc., which this territory is capable of producing would not fail to attract the enterprise of our people; and a district where now only a few goats are reared would be converted into a garden. A railroad from Monte Christi to Samana could be constructed at a small expense, as the country is perfectly level, and no costly tunneling or aqueducts would be required.

* Weuves.

With the profits derived from subletting the land a naval station might be constructed and maintained at Samana, and a city built at Saint Martiniquais, or at some more favorable spot, if such can be found, which would shortly become the general rendezvous and entrepôt of commerce in the West Indies, entirely superseding St. Thomas, whose small harbor, rocky soil and limited extent would have condemned it to perpetual insignificance had not the Danish government, abandoning the usual European system, converted it into a free port. The same American energy which in a few years converted San Francisco from an unimportant village, having as its only trade the occasional shipment of a cargo of hides, into the emporium for the whole Pacific coast, would perform a like miracle for Samana, whose advantages have for nearly four hundred years been unappreciated by the Spaniards and their successors.

But St. Thomas is a free port, only a harbor duty of about one per cent. being levied on imports. Samana would thus have to contend against a rival, which was not the case with San Francisco. This drawback could only be met by making Samana a free port. Such a measure, in view of the difficulties which a new colony in a new country and a strange climate has to contend with, would be equally just and politic. The only loss to the government would be that of revenue on such foreign goods as the inhabitants might consume, whilst it would reap incalculable advantages from the establishment of such an emporium. As to our manufactures, the competition they would have to encounter would be confined to a new market, and would be amply compensated by their introduction to that market and their general diffusion throughout the Antilles.

It is fair to assume that a colony established upon this basis and composed of Americans could not fail to be crowned with success; and the benefits

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resulting from it would naturally radiate on every side. The mother-country would receive its share, whilst the Dominicans, having at their doors a specimen of the government and industrious habits of our people, would instinctively study the principles at work and the machinery employed to utilize them. They would see this colony governed as a territory, thus gradually fitting themselves for a similar probation. They would learn that a President elected for four years was sure—except in the case of some grave misconduct—of remaining in office for the full term, and quietly making way for his successor when that term was accomplished. They would realize the fact that, however turbulent and noisy the different political parties might be before the election, the majority of votes was always respected, and the minority allowed freely to vent their emotions in fire-crackers and talk, without ever dreaming of taking up arms in favor of the defeated candidate; that *pronunciamientos* and political proscriptions were unknown; and that the popular government and the popular will were as nearly as possible identical.

Turning from this picture, they would naturally cast their eyes over their own land: they would see poverty in the midst of natural wealth, indolence and enervation by the side of activity and vigor; and the contrast would be too striking for the lesson to be misunderstood. Their ambition would be aroused by a spirit of emulation: they would crave for themselves a prosperity equal to that of their neighbors, and turn a deaf ear to the counsels of those petty chiefs who seek to foment revolutions for their own personal ends. They would welcome the Americans into their borders with joy, and the northern nation, allured to the fertile plains of the interior, would gradually form settlements throughout the land, bringing their arts and their industry with them; and by degrees the leaven of civilization would penetrate to every corner of the country, until the whole was leavened from Samana to Tiburon, and a genuine and intelligent demand for admission to the Union was the result.

It has been shown that the inhabitants of the eastern part of Saint Domingo successively threw off the Spanish, the French, the Haytian, and again the Spanish yoke; that they have repeatedly manifested a desire to possess an autonomy of their own; that they have entered into a treaty to prevent the cession of their territory to any foreign power, whilst their rulers have at various times endeavored to sell it; and it is believed by the writer that there is as little ground at the present day for placing confidence in the statements of interested newspaper correspondents, declaring them unanimous in their wish for annexation to the United States, as there was in 1861 for crediting their desire for annexation to Spain. The ignorance of the masses of the people is great, their religious prejudices are equally strong, and their inconsistency such that what might be accomplished from popular sympathy with the ruler of to-day would probably, through a similar sympathy with a successful rival of to-morrow, be repudiated.

From this sketch of the position of affairs it appears that the only safe and *humane* method of permanently securing the island is one resembling that we have suggested; *i. e.*, a gradual education of the people by example and influence in the arts of social and political life, commencing with the Dominicans and spreading to the Haytians; thus inducing both peoples to wish to participate in the liberty and prosperity of the "great mother of all free nations."

The scheme of the lease of Samana and of the northern coast of the island is merely a suggestion thrown out *en bloc*—without any attempt to elaborate its details—of a plan which is considered preferable to the immediate annexation to the United States, by purchase or otherwise, of the whole or part of Saint Domingo.

H. Hargrave.

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NONCARRA'S BAD LUCK.

IN the depths of a Cornish tin-mine, two thousand feet below the green hill of St. Agnes, where the white breakers dash against the tall cliffs of a rock-bound coast, three miners were in earnest, almost angry, conversation. They were Uncle Nicky Noncarra and two of his stalwart sons. Nicky was a small, wiry old man, who had passed about half his life in the deep bowels of the earth—from the time he was ten years old until this his sixtieth year: fifty years he had spent like a mole, digging blindly in the earth. Digging blindly, we repeat, for all his energies were put forth to earn his half crown a day. He sometimes made more, but often less, and lived full half the time upon "'sist," though his sons had entered the mine as young as himself.

Uncle Nicky and his two sons were seated on great pieces of powder-blackened rocks at the end of a gallery in the "lode" or vein of tin. At this point the excavation was large and cavernous in appearance. The dim flare of the tallow dip or "rushlight" which each miner held in his hand cast dark shadows on the rocky walls of this subterranean chamber, while the overhanging rocks of the top were lost in the gloom, though but ten feet above their heads.

Black Joe, Uncle Nicky's eldest son, was a dark, hairy man, with a short bull neck and giant-like shoulders and arms. Though his strength was great, his mind was narrow: his neck bore the yoke like an ox, but he gored on this side and that with a vicious pleasure, and woe to the man or the boy who said him nay.

Salathe, the second son—in fact, the fourth of his family—was a singular contrast to both father and brother. He was his "mother's son"—fair and noble in appearance. Around his high forehead clustered curls of rich brown hair, and a short beard concealed his face just enough to give it a manly appearance. Quick intelligence beamed from his eyes, while every feature was lit with earnestness and animation as he rose from his rocky seat, and, in a tone of suppressed anger, closed an argument which had become serious and even dangerous:

"Well, father, you and brother Joe can work the rest of the 'take' the three weeks that remain, and make the most of it. As for me, I am done. I will not strike another blow in this 'set' unless my advice is now taken. I know, and have long felt, that our *bad luck* is more the fault of bad management than bad fortune. You both trust more to strength and endurance than to wit and brains. How many of our comrades are always lucky! They use their eyes and their judgment to some purpose, while we, like blind moles, have been digging in the dark year in and year out. I shall never trust either of you again to make a contract for me. Hereafter I shall endeavor to do as well, at least, as our comrades. I am no longer a boy, but from this moment a man, and a *free* man. It is thus only that I can help you and myself."

This sudden revolt of the hitherto obedient and gentle Salathe was as astonishing to Uncle Nicky and Black Joe as if the rocks had found a voice; for Salathe until his twenty-second year had served his father without ever opposing his will on a question of mining operations. But while his brothers and fellow-workmen were carousing in the alehouse or quarreling in the cockpit, he spent the hours of leisure with more profit and more real pleasure under the old "almanac-maker's" tuition. Neither his father nor his brother could read or write; but Salathe was comparatively a scholar — an excellent mathematician, a correct and rapid penman and an extensive reader. Though these accomplishments were

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known to the family, it was not supposed that they added to Salathe's skill as a miner or gave weight to his opinions on business matters.

Black Joe rose in wrath with the intention of answering Salathe, as usual, with blows. But this time "the boy" did not flinch, and the brutish giant instinctively quailed before the cool, determined glance that met his own. His great arm, that could smite asunder a two-inch bar of iron with a single blow of a sledge-hammer, fell slowly from its menacing position, and with a scowl and a threat Joe sat down subdued and sulky, but ever after Salathe's slave!

Uncle Nicky, during a long life of toil, had been schooled to yield. Like the reed, he bent before every storm; yet instead of winning good-will by this submissive habit, he subjected himself to much taunting and reproach at home and abroad, and the other miners seemed to take advantage of Noncarra's "bad luck" to secure all the "good luck" to themselves.

"Well, well, S'lath, thee's put thy brother Joe to silence: I never could do it. And thy father must give it up, too. I did hope to make a few pounds this quarter to pay off our debts, but it seems that my bad luck will go with me to the grave."

"Father," replied Salathe, "thy bad luck has always been thy fears. If *good* luck is not *thy* luck, why, now, let me try *my* luck. If I leave thee, the few pounds which we may make by our present chance will be lost to thee every quarter by the loss of my labor; but if I work for thee still, as I am willing to do if my advice is taken, even if I miss my aim it will be thy gain."

The stormy part of the debate had passed: the scolding and vituperation we have not recorded. Salathe is our hero, and with his resolution commences our story.

The veins or lodes of tin in Cornwall are very irregular, increasing and decreasing both in size and in purity, with constant uncertainty and risk to the miners, although with good average results. Luck is ever varying, and its changes require to be closely studied. Men who are shrewd and watchful are most frequently the *lucky* ones, while the hard-working moles are generally *unlucky*.

In the Cornish tin-mines new contracts are let every quarter, each "set" of miners bidding for any part of the mine, and the contract being given to the lowest responsible bid. Thus, every three months there is a general change of places among the miners.

At the end of each quarter the whole mine is "viewed" by the managers, and the miners have then the privilege of inspecting each other's work. They thus make up their estimates of what each place is worth. But it often happens that a few of the sharp-witted fellows spend nearly all the last week of the quarter in gossiping, going the rounds of the mine and "chatting" with each "pair" or set of miners. In this way these sly fellows generally find out the best places if their judgment and their wit do them good service.

At quarter-day each place or gallery in the mine is put up at auction. The miners bid as they see fit, by offering to do the work for a certain percentage of the value of the ore produced. For instance, the miners dig or excavate the ore, and convey it to the bottom of the shaft, and thence to the top of the shaft—that is, to the surface. They also break, stamp and wash the ore, or hire others to do it for them. The company or proprietors of the mine furnish all the machinery for hoisting, stamping, washing, etc. When the ore is reduced to a proper standard of richness by rejecting or washing away the lighter particles or impurities, the ore is "assayed" by chemical analysis and its commercial value determined, and on this the miner is paid his proportion according to the terms of the bid. The greatest proportion ever paid by the company to the miners is seventeen shillings in the pound, and the lowest rate paid is three shillings. Any ore which will not pay the company three shillings in the pound is considered too

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lean to mine; while the workmen cannot afford to dig and prepare the richest ores for less than three shillings in the pound, or fifteen per cent. of the product.

But between the richest and the poorest every variety of ore is found, and the bids and contracts vary accordingly. Under this system the proprietors of the mine are comparatively safe, while the miners are to some extent independent and responsible for their own success; but as it is almost impossible to make a correct estimate of the value of the ore *in situ*, and as the lode is always varying in size and value, much depends on "luck." In no other mining enterprises are the skill and judgment of the miner so important to his success. There are, however, always some unfortunate ones who make low bids and poor contracts, and others who always live from "hand to mouth," whether they have good luck or bad. In order to support these men and assist needy families, the proprietors of the mines advance a few shillings per week to all who require it as "subsist-money," or "'sist-money," as the miners call it. This advance is deducted from their portion of the profits when the tin is sold. If, as it sometimes happens, the "'sist" amounts to more than the quarter's earnings, the miner is in debt for the same amount to the company.

Uncle Nicky's "take" during the quarter had been worse than usual. It was the most unlucky of his proverbially unlucky bids. He had the highest rate—seventeen shillings in the pound—and yet his "set" did not even earn their "'sist." In fact, it did not pay expenses to haul the unproductive rock to the surface; but as they were following the lode, and the level or gallery in which they worked was a necessary one, it was important to the company that it should be carried forward, and Uncle Nicky's "set" always did an honest day's work.

Fortune at length favored the old man against his will. During the last two weeks of the quarter the Noncarras struck suddenly and unexpectedly a magnificent lode of tin. The vein had opened out above and alongside of them in its largest and richest form. Great blocks of almost pure tin came crushing down with the last blast, and the lode was uncovered and exposed to a considerable extent in the highest parts of their level.

Uncle Nicky and Black Joe were excited and joyous over their turn of luck, and thought of nothing but muscular efforts to realize as much as possible during the short time that remained. But Salathe saw an opportunity to make up for a long run of bad luck, and determined to have his own way in profiting by it or to sever his fortunes from those of his unlucky father and brother. Their desire to make sure of the present chance, and their opposition to Salathe's scheme from the fear of risk, led to the excited debate which we have already noticed.

Salathe finally had his way. The scaffolds were pulled down, and that part of the mine in which the tin lay hid was abandoned. The powder-smoke, from frequent blasting, covered the bright glitter of the sparkling tin and effectually concealed the rich and tempting lode.

For two weeks, Uncle Nicky and his "set" blasted and dug in the leanest rocks, much to the disgust of the old man himself. Toward the end of the month, when the prowlers sought to scent out the good places, he grew feverish and agitated. Salathe began to fear that his father's agitation and ill-concealed fears would betray them, and persuaded him that he was too unwell to work. Noncarra accordingly went home and to bed, and remained there during the last week of the quarter, sure in his own mind that some interloper would discover the secret and bring back his usual ill luck.

Black Joe was dogged and silent, but inwardly delighted with the scheme, and becoming every day more and more the slave of his brother. When his sluggish mind could comprehend the brilliant results which the scheme seemed to promise, he really enjoyed in anticipation the disappointment and

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chagrin of the smart and lucky men, the mine-captains and the proprietors, while many a pleasant dream of good things stirred his dull brain.

Salathe was as usual full of animation. He joked with strangers about the proverbial Noncarra's "bad luck," seized every opportunity to depreciate the "take," and inquired about the chances and prospects in other parts of the mine, to which he paid frequent visits in imitation of those who were continually on the scent for good places.

"View-day" arrived, and the captains went their rounds to inspect and appraise the levels and "winzes," in order to determine about what percentage each would bear. Uncle Nicky's place was soon passed over as one of the most unpromising and lean in the mine, and was again marked at the highest rate, or seventeen shillings in the pound.

So far, Salathe's plan had worked well, and it only remained to guard the secret a few days longer. There was no danger from Joe, but the old man could not bear the strain. Now, that fortune seemed so very near after a long life of toil and disappointment—often of suffering for food and raiment—his bugaboo of bad luck was constantly haunting him, until he grew really sick with dread and excitement. Hope was a novel feeling with Uncle Nicky, and not easily entertained. He trembled at every return of Salathe from the mine, expecting each day to hear that the great discovery was no longer a secret to his "set." But Salathe never left the mine while it was probable that any stranger or viewer would enter his level, fearing some chance pick, in "feeling" for the lode, might ring against the solid tin he was so anxious to conceal.

At length the anxiously-anticipated quarter-day arrived, and Uncle Nicky Noncarra, nervous and fidgety, was on hand to bid as usual. He was a standing subject of jest with the lucky ones when Black Joe was not too near, but on this day both Black Joe and (for the first time) Salathe attended their father. After many anxious hours came Uncle Nicky's chance again, and he sung out his bid of "seventeen shillings" for his old place. The astonishment of his comrades, and even the captains, was great; they thought he must be as foolish as he was unlucky, and laughed long and loudly at Black Joe and Salathe for their stupidity in following the old man's fortunes. But Black Joe was in a better humor than he had ever shown before on such occasions, and neither broke a bone nor said a cross word to man or boy. As soon as the bid was accepted, Uncle Nicky cocked his hat and said quietly to his sons, "Boys, let's have a pint of ale."

Contrary to the anticipations of Black Joe and Uncle Nicky, their comrades, the miners of St. Agnes, were delighted at the success of the Noncarras, because it was a triumph of the miner over the Argus eyes of jealous capital, and one to be the more enjoyed because of its rarity. So great a prize had not fallen to the lot of any miner for "time out of mind." Uncle Nicky was congratulated for his shrewdness and wisdom, and flattered for his good fortune. He was surprised at the number of his friends, and wondered why he should ever have thought himself unlucky. The old man, however, bore his honors and his good fortune meekly, though he could not conceal his professional pride as a miner when applauded for his discretion and good management.

Meanwhile, Salathe had planned their programme, so as to realize the utmost from the contract during the three months through which it extended. The "set" consisted of four, or two "pairs." The black giant and a younger brother worked the first "spell," assisted by Salathe, who again took the second "spell" with his father. The "set" was thus divided into two pairs—one pair worked during the day and the other at night, reversing the order of rotation each week. Eight hours was the regular time allotted for a day's work. This was seldom exceeded, but frequently curtailed by the miners. No

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matter how great the temptation, this rule was rarely broken. As contractors they were at liberty to work twelve hours if they saw fit, but experience had taught them that they had nothing to gain by extending their hours of toil. If they managed by extra exertion and "long hours" to earn a large pay in one quarter, they were sure of a large deduction during the next quarter, because the mining captains would reduce the percentage; and if it did not operate immediately against the parties whose excessive labor thus induced the deduction, it was sure to pinch a comrade. It is consequently a rule of self-defence now, as well as then, in all mining communities, that excessive hours or excessive toil ought to be avoided, since the fruit is bitter instead of sweet.

Salathe, however, set all rules at defiance in his determination to make, in one short quarter, a fortune such as had seldom fallen to the lot of a common miner, and which a lifetime of hard work and close economy could not secure to men in his condition of life. Each pair, therefore, worked twelve hours, and remained in the mine until relieved. Frequently Salathe stayed in the mine during the entire day and night, working sometimes forty-eight hours, with only short intervals of rest, and almost invariably remaining at work eighteen hours—twelve during his regular "core" or course with his father, and six with his brothers. There was occasion for watchfulness as well as industry to preserve what had been secured, and to realize the largest amount that could be produced.

The mining superintendents—or captains, as they were termed—were confounded when Uncle Nicky's "take" was fairly developed. They trembled for their places, because such "good fortune" to the miner was misfortune to the proprietors, and could not have happened had they not been careless and hasty in "viewing." The wonderful story of Uncle Nicky's "good luck" could not be kept from the ears of the "adventurers" (or stockholders) in London, and the captains dreaded the consequences.

They threatened to dispossess the Noncarras' "set" and put a stop to the work, unless they consented to accept five shillings instead of seventeen. They even watched for an opportunity to take possession during the absence of the Noncarras, or at all events of the black giant.

Salathe, however, had spies in the enemy's camp, and knew their plans and their movements. The giant made his lair in an old "winze," and had his food sent down to him. After nearly two weeks of hard work and constant vigilance and anxiety, while the whole mining community was stirred with the exciting events at St. Agnes, a crisis arrived.

Captain Bill and Captain Tom, with their personal staff of assistants, went down into the mine to eject Salathe and his father, under the belief that the black giant was absent. The news soon spread through the mine, and hundreds of men gathered to witness what they foresaw would be an exciting scene, for many of them knew that the giant was in his lair. As the portly Captain Bill and the tyrannical little Captain Tom advanced along the gallery leading to the Noncarras' level, surrounded by their assistants and followed by a host of powder-begrimed and excited miners, Salathe, with his "bulling-bar" in his hand, met them at the entrance, and Uncle Nicky with his "needle" was on guard not far off. All who know what a miner's needle is must acknowledge its capability as a dangerou weapon.

Loudly and clearly Salathe challenged the enemy: "Halt, gentlemen! As you value your lives, advance no farther. We must know your object in this unusual visit before you enter our level."

In reply to this, Captain Bill, swelling to his greatest proportions, called out, contemptuously, "Stand aside, fellow: let thy father speak. We are not here to parley with boys."

Uncle Nicky was not slow to answer, and his sharp and piping voice reached

every ear in that long and closely-packed gallery: "Cap'n Bill, S'lathe's a match for thee, but if thee's not content to talk to he, I'll call my other boy, Joe. Thee canst 'ave thy choice—S'lathe's tongue or Joe's great hand."

This unexpected sally from quiet Uncle Nicky raised a cheer from the miners, and for the moment silenced Captain Bill; but Captain Tom, who was all fire and flint, stepped forward until he was almost within reach of the iron bar in Salathe's hands, and cried with a determined voice, "Boys, follow me. This tomfoolery must end at once."

Just at this moment the giant, who had quietly edged his way through the men, whispering them to be silent, laid his great paw on the nape of the little captain's neck and shook him till he was as "limp as a rag." He then turned to Captain Bill, and quickly tucking the great man's burly body under his arm, he trotted off with the two captains down a branch adit-level to the "sump," and ducked them both under water, repeating the operation until Captain Bill promised to respect the rights of Noncarra and his sons. Captain Tom was more resolute, and, though Black Joe threatened to drown him unless he also would give the promise, he only vented menaces of dire vengeance, accompanied with tremendous oaths, as often as his head emerged from the water. Black Joe, who knew no pity and no fear, would have continued to dip the fiery little captain until his courage or his life was quenched, had not the miners interfered and rescued the victim from his grasp. Yet he relinquished his hold only when told that Salathe requested him to desist.

These stirring events created a wide-spread excitement, and roused the miners to united action; while the captains and proprietors on their part had stormy meetings and long consultations with officers of the law. But the miners of St. Agnes settled the issue by unanimously resolving to quit the mine unless their rights were secured and the Noncarras allowed to go on unmolested with their work. The proprietors yielded, but Captain Tom indignantly resigned. His proud soul scorned to stoop. Though often defeated, he was never conquered.

During all this trouble and anxiety the Noncarras did not slacken their labor. The pick and drill and gad continued to ring sharply and quickly against the solid tin. Blast after blast echoed and re-echoed through the long galleries, and great masses of rich ore accumulated at the head of the shaft, an object of wonder and astonishment to even the oldest miners. So large a product in so short a time, from the labor of a single set of men, had never been seen before.

It was now that Salathe's slave displayed the true and full use of his powerful arms when directed by a quick and discriminating mind; and every day the "giant and the genie" became closer friends and their joint efforts more productive. Salathe continued to plan and contrive, in advance, how best and most expeditiously to detach the great masses of tin ore, and so to gain advantage at one point as not to lose it at another, but rather that the "blast" here should aid another blast there.

The black giant had not before considered the science of mining as of much importance, nor could he now comprehend how the boy, with but a limited experience, could make so close a calculation as to direct how and where a series of drill-holes should be bored in the rock to secure the most effect to the force of the powder, and to aid each other in general and effective execution. He knew, however, that it was done every day, and that the most wonderful results followed in more than double the ordinary production; and knowing this, he exerted his great strength and endurance in the most effective manner to obtain from the science of Salathe the best practical results in the most available shape.

Nearly three months of this hard labor, however, had a severe effect on Uncle Nicky's health and strength. His

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sons urged him frequently to go out of the mine and attend to the preparation of the ore on the surface, as he was rather a hindrance when activity or muscular effort was needed, and he no longer directed the work as foreman of his "set." Salathe had proved himself so much better qualified for this that the old man's experience and the giant's strength yielded to his superior tact and judgment.

Their comrades in other parts of the mine paid Uncle Nicky's "set" frequent visits. Noncarra's *good* luck was now in everybody's mouth, and his fame as a lucky man during these short three months quite obscured and buried up his former lifelong misfortunes. But Salathe soon discovered that the curiosity of kind friends would seriously interfere with production unless the constant interruptions could be turned to some advantage. This he effected by asking his visitors to "strick a spell" or handle the drill, to "keep the place warm" while the old man took a "whiff." He would then exert himself to please, and tell stories of adventures by sea and land, or crack jokes, to entertain his visitors as long as they made good use of their muscles; but the moment their effective blows ceased, Salathe would seize the tool and work fast and furious as an example of what was expected of his visitors. Notwithstanding the bold impertinence of this stratagem, there was something so fascinating in the good fortune of the Noncarras, and the way in which they were acquiring wealth, that many a tired miner, after finishing his own day's work, gave Uncle Nicky a good hour's spell before he left the mine, while Salathe's tact and eloquence extracted many hours of hard work from hundreds of brawny hands.

But notwithstanding many an hour of much-needed rest was thus obtained for Uncle Nicky, the old man broke down before the work was completed. A few days' rest brought back, indeed, his usual health, but his former strength came back no more. During the remaining nine years of his life he was a feeble old man hobbling about with his cane, but he had a home of his own, and was as independent as the squire himself.

The last week of the quarter had come round, and "view-day" was again near. The lode was still rich, and the yield wonderful. But the giant would sometimes drop asleep while waiting for the discharge of a blast, and slumber for hours, unmindful of the many pounds sterling every hour cost him. At length his muscles too became relaxed and his nerves tremulous. He craved brandy, and felt his spirits revive under its stimulus. For a short time his great blows were as effective as ever, but when the false strength supplied by the alcohol was expended, Black Joe was no longer a giant in might: he was scarcely a child. Thus, in turn, the giant's last day in the mine came round. Salathe had judiciously husbanded his strength when it could be done to advantage, and had exerted it prudently, never striking a false blow if it could be avoided, taking every favorable opportunity to rest, sleeping every available moment, eating only wholesome, solid food and drinking pure water. This enabled him to work the last forty-eight hours without much rest or intermission, aided by two younger brothers and a hired assistant, and to add materially to the immense amount of tin previously accumulated on the surface.

Quarter-day came again, but the Noncarras did not bid or appear among the miners. Their level was let at three shillings in the pound, but those who worked it found no inducement for extra exertion, and they took care not to earn more than ordinary good wages.

The old man and his eldest son Joe each bought little farms on the gneissic hills amidst the Cornish mines of tin and copper, and spent the remainder of their lives in quiet, frugal comfort, while their children followed the old trade of digging in the dark.

But to Salathe the Noncarras' good luck brought fame as well as fortune, and he made good use of both. His career was onward and upward. His actions were honorable and his purposes

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noble. After a long and useful life, well spent in serving God and loving his fellow-men, he closed his eventful days peacefully and calmly, full of faith in the life to come.

I may state, in conclusion, that the incidents of this tale are true. I have used my own mode of expression generally, as the Cornish dialect is difficult to write or understand, and I have changed the names of persons and places. Salathe's stratagem was frequently condemned as immoral in its tendency, but he could defend himself readily by citing the "striped rods" which Jacob laid in the watering-troughs to enrich himself from the flocks and herds of Laban.

S. H. DADDOW.

THE ISLAND OF TIME.

I LIVE upon an island in the sea—
An island walled around with ridgy rocks,
And scooped into a hollow, wherein dwell
A busy race. From morn till night the sound
Of trampling feet, of striving tongues, I hear:
From night till morn the flood of sound flows on,
Save for one midnight hour it lapses back
Almost to silence; and, as from a dream
Waking, I know myself again, and hear
A sound that seems of solemn silence born—
The ceaseless dashing of the thunderous waves—
The long, long waves that one by one swing up
Against the rock-wall, and nigh o'erleap
Its mighty barriers. I can almost think
I feel the in-blown spray upon my face,
As in still awe, with ears compelled, I hear
The solemn sound, and move, with feet impelled,
Nearer and nearer to the solemn shore.
Oh, in the daytime I will lift my voice
Till all my fellow-men shall hear my cry:
"Hark, hark! th' eternal waves devour the shore!
Come up and build us battlements heav'n-high,
That, when the rocks shall crumble, we may yet
Defy the leaping surge!" But list, my soul!
I hear a Voice among the winds of night:
"Yea, build ye Babel-high, or heaven-high,
If so ye can, your towns and battlements:
The unheeding waves with undiminished might
Beyond your vanished structures will advance
Resistless."
"O thou Voice among the winds!
Behold, I evermore draw near the shore,
And the waves evermore tear at the rocks.
What shall I do—what shall my brethren do—

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At that supreme last moment when the sea
Sweeps all its tempest-fury o'er our heads?"
And thus the Voice among the winds replies:
"Behold yon rock, among the rocks alone
In majesty, crowned with a hundred stars!
Lo, its eternal bases moveless stand
Among the waves, while they advancing kneel
To kiss its feet. See how with august smile
It stands secure. Go, hide ye in its clefts,
And there ye shall abide for ever safe."

M. M. G.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THREE score and ten are the allotted years of man; and if by reason of their being British peers and statesmen some mortals have their lease extended to four score or upward, yet doth gout in general render this the least enviable of the privileges accorded to them by the partial Fates. Since, however, such appears to be the order of Nature and the working of the British constitution, Lord Clarendon must be considered as cut off untimelily at the age of seventy. Many years ago, while holding, in a different cabinet, the same office which he held at the time of his death, he gave to an American acquaintance an account of his habits, tending to show that he had voluntarily relinquished the claim to longevity which prescription would have enabled him to prefer. He rose ordinarily at noon, gave two hours to his bath, his breakfast and the newspapers, then received deputations till four o'clock, when he went down to the House. Like most of the other members in steady attendance, he dined at Bellamy's, usually about ten, when the thinning benches give notice to orators of more ambition than distinction that their opportunity has come. On ordinary occasions the House rose at midnight, and it was then that the Foreign Secretary began the chief business of the day — the preparation of his despatches. He wrote throughout the night, smoking gently but steadily the while, and seldom retiring to bed before six. In answer to the question whether he thought this mode of life well suited to the maintenance of his powers in their full vigor, he remarked that it would probably shorten his days, but that it was the one which allowed him to accomplish the greatest amount of labor of which he was capable in the twenty-four hours.

An article in our present Number comments, in language which will not be thought deficient in vigor, upon some of the most obtrusive and least agreeable features of American social life, if the publicity and hurry-skurry which in so large a degree characterize our mode of existence allow it to deserve that name. No words can well be too strong to express indignation at certain exhibitions devised and practiced by the skirmishers of the press for the gratification of an inquisitive public. It strikes us, however, that the apparent victims of these feats must in many cases be considered as conniving at the performance, and if so, not only are they debarred from any claim to sympathy, but they are themselves the party chiefly deserving of censure. There is

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no law, we believe, compelling obscure individuals, or even famous ones, to admit into their domiciles, much less into their bed-rooms, "interviewers" not provided with search-warrants. The curiosity of the public, which the reporter aims at once to stimulate and to satisfy, might, we should suppose, be baffled by the use of proper and not too expensive precautions, though there are of course cases in which a resort to the ingenuity of Mr. Hobbs or some other great inventor might be found necessary. The case, noticed by our contributor, of the fortunate—we mean the unfortunate—person who drew the prize of the Opera-House at Chicago seems to have been one of these exceptional cases; but drawing an opera-house, or a prize of any kind, in a lottery is so abnormal an occurrence that one could hardly venture to propose any general remedy for the inconveniences attending it, though as a specific in the way of a preventive we might recommend total abstinence from the purchase of lottery tickets. In the belief of our contributor that the evils of which he complains will in time be put down, we entirely concur. They will be superseded by others, not perhaps less offensive, but different in kind, and these again by others, we won't say *ad infinitum*, but for a period of which the limit cannot as yet be mathematically defined. Nor let it be objected to this view that it is inconsistent with a firm faith in the law of progress. A change of evils is proverbially a relief, especially as new ones seldom spring up full-grown, and in the inceptive stages of their development are not heavily felt—the main reason why they are able to get firmly rooted and go on to maturity. Moreover, the very novelty of their form shows that we are taking a step forward; and this brings us to the point on which we chiefly dissent from the author of "Our Castles," whose hope seems to lie in taking a step backward. The time when "gentlemen" as a class exercised, in America, a special and direct influence on the opinions and actions of the masses—when, for example, as in certain States or communities which we could name, the appearance of an address to the people recommendatory of particular measures had a weight proportioned to the consideration enjoyed by its signers or their families—has passed away, and is as little likely to return as the rule of the elder branch of the Bourbons in France or the privileges of the *ancienne noblesse*. The very word *gentleman*, which no one for a long time has been able to define in a manner satisfactory to the world in general, would be in danger, we fear, of falling into desuetude if it did not belong to a class of words, like *esquire* and *sir*, which, after losing all value as representatives of ideas, obtain a still wider because indiscriminate currency as vehicles of formal courtesy.

As to the essential qualities of culture and refinement, these are not, and have never been, characteristics of nations, or even of classes, but merely of individuals. A semblance of them, an exterior varnish, which, we admit, has its uses and its charms in the minor details of human intercourse, may indeed be found, in some parts of the world, pervading society at large. But if we wish to excel in this, we must not, as our contributor would seem to advise, make John Bull our model. He, indeed, expressly disclaims all mere external finish, and piques himself, in his demeanor to strangers, on a chilling and forbidding exterior, in contrast with that fund of tenderness which he gives us to understand lies snugly in the depths of his interior. The *hointment* that environs his capacious heart exists for the benefit of his intimates, while far too often his claws are directed toward other people's faces. No, the art of social intercourse as it is understood and widely practiced on the Continent of Europe, where it effaces distinctions by admitting the claim of all who do not willfully forfeit it to a legitimate share of courtesy and consideration, has been cultivated generally by neither branch of the Anglo-Saxon race—neither by that whose besetting sin is superciliousness, nor that which shows its amiable weakness in the form of im-

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pertinence—neither by those who turn up their noses at everything, nor those who thrust their noses into everything.

Moreover, English society, it must never be forgotten, is a divinely graduated hierarchy, and Englishmen, in their intercourse with one another, are accustomed to regulate their demeanor by a scale most nicely adjusted to this variety of gradations. It may not be very common to touch at either extremity of the scale, which ranges from frigid incivility to torrid servility; but judging from the reputation in this respect of the "middle classes," from the place assigned in English novels of all periods to "led captains," "tuft-hunters," "toadies" and other varieties of the *genus parasiticum*—above all, from the frequency and readiness with which charges or insinuations of sycophancy are bandied about among English politicians and *littèrateurs*—we might infer that society in England is tainted throughout with an evil from which ours is necessarily almost exempt, and which seems to us far worse than that opposite evil of vulgar intrusion and encroachment to which the social system is here exposed. For, after all, our private life does in the main lie apart from the nuisance of which our contributor complains. Most of us in our humble obscurity know not the interviewer or his ways except by report, and we have at least not yet reached the point when every man suspects or openly accuses his neighbor of listening at keyholes or peeping into chamber windows; whereas Englishmen of high standing and high culture do not, it appears, hesitate to charge each other with a kind of baseness which Americans can hardly picture to themselves, and which, as those who make the charge well know, would indicate a vulgarity of soul not to be concealed by any degree of external polish, or even of intellectual refinement.

A flagrant case of this kind must still be fresh in the minds of our readers. We are so much accustomed at home to the random discharge of contumelious epithets and phrases in public controversy, and we are so little acquainted from observation with the nature and habits of the "social parasite," that the vehemence exhibited by Mr. Goldwin Smith in resenting the "stingless insult" by which Mr. Disraeli sought "to traduce with impunity the social character of a political opponent," has excited more surprise than sympathy. What we have said above may perhaps help to explain the fact that such a man has shown himself so sensitive under an attack of this nature, allowing the dart to penetrate and rankle when we might have expected to see it glance harmlessly from a cuirass of mail. It is only in the same manner that we can explain the still more singular fact that Mr. Disraeli, whose arrows are not wont to be shot *en l'air*, should on this occasion have drawn the bow with as apparently careless a hand as Locksley when firing at the common target. The readiness of a man occupying so high a position and enjoying so great a reputation to indulge in so coarse an amusement is perhaps the most painful feature in the affair. But, lest the reader should suppose that we are supporting a general proposition by a solitary and exceptional example, we may be allowed to cite another, which has been suggested to our recollection by a stronger association than that of analogy. About a year and a half ago there appeared in the *North American Review* an article on "The Revolution in England," this term being used to designate the recent changes in the system of Parliamentary representation, and the consequences likely to ensue. In alluding to the hostile spirit in which the aristocracy was supposed to view these changes, the writer makes the following remarks: "When something disagreeable is hatching against a community and the shrewder plotters keep the secret to themselves, Providence sometimes warns the community of its peril by such monitors as Mr. Carlyle. . . . In his recent pamphlet on the Reform Bill the philosopher of the celestial immensities and infinities exhibits himself in a state of rather terrestrial panic, cling-

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ing to the knees of wealth and power for protection against the democracy, and praying for the maintenanee of a Christian Church to guard a freethinker's spoons. After *a eulogy on the superior manners of the nobility, suggestive of recent intercourse with them,* he proceeds to develop a plan for ostensibly accepting democracy and secretly preparing to smite it with the sword. The plan may be confidently pronounced to be his own, but *the spirit embodied in it may be that of the company which he has been keeping.*" The phrase "social parasite" is not used in this passage, but the imputation conveyed in the words we have italicised, taken with the context, is not the less plain. Mr. Carlyle, it is intimated, eulogizes the nobility in return for their dinners, and even carries his servility so far as to make himself the tool of their political intrigues. Any other interpretation of the passage would have to be based on the supposition that the writer had little notion of the force of words, and was especially unacquainted with the language of ironical insinuation—which might be a natural inference with regard to a North American Reviewer, but in this instance at least would be an erroneous one. The writer is in truth a master of language, and an especial proficient in the art of insinuation. The article is signed with his name, and the signature, we regret to say, is "Goldwin Smith." That he has signed his name and given that of Mr. Carlyle will perhaps be considered by Mr. Smith a sufficient reason why the ugly term "coward," which he has flung at Mr. Disraeli, should not be retorted upon himself; and although we must confess that, of the two methods in which he and the author of *Lothair* have committed the same offence, that of his adversary seems to us the more manly, yet we are far from thinking that cowardice can be considered as a characteristic of either. To Mr. Smith's attack on Mr. Carlyle we should, indeed, rather incline to apply the term "audacity," considering the relative age and position of the parties, the respect entertained for Mr. Carlyle by many persons not entirely devoid of intelligence or honesty, and, above all, the fact that, in a public lecture delivered some six years ago in America, Mr. Smith had acknowledged his own intellectual obligations to "the philosopher of the celestial immensities and infinities," whose *French Revolution*, he said on that occasion, "had seemed to him a new revelation." Perhaps he only said this for the sake of an alliterative antithesis (he is, as we have remarked, a master of words), and it is at all events very clear that he now draws inspiration from other sources—one wonders sometimes from what sources. Yet neither fact affords any good reason why he should bespatter with mud the fountain he has deserted. And what was the pretext? A plot was hatching against democracy! Mr. Carlyle was in a state of terrestrial panic! We need hardly say now that the plot was hatching nowhere but in Mr. Smith's brain, which, for powers of artificial incubation, is equal to an Egyptian oven; while the ridicule of panic sounds amusingly enough from one who not very long ago, apropos of a speech in Congress, rang an alarum that set two continents shaking—with laughter. We have left unnoticed his designation of Mr. Carlyle as a "freethinker." It is a vulgar and stale device of people who have set up a religion of their own—what Mr. Smith, for example, is fond of styling "a reasonable religion"—to scatter charges of heterodoxy by way of diverting attention from their own mysterious rites. Such a calling of names is below the style of Mr. Goldwin Smith, unless when he has become very much inflamed by having some of his rough missiles returned at his own head. We admit, finally, the force of certain excuses which may be alleged for his attack on Mr. Carlyle—namely, that it was almost certain never to be brought to the notice of its object; that had it reached him, instead of driving him wild with rage, it would at the most have called forth a grim smile; and lastly, that the world knows Mr. Carlyle, and needed no indignant outburst from him to see

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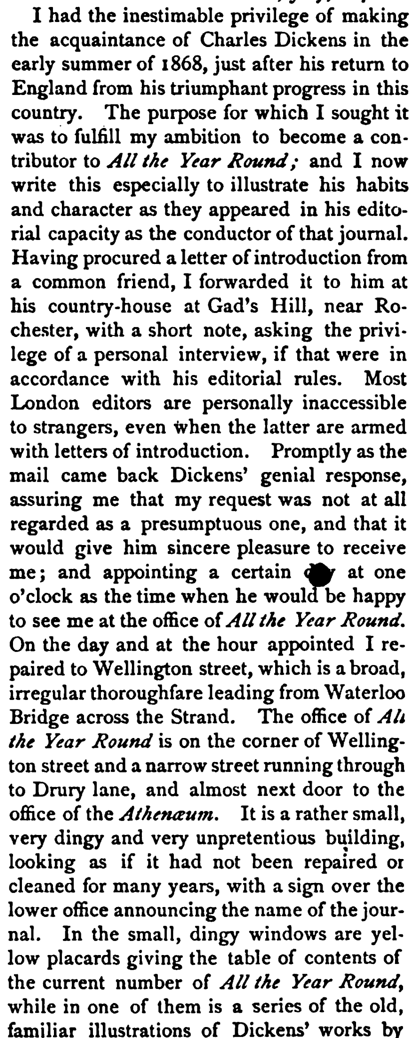
in such an attack only a ridiculous attempt "to traduce the social character of a political opponent." Some of Mr. Smith's admirers, shaking their heads over the latest exhibition he has made of his peculiar temperament, have, it appears, been softly and sadly repeating a famous couplet from Pope's satirical description of the Attic Addison. We cannot admit the appositeness of the quotation, for, whatever be his powers of sarcasm, it has become only too manifest that the wit of Mr. Smith is not Attic, nor his humor Addisonian. And even if there were no exception to it on this score, the epigram would still fail to express what we think must be the general feeling of our readers, unless we should transpose a word in each line, and read—

> "Who but must *weep* if such a man there be?
> Who would not *laugh* if Atticus were he?"

The death of Charles Dickens is an event which few journals in the English language, or indeed in any other, could be expected to let pass without notice, and most of them have already paid tributes to his memory in language which very probably expressed the general sentiment best when it approached nearest to the verge of hyperbole. It is admitted on all sides that no writer ever acquired a wider popularity in his own lifetime, ever saw his works diffused amongst a vaster or more eager and responsive public, ever had better cause to know that his name was emphatically a household word with all classes, and that every line he wrote would be welcomed and read by high and low, by old and young, by the cultivated and the uncritical. The secret of this astonishing success lay chiefly in his almost unlimited command over the ordinary wayside sources both of laughter and tears. Even those whose tastes and preferences led them in general to more retired springs, were fain at times to mingle with the throng on the highway and own the refreshing power of that abundant stream. Now it will flow no more, and we know not where or when the world will find another at once so copious, so pure and so free to all. Mr. Dickens was the founder of a school, and as such he has left many followers, but no successor. Any criticism of his works which we could attempt would here be out of place, as well as unseasonable; but we willingly make room for a personal reminiscence, sent us by a correspondent, who justly remarks that "any anecdote, however slight, of the illustrious novelist is worth recounting *now*:"



BOSTON, July, 1870.

I had the inestimable privilege of making the acquaintance of Charles Dickens in the early summer of 1868, just after his return to England from his triumphant progress in this country. The purpose for which I sought it was to fulfill my ambition to become a contributor to *All the Year Round;* and I now write this especially to illustrate his habits and character as they appeared in his editorial capacity as the conductor of that journal. Having procured a letter of introduction from a common friend, I forwarded it to him at his country-house at Gad's Hill, near Rochester, with a short note, asking the privilege of a personal interview, if that were in accordance with his editorial rules. Most London editors are personally inaccessible to strangers, even when the latter are armed with letters of introduction. Promptly as the mail came back Dickens' genial response, assuring me that my request was not at all regarded as a presumptuous one, and that it would give him sincere pleasure to receive me; and appointing a certain day at one o'clock as the time when he would be happy to see me at the office of *All the Year Round.* On the day and at the hour appointed I repaired to Wellington street, which is a broad, irregular thoroughfare leading from Waterloo Bridge across the Strand. The office of *All the Year Round* is on the corner of Wellington street and a narrow street running through to Drury lane, and almost next door to the office of the *Athenæum.* It is a rather small, very dingy and very unpretentious building, looking as if it had not been repaired or cleaned for many years, with a sign over the lower office announcing the name of the journal. In the small, dingy windows are yellow placards giving the table of contents of the current number of *All the Year Round,* while in one of them is a series of the old, familiar illustrations of Dickens' works by

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Cruikshank and Phiz — the Pickwick and Micawber, the Little Nell and Quilp we all know so well. Entering the narrow door which leads directly from the street to the lower or business office, and where boys are constantly going in and out with bundles of the delightful though modest little pamphlet, you find yourself in a very confined space, and opposite a row of desks surmounted by high railings in front and at the side, behind which desks are the clerks, and high shelves filled with back numbers of *All the Year Round*. A little, stubby clerk—who might himself have figured aptly in one of Dickens' stories, so characteristic was his appearance and manner — answered my question, as to whether Mr. Dickens was in, with a doubtful stare, and then demanded my card. After studying it carefully, he slowly disappeared through a door in the rear of the office. In a moment he reappeared, for I was exactly on time, and Dickens, with his methodical habits, never kept any one waiting who came at an appointed hour. I was ushered round behind the desks, through the door at the rear, up a narrow, uncarpeted, lawyer's-office-looking flight of stairs, to the second floor, and the clerk opened a door just at the head of the staircase leading into the corner front room.

The occupant of the plain, broad desk at the farther end of the room, near one of the windows, came forward and shook me cordially by the hand (as if he had been an old friend) before I had an opportunity to observe him—offered me a chair near the desk, and again placed himself behind it. I could not resist allowing my eyes to rest upon him for a moment without speaking, for I had never seen Dickens before, and I had received quite an erroneous impression of his appearance from the photographs. There was a bright, healthy bloom upon his cheek, and his blue eyes were clear and had the laughing twinkle which every one remarked in them, and withal a kindly expression which won you at once. A smile, with a hint of vast humor in it, played about his mouth. He was dressed lightly and airily, and in a manner to give him a brisk and youthful appearance. His manner was simple, free and cordial—his method of speaking low and gentle and easy. On his table were some dozen or twenty letters which he had been writing, directed in the quaint hand which has doubtless interested many of our readers by its queer quirks and turns. From the appearance of the desk and of the room it was evident that he took the personal management and editorial care of his journal: there were abundant evidences of actual and active personal labor—among others, discouraging piles of manuscript, which were evidently laid out for immediate perusal and judgment. A more modest, unassuming sanctum, a more unassuming air, and a more unassuming occupant than had this little room there could not be. But for the bright and cheery countenance of the great novelist, one would have lost sight of the fact that he was in such a place and in such a presence; and even with that charming face before me it was hard to realize it. The conversation naturally reverted first to his recent visit to my country —then to the subject of contributions to *All the Year Round*. His expressions with regard to America and his visit here were quiet, but were unstinted, affectionate and earnest. Indeed, I attribute the cordiality with which, a stranger, I was received, to the fact that I was an American, and to his greatly-enhanced respect and love of us acquired during his second visit among us. He spoke with peculiar affectionateness of his intimate friends in Boston and New York, declaring that he had none he loved more in the world. On the subject of the magazine he said that he welcomed contributions from every one; that he particularly desired a series descriptive of American every-day life; and that he would willingly select appropriate subjects from a list which should be submitted to him. He said that he would read my first (trial) article as soon as I sent it, and would lose no time in apprising me of the result. The details of the conversation, though vividly impressed upon my memory, it is hardly necessary, and perhaps hardly proper, to set down here. It was conducted on his part with such grace and ease and kind-heartedness, such cordial sympathy with a writer trying to get up a little higher, such frankness in expressing affection for America, that it can never be forgotten.

I will only add that the trial article was sent, and within two days thereafter I received a reply in Dickens' own hand intimating his decision upon it, and giving evidence that he himself had judged it; and from that time up to his death I had the great delight of keeping up literary relations with *All the Year Round*, always communicating

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with him personally, and being communicated with by him concerning the articles.

One word as to his son and successor as editor of *All the Year Round.* The present Charles Dickens does not in the least resemble his illustrious father in appearance or manner. He is a quiet, sober, somewhat reticent, but withal exceedingly gentlemanly and kindly man, of perhaps thirty years. He dresses more plainly and quietly than did his father: his manner is not so active, his features are heavier and his face rounder. He joined the editorial corps of *All the Year Round* upon the retirement of Mr. Wills about two years ago, and bids fair to be as successful as the elder Dickens, at least in the editorial chair; being an industrious worker, personally greatly liked by the *genus irritabile*, as well as the rest of the world, and having excellent judgment and literary taste. He is seldom away from his post in the little sanctum adjoining that occupied by his father; and his few contributions to the periodical press, while they give no hint that he has inherited the great peculiarities of the elder's genius, sufficiently prove that he has decided literary ability and polish. As an amateur actor, too, he is said to be excellent, though of course not the equal of the illustrious man whom we now so earnestly mourn.

G. M. T.

There is nothing more amusing in the letters of Madame du Deffand than her persistency in inflicting upon Walpole those alternate effusions of sentiment and laments over the emptiness of human life which he so much detested, instead of the bons-mots, the sparkling scandal, the details and descriptions of the life and manners of the day, which it was the main occupation of his life to gather and disseminate. Gossip is for the nonce more fortunate than Walpole, as the following letter, from a pen which has often charmed the readers of this Magazine, will attest —a letter such as the most natural of *Parisiennes* (who are as a body the least artificial because the most artistic of their sex) might well have written, could she have forgotten her *ennui* and been content to look at or into things, instead of seeing through and beyond them into a dreary void:

Dear Gossip: The pale, beautiful sunshine of an English summer is touching with rare but pallid radiance the myriad towers and steeples of grand old London. The season is at its height, and streets and parks are alike crowded with equipages which would be faultless in all respects were it not for their occupants. Beauty and style will be sought for in vain among the long-nosed, high-born dames who recline on the soft cushions of the elegant carriages; and, as was once written respecting our dear dead President—

> "He who looks upon their feet
> Gains new ideas of immensity;"

while their attire is enough to drive a woman of taste distracted. Why is it that no Englishwoman on earth has ever yet learned the simple, almost instinctive, art of dressing herself well? Why is it that the most aristocratic female of British origin can achieve nothing beyond ruining the effect of a Parisian costume by becoming its wearer? And why are they all so homely? It seems hard for a woman to be otherwise than handsome, possessing the complexion of cream and roses that meets your eye here at every turn; but these English women *do* manage it somehow, and with the coloring of Titian contrive to look like caricatures by Cruikshank. Very fearfully and wonderfully made are their garments, and most marvelous are the structures of hair with which they adorn the backs of their heads, leaving the front hair perfectly plain in the flat, bandolined bandeaux which were fashionable once (Heaven only knows how long ago!) in the civilized world of well-dressed women. Then these gigantic chignons are usually decorated with flowers of equal magnitude, in some instances standing erect from the summit of the structure, as though they had been planted there and had taken root. I saw one lady, who, not content with wearing a chignon in the place where such an appendage is usually worn, had contrived to fasten a second one on the summit of her head, and the effect was certainly novel and decidedly startling.

The Langham Hotel is crowded, the English as well as the Americans having found out that its accomplished manager is one of those rare individuals who are not only personally prepossessing, but who *can* keep a hotel. Its dainty and delicate *cuisine* is a great solace to those unfortunates who, having sojourned in the British metropolis in bygone

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years, when American hotel-managers were not, were forced to support a weary existence on overdone joints and underdone vegetables, both alike guiltless of seasoning or savor. Picture to yourself how fair this oasis in a scorching desert must seem to a despondent traveler, when I inform you that Wenham Lake ice is freely dispensed to the thirsty, and that ices of Parisian smoothness and flavor form a daily item in the bill of fare. Had you ever, as I have heretofore done, found yourself in London on a burning day in July, and, seeking for refreshment, found nothing more cooling than hot joints and lukewarm ale, you would fully appreciate, as I do now, the magnitude and importance of the change.

The celebrated "Ouida," the well-known authoress of *Granville de Vigne*, *Under Two Flags*, etc., is at present staying at the Langham, which is, I believe, her permanent home. She is a fine-looking and very stylish person, not handsome, but decidedly striking in appearance, and apparently somewhere between thirty and forty years of age. She is the only well-dressed Englishwoman I have as yet seen; her toilettes, of which I have caught an occasional glimpse in the *salle-à-manger*, being very elegant and tasteful, though she somewhat mars their effect by letting her back hair flow loose over her shoulders. I am told that she has a great dislike to her own sex, and that ladies are never admitted to her weekly receptions, which are graced by the presence of most of the masculine celebrities of the artistic and literary circles of London.

Apropos of the Langham Hotel, I was told the following story respecting the monogram of the house—a large H intertwined with a very small L—with which the spaces between the balustrades on all the staircases are decorated. An American lady being asked what the large letters signified, replied, "Those are the H's which the English residents of the house have dropped while coming up stairs."

London is just now a perfect aviary of song-birds, and Lucca, Patti and Titiens at the Covent Garden Opera-House, and Nilsson at the Drury Lane, warble nightly their sweetest strains to enchanted audiences. The operatic sensation of the hour is undoubtedly the silver-voiced Nilsson, whose angelic face and still more angelic voice have rendered her the successful, nay the triumphant, rival of the hitherto peerless Patti. The charming little Marquise de Caux is still admired, applauded and adored, still sings to crowded houses, still sees the world at her feet; but the rush, the excitement, the enthusiasm, and, above all, the high premiums paid on tickets, are reserved for the nights when the lovely Swede lights with the moonlight beauty of her presence the dingy stage of Drury Lane. It is hard to imagine anything more exquisite than that wondrous voice, whose liquid purity and crystal clearness remind the hearer of the fountain of molten diamonds celebrated in Eastern fable. Nilsson has been reproached with a want of dramatic fervor, and it is true that her voice is of too celestial a quality to adapt itself readily to the accents of earthly passion; but the innocence of Marguerite and the sublime devotion of Alice have never found a more perfect interpreter. In the latter rôle (in *Robert le Diable*) she is the embodiment of a guardian angel.

Patti has changed wondrously little since the days when New York first went wild over the marvelous little singer. The rosebud has bloomed into a rose, that is all. Beauty and voice have alike developed into fuller perfection, and are alike unchanged in every other respect. She is still the dark-eyed, winsome damsel of pre-Secession days, and her voice still possesses that exquisite, birdlike carol which distinguishes her notes from those of any other songstress I have ever heard. Patti reminds one of "the lark that at Heaven's gate sings," but the voice of Nilsson seems a strain from the other side of the gate.

I have dwelt thus at length on the different merits of the two great rival *prime donne*, as it is said they both intend to cross the Atlantic—Nilsson in the coming autumn, and Patti a year later. If this be true, the lovers of music in the United States have in store for them such perfection of enjoyment as has not been theirs since that other and diviner Scandinavian songstress sailed from our shores, and left behind her a memory of seraphic song and almost seraphic goodness and nobleness of character. And as we honored in Jenny Lind the pure and generous woman, let us also honor Christine Nilsson, who has walked unscathed through the fiery furnace of Parisian theatrical life, and come forth without even the smell of fire upon her garments.

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Let me pray you, O Gossip! to accompany me in imagination to Drury Lane on one of the grand nights of the season. The house is crowded with the splendor and fashion—but, alas! *not* the beauty—of London; for, as the Parisian manager is said to have remarked respecting the costumes of the ballet-girls in *La Biche aux Bois*, "*Il n'y en a pas.*" The opera is *Faust*, and Nilsson is pouring forth the silver floods of her marvelous voice in the celebrated Jewel Song. In a large box on the grand tier sits a broad-shouldered, full-bearded man, his head supported on his hand, and fast asleep! He bears a striking resemblance to the Holbein portrait of Henry VIII. when a youth, which hangs in the gallery at Hampton Court: he is apparently about forty years old, and as his head sinks farther forward, you can see that a premature baldness has already thinned his hair. It is the Prince of Wales; twenty-eight years of age, and the husband of the fragile-looking, pensive beauty with the sad, soft eyes and swanlike throat who sits beside him. Very fair to look upon is the Princess of Wales, and no portrait of her that I have ever seen, whether photograph or painting, can give any idea of the peculiar loveliness of her countenance, particularly when it is illumined with one of her rare but charming smiles. The fair-haired, sinister-looking lady on the other side of the prince is that titled dame of whom it is said that she vowed to make Alexandra of Denmark rue the day on which she became the wife of the future king of England. The bridal coronet of the Princess of Wales has proved almost invariably a thorny circlet—from the days of Joanna of Kent to those of Caroline of Brunswick—and I fear that its present fair, gentle wearer has not escaped the heritage of woe bequeathed to her by her predecessors. It is to be hoped, however, that better days are in store for her. I am told that the prince is kind-hearted and generous, always ready to aid with his purse or his presence any charitable undertaking; and surely if there be any trust to be placed in the purifying and elevating influence of true and noble womanhood, the son of Victoria, the husband of Alexandra, may yet retrieve the errors of his youth by the virtues of a worthy manhood.

The old story of the Queen's intention to marry again has recently been revived, but with no better foundation, I believe, than her recent appearance in public with a small wreath of white flowers inside her black bonnet, in place of the widow's cap she has hitherto so pertinaciously worn. Rumor has even gone so far as to whisper the name of the German prince she intends to honor with her hand, but Rumor is proverbially a liar, and her present statement is worthy of but little credence. Meanwhile, the splendid monument to Prince Albert in Hyde Park is rapidly approaching completion, and its gilded pinnacles glitter gorgeously in the pallid June sunshine. The London smoke and fogs will soon dim their splendor, and in a few months the shining wings of the golden angels on the spire will look as dingy as does now the cocked hat of the marble Duke of Wellington on the Arch. It was surely a mistake to bestow such elaborate carving and gilding on a monument intended to brave the damps and soot of a London atmosphere.

The drama in London is at a very low ebb, the theatres, with but few exceptions, being given up to burlesque and opera bouffe, which, though very pleasant in their way, form a theatrical diet too exclusively composed of bonbons and omelette soufflée to suit a healthy taste. Mr. Alfred Wigan has indeed arranged Vanbrugh's *Relapse* for the modern stage, under the title of *The Man of Quality*, and his own acting as Lord Foppington, and that of Miss Farren as Miss Hoyden, are worthy of all praise; but the sprightly comedy only serves (Heaven save the mark!) as *lever de rideau* to the *Princess of Trebizonde*, the last draught of weak soda-water which Offenbach has offered to the public as a substitute for the sparkling champagne of *La Grande Duchesse* and *Orphée aux Enfers*. Very much better, though in the same style, is Hervé's *Petit Faust*, now being played at the Lyceum, and the music of which is really a very comical and clever burlesque of Gounod's melodies. Robertson's new comedy, *M. P.*, is drawing crowded houses at the Prince of Wales Theatre, and beautiful Mrs. Reresby, as the Lady Elizabeth in Tom Taylor's historical play of *'Twixt Axe and Crown*, is still the reigning attraction at the New Queen's Theatre. The last-named lady is a very remarkable actress, natural, graceful and full of fervor; and when to her dramatic gifts are added the charms of her youth, her rare beauty and her silvery voice, one cannot wonder at the sen-

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sation she has created, nor marvel that she has succeeded in popularizing the legitimate drama in the midst of the empire of ballet, burlesque and sensationalism.

From Paris comes a rumor that will be good news for the lovers of opera bouffe—namely, that handsome Céline Montaland has been engaged to sing, during the coming season in the United States, in the operas of Hervé and Offenbach.

And so, Gossip, farewell. L. H. H.

A correspondent sends us the following legal anecdote: Joe T——, half a century ago, was one of the most highly-finished graduates that a certain Eastern college had ever produced. He wrote and talked English with a profusion and ornateness that absolutely charmed—some people; and fancying that he had extraordinary gifts and capacities for the law, Joe turned his attention that way, and was in due time admitted to practice. The first appearance he essayed in court was also his last, for Joe upon that occasion acquired an unconquerable disgust for the profession. The case was an appeal, involving the discussion of a dry question of law; but Joe's itching tongue could not be easily restrained from soaring into buncombe and rhodomontade. The judges had twice interrupted him, and requested him to make his language more clear and explicit; and at last the presiding judge, out of patience with his unmeaning verbosity, said, "The truth is, Mr. T——, what you are delivering sounds more like a school essay than a legal argument." Poor Joe stopped short with overwhelming mortification, and then, hastily gathering up his books and papers, he left the court-room with the remark, audible to the bar, "You'll never catch me *trying to batter down mud walls with roses again*."

Of the modern movements in favor of "woman's rights," those, at least, whose aim is to promote the industrial progress of the fair sex should command the respect of all. The right of women to vote is a debatable question, but there can be no question of their right to work, if the will and the ability be present.

Certainly we Americans, who find work and welcome for the overflowing millions of Europe, should be glad to open avenues of competence and independence to our countrywomen, to whom half the doors of life are now closed, and the other moiety only ajar.

Of the Philadelphia institutions for this object, there is none worthier than the "School of Design for Women." This school opens a new field for the exercise of female talent, in which earnest industry is sure of success, there being abundant employment for all who pass through the necessary course of study.

No similar institution in the country is more complete in its appointments and more thorough in its efforts than this. Its collection of casts from the antique is probably the finest in the city, and it is fully provided with the paraphernalia necessary for instruction in the arts of designing and oil painting. It is yet more fortunate in possessing a superintendent thoroughly adapted to his work, and earnestly striving to make it a success. All interested in the welfare of woman should pay this school a visit, and they will find ample reason to lend it their encouragement.

DEAR EDITOR: As you have a Gossip department, can you tell me anything respecting the nature of the plant called the *Gossipium arboriferum?*

Is it true that Messrs Lippincott & Co. are about to publish a novel called *Crushing a Cockroach*, by the author of *Breaking a Butterfly?*

Is Edmund Yates *really* writing a sequel to his novel *Wrecked in Port*, which is to be named *Preserved in Spirits?*

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

A Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors. By S. Austin Allibone. Vol. II. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 1320.

Hearty congratulations are due to Dr. Allibone on the completion of his *magnum opus*. When he undertook it, twenty years ago, it seemed a task that might exhaust the health and strength and time commonly allotted to one man. When, twelve years ago, he gave to the public his first volume, the difficulty of the work and the improbability of its completion, seemed rather enhanced than diminished. The real extent of it was then first seen, for we had had nothing like it before.

Of the illustrious names in English literature most people know something, and can learn more from easily-accessible histories and biographies. But of the great mass of the humbler citizens of the republic of letters, the successive generations of authors whose works form the literature of our mother tongue, the memorials are scattered and forgotten: it has been a work of patience, learning and research to find them. Here it is that Dr. Allibone's work comes into play with almost the daily usefulness of a Directory. We dwell on this characteristic, and give it precedence, because we think it, if not the most interesting, certainly the most useful, feature of the work. For instance, there have been a great many authors of the same name. There are enumerated in this volume more than eight hundred writers named Smith, a few of them eminent, the rest obscure. There are many Richardsons, Montagues and other common names. To distinguish any work of one of these authors, to learn promptly the time when he lived, the influences under which he wrote, the credit attached to his character and statements,—this is now but the work of a moment: without the Dictionary it would often be a difficult, tedious and, for many, an impossible labor. But the alphabetical enumeration of all the authors, completed by the index of all the subjects on which they wrote, opens to us a storehouse of knowledge so vast and miscellaneous that it needs reflection to take in the full extent of it. All the books ever published in the English language present so numerous an array that the ordinary scholar would stand aghast at any necessity calling him to follow a particular track through the mighty maze. But now a clue to the vast labyrinth is furnished to us. By this Dictionary and its index the whole wide expanse of English literature will be brought within our view. We need not point out the value of such a work to journalists and writers whose labor leaves little time for research. But it is not merely to the professional or occasional writer, but to the student and general reader, that this book will be a *vade mecum*, an indispensable help. The character of each considerable work, and—so far as it is material—the character of its writer, are here put before us, with the best judgments, adverse and favorable, that have been elicited from critical authorities. How important to the young reader, to every reader, to commence the perusal of the work of an author with this clear view of his relation to his subject! This does not hamper the judgment, but calls it forth upon the very points at issue, and warns it not ignorantly to accept as conclusive statements or opinions that have been impugned or disproved.

In special branches, Law, Medicine, Mechanics, etc., the utility of this work again becomes obvious. We do not know any legal bibliography that approaches in extent or accuracy that which is comprised in these volumes. In medical science, from the writer who is living among us to-day to the earliest worthies of the healing art, the literary labors are chronicled. Translations of ancient and foreign authors being also noted, the practical scope of the work here reaches beyond the limits of English literature.

We advert lastly to the delight which the smaller class of *bibliophiles* and lovers of curious and antiquarian lore will derive from the labors of this indefatigable delver in the mines of literature. He brings to light the earliest edition, as well as the latest and best, of the works of each author. As a monument of curious research we refer to the

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article on Shakespeare in the second volume, which Shakesperian scholars will appreciate. In literary controversy take, as an instance, the article "Junius." It alone gives, what is often forgotten, the long list of persons to whom that celebrated work has been plausibly ascribed, and refers to the claims of each to the authorship of it—a question, we think, as much in doubt now as ever. We see that after an exhaustive examination Dr. Allibone does not admit as proved the pretensions of Sir Philip Francis, a man who passed his life in artfully playing the part of Junius, but never ventured explicitly to claim the authorship of the letters. Junius, we believe, took special and effectual care to conceal all traces of his identity, no doubt for some sufficient motive. But if any one wants to pursue the investigation for himself, the articles "Junius" and "Sir Philip Francis" open the way for him, and will serve to show the thorough manner in which Dr. Allibone exhibits a subject. Of this the theologian may find other examples in such articles as Barrow, Priestley, Pusey. The lawyer should turn to Blackstone, Butler, Kent. To the lover of literature we commend the articles John Milton, Richard Bentley, Samuel Johnson, James Mackintosh, Thomas Carlyle, Thomas Moore. The article on Byron in the first volume is so enriched with original material that it adds something new to what has been published of one who has afforded occupation to as many pens as any literary celebrity of modern times. The last controversy about him is passed upon in the second volume—*title*, "Harriet Beecher Stowe." Of Irving and Prescott the literary lives in this work are the best extant. They exhibit a new style of biography, giving to the literary achievements of an author the illustration which great battles have in the life of a general. We refer to these titles not as superior to others we might select, but as affording to any casual examiner of the work some guidance to marked exhibitions of its character. But it is in the habitual use of the book that its chief usefulness will be found. It is as a key to all libraries, a guide to all readers in the literature of our vernacular tongue, and a labor-saving machine to all scholars, that we recommend it, and from long use of the first part of it, and a close examination of the second, we can attest its inestimable value.

As yet, only the first and second volumes are before us, but the author's work on the third and last volume is done, the printer's labor is nearly finished, and within the present year the whole work will be complete—a splendid and useful triumph of industry and learning, honorable alike to the author and to American literature, in which his work gives him a well-earned pre-eminence—unapproached by any writer who has ever labored in the field of Bibliography. B.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women." With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 378.

Voltaire once said, "Would you be popular, startle your public—whether for good or evil, it matters not, but be startling at any price." This maxim, so venal in principle, appears to be regarded by a considerable number of modern novelists as one of the most important rules of literary composition. That the materialism of the present day should love to preserve the relics which it has inherited from the infidelity of the preceding century, is natural, and in conformity with that spirit of veneration with which a pupil is expected to cherish the precepts of a skillful and patient master. At all events, the vicious theories which found their practical realization in the excesses of the French Revolution have come down to us through the medium of a bad philosophy, and have finally succeeded in contaminating not only the æsthetic character, but also the moral tone of our popular literature. It is now understood that a book which appeals to the imagination must be sensational or it cannot be successful as a pecuniary speculation. In opposition to this verdict, few writers of romance, either here or in England, have lately attempted to address the public in a style entirely free from the influence of passion. A novel refined in thought, pure in morals, and yet sufficiently tender and exciting to touch the heart and to captivate the fancy, is now so great a rarity that the critic is disposed to hail such a volume with expressions of enthusiastic esteem. Still, it must not be supposed that legitimate fiction has ceased to elicit the attention of authors, or has wholly failed to attract the patronage of the public. On the contrary, it would be easy to name some honorable exceptions to the present literary degeneracy, and among these exceptions, which, to a great extent, owe their cre-

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ation to female talent, a position must be accorded to *An Old-Fashioned Girl.*

Miss Alcott cannot indeed claim an extraordinary share of original genius, or a more diversified experience of human nature than has fallen to the lot of other conspicuous writers of the day. But every unbiased judge must admit that the work we are now considering is distinguished for delicate and faithful portraiture, a simple, graceful and modest style, a sensible appreciation of womanly character, a proper regard for the wants of real society, and, above all, a decided acknowledgment of the superior claims of mental and moral worth. These qualities in a modern work of fiction are surely uncommon enough to warrant particular eulogy.

It is true that Miss Alcott has not entirely escaped the materialistic influences which permeate the atmosphere of modern society; but she appears to have breathed this fatal miasma in a moderate degree, and her book has thus escaped any positive detriment. In fact, from the praises here accorded to her performance, it will be seen that her faults lie rather in her failure to give a complete impersonation of female virtues and instincts than in any visible departure from the model approved by reason and experience. Miss Alcott writes like an honest and fearless woman, and the effort she has so lately made to inspire her fellow-women of America, especially the younger portion of them, with a loftier and a worthier ambition, deserves acknowledgment. Any author who is sufficiently wise and determined to oppose with judgment the errors and follies of his age, even when they are indirectly countenanced by those who arrogate to themselves the title of philosophers, is certainly deserving of generous congratulation; but when to this exhibition of wisdom and determination are added the amenities of a wholesome literary style, we may fairly presume to rank the fortunate writer among the philanthropists of his times.

Miss Alcott has the modesty to admit that she does not propose her *Old-Fashioned Girl* as a faultless type of womanhood; but it is doubtful if she could, under existing circumstances, have produced a more elevated exemplar. The womanhood of America, though characterized by certain traits that are highly attractive, cannot, in a general way, be said to merit the encomiums with which our national pride would urge us to honor it. There are some American women as noble, as refined, as sensible and as sympathetic as any in the world; but many, nay, very many, of our daughters, our wives, and even our mothers, are still too frivolous in their mode of life, too material in their ambition, too selfish in their pursuits, to endure the scrutiny of an unprejudiced criticism. In making such a remark the critic may be accused of unreasonable attachment to those antique types of character which, it is said, have been rejected by the progressive temper of modern civilization. We should feel sorry to be thought either unpatriotic or ungallant, but we must confess that those older forms of social and domestic life have ever inspired us with a loftier admiration of female dignity and usefulness than have all the variable charms, the artificial graces, the irresponsible luxury and the pecuniary magnificence of what many are pleased to consider our native aristocracy.

When the cultured and traveled American gazes around him in quest of moral and æsthetic gratification, he misses that sense of mental calm, of delicate and expansive pleasure, of simple grandeur, of interior as well as exterior ease, of unbiased sympathy and of social equilibrium, which he has experienced in other lands and among other peoples than his own. If he be a man of a naturally elevated and analytical mind, the more he studies the manners and the aims of the wealthy and influential classes of his native land, the more apt is he to long for that brilliant repose and that quiet splendor, that richness of mental enjoyment and that profundity of Christian feeling, which yet subsist in the old provincial abodes of France. The nearer American womanhood approaches the standard which is there displayed, the greater reason Americans will have to feel proud of it, and the greater will be the good which it will be able to accomplish both for itself and for the sex upon which it depends, but which it is bound in duty to restrain, to elevate and to refine. That the majority of our maidens and matrons may one day reach this position of honorable distinction is a hope that all should cherish. How soon this wish may be realized it is difficult to tell. Certain it is that before so happy an event can be consummated, many an intermediate stage must be safely and patiently passed. But the necessary movement has been commenced; and

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its progress, if imperceptible to thoughtless observers, is still both regular and unyielding.

The little book which has elicited these reflections has already demonstrated, by the popularity which it has acquired, that in the rising generation of American girls there are thousands who are able to perceive and to appreciate the value of a social existence which is not entirely sacrificed to the puerilities of fashionable caprice and to the treacherous demands of a selfish philosophy. Let us trust that the good seed which Miss Alcott's book has sown, even if it be not the best which the hand of the social husbandman could have scattered, may fructify in youthful bosoms until it shall produce ample fruit; and may this harvest of more elevated thought and loftier morals form the substance of still higher and worthier efforts, until the work of regeneration has been happily accomplished.

C. L. P.

Glimpses by Sea and Land. By Mary L. Evans. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 361.

Do you wish, dear reader, to look at the world for once from under a Quakeress' bonnet?—one of those neat, drab-colored little "coal-scuttles," that, enclosing and framing sweet and saintly faces, astonish our grimy, roaring streets once a year at "Yearly Meeting" time with their long processions of purity, and suggestions of a world that lies apart from, and yet in the midst of, ours? A world apart it emphatically is, which the extraordinary reserve and retirement of Quakerism has preserved among us — a world of primeval simplicity and virtue. Yet must we note that besides the loss to its members of influence on society at large through this semi-conventual seclusion, the extreme religious democracy of Quakerism has, with many of the merits, some of the drawbacks, of *political* democracy. There are, for example, amusing instances in the little volume before us of a quaint fear of public opinion—the public opinion of the little religious body at home, and of departure from the received modes of thought and action of that "Society"—which remind one oddly of the "tyranny of public opinion" supposed to have been substituted in republics for the tyranny of monarchs. For example, no one, we are sure, could fancy any "man-worship" in the very natural emotions of our good "Friends" in visiting the home of the founder of their Church, George Fox; yet the author thinks it necessary gravely to inform the reader that no such un-Quakerly feeling was at work!

All this, however, adds to the novelty of the book. And even the carelessness with which it has been prepared for the press, the original slips and mistakes of the hastily-written private letters from which, as we are informed by the preface, it was transcribed, having been apparently in great part reproduced,—even this careless and unstudied manner, we say, makes one feel as if the letters were *still* letters, newly written, and addressed to one's self.

To notice in detail the slips and inaccuracies of a book so produced would scarcely be gracious. Let us rather call attention to the writer's acute observation, pure and true vein of feeling, and quick eye, not only for the outward shows, but for the inner meanings, of the grand spectacles of Nature and historic Art. There is no vulgarity in the book: we do not hear of dinners, hotel charges or personal discomforts: the fair author's mind is like the mirror of the Lady of Shalott in its faithful reflection of scenes passing before it: self is annihilated or absorbed in observation.

R. M. S.

Books Received.

Baffled; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. By Julia Goddard, author of "Joyce Dormer's Story." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 159.

The Macdermots of Ballycloran: A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "He Knew He was Right," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 441.

Memoir of Rev. John Scudder, M. D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 307.

Talks to My Patients: Hints on Getting Well and Keeping Well. By Mrs. R. B. Gleason, M. D. New York: Wood & Holbrook. 12mo. pp. 228.

The Banished Son, and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 277.

The Lost Daughter, and Other Stories of the Heart. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 308.

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// LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

ADMETUS.

HE who could beard the lion in his lair,
To bind him for a girl, and tame the boar.
And drive these beasts before his chariot,

Might wed Alcestis. For her low brows' sake,
Her hair's soft undulations of warm gold,
Her eyes' clear color and pure virgin mouth,

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Though many would draw bow or shiver spear,
Yet none dared meet the intolerable eye,
Or lipless tusk, of lion or of boar.
This heard Admetus, king of Thessaly,
Whose broad, fat pastures spread their ample fields
Down to the sheer edge of Amphrysus' stream,
Who laughed, disdainful, at the father's pride,
That set such value on one milk-faced child.

One morning, as he rode alone and passed
Through the green twilight of Thessalian woods,
Between two pendulous branches interlocked,
As through an open casement, he descried
A goddess, as he deemed—in truth a maid.
On a low bank she fondled tenderly
A favorite hound, her floral face inclined
Above the glossy, graceful animal,
That pressed his snout against her cheek and gazed
Wistfully, with his keen, sagacious eyes.
One arm with lax embrace the neck enwreathed,
With polished roundness near the sleek, gray skin
Admetus, fixed with wonder, dared not pass,
Intrusive on her holy innocence
And sacred girlhood, but his fretful steed
Snuffed the large air, and champed and pawed the ground;
And hearing this, the maiden raised her head.
No let or hindrance then might stop the king,
Once having looked upon those supreme eyes.
The drooping boughs disparting, forth he sped,
And then drew in his steed, to ask the path,
Like a lost traveler in an alien land.
Although each river-cloven vale, with streams
Arrowy glancing to the blue Ægean,
Each hallowed mountain, the abode of gods,
Pelion and Ossa fringed with haunted groves,
The height, spring-crowned, of dedicate Olympus,
And pleasant sun-fed vineyards, were to him
Familiar as his own face in the stream,
Nathless he paused and asked the maid what path
Might lead him from the forest. She replied,
But still he tarried, and with sportsman's praise
Admired the hound and stooped to stroke its head,
And asked her if she hunted. Nay, not she:
Her father Pelias hunted in these woods,
Where there was royal game. He knew her now—
Alcestis—and he left her with due thanks:
No goddess, but a mortal, to be won
By such a simple feat as driving boars
And lions to his chariot. What was that
To him who saw the boar of Calydon,
The sacred boar of Artemis, at bay
In the broad stagnant marsh, and sent his darts
In its tough, quivering flank, and saw its death,
Stung by sure arrows of Arcadian nymph?

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To river-pastures of his flocks and herds
Admetus rode, where sweet-breathed cattle grazed,
Heifers and goats and kids and foolish sheep,
Dotted cool, spacious meadows with bent heads,
And necks' soft wool broken in yellow flakes,
Nibbling sharp-toothed the rich, thick-growing blades.
One herdsman kept the innumerable droves—
A boy yet, young as immortality—
In listless posture on a vinegrown rock.
Around him huddled kids and sheep that left
The mother's udder for his nighest grass,
Which sprouted with fresh verdure where he sat.
And yet dull neighboring rustics never guessed
A god had been among them till he went,
Although with him they acted as he willed,
Renouncing shepherds' silly pranks and quips,
Because his very presence made them grave.
Amphryssius, after their translucent stream,
They called him, but Admetus knew his name—
Hyperion, god of sun and song and silver speech,
Condemned to serve a mortal for his sin
To Zeus in sending violent darts of death,
And raising hand irreverent, against
The one-eyed forgers of the thunderbolt.
For shepherd's crook he held the living rod
Of twisted serpents, later Hermes' wand.
Him sought the king, discovering soon hard by,
Idle, as one in nowise bound to time,
Watching the restless grasses blow and wave,
The sparkle of the sun upon the stream,
Regretting nothing, living with the hour:
For him, who had his light and song within,
Was naught that did not shine, and all things sang.
Admetus prayed for his celestial aid
To win Alcestis, which the god vouchsafed,
Granting with smiles, as grant all gods, who smite
With stern hand, sparing not for piteousness,
But give their gifts in gladness.

Thus the king
Led with loose rein the beasts as tame as kine,
And townsfolk thronged within the city streets,
As round a god; and mothers showed their babes,
And maidens loved the crowned intrepid youth,
And men would worship, though the very god
Who wrought the wonder dwelled unnoted nigh,
Divinely scornful of neglect or praise.
Then Pelias, seeing this would be his son,
As he had vowed, called for his wife and child.
With Anaxibia, Alcestis came,
A warm flush spreading o'er her eager face
In looking on the rider of the woods,
And knowing him her suitor and the king.

Admetus won Alcestis thus to wife,

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And these with mated hearts and mutual love
Lived a life blameless, beautiful: the king
Ordaining justice in the gates; the queen,
With grateful offerings to the household gods,
Wise with the wisdom of the pure in heart.
One child she bore—Eumelus—and he throve.
Yet none the less because they sacrificed
The firstlings of their flocks and fruits and flowers,
Did trouble come; for sickness seized the king.
Alcestis watched with many-handed love,
But unavailing service, for he lay
With languid limbs, despite his ancient strength
Of sinew, and his skill with spear and sword.
His mother came, Clymene, and with her
His father, Pheres: his unconscious child
They brought him, while forlorn Alcestis sat
Discouraged, with the face of desolation.
The jealous gods would bind his mouth from speech,
And smite his vigorous frame with impotence;
And ruin with bitter ashes, worms and dust,
The beauty of his crowned, exalted head.
He knew her presence—soon he would not know,
Nor feel her hand in his lie warm and close,
Nor care if she were near him any more.
Exhausted with long vigils, thus the queen
Held hard and grievous thoughts, till heavy sleep
Possessed her weary senses, and she dreamed.
And even in her dream her trouble lived,
For she was praying in a barren field
To all the gods for help, when came across
The waste of air and land from distant skies
A spiritual voice divinely clear,
Whose unimaginable sweetness thrilled
Her aching heart with tremor of strange joy:
"Arise, Alcestis, cast away white fear.
A god dwells with you: seek and you shall find.'
Then quiet satisfaction filled her soul
Almost akin to gladness, and she woke.
Weak as the dead, Admetus lay there still,
But she, superb with confidence, arose,
And passed beyond the mourners' curious eyes,
Seeking Amphryssius in the meadow-lands.
She found him with the godlike mien of one
Who, roused, awakens unto deeds divine:
"I come, Hyperion, with incessant tears,
To crave the life of my dear lord the king
Pity me, for I see the future years
Widowed and laden with disastrous days.
And ye, the gods, will miss him when the fires
Upon your shrines, unfed, neglected die.
Who will pour large libations in your names,
And sacrifice with generous piety?
Silence and apathy will greet you there
Where once a splendid spirit offered praise.

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Grant me this boon divine, and I will beat
With prayer at morning's gates, before they ope
Unto thy silver-hoofed and flame-eyed steeds.
Answer ere yet the irremeable stream
Be crossed: answer, O god, and save!"

She ceased,

With full throat salt with tears, and looked on him,
And with a sudden cry of awe fell prone,
For, lo! he was transmuted to a god;
The supreme aureole radiant round his brow,
Divine refulgence on his face—his eyes
Awful with splendor, and his august head
With blinding brilliance crowned by vivid flame.

Then in a voice that charmed the listening air:
"Woman, arise! I have no influence
On Death, who is the servant of the Fates.
Howbeit for thy passion and thy prayer,
The grace of thy fair womanhood and youth,
Thus godlike will I intercede for thee,
And sue the insatiate sisters for this life.
Yet hope not blindly: loth are these to change
Their purpose; neither will they freely give,
But haggling lend or sell: perchance the price
Will countervail the boon. Consider this.
Now rise and look upon me." And she rose,
But by her stood no godhead bathed in light,

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But young Amphryssius, herdsman to the king,
Benignly smiling.
Fleet as thought, the god
Fled from the glittering earth to blackest depths
Of Tartarus; and none might say he sped
On wings ambrosial, or with feet as swift
As scouring hail, or airy chariot
Borne by flame-breathing steeds ethereal;
But with a motion inconceivable
Departed and was there. Before the throne
Of Ades, first he hailed the long-sought queen,
Stolen with violent hands from grassy fields
And delicate airs of sunlit Sicily,
Pensive, gold-haired, but innocent-eyed no more
As when she laughing plucked the daffodils,
But grave as one fulfilling a strange doom.
And low at Ades' feet, wrapped in grim murk
And darkness thick, the three gray women sat,
Loose-robed and chapleted with wool and flowers,
Purple narcissi round their horrid hair.
Intent upon her task, the first one held
The slender thread that at a touch would snap;
The second weaving it with warp and woof
Into strange textures, some stained dark and foul,
Some sanguine-colored, and some black as night,
And rare ones white, or with a golden thread
Running throughout the web: the farthest hag
With glistening scissors cut her sisters' work.
To these Hyperion, but they never ceased,
Nor raised their eyes, till with soft, moderate tones,
But by their powerful persuasiveness
Commanding all to listen and obey,
He spoke, and all hell heard, and these three looked
And waited his request:
"I come, a god,
At a pure mortal queen's request, who sues
For life renewed unto her dying lord,
Admetus; and I also pray this prayer."
"Then cease, for when hath Fate been moved by prayer?"
"But strength and upright heart should serve with you."
"Nay, these may serve with all but Destiny."
"I ask ye not for ever to forbear,
But spare a while—a moment unto us,
A lifetime unto men." "The Fates swerve not
For supplications, like the pliant gods.
Have they not willed a life's thread should be cut?
With them the will is changeless as the deed.
O men! ye have not learned in all the past
Desires are barren and tears yield no fruit.
How long will ye besiege the thrones of gods
With lamentations? When lagged Death for all
Your timorous shirking? We work not like you,
Delaying and relenting, purposeless,
With unenduring issues; but our deeds,

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For ever interchained and interlocked,
Complete each other and explain themselves."
"Ye will a life: then why not any life?"
"What care we for the king? He is not worth
These many words: indeed we love not speech.
We care not if he live, or lose such life
As men are greedy for—filled full with hate,
Sins beneath scorn, and only lit by dreams,
Or one sane moment, or a useless hope—
Lasting how long?—the space between the green
And fading yellow of the grass they tread."
But he withdrawing not: "Will any life
Suffice ye for Admetus?" "Yea," the crones
Three times repeated. "We know no such names
As king or queen or slaves: we want but life.
Begone, and vex us in our work no more."

With broken blessings, inarticulate joy
And tears, Alcestis thanked Hyperion,
And worshiped. Then he gently: "Who will die,
So that the king may live?" And she: "You ask?
Nay, who will live when life clasps hands with shame,
And death with honor? Lo, you are a god:
You cannot know the highest joy of life—
To leave it when 'tis worthier to die.
His parents, kinsmen, courtiers, subjects, slaves—
For love of him myself would die, were none
Found ready; but what Greek would stand to see
A woman glorified, and falter? Once,
And only once, the gods will do this thing
In all the ages: such a man themselves
Delight to honor—holy, temperate, chaste,
With reverence for his dæmon and his god."
Thus she triumphant to the very door
Of King Admetus' chamber. All there saw
Her ill-timed gladness with much wonderment.
But she: "No longer mourn! The king is saved:
The Fates will spare him. Lift your voice in praise;
Sing pæans to Apollo; crown your brows
With laurel; offer thankful sacrifice!"
"O Queen, what mean these foolish words misplaced?
And what an hour is this to thank the Fates?"
"Thrice blessed be the gods!—for God himself
Has sued for me—they are not stern and deaf.
Cry, and they answer: commune with your soul,
And they send counsel: weep with rainy grief,
And these will sweeten you your bitterest tears.
On one condition King Admetus lives,
And ye, on hearing, will lament no more,
Each emulous to save." Then—for she spake
Assured, as having heard an oracle—
They asked: "What deed of ours may serve the king?"
"The Fates accept another life for his,
And one of you may die." Smiling, she ceased.

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But silence answered her. "What! do ye thrust
Your arrows in your hearts beneath your cloaks,
Dying like Greeks, too proud to own the pang?
This ask I not. In all the populous land
But one need suffer for immortal praise.
The generous Fates have sent no pestilence,
Famine, nor war: it is as though they gave
Freely, and only make the boon more rich
By such slight payment. Now a people mourns,
And ye may change the grief to jubilee,
Filling the cities with a pleasant sound.
But as for me, what faltering words can tell
My joy, in extreme sharpness kin to pain?
A monument you have within my heart,

Wreathed with kind love and dear remembrances;
And I will pray for you before I crave
Pardon and pity for myself from God.
Your name will be the highest in the land,
Oftenest, fondest on my grateful lips,
After the name of him you die to save.
What! silent still? Since when has virtue grown
Less beautiful than indolence and ease?
Is death more terrible, more hateworthy,
More bitter than dishonor? Will ye live
On shame? Chew and find sweet its poisoned fruits?
What sons will ye bring forth—mean-souled like you,
Or, like your parents, brave—to blush like girls,
And say, 'Our fathers were afraid to die!'

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Ye will not dare to raise heroic eyes
Unto the eyes of aliens. In the streets
Will women and young children point at you
Scornfully, and the sun will find you shamed,
And night refuse to shield you. What a life
Is this ye spin and fashion for yourselves!
And what new tortures of suspense and doubt
Will death invent for such as are afraid!
Acastus, thou my brother, in the field
Foremost, who greeted me with sanguine hands
From ruddy battle with a conqueror's face—
These honors wilt thou blot with infamy?
Nay, thou hast won no honors: a mere girl
Would do as much as thou at such a time,
In clamorous battle, 'midst tumultuous sounds,
Neighing of war-steeds, shouts of sharp command,
Snapping of shivered spears; for all are brave
When all men look to them expectantly;
But he is truly brave who faces death
Within his chamber, at a sudden call,
At night, when no man sees—content to die
When life can serve no longer those he loves."
Then thus Acastus: "Sister, I fear not
Death, nor the empty darkness of the grave,
And hold my life but as a little thing,
Subject unto my people's call, and Fate.
But if 'tis little, no greater is the king's;
And though my heart bleeds sorely, I recall
Astydamia, who thus would mourn for me.
We are not cowards, we youth of Thessaly,
And Thessaly—yea, all Greece—knoweth it;
Nor will we brook the name from even you,
Albeit a queen, and uttering these wild words
Through your unwonted sorrow." Then she knew
That he stood firm, and turning from him, cried
To the king's parents: "Are ye deaf with grief,
Pheres, Clymene? Ye can save your son,
Yet rather stand and weep with barren tears.
Oh shame! to think that such gray, reverend hairs
Should cover such unvenerable heads!
What would ye lose?—a remnant of mere life,
A few slight raveled threads, and give him years
To fill with glory. Who, when he is gone,
Will call you gentlest names this side of heaven—
Father and mother? Knew ye not this man
Ere he was royal—a poor, helpless child,
Crownless and kingdomless? One birth alone
Sufficeth not, Clymene: once again
You must give life with travail and strong pain.
Has he not lived to outstrip your swift hopes?
What mother can refuse a second birth
To such a son? But ye denying him,
What after offering may appease the gods?
What joy outweigh the grief of this one day?

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What clamor drown the hours' myriad tongues,
Crying, 'Your son, your son! where is your son,
Unnatural mother, timid, foolish man?'"
Then Pheres, gravely: "These are graceless words
From you our daughter. Life is always life,
And death comes soon enough to such as we.
We twain are old and weak, have served our time,
And made our sacrifices. Let the young
Arise now in their turn and save the king."
"O gods! look on your creatures! do ye see?
And seeing have ye patience? Smite them all,
Unsparing, with dishonorable death.
Vile slaves! a woman teaches you to die.
Intrepid, with exalted, steadfast soul,
Scorn in my heart, and love unutterable,
I yield the Fates my life, and like a god
Command them to revere that sacred head.
Thus kiss I thrice the dear, blind, holy eyes,
And bid them see; and thrice I kiss this brow,
And thus unfasten I the pale proud lips
With fruitful kissings, bringing love and life,
And without fear or any pang I breathe
My soul in him."
"Alcestis, I awake.
I hear, I hear—unspeak thy reckless words!
For, lo! thy life-blood tingles in my veins,
And streameth through my body like new wine.
Behold! thy spirit dedicate revives
My pulse, and through thy sacrifice I breathe.
Thy lips are bloodless: kiss me not again.
Ashen thy cheeks, faded thy flower-like hands.
O woman! perfect in thy womanhood
And in thy wifehood, I adjure thee now
As mother, by the love thou bearest our child,
In this thy hour of passion and of love,
Of sacrifice and sorrow, to unsay
Thy words sublime!" "I die that thou mayest live."
"And deemest thou that I accept the boon,
Craven, like these my subjects? Lo, my queen,
Is life itself a lovely thing—bare life?
And empty breath a thing desirable?
Or is it rather happiness and love
That make it precious to its inmost core?
When these are lost, are there not swords in Greece,
And flame and poison, deadly waves and plagues?
No man has ever lacked these things and gone
Unsatisfied. It is not these the gods refuse—
(Nay, never clutch my sleeve and raise thy lip)—
Not these I seek; but I will stab myself,
Poison my life and burn my flesh, with words,
And save or follow thee. Lo! hearken now:
I bid the gods take back their loathsome gifts:
I spurn them and I scorn them, and I hate.
Will they prove deaf to this as to my prayers?

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With tongue reviling, blasphemous, I curse,
With mouth polluted from deliberate heart.
Dishonored be their names, scorned be their priests,
Ruined their altars, mocked their oracles!
It is Admetus, king of Thessaly,
Defaming thus: annihilate him, gods!
So that his queen, who worships you, may live."
He paused as one expectant, but no bolt
From the insulted heavens answered him,
But awful silence followed. Then a hand,
A boyish hand, upon his shoulder fell,
And turning he beheld his shepherd boy,
Not wrathful, but divinely pitiful,
Who spake in tender, thrilling tones: "The gods
Cannot recall their gifts. Blaspheme them not:
Bow down and worship rather. Shall he curse
Who sees not and who hears not—neither knows
Nor understands? Nay, thou shalt bless and pray—
Pray, for the pure heart, purged by prayer, divines,
And seeth when the bolder eyes are blind.
Worship and wonder—these befit a man
At every hour, and mayhap will the gods
Yet work a miracle for knees that bend
And hands that supplicate."
Then all they knew
A sudden sense of awe, and bowed their heads
Beneath the stripling's gaze: Admetus fell,
Crushed by that gentle touch, and cried aloud:
"Pardon and pity! I am hard beset."

There waited at the doorway of the king
One grim and ghastly, shadowy, horrible,
Bearing the likeness of a king himself,
Erect as one who serveth not—upon
His head a crown, within his fleshless hands
A sceptre—monstrous, winged, intolerable.
To him a stranger coming 'neath the trees,
Which slid down flakes of light, now on his hair,
Close-curled, now on his bared and brawny chest,
Now on his flexile, vine-like veinèd limbs,
With iron network of strong muscle thewed,
And godlike brows and proud mouth unrelaxed.
Firm was his step: no superfluity
Of indolent flesh impeded this man's strength.
Slender and supple every perfect limb,
Beautiful with the glory of a man.
No weapons bare he, neither shield: his hands
Folded upon his breast, his movements free
Of all encumbrance. When his mighty strides
Had brought him nigh the waiting one, he paused:
"Whose palace this? and who art thou, grim shade?"

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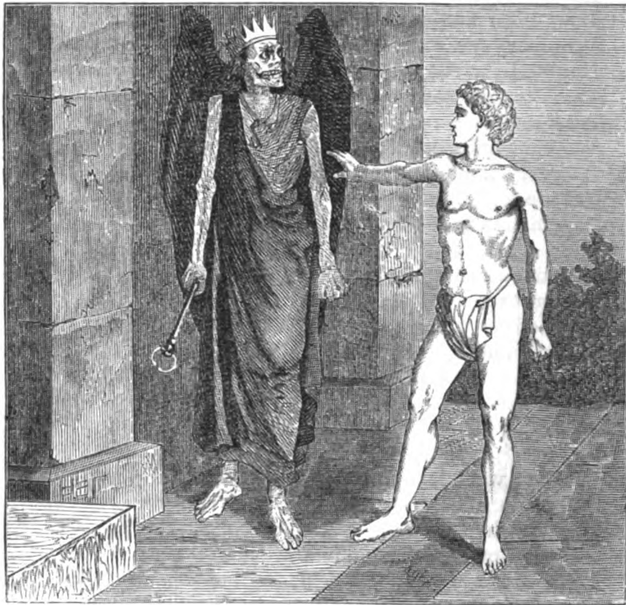
"The palace of the king of Thessaly,
And my name is not strange unto thine ears;
For who hath told men that I wait for them,
The one sure thing on earth? Yet all they know,
Unasking and yet answered. I am Death,
The only secret that the gods reveal.
But who art thou who darest question me?"
"Alcides; and that thing I dare not do
Hath found no name. Whom here awaitest thou?"
"Alcestis, queen of Thessaly—a queen
Who wooed me as the bridegroom woos the bride,
For her life sacrificed will save her lord
Admetus, as the Fates decreed. I wait



Impatient, eager; and I enter soon,
With darkening wing, invisible, a god,
And kiss her lips, and kiss her throbbing heart,
And then the tenderest hands can do no more
Than close her eyes and wipe her cold, white brow,
Inurn her ashes and strew flowers above."
"This woman is a god, a hero, Death.
In this her sacrifice I see a soul
Luminous, starry: earth can spare her not:
It is not rich enough in purity
To lose this paragon. Save her, O Death!
Thou surely art more gentle than the Fates,
Yet these have spared her lord, and never meant
That she should suffer, and that this their grace,

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Beautiful, royal on one side, should turn
Sudden and show a fearful, fatal face."
"Nay, have they not? O fond and foolish man,
Naught comes unlooked for, unforeseen by them.
Doubt when they favor thee, though thou mayest laugh
When they have scourged thee with an iron scourge.
Behold, their smile is deadlier than their sting,
And every boon of theirs is double-faced.
Yea, I am gentler unto ye than these:
I slay relentless, but when have I mocked
With poisoned gifts, and generous hands that smite
Under the flowers? for my name is Truth.
Were this fair queen more fair, more pure, more chaste,
I would not spare her for your wildest prayer
Nor her best virtue. Is the earth's mouth full?
Is the grave satisfied? Discrown me then,
For life is lord, and men may mock the gods
With immortality." "I sue no more,
But I command thee spare this woman's life,
Or wrestle with Alcides." "Wrestle with thee,
Thou puny boy!" And Death laughed loud, and swelled
To monstrous bulk, fierce-eyed, with outstretched wings,
And lightnings round his brow; but grave and firm,
Strong as a tower, Alcides waited him,
And these began to wrestle, and a cloud
Impenetrable fell, and all was dark.

"Farewell, Admetus and my little son,
Eumelus—oh these clinging baby hands!
Thy loss is bitter, for no chance, no fame,
No wealth of love, can ever compensate
For a dead mother. Thou, O king, fulfill
The double duty: love him with my love,
And make him bold to wrestle, shiver spears,
Noble and manly, Grecian to the bone;
And tell him that his mother spake with gods.
Farewell, farewell! Mine eyes are growing blind:
The darkness gathers. Oh my heart, my heart!"
No sound made answer save the cries of grief
From all the mourners, and the suppliance
Of strick'n Admetus: "Oh have mercy, gods!
O gods, have mercy, mercy upon us!"
Then from the dying woman's couch again
Her voice was heard, but with strange sudden tones:
"Lo, I awake—the light comes back to me.
What miracle is this?" And thunders shook
The air, and clouds of mighty darkness fell,
And the earth trembled, and weird, horrid sounds
Were heard of rushing wings and fleeing feet,
And groans; and all were silent, dumb with awe,
Saving the king, who paused not in his prayer:

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"Have mercy, gods!" and then again, "O gods,
Have mercy!"
Through the open casement, poured
Bright floods of sunny light; the air was soft,
Clear, delicate as though a summer storm
Had passed away; and those there standing saw,
Afar upon the plain, Death fleeing thence,
And at the doorway, weary, well-nigh spent,
Alcides, flushed with victory.

EMMA LAZARUS.

THE STORY OF THE SAPPHIRE.

HOW I came to form an intimate friendship with M. le Comte de Sieyères it hardly enters into the purpose of this narrative to tell. We Americans are only too fond of boasting about such intimacies, and of minutely narrating every particular respecting their origin and progress. But as the relation I wish to give is merely that of one incident in the eventful life of the count—one, too, in which he was only a spectator, and not an actor—I shall have no occasion to offend the reader by any egotistical details.

When I first made the acquaintance of M. de Sieyères in the spring of 1865, he was about sixty years of age, though he appeared much older by reason of his infirm health. He suffered terribly at times from some painful and incurable internal malady, which forced him to lead a very quiet and secluded life; the only dissipation which he ever allowed himself being an occasional visit to the opera or the theatre, for he was passionately fond of both musical and dramatic entertainments. He was a handsome, delicate-looking, courteous old gentleman, with an air and a demeanor which always struck me as being anachronisms. Though he was always dressed with great care and in the very latest fashion, I could never look upon the garb of the nineteenth century as suited to him, and always fancied that he should have worn the powder, the point-lace ruffles, the velvet coat and satin inexpressibles of the *ancien régime*. His white, slender hands seemed formed to be half hidden beneath folds of point de Bruxelles or point d'Alençon; his small, shapely foot required the blaze of a diamond buckle on the instep; and his finely-cut features suggested the notion of an unfinished miniature, lacking the snowy cloud of powder which should have hidden the lingering darkness of the still abundant locks.

His abode seemed as little suited to him as his costume. He occupied a suite of rooms on the newly-opened Boulevard Malesherbes—"more central and less costly than the Faubourg St. Germain," he laughingly remarked when I ventured to comment upon the singularity of his choice of residence. But when once the glowing sunshine and snowy newness of the street were left behind, a step across the threshold of his rooms swept the modern Paris and the France of to-day out of existence, and bore the visitor back to the bygone days when Robespierres and Bonapartes were as yet unknown. The *salon* was hung with fine old Gobelin tapestry (preserved as if by a miracle when the château de Sieyères had been sacked during the first Revolution), while the ponderous carved chairs, and massive cabinets dark with age, and

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dim antique mirrors in tarnished gilt frames, revived memories of the magnificent age of Louis Quatorze. The dining-room was paneled with carved oak that had once adorned the chapel of some princely mansion, while the bed-chamber beyond, with its draperies of ancient but still brilliant brocade, its pictures by Watteau and Greuze, its toilet-table veiled with lace and fluttering with ribbons, recalled the days of Pompadour and Dubarry—that frivolous, sinful seed-time whose terrible harvest was the Revolution and its sickle the guillotine. The library, however, was the room where the count usually received me. It was the smallest of the suite, and was hung with dark red Utrecht velvet, whose sombre hue showed off to advantage one or two fine statues and several antique busts which stood on pedestals in the spaces between the carved bookcases. Here I spent many a pleasant hour conversing with my astute and accomplished host respecting most of the leading topics of the day, always excepting politics, for upon that subject he was ever extremely reticent. I gathered from his conversation that he was a Legitimist by birth and inclination, but an Orleanist from conviction; and some sly satirical remarks which he occasionally let fall convinced me that he regarded the reigning powers with no favorable eye. But both from temperament and ill-health he was unfitted to take an active part in political life.

The count had never married, and, like most men of cultivated tastes and ample means who are compelled through circumstances to lead lonely lives, he had become a collector—not of books nor pictures, nor yet of autographs, but of antique and historical jewelry. He had some of the finest antique gems, and certainly the most remarkable specimens of ancient Etruscan jewelry, that I have ever seen in private hands. His collection of historical ornaments was nearly as valuable, while it was still more interesting to me from the fact that he knew and delighted to relate the legend attached to each trinket. That diamond buckle had sparkled on the arched instep of Louis XV., yon filagree bracelet had encircled the rounded arm of Madame de Mailly, and Anne of Austria had looped back her abundant tresses with this pearl spray; here was a silver-hilted dagger which had belonged to Marguerite de Valois, and there a jeweled fan which bore on the sticks Madame de Pompadour's initials, formed of tiny diamonds and minute emeralds; Louis XIV. had dipped his fingers into this enameled snuff-box, and Adrienne Lecouvreur had decked her breast with that brooch of rubies and turquoise. One compartment in the case which contained these treasures was entirely devoted to rings, of which the count possessed a great number; among them one set with a forget-me-not of sapphires, a love-token presented by Augustus the Strong to Aurora von Königsmark; and a plain hoop of gold enameled with ivy-leaves, which had been worn by the saint-like Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. Among these costly relics of departed personages and bygone days, ornaments of modern workmanship were occasionally to be met with, but the count usually passed these over in silence, and if pressed to relate their history would only shake his head and either smile or sigh as the case might be.

One evening, after we had been chatting together on indifferent subjects for some time, M. de Sieyères unlocked his jewel-cabinet to display to me a seal ring supposed to have once belonged to Henri Quatre, as it bore engraved on the topaz with which it was set the initials H. R., surmounted by a crown. On touching a spring concealed in the gold chasing, the stone rose, revealing a tiny but exquisitely-executed miniature of a fair-faced damsel, the portrait, as the count declared, of that Henriette d'Entraigues who at one time rivaled Gabrielle d'Estrées in the affections of the fickle Henri. After I had duly inspected and admired this new treasure, I continued to investigate the contents of the cabinet, finding ever fresh sources

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of interest and amusement. At last I took up a ring which I had never before observed. It was of modern workmanship—a good-sized and remarkably fine sapphire of a lustrous deep azure hue in a setting of black enamel, a style in which I had frequently seen diamonds mounted, but never before any other precious stone. Portions of the enamel were cracked, and other portions partly fused, and the whole ornament, apart from the sapphire itself, looked as though it had once been subjected to the action of fire. I examined it for some moments in silence, then turning to the count, who was still busied with his new purchase, I laid it before him.

"Might I, without indiscretion, seek to learn the history attached to this ring?" I asked.

He took it up with a slight but perceptible start. "I did not know that this sapphire was here," he said, after a moment's pause. "Well, I *will* tell you its story. It is a tragic one, but I feel in a gossiping mood to-night, and not ill inclined to wander back amid the scenes and personages of the past. So, if you will pardon in advance any possible prolixity or garrulousness on my part (remember, my friend, that I am an old man), I will recall for your benefit the history of this sapphire ring.

"You know how often I have smiled at the enthusiastic admiration which the charms of our Parisian actresses have aroused in your breast. One evening you go to the Gymnase, and you come to me the next day raving about the piquant loveliness of Céline Montaland, the blonde beauty of Blanche Pierson, the splendid eyes of Madame Pasco, and the virginal charms of Mademoiselle Delaporte. Next you visit La Lyrique, and words fail you wherein to express your admiration for that beauty compounded of snow and moonlight, Christine Nilsson. You might be petrified or frozen by this admiration did you not go on the following evening to La Gaieté, where the faultless forms of Mesdemoiselles Colombier and Thesée claim your attention and call forth your enthusiasm. It is well that in the multitude of counsel there is safety, or I might long ere this have seen you sighing forth your soul at the feet of one of these superb but not unapproachable divinities."

I only laughed. I was by this time pretty well accustomed to the badinage of my old friend, and it was not the first time that he had rallied me on this subject.

"If you had been familiar with our stage some years ago, even so late as 1854, your admiration would have been more intelligible and more excusable. Madame Doche was then in all the brilliancy of those unrivaled charms which combined the threefold lustre of beauty, genius and rare distinction of manners. You saw her, I believe, in *Les Parasites* at the Odéon the other night, and you pronounced her to be the most distinguished-looking woman you had yet seen in Europe, with the one exception of the empress of Austria. Can you picture to yourself what she must have been years ago, when all Paris was in tears over *La Dame aux Camélias?* Then at the Français there were Madeleine Brohan, in those days beautiful as a poet's dream; her fascinating sister Augustine; charming Delphine Fix, and Judith of the snowy complexion and velvety black eyes; while imperious and splendid Cruvelli at the Opera, lovely Rose Cheri at the Gymnase, and the two goddesses of the dance, Rosati and Cerito, disputed the palm of loveliness elsewhere. Those were the palmy days of our theatres, when Rachel acted and Cruvelli sang and Rosati danced; when a *première danseuse* was an artist and ballet-dancing indeed the poetry of motion; and when Madame Allan drew crowds to the Français to weep over her acting in *La Joie fait Peur*. What replaces these great artists to-day? Instead of Cruvelli we have Schneider; instead of Rachel, Theresa; instead of Cerito, we have the *corps de ballet* of the *Biche aux Bois;* instead of the elegance, the grace, the genius of Doche, we are called upon to admire the unveiled

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loveliness of Mademoiselle Colombier in the rôle of Eve in *Le Paradis Perdu*.

"But I have wandered far from my subject. You know I begged you in advance to excuse my possible garrulousness; so, craving your pardon, I will try to tell my story in a more direct fashion.

"The most beautiful woman I have ever seen upon the boards of a Parisian theatre was the heroine of my tale. She was a Spanish dancer, Inez Castrejon by name, and she was a member of a troupe imported from Madrid by the management of the Grand Opera. Although she was not one of the leading dancers, her extraordinary beauty and perfect grace, joined to a sort of unsophisticated gayety in her gestures and acting, which was at once novel and attractive, rendered her speedily a universal favorite. Her dancing had all the dash and daring peculiar to her native land, while at the same time it partook of the bounding, artless joyousness of a mirthful child. Her features and form were alike almost faultless, and her great, lustrous black eyes were full of expression. One of her greatest charms was her hair, which, whenever the exigencies of her rôle permitted, she suffered to fall untressed around her shoulders. It covered her like a royal mantle ('plus longue qu' un manteau de roi,' as Alfred de Musset has it), and it fell far below the border of her ballet dress—such dresses in those days being worn far longer than they are now.

"Notwithstanding her personal loveliness and the perilous nature of her profession, her reputation was spotless. She lived simply and humbly, and even contrived to save something out of her moderate salary, while palaces and parures of diamonds, carriages and cashmere shawls, were proffered for her acceptance in vain. It was said that she was of gypsy blood—a report that was probably true, as after events proved that she possessed the untamed spirit as well as the steadfast chastity of that wild race.

"One evening after the opera, I sup-

ped at the Café Anglais. There was a large party of us assembled in one of the private cabinets, and I think we had all taken more than was good for us of the celebrated old Chablis for which that establishment is famed. The conversation turned upon the performance we had just witnessed, and several persons present extolled the beauty and modesty of Inez Castrejon. In the midst of this conversation the door opened and gave admittance to one of the most celebrated *lions* of the day—the Vicomte Gaston de Gondrecourt.

"M. de Gondrecourt had at that time the reputation of being the handsomest man in Paris. And so he was—of a romantic, novel-hero sort of beauty, a real Monte Cristo type, with pale, colorless complexion, jet black hair and moustache, and great, dark, sleepy blue eyes. He was very tall and powerfully formed, almost the only large Frenchman I have ever seen who was really handsome; for even in masculine beauty the true French type is more noted for delicacy of outline and finish than for grandeur." (M. de Sieyères himself was by no means a tall man.) "He was very unpopular with his own sex, though noted for his *bonnes fortunes* with the other; but there was a cold-blooded, Mephistophelian sort of wickedness about his profligacy which repelled many a man whose morals to all outward appearance were no purer than his own.

"He came up to the table at which we were seated. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'when I entered I think you were extolling the virtue of Mademoiselle Castrejon of the Opera.'

"Several voices answered in the affirmative.

"'Well, gentlemen,' he continued, 'I have sworn to succeed where so many have failed, and I have the honor to invite you all to a supper to take place this day next month in my hôtel, No. 7 Avenue Montespan, Champs Elysées, at which entertainment the lady in question will preside as hostess.'

"He bowed as he finished speaking, the door closed, and he was gone be-

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fore any of us could recover from our astonishment.

"Many of the younger men present looked upon the whole affair as a mere theatrical scene and empty boast, but I knew the nature of the man far better. And when the month had nearly expired, I was not surprised to receive a reminder in the shape of a regular invitation for the evening in question. I did not go: I was past the age at which *petits soupers* are an irresistible attraction; and moreover there was a moral repulsion about De Gondrecourt that rendered his society distasteful to me. But I learned afterward from some of my friends that the whole affair was perfectly regal in all its appointments, and that Inez Castrejon, magnificently attired in gold-colored silk covered with delicate Chantilly lace, and blazing with diamonds, though the only female present, performed her duties as hostess with a grace and decorum which left nothing to be desired. 'So another frail bark has gone down in the fatal ocean of Parisian vice,' I thought. And then I troubled myself no more about De Gondrecourt or his affairs.

"After that time the world saw but little of the beautiful Inez. She appeared no more on the stage, and seemed to shrink from public observation; and though she was occasionally to be seen with the vicomte in a box at the Opera or at one of the theatres, she acquired no new celebrity by ostentation or extravagance, and her toilettes and her equipage made no stir in the Bois or at the races. When I learned (as I did later) how cruel was the deception De Gondrecourt had practiced in order to win her, I understood why her life and her manners differed so widely from those of most creatures of the class to which she had fallen. The poor child had been made the victim of a pretended marriage: she thought that she was the Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt, the wife of the man she adored. No wonder that she preserved the modesty of demeanor for which even as an opera dancer she had been noted. I was presented to her one evening in her box at the Gymnase, and I was much struck by her unaffected grace and refinement, and also deeply touched by the passionate devotion for De Gondrecourt which was strikingly manifest in her every glance and gesture.

"'Mon cher,' said Léon de Beaugency to me that evening as we quitted the box, 'our friend Gaston is sowing a tempest whose harvest of whirlwind will speedily ripen. That poor girl believes herself to be his lawful wife. I know something about these Spanish women of gypsy blood, and when she once discovers that she has been betrayed, woe to him or to herself! She loves him madly now, and in proportion to the strength of her passion will be the fury of her indignation and the greatness of her revenge.'

"'And her delusion will not last long, I fancy,' was my reply.

"'Not very long. If she would only make herself notorious in some way by her dress, her diamonds or her diabolical behavior, De Gondrecourt might become proud of her, and might even come to value her as highly as he does his English race-horses, his wonderful Clos Vougeot and Cabinet Johannisberg, or his newly-purchased picture, that Poussin for which he successfully competed with the agents of the government. But she does nothing to feed his vanity or add to his celebrity. She only loves him; and, mark my words, there will be an outbreak between them before long.'

"Months passed on, and De Gondrecourt and his affairs were no longer a theme of conversation in society, when a fresh interest in him was excited by the announcement of his betrothal to one of the reigning belles of the *beau-monde*, the beautiful, wealthy and widowed Princess Olga Vasanoff, a Russian lady whose peculiar personal loveliness and fascinating manners, added to reports respecting her vast wealth, had rendered her one of the greatest social successes of the season. Her salon was always crowded on her reception evenings, and it was hard to catch even a glimpse of her in her box

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at the Opera, so surrounded was she always by admirers and adorers. She was a frail, delicate-looking blonde, pale, golden-haired and petite in form, with great, dreamy blue eyes and a voice of singular softness and sweetness. She always recalled to me the mist-veiled, shadowy heroines of Ossian. She was in truth a sort of northern Undine, born of the snow-drift, and not of the waves—a Lurlei whose home was the Frozen Ocean, and not the sunny Rhine. This weird and witching being had not only been won by De Gondrecourt, but, what was stranger still, she had succeeded in winning *him*. For the first time in his life the vicomte discovered that he had a heart, which was not till it had irrecoverably passed into the possession of the Princess Olga. He was madly in love, and had she scorned him or lured him into a hopeless and unrequited passion, even justice itself would have been satisfied with the retribution which would then have befallen him. But his good fortune with the fair sex did not desert him even in the dangerous moment of his own surrender, and Madame Vasanoff in the very flush of her victory was forced to declare herself vanquished.

"'And what of the fair Inez?' I asked of Léon de Beaugency one day, when we were discussing the approaching nuptials of De Gondrecourt.

"De Beaugency shrugged his shoulders. 'Gaston does not take me into his confidence,' he replied. 'But I have been told that there was a fearful scene between them when he first informed her of his projected marriage. He offered her anything she might ask in the way of settlements or ready money, but she refused his offers with scorn. It is even said that she forced her way into the presence of the Princess Vasanoff one day when Gaston was visiting her. But the fair Russian knew perfectly well what manner of man her betrothed was, and I doubt if any revelations poor Inez could make would be of much weight or of great novelty to her.'

"'And what says De Gondrecourt to all this?' I asked.

"'He declares that he will forget that such a creature ever existed, so incensed has he become at her persistent efforts to create an *esclandre*. Some one repeated that speech to her, and she has sworn to make him remember her all the days of his life. Mark me, De Sieyères, we have not yet seen the end of this affair.'

"But I thought we certainly had when some weeks later I was present at the gorgeous wedding of the Vicomte de Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. The Madeleine was densely crowded, and I must confess that my eye roved uneasily among the glittering groups in search of the unhappy Inez, so convinced was I that she would seek in some way to interrupt the ceremony. But she was not there, and I drew a sigh of relief when the pale, lovely bride, leaning on her husband's arm, passed out of the portals unmolested and unhindered."

Here M. de Sieyères rose, and going to his escritoire drew forth a packet of letters, one of which he selected and returned with it to his seat. "Here," said he, unfolding it as he spoke, "is a letter from my sister, the Baroness de Liançay, written from Vienna a few months after the marriage of De Gondrecourt and the Princess Vasanoff. An extract from it will give you some idea of their happiness and their mutual devotion. She writes: 'The season thus far has been unusually gay, and Vienna was never more crowded with strangers than at present. I saw, at the christening of the Archduchess Gisela the other day, your pet aversion, Gaston de Gondrecourt, with his beautiful wife. Report says they are most insanely and unfashionably in love with each other; and certainly they are the most devoted couple I ever saw outside the pages of a moral story-book. It is no small triumph even for the Northern Circe, as Madame Vasanoff used to be called, to have won the heart of such a *vaurien* as Gaston, or rather to have caused him to find out that he had a heart at all. They have just come from visiting the large estates of the bride in Russia

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(she was, as I believe you know, a wealthy heiress when the sickly Prince Vasanoff married her), and they intend to travel for at least a year, as it will take that time to finish their new hôtel on the Rue Bassompierre. I hear it is to be a perfect miracle of splendor and artistic decoration. Fiagot and Vivarol are to paint the walls and ceilings, and Lesueur is to superintend the carved work both in wood and marble. It is said that the mantelpieces in the grand salon are to be of malachite, a wedding-gift from the Emperor Alexander, but I cannot vouch for the truth of the story. I asked De Gondrecourt why he did not occupy his hôtel on the Champs Elysées while his new one was being finished, and his reply pleased me greatly. "I could not take *my wife* under that roof," he answered in a very significant tone. I admired the delicacy of feeling displayed in that answer, and I think you will join with me in agreeing that there is some good still left in the nature of a man who has shown himself capable of loving a pure-minded, high-souled woman as tenderly as De Gondrecourt undoubtedly loves his wife.'

"Nearly a year later I was in Brussels, whither I had gone to pass a few weeks, the festivities attendant on the marriage of the Princess Charlotte to the Archduke Maximilian having rendered the little capital of Belgium unusually gay and attractive. One evening, being wearied of the continued round of balls and fêtes, I decided to visit the Opera, being tempted thereto by the announcement of a new ballet entitled *La Reine des Brouillards*, the heroine of which was to be personated by a new danseuse, Madame Dolores by name, whom rumor declared to be of extraordinary excellence.

"I reached the opera-house rather late, but as a stupid little operetta had been played as *lever de rideau*, I arrived before the commencement of the ballet. I had one of the orchestra stalls on the first row, directly fronting the stage. The house was crowded, and I recognized many acquaintances among the audience, all Paris seemingly having taken wing to Brussels to be present at the bridal fêtes of the future empress of Mexico. One of the proscenium boxes was occupied by M. and Madame de Gondrecourt, the latter perfectly dazzling to behold from the splendor of the diamond and opal parure with which she was adorned, and looking as Gretchen might have done when decked with the jewel gifts wherewith Mephistopheles first tempted her. She was undoubtedly the most beautiful woman present, and every opera-glass in the house was leveled at her and her handsome husband, who never left her side. I watched De Gondrecourt narrowly, and as his every look and movement revealed how real and intense was his love for his wife—a love apparently heightened, not impaired, by twelve months of matrimony—a strange, sad feeling of foreboding stole over my spirit, and I looked almost pityingly upon the gay, handsome couple who seemed so enviable in their youth, their beauty, their prosperity and their evident devotion to each other.

"The curtain rose, a few preliminary scenes passed off without anything to remark, and at last the Queen of the Mist, heralded by a brief expressive strain from the orchestra, bounded upon the stage, and was received by the audience with a stormy burst of applause. Her face and form were almost entirely concealed by a flowing veil of pale gray gauze, but before she had half finished her first pas-seul, I was convinced that Madame Dolores was not unknown to me. With almost breathless anxiety I awaited the moment when she should uncover her face. At last it came: the shrouding veil was cast aside, and I saw that my suspicions were correct, and that Madame Dolores was no other than Inez Castrejon.

"I cast an involuntary glance toward the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts. No trace of emotion was visible on the fair features of the vicomtesse as she leaned back in her chair, calmly drawing her point lace shawl a little closer over her white shoulders, while Gaston leveled his opera-glass at the

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dancer as coolly as though she had been a total stranger. Yet the changes that were visible in the face and form of the once peerless beauty might have moved even his callous soul to pity and remorse. She was thin almost to emaciation; and though her features preserved their perfect outline and her limbs their faultless symmetry, the brightness, roundness and freshness of youth had departed for ever. Her dancing, too, had lost all the bounding animation which had formerly distinguished it, and though her every motion was still graceful and aerial, in her art as well as in her beauty she was but a shadow of her former self. I saw at once that she was aware of the presence of De Gondrecourt and his wife. There was something fearful in the expression that crossed her face, something deadly in the fire that blazed in her great burning eyes; and a premonition of some terrible tragedy which was about to be enacted caused my heart to sink within me. Yet after the first glance at the proscenium box—a glance wherein I read recognition and desperate determination—she looked no more in that direction. But through all the changes of her rôle her face never lost that look of fatal, terrible resolution—such a look as I have seen Rachel wear in Phèdre when the guilty queen comes to denounce Hippolyte.

"I could not divest myself of the idea that some awful event was about to take place. I strove to shake off the impression. I tried to direct my attention to the other actors, the audience, the piece itself, but in vain. I could see nothing but that white, set face, those burning eyes: I could think of nothing but the ghastly energy, the desperate resolution which were painted on that pallid countenance. The showy scenery, the spangled and silk-garbed actors, the brilliant audience, all seemed to me a mockery, and I sat as a spectator at the Coliseum might have done in the awful hush which preceded the entrance of the wild beasts and the Christian captives.

"Yet the ballet progressed smoothly though languidly, the evident preoccupation of the principal danseuse having tended to mar the perfection of the representation. It was with a feeling of relief that I saw the last scene disclosed, and I began to hope that my fears and forebodings had been without any foundation. This last scene represented a wild mountain landscape. A lofty rock towered in the foreground at the side of the stage directly opposite to the box occupied by the De Gondrecourts, and I learned from the play-bill that it was upon this peak that La Reine des Brouillards was to make her appearance to denounce her faithless lover, and to summon up the mists which were to surround his path and cause his destruction by concealing from him the abyss into which he was consequently to fall. The hero and his followers made their appearance, went through the usual pantomime expression of distress and dread, a wild wailing strain sounded from the orchestra, and the Queen of the Mist rose up, a splendid but threatening vision, before them.

Inez was enveloped in a flowing robe and veil of pale gray gauze interwoven with silver—a light but voluminous garb adapted to be worn above the usual ballet costume, and to be easily and quickly cast aside. She wore no rouge, and her pale face and large, dilated eyes looked even more strangely than before when seen under the shadow of that vaporous drapery. Before the hurried, expressive movement played by the orchestra was ended, a sudden crash startled the audience. Inez had pushed away the ladder by which she had reached her lofty elevation, and it had fallen heavily to the floor. Before the last echoes of this sound had died away, another and still more startling one rang through the crowded theatre: it was these words shrieked rather than spoken:

"'Gaston de Gondrecourt! do you think *now* that you will ever forget me?'

"And then I saw Inez gather together the folds of her silvery drapery with one hand and thrust them deliberately into

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the blaze of one of the gas-burners that illumined the side scenes. In an instant the unhappy girl was enveloped in flames. The uproar that ensued was something indescribable. Screams, shrieks, cries of 'Fire! save her!' were intermingled in a wild commotion: many gentlemen (one of whom was myself) sprang upon the stage; ladies fainted or went into violent hysterics; while in the midst of all that awful blazing figure stood out upon its lofty pedestal, erect, silent and perfectly motionless.

"In less time than I have taken to relate the incident the ladder was raised, and one of the actors rushed up it, tearing loose one of the stage carpets, with which he enveloped Inez and succeeded in subduing the flames. But during those few instants the fire, fed by her light and combustible raiment, had done its work effectually.

"She was borne to the green-room, and a physician was instantly summoned. But there was nothing to be done—nothing but to cover the poor scarred body tenderly and wait for the end.

"She lived scarcely half an hour after the flames were extinguished. When the brief medical examination was ended she requested that I should be summoned, having apparently recognized me during the performance. I came at once, and she whispered to me with a failing voice to take her sapphire ring (which the physician had already removed from her finger) to Gaston de Gondrecourt. 'He gave it to me to recall the hue of his eyes: let him keep it in remembrance of this night,' she murmured. I promised to do her bidding, and she added, 'I think now I have stamped my image on his soul. *I have burnt it in. Il ne m'oubliera jamais.*'

"Those were her last words. A few minutes later the sobbing breathing ceased, the moaning lips were still, and Inez Castrejon, slain by her own desperate hand, had ceased to exist.

"And now, my friend, I fear that you will think that I committed a doubly dishonorable action. I never delivered her message to De Gondrecourt, and I kept the ring.

"I set out in search of him the following day. I found that he had taken apartments at the Hôtel de l'Europe, and I proceeded thither at once. But on reaching the hôtel I found myself face to face with a new horror—another terrible calamity. Madame de Gondrecourt was, as I have before said, of an extremely delicate and sensitive organization, and the fearful scene she had witnessed at the theatre had proved her death-blow. She was taken home in a state of total insensibility: a premature confinement ensued, followed by an attack of prostration from which she never rallied; and not twelve hours after the death of Inez Castrejon the beautiful, brilliant, idolized Vicomtesse de Gondrecourt lay a corpse in the arms of her half-frantic husband. Thus terribly though unwittingly had Gaston's victim avenged herself.

"I could not bring myself to plant another thorn in the already lacerated heart of the wretched De Gondrecourt by delivering to him the ring and the last message from Inez. I sought out her only surviving relative, a little actress in one of the minor theatres of Madrid, and to her I paid the value of the sapphire ring, which thus became my property with her full consent."

"And what became of M. de Gondrecourt?" I asked.

"He entered the army, but resigned when the civil war in America broke out. He joined the Confederates, was made a colonel and finally a general, but after some years of hard fighting, foreseeing probably the failure of the Confederacy, he left the United States and went to Mexico to proffer his services to the Emperor Maximilian. I believe he holds quite an elevated position among the military chieftains of the Imperial army, and he may some day become one of the greatest dignitaries of the new empire."

In the autumn of 1867 I received a letter from M. de Sieyères (with whom

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I constantly correspond), which contained the following paragraph: "Do you remember my sapphire ring, and the history of the danseuse and of Gaston de Gondrecourt? I have just heard of the sad fate of the latter. He refused to quit Mexico with the French troops, preferring to remain and share the fortunes of his ill-fated master. He was captured at Queretaro, and two days after the execution of Maximilian was shot by order of Juarez. His last words, addressed to his executioners, were—"You bring me a boon which for years I have sought in vain—death!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

BY STEAM AND PADDLE TO MANITOBA.

I.

A NARROW jetty standing out some thousands of feet into the bay. A network of iron rails covering its whole extent. A large paddle-wheel packet, with steam up, at its farthest extremity. A few loiterers on the footpath looking at the setting sun. In the background, on the very edge of the primeval forest, a new settlement, laid out only a few years ago, and already rejoicing in the name of city, with mayor and municipality. Is it an American town? Yes, in the sense that it has all the energy and ambition of frontier towns of this continent, and much of their marvelous progress. Its streets are wide and clean. There are gardens and bits of meadow around each house, testifying to the good sense of the pioneers in laying out their land. At present that land is worth little: in a few years it will sell at so many dollars the square foot. The public buildings are neat and substantial, though, as usual, the city hall and churches are inferior in beauty and size to the hotels. The population is two thousand; commerce steadily increasing; position for trade unsurpassed. The town is American indeed, but it is not in the United States. Its name is Collingwood, in the Province of Ontario, Canada. Its inhabitants differ little from ours, having the same habits, language, religion; the same aptitude for business; the same quiet, persistent activity. But a brief intercourse with them shows that they are thoroughly British in sentiment, and have the same confidence in the destiny of their new Dominion that we have in the future of our new republic. And Canadians have reason to be proud of their country. Whatever may be said of the Quebec Province, where the winter is uncommonly severe and the rivalry of races is a serious drawback to concerted and harmonious national action, it is certain that Ontario has flourished and increased as much as any of our own States of the same size. Nay, if we are to believe official statistics, it is ahead of most of our States, yielding only to Illinois and a few others of our great Western settlements.

Yes, we are in a British town. Would you have other proofs of the fact? See the flag which is at this moment being run up to the masthead of the steamer at the quay. It is the Union Jack. The same emblem is simultaneously displayed from all the public edifices and many of the private houses. There must be some celebration or other on hand. Men are gathering in groups; gayly-dressed women decorate the streets; there is already a vast crowd at the railway station. Presently a rumbling is heard from afar, the whistle resounds in the belt of woods behind the town, and soon after an immense train, bedecked with streamers and boughs, rushes into the town. Cheer follows cheer, hats wave, bells ring,

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artillery booms: the whole place is in an uproar.

The cause of the excitement is presently explained. From every one of the cars soldiers step out, form in front of the station and march down to the boat, followed by the acclaiming multitude. They wear the bottle-green uniform of riflemen, and form part of the corps of twelve hundred men despatched by their government to Manitoba. They are commanded by Colonel Wolseley, who, in addition to his other qualifications, has the advantage of having served in the Abyssinian campaign. They are starting for the far North-west, their way leading through a wilderness of woods and waters, discovered centuries ago, but as solitary, savage and dangerous as when the white man first beheld them. Before going farther, we may as well give in a few words the history of this expedition, in so far, at least, as its origin and object are concerned.

When the confederation of the British North American Provinces was established, arrangements were made for the cession to the Dominion of all the Hudson's Bay territory, including Rupert's Land, the Red River and Saskatchewan districts. Last autumn, Mr. William McDougall was sent out there as lieutenant-governor. This gentleman was well fitted for the office, having held an important position in the Ottawa Cabinet, and been one of the special commissioners to London for the negotiation of this very North-west business. But, to his utter surprise and disgust, when he presented himself at the outpost of Pembina he was very unceremoniously stopped and informed that the best thing he could do was to return whence he came. This was the first proof the Canadians had that the half-breeds of that distant country had got up a conspiracy to resist their amalgamation with the Dominion. The half-breeds did more. They organized a provisional government under the able headship of a certain Riel, and drew up a Bill of Rights. At first, the Canadians were puzzled: a policy of repression was then thought of, but wiser councils prevailed and a little diplomacy was tried. Three gentlemen—Rev. Mr. Thibault, an old Red River missionary, and Messrs. Desalaberry and Donald Smith—were sent to Fort Garry as special commissioners. The result of their mission was, that the malcontents consented to send three delegates to Ottawa with a list of their grievances and a demand for their redress. These delegates were Rev. Mr. Ritchot, Judge Black and a Mr. Scott. After consultation with them, and with others who understood the state of things in the disaffected country, the Canadian Ministry drew up a bill which incorporated it in the Dominion, under the name of the Province of Manitoba, with all the rights and privileges belonging to the other provinces. So far, this looked like an easy and pacific solution, but somehow, simultaneously with the bill, appeared the project of a military expedition, composed two-thirds of Canadian and one-third of British troops, which was intended for Red River. In a few days the expedition was organized, equipped and officered. A battalion volunteered in Quebec, another in Ontario. Both rendezvoused in Toronto, where they were joined by the regulars. Thence they proceeded in squads by the Northern Railway to Collingwood, where we saw them disembark. This expedition has been represented to our government as altogether pacific, and on the strength of this declaration its transports have been allowed to pass through Sault Ste. Marie. Still, it is only by a stretch of courtesy that it can be called pacific. It is not to be expected that it will provoke war, but it is no less certain that if it meets with any resistance, it will fight its way through at every cost, and when once quartered in Fort Garry will put down every symptom of disaffection with military celerity and thoroughness.

It is this expedition which we are going to follow from Collingwood to Fort William, and from Fort William to the foot of Lake Winnipeg. The first part of the voyage is by steam across

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the lakes—the second, upon almost unnavigable rivers in canoes.

II.

LET us take passage on board of the Algoma. Having received her freight of stores and as many troops as she can accommodate, she steams away from Collingwood amid the shouts of the hundreds that throng the quay. In a few minutes she is out of sight of the town, and in a few hours balances in the dark-brown waters bounded on every side by the low lines of the horizon. A strange feeling suddenly comes over us, the loneliness of a great solitude and silence. Where are we indeed? We might be on some vast African lake, or even on the wide sea, for aught we know. Certainly, we have to think twice to convince ourselves that we are in the heart of the American continent, within only a few miles of the comfort and civilization of American cities. Everything about us is new and almost unexplored. The first sheet of water through which we steamed was Nottawassaga Bay, on which Collingwood is situated. Thence we passed through the Georgian Bay, which is the northern portion of Lake Huron. Of our vast fresh-water seas, Lake Huron is the second in size, being two hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred and twenty wide and one thousand feet in depth. Georgian Bay has an area of six thousand square miles, and extends along Cabot's Head and the Manitoulin Islands to Sault Ste. Marie.

One great name starts to memory as we gaze upon the broad expanse of these waters. It is that of Champlain. He it was who discovered Lake Huron, two hundred and fifty years ago. He discovered it, too, before seeing Lake Ontario, and before the existence of Erie and Michigan was known to Europeans. Yonder, to the north of us, where the tide of French River pours into the Georgian Bay, the canoe of the celebrated explorer shot into the *Mer Douce*, and so struck was he by its extent that he traversed it to the Bay of Matchedash, that beautiful basin which receives the tribute of Lake Simcoe. It was in that unfortunate expedition in which the founder of Quebec sought out the Hurons and Algonquins to enlist them against the Iroquois, thereby inaugurating an Indian war which was a fertile source of disaster to New France. In 1613, Champlain, deceived by the representations of one Nicholas Vignan, resolved to proceed westward in search of a transcontinental passage to Asia. He ascended the Ottawa as far as the land of the Algonquins. Some writers assert that he penetrated as far as Lake Nipissing, but that is a mistake. The extreme point which he reached was an island a little above Lake Coulange, where he was hospitably entertained by the Ottawa chief Tessouat. From him, too, he learned that Vignan had seen no such western sea as he had indicated, and acting on this information Champlain retraced his steps to Quebec. It is hardly credible that the Indians were ignorant of the existence of Lake Nipissing and of the large lake beyond; and, as they were friendly to the French, it was through motives of kindness that they prevailed upon Champlain to proceed no farther west. However, Champlain was a man to make search for himself, and two years after he completed the exploration which he had left unfinished.

There was question for the French of organizing a band of Indian allies to protect their frontier against the incursions of the famous Six Nations. To effect this more readily, Champlain left Quebec in 1615 on a second expedition up the Ottawa. He reached the rapids of the Calumet as before, coasted along the fair Isle des Allumettes, and then pushed boldly forward to the waters of the Mattawan. He then crossed a portage through the forest which led him to Lake Nipissing. Here was a great discovery, and it increased the adventurer's ardor. His canoe glided along its shores until it came up to the village of the Nipissings or Sorcerers, a clan of the Algonquin nation. After negotiating with them, Champlain continued

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his way to the mouth of the lake as far the fine stream which, in honor of this visit, has retained the name of French River. On his way down he encountered a band of Indians, who sharpened his curiosity and ambition by informing him that he was approaching the margin of the great North Sea. He ordered his paddlers to augment their speed: he himself gazed eagerly forward from his canoe. Finally, the banks of the river grew more level and its waters spread out far and wide. Insensibly, the French traveler found himself on the bosom of an inland sea. He tasted of its waters: there was no brine in them. Forthwith he marked out on his rude chart *Mer Douce*. The name of Georgian Bay, subsequently given to this northern portion of Lake Huron, is supposed by some to have been given by Champlain himself, in honor of his friend, the Captain Georges who commanded the vessel on which he had made his last sea voyage. Champlain, as we have said, is regarded as the discoverer of Lake Huron. He first explored it to some extent, and gave it a name. But the first white man who set eyes upon it was Le Caron, a Recollect missionary, who belonged indeed to Champlain's party, but who had preceded him — as the missionary generally did both the warrior and the adventurer—by a few weeks. He traversed. so far as we know, the same route which Champlain subsequently followed, and the latter came up with him at the Huron village of Carhagouha, somewhere in the neighborhood of Lake Simcoe.

We mention these facts through regard for historic truth, but we have another and a special reason. It is because of a coincidence which deserves to be rescued from the comparative oblivion in which it has hitherto been hidden.

Just two hundred and fifty years after Le Caron, spurred by the zeal of the apostles, ventured into the far land of the Algonquins, another missionary, of the Oblate order, fired by the same spirit, passed step by step over the same route, and at its terminus pressed forward to still farther regions buried amid the snows of the North-west.

It was in June, 1845, that Père Aubert and a young companion received orders from their superior to leave Montreal for Rupert's Land. Taking with them two Sisters of Charity, belonging to the order of Gray Nuns, which had been established in New France by Madame Youville, they engaged a birch-bark canoe propelled by six of those skillful *voyageurs* whose fame is so intimately linked to all the legends of the North-west. Imagine a canoe-voyage from Montreal to Red River! It was the only mode of transport in those days, and exposed the travelers to hardships which seem almost incredible now, when the journey is made by rail to St. Paul, and thence to Fort Garry by light wagons over easy prairie roads. The intrepid band ascended the Ottawa as far as Bytown, then a lumber station, but at present the capital of the Dominion of Canada. After resting there for a few hours, they continued their route to the head-waters of the Ottawa, thence to the Mattawan. They traversed Lake Nipissing to its southern outlet, and descended French River till it drifted them far out into Lake Huron. From this point the missionary of the seventeenth century had turned southward to meet the Indians who were gathered all along the fertile coasts. In the nineteenth century the missionary moved northward from the same point, for the poor Indians whom he sought had been driven from their fair fields, and were to be found no nearer than the bleak banks of the Winnipeg. Northward, then, the canoe sped along the rock-bound shores of Lake Huron. It glided through Sault Ste. Marie unchallenged, we may well believe, by any jealous customs officer, and boldly attempted the perilous navigation of Lake Superior. Providence protected the frail craft through this inland ocean till it found a haven in Thunder Bay, and the travelers rested on the wooded banks of the Kaministiquia. It was at this place that the young companion of Aubert experienced one of

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those sublime emotions felt only by the heroic, who sacrifice everything for the cause to which they are devoted. In leaving Lake Superior he was abandoning the spring-head of his own St. Lawrence. He was about to bid farewell to the majestic river on the banks of which he was born, and where he had first entertained the thought of consecrating himself to the missions of Rupert's Land. He drank of its waters for the last time, and in the draught mingled a few tears, to which he confided some of his most secret thoughts, his most cherished affections. It seemed to him that a few drops of that limpid wave, after having traversed the chain of the great lakes, might kiss the distant beach near which his mother knelt in prayer for her absent son.

After performing this pious duty the youth arose refreshed and imbued with new courage. He joined his companions on the wearisome march which lay before them through swamps and morasses and over the innumerable rapids of torrential rivers. Through the forest and the jungle, along glassy lakes and turbid streams, over long stretches of desert and miles of billowy prairies, now carrying their canoe over the portage or walking along the flowery bank while the Indians steered through the half-hidden rocks, they went forward from Thunder Bay to the Thousand Islands, thence to Rainy Lake; down Rainy River to Lake-of-the-Woods; next to Grand Décharge, flooded by the formidable Winnipeg; thence, debouching into the southern outlet of the lake of the same name, up Red River to Saint Boniface, the missionary station lying opposite Fort Garry. This was the limit of their journeying. They arrived on the 25th of August, 1845, after a tedious and perilous voyage of sixty-two days.

The name of the young missionary was Alexander Taché, now bishop of St. Boniface—the same who recently, at the call of the Canadian Government, left his seat in the Œcumenical Council at Rome and hurried over to his people in the character of pacificator. Twenty-five years has this good man labored for the whites, the half-breeds and the Indians of that distant country, and now, when a political disturbance threatens to injure their fortunes, he returns among them to preach peace and good-will. History will record how well he succeeded.

We have signalized one coincidence between his early career and that of Le Caron. We may mention another. The Red River territory, as well as a great part of the immense basin of Lake Winnipeg, was discovered in 1731 by Sieur Varennes de la Verandrye. One hundred and fourteen years afterward the first priestly consecration in that remote region was made in the case of young Taché, one of the descendants of Varennes through the family De la Broquerie.

Finally, we may remark that the route which Taché traced out is precisely the same which the present military expedition will have to follow, and to which, therefore, we must return.

III.

We read of the Grecian and Indian archipelagoes, but how few of our young geographers know that the most extensive and picturesque archipelago in the world is to be found on our own continent, nearly within cannon-shot of the Michigan shore! If we had the taste of genuine tourists, as the English and some other Europeans have, we could desire no finer vacation excursion than that which is offered by the Manitoulin Islands. It is a marvelous cluster. There are four principal ones—Great Manitoulin, Fitzwilliam, Cockburn and Drummond—but in all they reach the incredible figure of twenty-two thousand. Everything about them is poetic and interesting. In their origin they literally form part of

> "The land of the Ojibways,
> * * * *
> The regions of the home-wind,
> Of the north-west wind, Keewaydin,
> The islands of the Blessed,
> The kingdom of Ponemah,"

which the genius of song has rendered

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familiar to every schoolboy. Their waters abound with a great variety of fish, of rare species and extraordinary size. The wooded interior is full of game. In their labyrinth of channels canoe practice most exhilarating, yet comparatively free from danger, may be had. The geologist finds much to study in their rocks, metals and the remains of their thousand caverns. The botanist would be well repaid by an examination of their peculiar flora. The artist would be charmed with the most romantic views, affording him sketches here grand in boreal bleakness, there gorgeous in tropical exuberance and warmth. The valetudinarian here could breathe the most invigorating breezes, remarkably free from moisture; and even the mere prosy traveler would be pleased at seeing something new and entirely unlooked for.

Our steamer touches at Petit Courant, a village of the Great Manitoulin, for the purpose of delivering the mails and wooding. We shall take advantage of this short stoppage to sketch the history and character of this island, which gives its name to all the others. Manitoulin, or Manitoualin, means sacred to the Manitou or Supreme Being. This is the most general and the simplest interpretation, but some pretend that the word is a corruption of Manitowaning, or "Home of the Spirit," because in Indian legend the island was supposed to be full of spirits of the air and water, and its inhabitants were famed as sorcerers and magicians. The Indians still call it the Isle of the Ottawas, a name given it in various forms by the ancient missionaries. Champlain, in his map, writes Kaoutatan, probably another name for Oudatawawa, or Puffed Hair, an appellation proper to the primitive Ottawas from their fashion of combing their hair in formidable rolls and balls, thus anticipating the modern chignon! Later, the island was inhabited by the Ojibways or Chippewas. In 1835 the government of Upper Canada attempted to unite all the Indians scattered over the province into one body, and make over to them Manitoulin Island as their exclusive domain, where they should live in their own way, under the protection of Great Britain. The plan was a wise and philanthropic one. A treaty was accordingly drawn up between Sir Francis Bond Head, lieutenant-governor, on the one part, and four Ottawa chiefs on the other. Several thousand Indians crossed over to their new home; the villages of Manitowaning and Wikwemiking were established; Protestant and Catholic missions were opened; schools organized, and in a word all the improvements of a civilized settlement adopted. For about a quarter of a century the experiment seemed in a fair way of succeeding, when suddenly the cupidity of the white man blasted all the efforts of benevolent rulers and zealous missionaries. The land was represented as so good and the climate as so salubrious that even the government agents declared it was a pity that the country should be left exclusively to the lazy and improvident Indians. After much negotiation, Hon. William McDougall, Canadian Commissioner of Crown Lands, was sent in 1862 to conclude a treaty with the Ottawas, Chippewas and Potowatomies then inhabiting Manitoulin, whereby the latter ceded three-fourths of the island to the government. Since that date the Indians have suffered, and the white settlers have not prospered. Some four or five years ago, Manitoulin was explored for its petroleum. but though several oil companies were formed, none of them amounted to anything.

From the Isle of Sorcerers we steer north to Spanish River, and thence southward direct to the mouth of Sault Ste. Marie. Here again we are upon historic ground. These straits are connected with the ancient days of our continent, and ought therefore to be full of interest for Americans. Through them glided the Indian canoes which fled to the setting sun from the encroachments of the pale face. Through them passed the Lasalles, the Joliets, the Hennepins on their voyages of discovery in the immense West. Almost

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within call is Michilimackinac, where rest the bones of Father Marquette, the immortal explorer of the Mississippi. The missionaries established a central mission at the Sault, whence they could set out to visit all the tribes of the North and West, and to which they periodically returned to recruit their strength and provide their stores. As far back as 1640 the celebrated martyr of the Iroquois, Father Jogues, planted his tent there. In 1671, on the very spot where the modern city now stands, an envoy of the French king had a grand parley with several thousand Indians for the purpose of entering into a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance.

The Sault, or Rapid proper, is only three-quarters of a mile in length, and navigable enough for the light birch canoe, but the straits of the same name are forty miles long, forming the boundary between American and British-Canadian territory. On our side of the narrows everything betokens life and prosperity: on the opposite side, unfortunately, there is no such enterprise, though the Hudson's Bay Company had long the start of us in the fur trade of those regions. The great reason of this difference is that we have the canal as our property. That canal, connecting Lake Huron with Lake Superior, is the only outlet for the immense grain-trade of Chicago and Milwaukee, and consequently we reap the benefits of the transit, while our neighbors simply look on. This splendid work belongs to the State of Michigan, having been built with its funds, supplemented by a grant from Congress of one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land. The canal is a mile and three-quarters long, with two locks. It is seventy feet deep, and the masonry is colossal. Its business is very good, averaging a million of tons, but when the Welland Canal shall have been widened, and more especially when the Champlain and St. Lawrence Canal shall have been built—an event to be looked for within two or three years—its trade will increase immeasurably. Then ship navigation to Chicago, and perhaps to the Mississippi, will be accomplished without any of the delays and dangers which have hitherto obstructed it.

Here we are at last on Lake Superior. How few of us know anything of this wonderful sheet of water, the largest fresh-water lake in the world—four hundred and twenty miles long by one hundred and sixty miles in breadth! Its shores are almost uninhabited now, but a century hence millions will have settled there, and the wonder then will be that the climate and natural resources of that country had not been sooner appreciated. Lake Superior is famous for its mineral wealth, although only a very little of it has been explored. There is copper on the American side, and on the British side are found copper, silver, and even gold. The working of these mines is still somewhat hazardous, because it requires considerable capital and the facilities of transportation are meagre; but later this will be remedied, and the Lake Superior country will become one of the great workshops of the world.

The fisheries of the lake are simply inexhaustible. To all the Western country, so distant from the sea, this is a providential advantage. The white-fish, more especially, is an unrivaled variety, whose fame has spread even in Europe.

From the Sault we steer direct to Michipicoten Bay, a distance of about one hundred miles, where is situated an important post of the Hudson's Bay Company. Here are stored provisions for trappers who roam over that tract of the North-west territory. Thence we make for Fort William, and at this last stage of our lake voyage are treated to a view of cyclopean scenery. We enter the shadowed waters of Thunder Bay, flanked on the right by Thunder Cape, fourteen hundred feet high—on the left by another crag, eight hundred feet in height. In the background, thirty miles away, stands vast and sombre the gigantic front of Mount McKay, towering perpendicularly to an altitude of twelve thousand feet. This is the home of thunder, lightning and arctic tempest. In these recesses Æolus might have es-

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tablished his throne. On these cliffs Gitche Manito might have stood gathering in all the winds of heaven.

Fort William is simply another post of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is neither a fort nor a town, but a collection of houses and out-houses devoted to the use of the resident chief factor. Here the expedition leaves the steamer. This it does in boats, for the vessel cannot approach nearer than two miles from the fort.

IV.

THE distance which we have just traveled from Collingwood to Fort William is seven hundred miles. The service is made by the steamers of the Lake Superior Royal Mail Line, one leaving the former point every five days—viz., on the 5th, 10th, 15th, 20th, 25th and 30th of each month. The duration of the trip averages four days. The distance which remains to be gone over from Fort William to Fort Garry, the capital of Manitoba, is five hundred miles.

So far, the military expedition has had an interesting time of it, but now the rest of the journey will be highly romantic, being largely attended with hardship and peril in a struggle with the unknown.

The beach is covered with stores; the splendid Clydes and other draught-horses are harnessed to their loads; the Caughnawaga Indian guides are adjusting their gear for their running tramp; the steel battery is mounted in its particular fashion; the troops fall into line; the loud word of command is given, and slowly the gay pageant passes into the forest. The deep summer woods are stirred with the echo of their tread, for surely since the days when the Chippewas and the Crees retreated sullenly along that same path after their last fatal encounter with their conquerors, the tufted dingle has heard no sound louder than the eagle's cry from his eyrie on McKay, or the catamount's footfall on the shingle of Thunder Bay.

Before the Dawson road was built, the only route to Dog Lake was by the Kaministiquia River, which empties into Thunder Bay at Fort William. It took five days to make the distance. But now there is a road, twenty-eight miles in length, which carries the expedition over this first stage. From Dog Lake a portage of a few miles is to be made to two small lakes and a river called the Savanne. This stream leads to the Thousand Lakes and Islands, one of the finest bits of wild landscape to be found in that picturesque country. Then follows a series of little rivers and lakes which lead to Rainy Lake. This is the first important relay on the inland journey. Rainy Lake is easily crossed in one day, and the expedition comes to a halt under the palisades of Fort Frances. We are now one hundred and twenty miles from Fort William. Here the troops disembark, and seek rest wherever they can find it, under the trees or in the houses of the fort. Arms and accoutrements are refurbished, and the commissariat is looked after. But the main object of care is the repairing of the canoes, as without them the expedition cannot proceed. The troops brought out with them a number of these boats made in Quebec and Toronto. They are substantially on the Mackinaw model, clinker-built, about twenty-eight or thirty feet keel, with a long rake, eight feet beam and not very flat at the bottom. They carry no more than ten men and from seventy to eighty pieces of one hundred weight. It takes about fourteen men to run them over the portages. Boats of this kind are exclusively used by the Hudson's Bay Company to bring supplies from their main depôt at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, to Fort Garry, and thence to Fort Frances on Rainy Lake.

Leaving Fort Frances, the troops launch their boats in Rainy River. They might tramp it along the banks of the stream, but the poplar and balsam woods are too dense to allow of rapid progress, and besides, as the current is swift, time is gained by taking to the canoes. Lake-of-the-Woods is soon reached, and no time is lost in steering to its north-west angle.

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Here an important question presents itself: Shall the expedition abandon the boats and march overland to Fort Garry, which is only ninety miles due west, or retain the boats and go around by Winnipeg River, a route nearly three times as long as the former?

The land route to Fort Garry is short but difficult. About two-thirds of it are, it is true, traversed by a good road, in part a natural prairie road, but the remaining thirty miles are beset with obstacles which might appall any traveler. The ground is for the most part spongy or even swampy, a few sandy ridges being met with, and some scraggy poplar, spruce and tamarac. The troops might corduroy or fascine the road, but they would then have to throw aside their arms and set to work chopping wood, gathering brush, carting sods and gravel. This would take time, and it is, besides, not precisely the labor for which these men volunteered. In addition to these objections there is a strategic reason why the expedition should choose the longer route by water. If Riel took it into his head to make resistance, he would have a vantage-ground on the prairie, whereas he can do nothing against the boats on the Winnipeg, where such population as there is, being English and Scotch, opposes his pretensions and favors the arrival of the troops.

The water-route is, therefore, decided upon—down the Winnipeg, past Grand Décharge and Islington, across the mouth of English River, through Bonnet Lake, in front of Oiseau River and Bear River, till we reach Fort Alexander at the inlet of Winnipeg River in the lake of the same name. There is no need of tarrying at Fort Alexander, for the last stage of the voyage is at hand, and the few miles that are left offer easy paddling. The prows of the canoes are turned southward, and soon the bright waters of Red River are seen pouring into the lake. Red River! This is the stream which these soldiers have come so far to see. On its banks they are to stack their arms, keeping watch over the new province which has just been created. They enter the channel: people flock from the habitations on either bank to see them pass. At last the silvery spires of St. Boniface Cathedral on the one hand, and the gray stockades of Fort Garry on the other, rise to view, and the end of the long, weary journey is attained.

The Hon. Mr. Archibald, of Nova Scotia, is the newly-appointed lieutenant-governor of Manitoba. Whether he will be at his post to receive the troops, or wait for their coming before attempting to exercise rule, is at the present writing a matter of uncertainty. But whether he is at Fort Garry or not, the expedition is instructed to stand more on a civil than a military footing, and the probabilities are that nothing will arise to alter this determination. Let us at least so hope. The little army of occupation will lose nothing of its glory by having had to battle against the wilderness and the elements alone.

We might conclude here, but perhaps our readers will expect us to add a few words on the population of Manitoba. To do this more satisfactorily we will draw our materials from the impartial testimony of Bishop Taché.

In this province, as throughout the North-west territory, there is a singular diversity of people, claiming different origins and speaking various tongues. They represent no less than fourteen civilized nations, twenty-two Indian tribes, and the half-breeds sprung from the amalgamation of these races.

The Scotch head the list, both in numbers and enterprise. They form the majority of the Hudson's Bay officials. Manitoba has its Scotch settlement, and from the extremity of Rupert's Land to the Saskatchewan and the Mackenzie, the "Orkney laborers" are everywhere to be met with—active, shrewd and intent on gain.

Next in importance is the French-Canadian element. It is imperiously required to recruit those bands of "voyageurs" and "courriers des bois" without whom the trade of the distant posts could not be carried on. The French language is in general use even among

the Scotch and English, the intercourse with the Indians and half-breeds being carried on mostly in that tongue.

Besides these two, the other nationalities to be met with in the North-west are the English, Irish, German, Swiss, French, Norwegian, Italian, American, Mexican and South American. Our countrymen are few in numbers, and live very quietly, notwithstanding that some of them are accused of occasionally indulging in the irritating pastime of magnifying their nation at the expense of their adopted country.

Speaking generally, there are two principal divisions of the population, founded on language, religion and social habits—the English and the French. Bishop Taché admits that the former occupy a higher position than the latter, and gives three reasons for the difference. In the first place, the English population has almost monopolized the wealth of the territory, as it is among them that the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company are to be found. In the second place, this part of the population includes a greater number of women of the better classes from the old countries. And lastly, the English have enjoyed from the beginning the advantage of education.

The number of whites does not exceed four thousand in all. The half-breeds, on the other hand, amount to fifteen thousand. These are divided again, according to their paternity, into English half-breeds and French Métis. These names sound ill in our ears, and we regard them as denoting an inferior race. But in the North-west a great distinction is made which is worthy of being noted. The offspring of concubinage or promiscuous intercourse generally inherits the vices of his progenitor. He is consequently looked down upon. But the children of white fathers and Indian mothers, born in lawful wedlock, receive due consideration, and every honorable career is open to them. Since the advent of the missionaries most of the Métis belong to the latter category.

The English have always regarded the French half-breeds as beneath them, but recent events must for ever dissipate that prejudice. Whatever we may think of the insurrection itself, no impartial observer will deny that it has been conducted with remarkable ability and moderation. Riel and his council are educated men, and have carried on their deliberations with parliamentary method and lucidity. When firmness and courage were to be displayed, they proved that they were possessed of those soldierly qualities, and when mercy was to be exercised, as in the case of Major Boulton, they knew how to pardon. They committed one blunder and an inexcusable crime — the murder of Scott. But this was an exception to their general conduct. One thing is certain—that hereafter the English half-breeds must recognize the French Métis as their equals in all the qualities of true manhood. And as a representative of the latter we shall not be surprised to see Riel next year seated in the Commons of Ottawa as one of the members of Parliament for Manitoba.

The Indians of the North-west require no special notice, for they have the same characteristics as we find in their red brethren everywhere. They belong chiefly to the Chippewa, Cree, Sioux, Montagnais, Monomonee and Dakota tribes. At the extreme north are the Esquimaux, a distinct race, about whose history little is really known.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

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ABOUT DOGS.

I WAS sitting in my porch yesterday afternoon, enjoying the really first warm breath of spring, and turned from the charming pages of *Lost Abroad* to notice three hungry, lean cows lounge in at my open gate, a quarter of a mile, more or less, from my door. I spoke to my friend and companion, who was stretched in a picturesque pose at my feet, on the subject:

"Roguey, do you see those hungry beasts raiding on our lawn?"

He raised his superb head slowly, looked sleepily at me, then at the cows.

"Well?" I continued.

But he only wagged his bushy tail and dropped his head between his paws. I could see that he was pretending not to notice the cows—affecting ignorance of their intrusion. All the while I knew the cunning scamp was meditating a famous run when the cows should get far enough on the lawn to justify a start. I said no more upon the subject, but watched him closely. Out of the corners of his eyes went sharp glances taking note of the progress of the paupers as they eagerly ate the rich, tender grass. After a time his muscles began to twitch with the excitement incident to such unusual self-restraint. I could see the internal working of his canine intellect as his impatience overcame his scheme for fun. At last, up he started, bounded from the porch, and, driving the superb machinery furnished him by Nature at the highest rate of speed, fairly tumbled, without the legal notice of a bark, amid the astonished kine, which with wild eyes, expanded nostrils and elevated tails made for the gate.

Roguey was having a splendid run, when, unhappily for him, the cows were joined by a blooded Durham calf that had a right to the enclosure. It was an admirable study of dog-nature to note how the sense of fun gave way to that of duty as the faithful animal undertook to drive out the cows and keep in the calf. But, as my man Richard remarked, "That calf warn't going to be bossed by a dog;" and with head down and tail up, throwing out a vigorous kick at intervals, the willful creature dodged the dog and kept on out at the gate with its low company. Then Roguey devoted himself exclusively to the calf, and with a whining sort of bark, expressive of great anxiety, he kept at the giddy animal's nose, turning it in every direction but that of the gate. At last he brought it to bay in a corner of the fence, and I going to his assistance, we drove the refractory Durham back to the meadow.

We call this sort of thing *instinct*. What is meant by it we do not well know. Having given the mysterious manifestation a name, we rest satisfied with its scientific disposal. It is science when the fact is recognized, named and classified. But how far we share the instinctive faculty with the brute, and the brute takes part in our much-vaunted intellectual processes, is yet to be known. We claim superiority in that we think, will and remember. Yet in the little incident referred to—and it is one of daily occurrence—there had passed through the skull of my dog Roguey all that gives to humanity its supposed superiority. We go so far as to consult the family guardian on many doubtful matters: Richard's common remark is, that Roguey "knows more than a Dutchman."

One day last summer I observed an unusual disturbance in the wheat-field. The wavy tops of the thick-growing grain were strangely agitated in one spot. I said to Roguey, "I believe there are hogs in the wheat." He looked wistfully at me for a second as I pointed in the direction of the disturbance, and then away he darted. I soon heard the "Woof! woof!" of the startled hogs, and the dog's indignant bark. Now observe: he did not fight the

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beasts by seizing the ear, as his dog instincts dictated. He knew that his duty was to drive them away. When they were outside the enclosure a dismal squealing gave evidence of punishment for the transgression.

My neighbor, William Enoch, was accustomed to drive his flock of sheep into his barn at night to protect them from the hungry hounds of the country-side. The love of dogs drives every man into the ownership of one or more. But such companions are expensive luxuries, and the consequence is that the poor animals are forced to forage for themselves, and the sheep suffer. One bitter cold night, Mr. Enoch heard his dog barking vociferously. It was not the ordinary note of alarm that a watch-dog gives when stirred by a suspicion. Bowser whined between his barks, as if trying to tell of some disaster, and his owner fell asleep after hearing the dog scratch and throw himself at every outer door of the dwelling. In the morning the master was met in the early wintry dawn by his faithful guardian, who approached him with drooping tail, bloodshot eyes and every evidence of utter exhaustion. He followed the dog to the barn, and found sad havoc among the sheep from hounds that had crept between the logs through a space too narrow for the larger Bowser to follow. A path had been worn in the snow from the barn to the house, and this, with the scarred doors, gave proof of the labor the dog had undergone in his attempt to alarm the family. Could a human being deprived of voice and hands have done more through our intellectual processes of thought, will and remembrance?

I know of an aged ox who gave yet more extraordinary evidences of thought. Old Buck, of the famous firm of Buck & Brindle, had gone through life without being remarked for any intellectual superiority beyond responding slowly and with a certain senatorial dignity to the ordinary commands of "Whoa, haw!" and "Whoa, gee!" He would close meekly his superb eyes when suffering from the impatient blows of his driver, and when released from work and filled with food he had a certain contemplative look, as if taking his laborious life in a sensible, philosophical way. His owner was therefore astonished to find Old Buck one morning guarding a breach in the corn-field fence. He watched him for a while in perfect amazement. The cattle had not only broken through the fence, but the tracks in the soft earth showed that they had been driven out again. Before this opening the faithful old Nestor of the farm walked to and fro like a sentinel, lowering his long sharp horns in preparation to charge whenever the hungry cattle made a move toward the tempting corn. By what instinctive process did the old ox come to the quick conclusions that prompted him to this faithful protection of his master's property? and what more have we in the way of reasoning powers that makes us liable to debt here and damnation hereafter?

If indeed, lying back of these eyes of brutes, there is a certain amount of reasoning power lacking expression, and yet not wholly undeveloped, what a cruel race of oppressors we, created in God's likeness, must appear to the oppressed! How wantonly we torture the poor creatures under the impression that they do not perceive or apprehend this cruelty, and above all that they are incapable of resistance! How ashamed we should be did we once realize that we were known! and how quickly we should get out of the way had the poor things power to resist!

But to go back to the dogs. When a boy I had one that I called Sloof. It was a boy's name for a supposed quality in the animal that defies definition. Sloof was a long, low, schooner-built dog, with his steering apparatus shaped like a hammer. The tail came out with great vigor for two or three inches, and then shot off at a right angle, giving the appendage, when elevated, the appearance of a flag. His head was large, round, and possessed of a certain canine-Websterian massiveness that would have awed the spectator, as the big

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Massachusetts dog was wont to do, but for the comical expression that came from one eye being larger than the other, causing Sloof to appear in a perpetual state of wink. Every dog, whether possessed of two or four legs, has his giant, whom he is called upon to kill if he do not wish to be killed. I am sorry to confess that my giant is yet alive, and when last heard from was in good health and spirits. Poor Sloof's giant was an appendage to a butcher's boy in the shape of a full-blooded bull-dog of a vicious disposition, and armed, not with needle-guns, but, far worse for Sloof, with needle teeth; and many times my dog, much to my disgust, was driven, terribly wounded, from the front pavement to the rear of the house. He gave up the contest at last, and in the morning, when he saw approaching in the distance the heartless merchant of choice bits for cheap boarding-houses, and his ugly beast, Sloof would drop his hammer-like tail and retreat in a melancholy way to the back yard.

The lazy butcher-boy, however, conceived the happy idea of muzzling Bull and putting him in harness before his wheelbarrow. The first morning Sloof got sight of this new arrangement he waited to examine it from curiosity, and then it struck him that he had Bull where he wanted him; and with bristles up, tail erect, he waited for the unhappy dog in harness and gave him a handsome dressing. After that he was ever on the lookout for the enemy, and would recognize the creak of the wheelbarrow squares away. The result was, however, a transfer of the fighting from the dogs to their masters. Of course, the sturdy little butcher's boy came to the relief of his dog, and I to the defence of Sloof, and while my protégé escaped without scars, my eyes were in mourning for weeks at a time. The consequence was a prejudice on my part against butchers which continues to this day. A great moralist has told us that man's life becomes precious through his property—that the roads to the devotional shrines are highways of human bones until the shrines become markets for merchandise, and then the routes grow safe. But a man will fight for his dog who will not risk his person for his religion, property or government. One seldom witnesses a dog-fight that does not end in the infuriated owners punching each other. I have seen the mildest fathers of families and best of citizens drawn by their dogs into disgraceful street-fights.

My dog Sloof had a democratic hatred for rags and negroes. It was a white man's government with him. I saw this beautifully illustrated once. While climbing over a gate one of his hind feet slipped through a knot-hole, and his head pitching over, he found himself hopelessly suspended by one extremity. It was unpleasant, not to say painful. Sloof tried to help himself, and, failing, gave utterance to a dismal howl of remonstrance. A benevolent negro, happening to pass at the moment, had his charitable impulses so worked upon that he lifted the dog, extricated his leg and put him down. Sloof submitted to the relief, but the moment he found himself safe his democratic instincts overcame his gratitude, and flying at the negro, he tore off the seat of his pantaloons. "'Fore de Lord!" exclaimed Cuff, backing against the fence to conceal his lacerated condition, "dat dog's de meanest white man's dog I eber did see, sure!"

I remember a little history of a dog, told me many years since, which will appear scarcely credible to one unacquainted with dogs, but to the student of dog-nature very characteristic. A gentleman possessing a noble Newfoundland dog had trained him to go to market with a basket and a piece of money to purchase the morning steak. The money, with a napkin, being deposited in the basket, Bowser, with much dignity and thoughtfulness, would trot away to the butcher's stall, when, the man of beef having taken the money and put in the steak, the faithful dog would trot home. Turning a corner one unfortunate morning on his way home from market, Bowser came upon two dogs

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engaged in bitter fight. With the same feeling that will induce a crowd of human dogs to throng about a prize-ring to see two other brutes pound each other, Bowser paused, and for a second looked on: then, excited by the fight, he dropped his basket and rushed in. He whipped both impartially, but while thus engaged a hungry hound stole his beefsteak. Bowser picked up the rifled basket. The loss in weight told the story. He stopped and investigated. The treasure was gone, and the poor dog's worry was comical. He looked in every direction for the lost meat, all the while growling and whining as if discussing the situation. Some gentlemen, who saw the affair and knew the dog, watched him curiously to see how he would solve the difficulty. The poor fellow stood for some time as if in doubt, and then, as though a happy idea had struck him, he set off for the market again. A little crowd followed. They saw him approach the butcher's stall, but instead of marching up boldly, he stopped, looking wistfully at the meat. At last, when the butcher's back was turned for a second, he suddenly seized the largest steak on the block, and ran home with it as if chased by the Devil.

A brother quill-driver, something of a Bohemian, told me that in early youth he had been turned by a dog from the paths of steadiness and virtue. He was the son of a clergyman, and noted as the good little boy of the congregation. He was so meek and studious, and so truthful, that even George and his little hatchet ceased to be cited as an example. The father, overworked as a clergyman, was in the habit of calling for assistance on a neighbor, who, although not of the profession, was so full of pious enthusiasm that he preached at intervals. One Sunday morning the clergyman said to his son Ichabod, "Go to Brother Tubbs, and ask him to fill my pulpit this afternoon." The son obeyed. At least, he started with the best intentions, but as he approached the house of the pious neighbor he remembered a fierce dog whose ugly temper was noted throughout the neighborhood. Sure enough, when he arrived in sight of the exhorter's house, there sat Bull, looking out upon the world with the cynical expression peculiar to a disappointed animal that has been crossed in love or ruffled by solitary confinement. The poor boy's heart failed him. He stole safely by the house of the orthodox neighbor, and then, cutting across the fields, returned to inform his apostolic parent that Mr. Tubbs was not at home. That was his first transgression. A dog had turned the good little boy from the path of rectitude. On the following Sunday the poor lad did not go near Brother Tubbs', but he reported that he had done so, and that the good man was so much engaged as to be obliged to decline the proffered honor. Of course, in due time an explanation followed, and the good little boy fell from his high estate, and dates his wicked course from that event. He has since been a journalist, and is now on the downward road to Congress.

The Hon. Charles Anderson once kept me awake nearly all night on a railroad train with a talk on dogs. I suspect Governor Anderson understands dogs better than he does men. I consider this a high compliment. Among other interesting matters, he told me much about the shepherd dogs of Texas. Soon after he settled in that wild region he was riding over a wide plain one day, and came across a flock of sheep grazing, without man, woman or child in sight. A hungry-looking hound, however, rose from his bed and gave Governor Anderson a long, close scrutiny, and then, as if satisfied that he had encountered a suspicious character, gathered the sheep together and drove them away. Governor Anderson sat on his horse in mute disgust and astonishment at the treatment shown him by one of a race in which he numbered his truest friends and companions. He learned subsequently that the sheep and cattle of the country were taken care of principally by the dogs. The way in which these animals are trained is singular and interesting. They are

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neither of the Scotch nor the Spanish breed, but ordinary mongrels, and the pup designed for a shepherd-dog is taken from its parent as soon as born, and given to a ewe. In due time Puppy opens his eyes to the startling fact that its true parent is of the sheep breed, and thenceforth he associates with, and is easily taught to care for, his supposed relations.

The steadiness and sagacity of these dogs are wonderful. At dawn the dog drives the flock to the range, sometimes miles away from human habitations, and in the afternoon, having during the day kept them together, he cocks his eye at the sun, and concluding that it is time for supper, collects his flock and drives them home. He will do this, as Governor Anderson discovered, at any time during the day at the approach of danger.

The singular tendency a man has to turn to dogs for companionship when soured by disappointments and the many ills that human flesh is heir to, is complimentary to the humbler race. One of the stories of the Revolution that charmed me most in early youth related to General Charles Lee. I had it not only from the books, but from one who knew him personally. My grandfather, Colonel Jacob Piatt, was wounded in the disastrous battle of Monmouth. He was sitting on the roadside, attempting to stanch with a handkerchief the blood that flowed from his wound, when Generals Washington and Lee met directly in his presence. And his story illustrates the way in which history is made dignified by manufacture. The Father of his Country was in a terrible rage, and shaking his Revolutionary fist at the Englishman, called him "a d——d coward," to which Lee responded in a like style. For a minute or more the two officers cursed each other like common troopers. Lee was an educated, accomplished officer, and held the American officers in great contempt. After the finding of the court-martial that disgraced him, he retired to a lonely country-house, became soured and morose, and gave the rest of his life to his books and dogs. Many stories are yet told in the neighborhood of his eccentricities; and his speech to the more successful rival, who remarked that he was leading a lonely sort of life, that he had his dogs, is yet numbered among the traditions.

When one who is at all sensitive, sickens at the wickedness or weakness of humanity, he *goes to the dogs.* I do not confess to being in this cynical state, but I do say that I find more comfort and companionship in the brave, faithful animal than in his more pretentious owner. A dog does not suffer from dyspepsia, he has no turn for politics, and he is incapable of ingratitude. He lives in history, and has been made immortal by poets from Homer down. Shakespeare, it is true, makes Cassius say that he would rather be a dog and bay the moon than such a Roman. Why the noble Cassius should object to Tray's baying the moon, or find anything ignoble in it, I cannot understand. Perhaps he had been irritated at having his sleep disturbed by such music, without possessing a bootjack to shy at the animal. But with few exceptions the testimony is in favor of the dog. The only proof I have of Byron's sincerity was his love of dogs, and I consider his epitaph on one as the most genuine bit of feeling in all his works. It begins—

> "When some proud son of man returns to earth,
> Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
> The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
> And storied urns record who rests below:
> When all is done upon the tomb is seen
> Not what he was, but what he should have been;"

and ends with the brief statement—

> "To mark a friend's remains these stones arise:
> I never had but one, and here he lies."

If certain feminine revelations are to be relied on, the noble lord did not deserve this one; and it is at all events a sad thing to remember how many noble dogs have mean men for masters.

DONN PIATT.

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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE

CHAPTER XIII.

I WILL NOT DESERT HIM.

SIR HARRY, before he had left Humblethwaite for London in October, had heard enough of his cousin's sins to make him sure that the match must be opposed with all his authority. Indeed he had so felt from the first moment in which George had begun to tell him of what had occurred at Airey Force. He had never thought that George Hotspur would make a fitting husband for his daughter. But, without so thinking, he had allowed his mind to dwell upon the outside advantages of the connection, dreaming of a fitness which he knew did not exist, till he had vacillated and the evil thing had come upon him. When the danger was so close upon him as to make him see what it was, to force him to feel what would be the misery threatened to his daughter, to teach him to realize his own duty, he condemned himself bitterly for his own weakness. Could any duty which he owed to the world be so high or so holy as that which was due from him to his child? He almost hated his name and title and position as he thought of the evil that he had already done. Had his cousin George been in no close succession to the title, would he have admitted a man of whom he knew so much ill, and of whom he had never heard any good, within his park palings? And then he could not but acknowledge to himself that by asking such a one to his house—a man such as this young cousin who was known to be the heir to the title—he had given his daughter special reason to suppose that she might regard him as a fitting suitor for her hand. She of course had known—had felt as keenly as he had felt, for was she not a Hotspur?—that she would be true to her family by combining her property and the title, and that by yielding to such a marriage she would be doing a family duty, unless there were reasons against it stronger than those connected with his name. But as to those other reasons, must not her father and her mother know better than she could know? When she found that the man was made welcome both in town and country, was it not natural that she should suppose that there were no such stronger reasons? All this Sir Harry felt, and blamed himself, and determined that though he must oppose his daughter and make her understand that the hope of such a marriage must be absolutely abandoned, it would be his duty to be very tender with her. He had sinned against her already in that he had vacillated, and had allowed that handsome but vile and worthless cousin to come near her.

In his conduct to his daughter, Sir Harry endeavored to be just and tender and affectionate; but in his conduct to his wife on the occasion he allowed himself some scope for the ill-humor not unnaturally incident to his misfortune. "Why on earth you should have had him in Bruton street when you knew very well what he was, I cannot conceive," said Sir Harry.

"But I didn't know," said Lady Elizabeth, fearing to remind her husband that he also had sanctioned the coming of the cousin.

"I had told you. It was there that the evil was done. And then to let them go to that pic-nic together!"

"What could I do when Mrs. Fitzpatrick asked to be taken? You wouldn't have had me tell Emily that she should not be one of the party."

"I would have put it off till he was out of the house."

"But the Fitzpatricks were going too," pleaded the poor woman.

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"It wouldn't have happened at all if you had not asked him to stay till the Monday," said Sir Harry; and to this charge Lady Elizabeth knew that there was no answer. There she had clearly disobeyed her husband; and though she doubtless suffered much from some dim idea of injustice, she was aware that as she had so offended she must submit to be told that all this evil had come from her wrong-doing.

"I hope she will not be obstinate," said Sir Harry to his wife. Lady Elizabeth, though she was not an acute judge of character, did know her own daughter, and was afraid to say that Emily would not be obstinate. She had the strongest possible respect as well as affection for her own child: she thoroughly believed in Emily—much more thoroughly than she did in herself. But she could not say that in such a matter Emily would not be obstinate. Lady Elizabeth was very intimately connected with two obstinate persons, one of whom was young and the other old; and she thought that perhaps the younger was the more obstinate of the two.

"It is quite out of the question that she should marry him," said Sir Harry, sadly. Still Lady Elizabeth made no reply. "I do not think that she will disobey me," continued Sir Harry. Still Lady Elizabeth said nothing. "If she gives me a promise, she will keep it," said Sir Harry.

Then the mother could answer, "I am sure she will."

"If the worst come to the worst, we must go away."

"To Scarrowby?" suggested Lady Elizabeth, who hated Scarrowby.

"That would do no good. Scarrowby would be the same as Humblethwaite to her, or perhaps worse. I mean abroad. We must shut up the place for a couple of years, and take her to Naples and Vienna, or perhaps to Egypt. Everything must be changed to her; that is, if the evil has gone deep enough."

"Is he so very bad?" asked Lady Elizabeth.

"He is a liar and a blackguard, and I believe him to be a swindler," said Sir Harry. Then Lady Elizabeth was mute, and her husband left her.

At this time he had heard the whole story of the pawning of the commission, had been told something of money raised by worthless cheques, and had run to ground that lie about the Goodwood races. But he had not yet heard anything special of Mrs. Morton. The only attack on George's character which had as yet been made in the hearing of Emily had been with reference to the Goodwood races. Mrs. Stackpoole was a lady of some determination, and one who in society liked to show that she was right in her assertions and well informed on matters in dispute; and she hated Cousin George. There had therefore come to be a good deal said about the Goodwood meeting, so that the affair reached Sir Harry's ears. He perceived that Cousin George had lied, and determined that Emily should be made to know that her cousin had lied. But it was very difficult to persuade her of this. That everybody else should tell stories about George and the Goodwood meeting seemed to her to be natural enough: she contented herself with thinking all manner of evil of Mr. and Mrs. Stackpoole, and reiterating her conviction that George Hotspur had not been at the meeting in question.

"I don't know that it much signifies," Mrs. Stackpoole had said in anger.

"Not in the least," Emily had replied, "only that I happen to know that my cousin was not there. He goes to so many race-meetings that there has been some little mistake."

Then Mr. Stackpoole had written to Cousin George, and Cousin George had thought it wise to make no reply. Sir Harry, however, from other sources had convinced himself of the truth, and had told his daughter that there was evidence enough to prove the fact in any court of law. Emily when so informed had simply held her tongue, and had resolved to hate Mrs. Stackpoole worse than ever.

She had been told from the first that her engagement with her cousin would

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not receive her father's sanction; and for some days after that there had been silence on the subject at Humblethwaite, while the correspondence with Mr. Boltby was being continued. Then there came the moment in which Sir Harry felt that he must call upon his daughter to promise obedience, and the conversation which has been described between him and Lady Elizabeth was preparatory to his doing so.

"My dear," he said to his daughter, "sit down: I want to speak to you."

He had sent for her into his own morning-room, in which she did not remember to have been asked to sit down before. She would often visit him there, coming in and out on all manner of small occasions, suggesting that he should ride with her, asking for the loan of a gardener for a week for some project of her own, telling him of a big gooseberry, interrupting him ruthlessly on any trifle in the world. But on such occasions she would stand close to him, leaning on him. And he would scold her playfully, or kiss her, or bid her be gone from the room, but would always grant what she asked of him. To him, though he hardly knew that it was so, such visits from his darling had been the bright moments of his life. But up to this morning he had never bade her be seated in that room.

"Emily," he said, "I hope you understand that all this about your cousin George must be given up." She made no reply, though he waited perhaps for a minute. "It is altogether out of the question. I am very, very sorry that you have been subjected to such a sorrow. I will own that I have been to blame for letting him come to my house."

"No, papa, no."

"Yes, my dear, I have been to blame, and I feel it keenly. I did not then know as much of him as I do now, but I had heard that which should have made me careful to keep him out of your company."

"Hearing about people, papa! Is that fair? Are we not always hearing tales about everybody?"

"My dear child, you must take my word for something."

"I will take it for everything in all the world, papa."

"He has been a thoroughly bad young man."

"But, papa—"

"You must take my word for it when I tell you that I have positive proof of what I am telling you."

"But, papa—"

"Is not that enough?"

"No, papa. I am heartily sorry that he should have been what you call a bad young man. I wish young men weren't so bad—that there were no race-courses and betting, and all that. But if he had been my brother instead of my cousin—"

"Don't talk about your brother, Emily."

"Should we hate him because he has been unsteady? Should we not do all that we could in the world to bring him back? I do not know that we are to hate people because they do what they ought not to do."

"We hate liars."

"He is not a liar. I will not believe it."

"Why did he tell you that he was not at those races, when he was there as surely as you are here? But, my dear, I will not argue about all this with you. It is not right that I should do so. It is my duty to inquire into these things, and yours to believe me and to obey me." Then he paused, but his daughter made no reply to him. He looked into her face, and saw there that mark about the eyes which he knew he so often showed himself—which he so well remembered in his father. "I suppose you do believe me, Emily, when I tell you that he is worthless."

"He need not be worthless always."

"His conduct has been such that he is unfit to be trusted with anything."

"He must be the head of our family some day, papa."

"That is our misfortune, my dear. No one can feel it as I do. But I need not add to it the much greater mis-

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fortune of sacrificing to him my only child."

"If he was so bad, why did he come here?"

"That is true. I did not expect to be rebuked by you, Emily, but I am open to that rebuke."

"Dear, dear papa, indeed I did not mean to rebuke you. But I cannot give him up."

"You must give him up."

"No, papa. If I did I should be false. I will not be false. You say that he is false. I do not know that, but I will not be false. Let me speak to you for one minute."

"It is of no use."

"But you will hear me, papa. You always hear me when I speak to you." She had left her chair now and was standing close to him — not leaning upon him, as was her wont in their pleasantest moments of fellowship, but ready to do so whenever she should find that his mood would permit it. "I will never marry him without your leave."

"Thanks, Emily: I know how sacred is a promise from you."

"But mine to him is equally sacred. I shall still be engaged to him. I told him how it would be. I said that as long as you or mamma lived I would never marry without your leave. Nor would I see him or write to him without your knowledge. I told him so. But I told him also that I would always be true to him. I mean to keep my word."

"If you find him to be utterly worthless, you cannot be bound by such a promise."

"I hope it may not be so. I do not believe that it is so. I know him too well to think that he can be utterly worthless. But if he were, who should try to save him from worthlessness if not his nearest relatives? We try to reclaim the worst criminals, and sometimes we succeed. And he must be the head of the family. Remember that. Ought we not to try to reclaim him? He cannot be worse than the prodigal son."

"He is ten times worse. I cannot tell you what has been his life."

"Papa, I have often thought that in our rank of life Society is responsible for the kind of things which young men do. If he was at Goodwood—which I do not believe—so was Mr. Stackpoole. If he was betting, so was Mr. Stackpoole."

"But Mr. Stackpoole did not lie."

"I don't know that," she said, with a little toss of her head.

"Emily, you have no business either to say or to think it."

"I care nothing for Mr. Stackpoole, whether he tells truth or not. He and his wife have made themselves very disagreeable: that is all. But as for George, he is what he is because other young men are allowed to be the same."

"You do not know the half of it."

"I know as much as I want to know, papa. Let one keep as clear of it as one can, it is impossible not to hear how young men live. And yet they are allowed to go everywhere, and are flattered and encouraged. I do not pretend that George is better than others. I wish he were. Oh how I wish it! But, such as he is, he belongs in a way to us, and we ought not to desert him. He belongs, I know, to me, and I will not desert him."

Sir Harry felt that there was no arguing with such a girl as this. Some time since he had told her that it was unfit that he should be brought into an argument with his own child, and there was nothing now for him but to fall back upon the security which that assertion gave him. He could not charge her with direct disobedience, because she had promised him that she would not do any of those things which, as a father, he had a right to forbid. He relied fully on her promise, and so far might feel himself to be safe. Nevertheless, he was very unhappy. Of what service would his child be to him or he to her if he were doomed to see her pining from day to day with an unpermitted love? It was the dearest wish of his heart to make her happy, as it was his fondest ambition to see her so placed in the world that she might be the

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happy transmitter of all the honors of the house of Humblethwaite, if she could not transmit all the honors of the name. Time might help him. And then if she could be made really to see how base was the clay of which had been made this image which she believed to be of gold, might it not be that at last she would hate a thing that was so vile? In order that she might do so he would persist in finding out what had been the circumstances of this young man's life. If, as he believed, the things which George Hotspur had done were such as in another rank of life would send the perpetrator to the treadmill, surely then she would not cling to her lover. It would not be in her nature to prefer that which was foul and abominable and despised of all men. It was after this, when he had seen Mr. Boltby, that the idea occurred to him of buying up Cousin George, so that Cousin George should himself abandon his engagement.

"You had better go now, my dear," he said after his last speech. "I fully rely upon the promise you have made me. I know that I can rely upon it. And you also may rely upon me. I give you my word as your father that this man is unfit to be your husband, and that I should commit a sin greater than I can describe to you were I to give my sanction to such a marriage."

Emily made no answer to this, but left the room without having once leaned upon her father's shoulder.

That look of hers troubled him sadly when he was alone. What was to be the meaning of it, and what the result? She had given him almost unasked the only promise which duty required her to give, but at the same time she had assured him by her countenance, as well as by her words, that she would be as faithful to her lover as she was prepared to be obedient to her father. And then, if there should come a long contest of that nature, and if he should see her devoted year after year to a love which she would not even try to cast off from her, how would he be able to bear it? He, too, was firm, but he knew himself to be as tender-hearted as he was obstinate. It would be more than he could bear. All the world would be nothing for him then. And if there was ever to be a question of yielding, it would be easier to do something toward lessening the vileness of the man now than hereafter. He, too, had some of that knowledge of the world which had taught Lady Allingham to say that the young people in such contests could always beat the old people. Thinking of this, and of that look upon his child's brows, he almost vacillated again. Any amount of dissipation he could now have forgiven, but to be a liar, too, and a swindler! Before he went to bed that night he had made up his mind to go to London and to see Mr. Boltby.

CHAPTER XIV.

PERTINACITY.

On the day but one after the scene narrated in the last chapter, Sir Harry went to London, and Lady Elizabeth and Emily were left alone together in the great house at Humblethwaite. Emily loved her mother dearly. The proper relations of life were reversed between them, and the younger domineered over the elder. But the love which the daughter felt was probably the stronger on this account. Lady Elizabeth never scolded, never snubbed, never made herself disagreeable, was never cross; and Emily, with her strong perceptions and keen intelligence, knew all her mother's excellence, and loved it the better because of her mother's weakness. She preferred her father's company, but no one could say she neglected her mother for the sake of her father.

Hitherto she had said very little to Lady Elizabeth as to her lover. She had, in the first place, told her mother, and then had received from her mother, at second hand, her father's disapproval. At that time she had only said that it was "too late." Poor Lady Elizabeth had been able to make no useful answer to this. It certainly was too late. The

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evil should have been avoided by refusing admittance to Cousin George both in London and at Humblethwaite. It certainly was too late—too late, that is, to avoid the evil altogether. The girl had been asked for her heart, and had given it. It was very much too late. But evils such as that do admit of remedy. It is not every girl that can marry the man whom she first confesses that she loves. Lady Elizabeth had some idea that her child, being nobler born and of more importance than other people's children, ought to have been allowed by Fate to do so, as there certainly is a something withdrawn from the delicate aroma of a first-class young woman by any transfer of affections; but if it might not be so, even an Emily Hotspur must submit to a lot not uncommon among young women in general, and wait and wish till she could acknowledge to herself that her heart was susceptible of another wound. That was the mother's hope at present—her hope, when she was positively told by Sir Harry that George Hotspur was quite out of the question as a husband for the heiress of Humblethwaite. But this would probably come the sooner if little or nothing were said of George Hotspur.

The reader need hardly be told that Emily herself regarded the matter in a very different light. She also had her ideas about the delicacy and the aroma of a maiden's love. She had confessed her love very boldly to the man who had asked for it—had made her rich present with a free hand, and had grudged nothing in the making of it. But having given it, she understood it to be fixed as the heavens that she could never give the same gift again. It was herself that she had given, and there was no retracting the offering. She had thought, and had then hoped, and had afterward hoped more faintly, that the present had been well bestowed—that in giving it she had disposed of herself well. Now they told her that it was not so, and that she could hardly have disposed of herself worse. She would not believe that; but, let it be as it might, the thing was done. She was his. He had a right in her which she could not withdraw from him. Was not this sort of giving acknowledged by all churches in which these words, "for better or for worse," were uttered as part of the marriage vow? Here there had been as yet no church vow, and therefore her duty was still due to her father. But the sort of sacrifice—so often a sacrifice of the good to the bad—which the Church not only allowed, but required and sanctified, could be as well conveyed by one promise as by another. What is a vow but a promise? and by what process are such vows and promises made fitting between a man and a woman? Is it not by that compelled rendering up of the heart which men call love? She had found that he was dearer to her than everything in the world besides; that to be near him was a luxury to her; that his voice was music to her; that the flame of his eyes was sunlight; that his touch was to her as had never been the touch of any other human being. She could submit to him—she who never would submit to any one. She could delight to do his bidding, even though it were to bring him his slippers. She had confessed nothing of this, even to herself, till he had spoken to her on the bridge; but then, in a moment, she had known that it was so, and had not coyed the truth with him by a single nay. And now they told her that he was bad.

Bad as he was, he had been good enough to win her. 'Twas thus she argued with herself. Who was she that she should claim for herself the right of having a man that was not bad? That other man that had come to her, that Lord Alfred, was, she was told, good at all points, and he had not moved her in the least. His voice had possessed no music for her; and as for fetching his slippers for him, he was to her one of those men who seem to be created just that they might be civil when wanted and then get out of the way! She had not been able for a moment to bring herself to think of regarding him as her husband. But this man, this

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bad man! From the moment that he had spoken to her on the bridge, she knew that she was his for ever.

It might be that she liked a bad man best. So she argued with herself again. If it were so, she must put up with what misfortune her own taste might bring upon her. At any rate, the thing was done, and why should any man be thrown over simply because the world called him bad? Was there to be no forgiveness for wrongs done between man and man, when the whole theory of our religion was made to depend on forgiveness from God to man? It is the duty of some one to reclaim an evident prodigal, and why should it not be her duty to reclaim this prodigal? Clearly, the very fact that she loved the prodigal would give her a potentiality that way which she would have with no other prodigal. It was at any rate her duty to try. It would at least be her duty if they would allow her to be near enough to him to make the attempt. Then she filled her mind with ideas of a long period of probation, in which every best energy of her existence should be given to this work of reclaiming the prodigal, so that at last she might put her own hand into one that should be clean enough to receive it. With such a task before her she could wait. She could watch him and give all her heart to his welfare, and never be impatient except that he might be made happy. As she thought of this, she told herself plainly that the work would not be easy —that there would be disappointment, almost heart-break, delays and sorrows; but she loved him, and it would be her duty; and then, if she could be successful, how great, how full of joy would be the triumph! Even if she were to fail, and perish in failing, it would be her duty. As for giving him up because he had the misfortune to be bad, she would as soon give him up on the score of any other misfortune—because he might lose a leg, or become deformed, or be stricken deaf by God's hand. One does not desert those one loves because of their misfortunes. 'Twas thus she argued with herself, thinking that she could see, whereas, poor child! she was so very blind.

"Mamma," she said, "has papa gone up to town about Cousin George?"

"I do not know, my dear. He did not say why he was going."

"I think he has. I wish I could make him understand."

"Understand what, my dear?"

"All that I feel about it. I am sure it would save him much trouble. Nothing can ever separate me from my cousin."

"Pray don't say so, Emily."

"Nothing can. Is it not better that you and he should know the truth? Papa goes about trying to find out all the naughty things that George has ever done. There has been some mistake about a race-meeting, and all manner of people are asked to give what papa calls evidence that Cousin George was there. I do not doubt but George has been what people call dissipated."

"We do hear such dreadful stories!"

"You would not have thought anything about them if it had not been for me. He is not worse now than when he came down here last year. And he was always asked to Bruton street."

"What do you mean by this, dear?"

"I do not mean to say that young men ought to do all these things, whatever they are — getting into debt, and betting, and living fast. Of course it is very wrong. But when a young man has been brought up in that way, I do think he ought not to be thrown over by his nearest and dearest friends"—that last epithet was uttered with all the emphasis which Emily could give to it —"because he falls into temptation."

"I am afraid George has been worse than others, Emily."

"So much the more reason for trying to save him. If a man be in the water you do not refuse to throw him a rope because the water is deep."

"But, dearest, your papa is thinking of you." Lady Elizabeth was not quick enough of thought to explain to her daughter that if the rope be of more value than the man, and if the chance of losing the rope be much greater than

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that of saving the man, then the rope is not thrown.

"And I am thinking of George," said Emily.

"But if it should appear that he had done things — the wickedest things in the world?"

"I might break my heart in thinking of it, but I should never give him up."

"If he were a murderer?" suggested Lady Elizabeth, with horror.

The girl paused, feeling herself to be hardly pressed, and then came that look upon her brow which Lady Elizabeth understood as well as did Sir Harry. "Then I would be a murderer's wife," she said.

"Oh, Emily!"

"I must make you understand me, mamma, and I want papa to understand it too. No consideration on earth shall make me say that I will give him up. They may prove, if they please, that he was on all the race-courses in the world, and get that Mrs. Stackpoole to swear to it — and it is ten times worse for a woman to go than it is for a man, at any rate — but it will make no difference. If you and papa tell me not to see him or write to him—much less to marry him—of course I shall obey you. But I shall not give him up a bit the more, and he must not be told that I will give him up. I am sure papa will not wish that anything untrue should be told. George will always be to me the dearest thing in the whole world—dearer than my own soul. I shall pray for him every night, and think of him all day long. And as to the property, papa may be quite sure that he can never arrange it by any marriage that I shall make. No man shall ever speak to me in that way if I can help it. I won't go where any man can speak to me. I will obey, but it will be at the cost of my life. Of course I will obey papa and you, but I cannot alter my heart. Why was he allowed to come here — the head of our own family — if he be so bad as this? Bad or good, he will always be all the world to me."

To such a daughter as this Lady Elizabeth had very little to say that might be of avail. She could quote Sir Harry, and entertain some dim distant wish that Cousin George might even yet be found to be not quite so black as he had been painted.

CHAPTER XV.

COUSIN GEORGE IS HARD PRESSED.

THE very sensible, and, as one would have thought, very manifest idea of buying up Cousin George originated with Mr. Boltby. "He will have his price, Sir Harry," said the lawyer. Then Sir Harry's eyes were opened, and so excellent did this mode of escape seem to him that he was ready to pay almost any price for the article. He saw it at a glance. Emily had high-flown notions and would not yield: he feared that she would not yield, let Cousin George's delinquencies be shown to be as black as Styx. But if Cousin George could be made to give her up, then Emily must yield; and, yielding in such a manner, having received so rude a proof of her lover's unworthiness, it could not be but that her heart would be changed. Sir Harry's first idea of a price was very noble—all debts to be paid, a thousand a year for the present, and Scarrowby to be attached to the title. What price would be too high to pay for the extrication of his daughter from so grievous a misfortune? But Mr. Boltby was more calm. As to the payment of the debts, yes — within a certain liberal limit. For the present, an income of five hundred pounds he thought would be almost as efficacious a bait as double the amount; and it would be well to tack to it the necessity of a residence abroad. It might, perhaps, serve to get the young man out of the country for a time. If the young man bargained on either of these headings, the matter could be reconsidered by Mr. Boltby. As to settling Scarrowby on the title, Mr. Boltby was clearly against it. "He would raise every shilling he could on post-obits within twelve months." At last the offer was made in the terms with which the reader

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is already acquainted. George was sent off from the lawyer's chambers with directions to consider the terms, and Mr. Boltby gave his clerk some little instructions for perpetuating the irritation on the young man which Hart and Stubber together were able to produce. The young man should be made to understand that hungry creditors, who had been promised their money on certain conditions, could become very hungry indeed.

George Hotspur, blackguard and worthless as he was, did not at first realize the fact that Sir Harry and Mr. Boltby were endeavoring to buy him. He was asked to give up his cousin, and he was told that if he did so a certain very generous amount of pecuniary assistance should be given to him; but yet he did not at the first glance perceive that one was to be the price of the other—that if he took the one he would meanly have sold the other. It certainly would have been very pleasant to have all his debts paid for him, and the offer of five hundred pounds a year was very comfortable. Of the additional sum to be given when Sir Harry should die, he did not think so much. It might probably be a long time coming, and then Sir Harry would of course be bound to do something for the title. As for living abroad, he might promise that, but they could not make him keep his promise. He would not dislike to travel for six months, on condition that he should be well provided with ready money. There was much that was alluring in the offer, and he began to think whether he could not get it all without actually abandoning his cousin. But then he was to give a written pledge to that effect, which, if given, no doubt would be shown to her. No: that would not do. Emily was his prize; and though he did not value her at her worth, not understanding such worth, still he had an idea that she would be true to him. Then at last came upon him an understanding of the fact, and he perceived that a bribe had been offered to him.

For half a day he was so disgusted at the idea that his virtue was rampant within him. Sell his Emily for money! Never! His Emily and all her rich prospects, and that for a sum so inadequate! They little knew their man when they made a proposition so vile! That evening, at his club, he wrote a letter to Sir Harry, and the letter as soon as written was put into the club letter-box, addressed to the house in Bruton street; in which, with much indignant eloquence, he declared that the baronet little understood the warmth of his love or the extent of his ambition in regard to the family. "I shall be quite ready to submit to any settlements," he said, "so long as the property is entailed upon the baronet who shall come after myself: I need not say that I hope the happy fellow may be my own son."

But on the next morning, on his first waking, his ideas were more vague, and a circumstance happened which tended to divert them from the current in which they had run on the preceding evening. When he was going through the sad work of dressing he bethought himself that he could not at once force this marriage on Sir Harry—could not do so, perhaps, within a twelvemonth or more, let Emily be ever so true to him—and that his mode of living had become so precarious as to be almost incompatible with that outward decency which would be necessary for him as Emily's suitor. He was still very indignant at the offer made to him, which was indeed bribery of which Sir Harry ought to be ashamed, but he almost regretted that his letter to Sir Harry had been sent. It had not been considered enough, and certainly should not have been written simply on after-dinner consideration. Something might have been inserted with the view of producing ready money—something which might have had a flavor of yielding, but which could not have been shown to Emily as an offer on his part to abandon her; and then he had a general feeling that his letter had been too grandiloquent—all arising, no doubt, from a fall in courage incidental to a sick stomach.

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But before he could get out of his hotel a visitor was upon him. Mr. Hart desired to see him. At this moment he would almost have preferred to see Captain Stubber. He remembered at the moment that Mr. Hart was acquainted with Mr. Walker, and that Mr. Walker would probably have sought the society of Mr. Hart after a late occurrence in which he, Cousin George, had taken part. He was going across to breakfast at his club when he found himself almost forced to accompany Mr. Hart into a little private room at the left hand of the hall of the hotel. He wanted his breakfast badly, and was altogether out of humor. He had usually found Mr. Hart to be an enduring man, not irascible, though very pertinacious, and sometimes almost good-natured. In a moment he thought he would bully Mr. Hart, but when he looked into Mr. Hart's face his heart misgave him. "This is a most inconvenient time—" he had begun. But he hesitated, and Mr. Hart began his attack at once:

"Captain 'Oshspur, sir! let me tell you this von't do no longer."

"What won't do, Mr. Hart?"

"Vat von't do? You know vat von't do. Let me tell you this. You'll be at the Old Bailey very soon if you don't do just vat you is told to do."

"Me at the Old Bailey?"

"Yes, Captain 'Oshspur—you at the Old Bailey. In vat vay did you get those moneys from poor Mr. Valker? I know vat I says. More than three hundred pounds! It was card-sharping."

"Who says it was card-sharping?"

"I say so, Captain 'Oshspur, and so does Mr. Bullbean. Mr. Bullbean vill prove it." Mr. Bullbean was a gentleman known well to Mr. Hart, who had made one of a little party at Mr. Walker's establishment, by means of which Cousin George had gone, flush of money, down among his distinguished friends in Norfolk. "Vat did you do with poor Valker's moneys? It vas very hard upon poor Mr. Valker—very hard."

"It was fair play, Mr. Hart."

"Gammon, Captain 'Oshspur! Vhere is the moneys?"

"What business is that of yours?"

"Oh, very well. Bullbean is quite ready to go before a magistrate—ready at once. I don't know how that vill help us with our pretty cousin with all the fortune."

"How will it help you then?"

"Look here, Captain 'Oshspur: I vill tell you vat vill help me, and vill help Captain Stubber, and vill help everybody. The young lady isn't for you at all. I know all about it, Captain 'Oshspur. Mr. Boltby is a very nice gentleman, and understands business."

"What is Mr. Boltby to me?"

"He is a great deal to me, because he vill pay me my moneys, and he vill pay Captain Stubber, and vill pay everybody. He vill pay you too, Captain 'Oshspur — only you must pay poor Valker his moneys. I have promised Valker he shall have back his moneys, or Sir Harry shall know that too. You must just give up the young woman: eh, Captain 'Oshspur?"

"I'm not going to be dictated to, Mr. Hart."

"When gentlemans is in debt they must be dictated to, or else be quodded. We mean to have our money from Mr. Boltby, and that at once. Here is the offer to pay it, every shilling, and to pay you! You must give the lady up. You must go to Mr. Boltby and write just what he tells you. If you don't—!"

"Well, if I don't?"

"By the living God, before two weeks are over you shall be in prison. Bullbean saw it all. Now you know, Captain 'Oshspur. You don't like dictating to, don't you? If you don't do as you're dictated to, and that mighty sharp, as sure as my name is Abraham Hart, everything shall come out. Every d——d thing, Captain 'Oshspur! And now good-morning, Captain 'Oshspur. You had better see Mr. Boltby to-day, Captain 'Oshspur."

How was a man so weighted to run for such stakes as those he was striving to carry off? When Mr. Hart left him he was not only sick in the stomach, but sick at heart also—sick all over.

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He had gone from bad to worse; he had lost the knowledge of the flavor of vice and virtue; and yet now, when there was present to him the vanishing possibility of redeeming everything by this great marriage, it seemed to him that a life of honorable ease—such a life as Sir Harry would wish him to live if permitted to marry the girl and dwell among his friends at Humblethwaite—would be much sweeter, much more to his real taste, than the life which he had led for the last ten years. What had been his positive delights? In what moments had he actually enjoyed them? From first to last had there not been trouble and danger and vexation of spirit, and a savor of dirt about it all which even to his palate had been nauseous? Would he not willingly reform? And yet, when the prospect of reform was brought within reach of his eyes—of a reform so pleasant in all its accompaniments, of reform amidst all the wealth of Humblethwaite, with Emily Hotspur by his side—there came these harpies down upon him, rendering it all impossible! Thrice, in speaking of them to himself, he called them harpies, but it never occurred to him to think by what name Mr. Walker would have designated him.

But things around him were becoming so serious that he must do something. It might be that he would fall to the ground, losing everything. He could not understand about Bullbean. Bullbean had had his share of the plunder in regard to all that he had seen. The best part of the evening's entertainment had taken place after Mr. Bullbean had retired. No doubt, however, Mr. Bullbean might do him a damage.

He had written to Sir Harry, refusing altogether the offer made to him. Could he, after writing such a letter, at once go to the lawyer and accept the offer? And must he admit to himself, finally, that it was altogether beyond his power to win his cousin's hand? Was there no hope of that life at Humblethwaite which, when contemplated at a distance, had seemed to him to be so green and pleasant? And what would Emily think of him? In the midst of all his other miseries that also was a misery. He was able, though steeped in worthlessness, so to make for himself a double identity as to imagine and to personify a being who should really possess fine and manly aspirations with regard to a woman, and to look upon himself—his second self—as that being; and to perceive with how withering a contempt such a being would contemplate such another man as was in truth the real George Hotspur, whose actual sorrows and troubles had now become so unendurable.

Who would help him in his distress? The Allinghams were still in Scotland, and he knew well that, though Lady Allingham was fond of him, and though Lord Allingham liked him, there was no assistance to be had there of the kind that he needed. His dearly intimate, distinguished friends in Norfolk, with whom he had been always George, would not care if they heard that he had been crucified. It seemed to him that the world was very hard and very cruel. Who did care for him? There were two women who cared for him, who really loved him, who would make almost any sacrifice for him, who would even forget his sins, or at least forgive them. He was sure of that. Emily Hotspur loved him, but there were no means by which he could reach Emily Hotspur. She loved him, but she would not so far disobey her father and mother, or depart from her own word, as to receive even a letter from him. But the other friend who loved him—he still could see her. He knew well the time at which he would find her at home, and some three or four hours after his interview with Mr. Hart he knocked at Mrs. Morton's door.

"Well, George," she said, "how does your wooing thrive?"

He had no preconceived plan in coming to her. He was possessed by that desire which we all of us so often feel, to be comforted by sympathy; but he hardly knew even how to describe the want of it.

"It does not thrive at all," he said,

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throwing himself gloomily into an easy-chair.

"That is bad news. Has the lady turned against you?"

"Oh no," said he, moodily—"nothing of that sort."

"That would be impossible, would it not? Fathers are stern, but to such a one as you daughters are always kind. That is what you mean; eh, George?"

"I wish you would not chaff me, Lucy. I am not well, and I did not come to be chaffed."

"The chaffing is all to be on one side, is it, George? Well, I will say nothing to add to your discomforts. What is it ails you? You will drink liqueurs after dinner. That is what makes you so wretched. And I believe you drink them before dinner, too."

"Hardly ever. I don't do such a thing three times in a month. It is not that; but things do trouble me so."

"I suppose Sir Harry is not well pleased."

"He is doing what he ought not to do, I must say that—quite what I call ungentlemanlike. A lawyer should never be allowed to interfere between gentlemen. I wonder who could stand it if an attorney were set to work to make all manner of inquiries about everything that he had ever done?"

"I could not, certainly. I should cave in at once, as the boys say."

"Other men have been as bad as I have, I suppose. He is sending about everywhere."

"Not only sending, George, but going himself. Do you know that Sir Harry did me the honor of visiting me?"

"No!"

"But he did. He sat there in that very chair, and talked to me in a manner that nobody ever did before, certainly. What a fine old man he is, and how handsome!"

"Yes, he is a good-looking old fellow."

"So like you, George."

"Is he?"

"Only you know, less—less—less—what shall I say?—less good-natured, perhaps."

"I know what you mean. He is not such a fool as I am."

"You're not a fool at all, George, but sometimes you are weak. He looks to be strong. Is she like him?"

"Very like him."

"Then she must be handsome."

"Handsome! I should think she is, too!" said George, quite forgetting the description of his cousin which he had given some days previously to Mrs. Morton.

She smiled, but took no notice aloud of his blunder. She knew him so well that she understood it all. "Yes," she went on, "he came here and said some bitter things. He said more, perhaps, than he ought to have done."

"About me, Lucy?"

"I think that he spoke chiefly about myself. There was a little explanation, and then he behaved very well. I have no quarrel with him myself. He is a fine old gentleman; and having one only daughter and a large fortune, I do not wonder that he should want to make inquiries before he gives her to you."

"He could do that without an attorney."

"Would you tell him the truth? The fact is, George, that you are not the sort of son-in-law that fathers like. I suppose it will be off; eh, George?" George made no immediate reply. "It is not likely that she would have the constancy to stick to it for years, and I am sure you will not. Has he offered you money?" Then George told her almost with accuracy the nature of the proposition made to him.

"It is very generous," she said.

"I don't see much of that."

"It certainly is very generous."

"What ought a fellow to do?"

"Only fancy that you should come to me to ask me such a question!"

"I know you will tell me true."

"Do you love her?"

"Yes."

"With all your heart?"

"What is the meaning of that? I do love her."

"Better than her father's money?"

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"Much better."

"Then stick to her through thick and thin. But you don't. I must not advise you in accordance with what you say, but with what I think. You will be beaten, certainly. She will never be your wife; and were you so married, you would not be happy with such people. But she will never be your wife. Take Sir Harry's offer, and write her a letter explaining how it is best for all that you should do so."

He paused a moment, and then he asked her one other question: "Would you write the letter for me, Lucy?"

She smiled again as she answered him: "Yes: if you make up your mind to do as Sir Harry asks you, I will write a draft of what I think you should say to her."

MEXICAN REMINISCENCES.

I.

IN the spring of 1847 I went from New Orleans to Vera Cruz in the same vessel that carried the commission of peace — Nathan Clifford, minister, and Robert M. Walsh, secretary. At Vera Cruz the only conveyances which could be procured for the diplomats were some of the army ambulances, in one of which I was allowed to seat myself upon a trunk, with my back against other trunks, and my legs locating themselves where they could amidst various luggage. As there were no springs to the wagons, and as the roads were in the most horrible condition from the passage of big guns and other vehicles of old Mars, who had only just smoothed his wrinkled front, the locomotion was not easy or pleasant. Sometimes there were absolute abysses, so to speak, over which our mules must almost have leaped, dragging us after them in convulsive agony. Then, too, there was some excitement in regard to the "Greasers," as the natives were styled, whose feelings toward us had not yet recovered their amicable tone; but as we had an escort of sixty stalwart dragoons, there was no great dread of an attack.

We were five days on the road, and were not a little rejoiced when we reached the spot where the troops occupying the city of Mexico were drawn up to receive the members of the commission with all due honor. Mounting horses, they rode into the town amid a brilliant cortége of plumed and epauletted heroes, and underwent from every window, as they passed, a scorching fire of the brightest and most perilous glances. Enemies or not, the Mexican damsels and dames were determined to see all that was going on and going by. The multitudinous and magnificent display which they made was far more worthy of admiration than the martial array, whose members, therefore, had much the pleasanter time as they moved along through the spacious streets, with optics ever upturned in spite of the combined dazzle of the divinities and a glorious noontide sun. Eagerly did the goddesses dart their glances to discover the distinguished strangers; but as these worthies, after their long and dusty travel, were by no means clad like Solomon the Superb, they passed without notice, except, perhaps, as blots upon the splendid pageant. *Tulit alter honores;* and that other was an American gentleman, who had come in his carriage to meet the commission and offer it for their accommodation, and when they declined had returned therein with the procession, preceded by the eques-

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trian magnificoes and followed by the embattled troops, looking for all the world as if he were the great escorted, the central figure and hero of the day. "Aquel es el ministro!"—"That's the minister!"—might have been heard from excited lips as the equipage passed; and, "That's the secretary!" was the compliment paid to the gentleman's companion, none other than this deponent, to whom he had offered a seat, and who meekly accepted the flattering mistake, gazing and gazing and gazing the while until he had lunched so full of lovely looks as almost to lose his appetite for the subsequent substantial meal. What a world of witchcraft lies in the bright orb of one particular eye!—what a universe, therefore, of the same sorcery in the sparkling peepers of bewitching myriads! A single pretty face anywhere will pale the vision splendid of the most gorgeous spectacle, at least for those who are not yet "nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita." Gentlemen whose sight is enfeebled by years, and who can only see angels as through glasses dimly, are not so liable to have their attention distracted from surrounding scenes of earth.

The younger officers in whose blazing circle we moved seemed to be on agreeable terms with the balconied syrens of the palatial mansions which filled the upper-ten-ish streets. Nods and smiles and friendly agitation of fans *à l'Espagnole*, were rained upon them in enviable profusion, showing clearly that if they had conquered the Mexican male, they had done their best to be conquered by the Mexican female, and were not less delighted with submission than triumph. The fact is, as I afterward learnt, the ladies of the land had been so disgusted with the poltroonery of their lords, and so enraptured by the bravery of our boys, that they made no bones, as poets say, about exhibiting their sentiments and confirming the great truth that none but the brave deserve the fair. The dimensions of the white feather shown by the Mexican militaires were certainly remarkable. They had been so demoralized by the victories of General Taylor that the army of Scott had a much easier fight than it would have had if the war had begun at Vera Cruz. To have been taken prisoner was a thing to boast of, as it served to prove the unfortunate one had stood his ground long enough to come to close quarters. As I passed through the valley of Cerro Gordo it appeared incredible that any host, however potent, could have overcome the natural obstacles if duly taken advantage of by a few resolute men. The lofty heights are perpendicular, and as I gazed at their rugged precipices, and pictured our fellows clambering up and over them, I could not help thinking of Gray's famous photograph of the long array of King Edward winding with toilsome march up the craggy steep of Snowden. But the wild dismay that was scattered o'er the crested pride of the monarch by the words of the Welsh bard had no counterpart in the sensations of our militiamen when they heard the shouts of their foe. Stout Gloster might have stood aghast in speechless trance, but stouter Twiggs didn't as he woke the echoes of the frowning rocks with his "Onward!" and waved his sword instead of couching his quivering lance like Sir Mortimer. Up they went, and as they climbed the only dismay felt was that which scattered the multitudinous Montezumians almost before they could be got at. When once quite convinced that the Yankees really meant to mount and drive them off, off they went with the most rapid discretion, to the amazement, doubtless, as well as to the satisfaction, of their assailants. The stories I used to hear of the scampering of whole squads of Mexicans at the mere sight of a few "demonios ayankeados," even after the most liberal deductions for patriotic exaggeration, indicated a sort of panicky epidemic quite fatal to their nerves. There was one hero, known in society as "el general de los obstáculos," from the circumstance of his having been ordered to attack a battery and objecting to do so on account of obstacles. "What obstacles?" asked his superior.

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looking about in all directions to see what he meant, and not perceiving any unusual impediments. "Why, those cannon—aquellos cañones," responded the warrior, as he pointed to the unpleasant instruments that were making an uproar which seemed to tell him very plainly to keep off; and keep off he did.

But to return to our muttons. When the diplomatics arrived at the residence of the commander-in-chief, they were received with all due honors, and ushered into a spacious saloon, in which were assembled most of the principal officers of the army. Among them were some whose names have since been written in very large characters on the page of history, and who had already given earnest of what they could do on fitting fields of display. None of them, however, dreamt at the time that those fields would ever be found in the domains of E Pluribus Unum, whose spangled flag was then waving over the mansion, and that the brothers-in-arms thus gathered beneath its folds, and triumphing in the lustre reflected upon it by their deeds, would a few years afterward be striking at one another with far more fury than they ever struck together at the Mexican. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuri.* It is well that the shadow of the future was not cast upon that brilliant assemblage, or faces that then wore exulting smiles would have been sicklied o'er with the palest cast of thought. If, for instance, Colonel Joseph E. Johnston, the first in reputation, could have foreseen the battles around Richmond and the retreat to Atlanta—if fields of fratricidal strife in which he was to command armies arrayed against that flag had at the time rushed red on his sight—he certainly would not have felt so comfortable as he doubtless then did, even with the anticipation of becoming one of the demigods of fame. The generalissimo was William O. Butler, who had shown himself no unworthy successor of Scott, lately removed from command preparatory to the court of inquiry ordered by the government. The worst fight that veteran ever got into was unquestionably the one in which he was so worsted by the roughest and readiest of fighters, Marshal Marcy—the man, of all others, who could stand no nonsense, and who had the direst dislike to every description of fuss and feathers. Scott, of course, was not at the reception, but in the evening we paid our respects to him, and, seated around his hospitable table, listened to his stories and disquisitions. Much given to garrulity was the old chief, whose wisdom was not equal to his valor, and whose sword was more efficient than his tongue. Had he wielded the latter as skillfully as the former, nothing could have prevented him from being President; but he talked himself out of the good graces into which he had so splendidly fought his way. Had he even known how to be silent!—for as a Castilian warbler sings, in Anglicised verse:

> "Some cats there are that make no sound,
> And feed on pigeons fat;
> While others that go mewing round
> Can never smell a rat."

I was told by an officer who was in Scott's suite when he first entered the Halls of the Montezumas, that after a moment's gaze he turned to him and exclaimed, "Now, sir, I have the Presidency in my grasp." And so he had, but he wouldn't let it stay there until he could fairly clutch it. The emperorship of Mexico was in his grasp too, if he could have stooped from his lofty aspirations; for there can be little doubt that had he done what the Mexicans expected he would do when he was ousted from the pride of place in which he so literally towered, they would have lifted him with unanimous arms upon their shields. They were quite sure when the news of his removal arrived that he would resist and make a pronunciamiento, and were equally disappointed and amazed at the patriotic dignity with which he submitted to a trial in the very scene of his glory. How long he might have played emperor, even if Secretary Marcy had let him alone, is another question. To be

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Iturbided after a short strut is not so tempting a prospect as that of a quiet seat in the chair of George Washington; and he certainly chose the better part.

Among the guests was Colonel Robert E. Lee, his aide-de-camp and right hand, to whom a large share of the success of the campaign was unanimously attributed—a silent, thoughtful, gentlemanly person, whose countenance indicated the self-reliant nature of the man of well-matured action. If *his* future, too, could have flashed upon his eye!—if he could have caught but a glimpse of the paleness that came upon the face of his chief when the news of his defection was announced! But, fortunately for him, he didn't know anything more about the morrow than the rest of us.

The residence first assigned to the legation was of palatial dimensions. They did not, however, occupy it long, as the family to whom it belonged was numerous and composed chiefly of ladies, who were obliged to huddle together in very close quarters at the back. This spectacle the gallantry of the commission could not stand, especially after a black-eyed damsel had meekly intimated to the secretary that it was hard to be expelled from their pleasant and spacious premises for the benefit of two male bipeds, who had more room and rooms than they knew what to do with. So, as the town was all before them where to choose, they asked the quartermaster to select another establishment, where they would run no risk of feminine reproaches. That functionary soon conducted them to the dwelling of a bachelor, who had just fitted it up for his own particular enjoyment with Sybaritic luxury. It was a big feeling, by the way, that of owning, as it were, every house in a big town—domicils *à discrétion*, which one was quite at liberty to appropriate. To walk through metropolitan streets for the purpose of choosing the most attractive residence, without any need of inquiring the cost, was a novel sensation for modest mortals. A powerful sovereign is the sword—more so even than the "poderoso cabellero, Don Dinero," celebrated in Spanish verse. The unfortunate bachelor in question was Señor Haro y Tamariz, who had been Santa Anna's minister of finance, and of course—*à la Mexicaine*—had nicely feathered his nest, although he was not suffered to rest quietly therein. He was a young, good-looking person, with a perpetual smile, which at first we might have fancied was an evidence of satisfaction at the honor conferred on him. But as the simper never left his face, and it could not have been delightful to be driven from a splendid saloon and comfortable chamber into a little outhouse designed for financial and other studies, we were forced to the conclusion, confirmed by other circumstances, that his excellency was not altogether of soul sincere. A charming proof thereof was afforded when a tertulia was given at the legation, about going to which there was no little agitation among the natives, by his causing it to be announced in the papers next day that, although specially invited, he had refused, from patriotic sentiments, to appear. A still more forcible proof was his success in inducing a resident American to buy his desecrated furniture at at least double its value. At a subsequent period he became a general, and as a "pronouncing" leader made a good deal of noise. Defeated and exiled, he went to Italy, where the writer met him a few years since, with the identical smile on his face which he had worn on a former occasion.

Señor Haro was an intelligent gentleman and agreeable talker, and was fond of coming for a chat into his own drawing-room, into which he was always graciously admitted, to the apparent increase of his gratitude at having been expelled therefrom for the benefit of his highly-esteemed guests. It must be pleasant to see gentlemen taking their ease in one's own bright particular room, and Señor Haro showed by the frequency of his visits that he appreciated the pleasure. His stories about the war, in which he had served as aide-de-camp to Santa Anna, were full of interest, and as impartial as could be ex-

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pected. In one of them, which related to the battle of Molino del Rey, he grew dramatic as he described the fearful slaughter of our troops, and the anguish of his own feelings when an attack was not made by the Mexican cavalry, which he believed would have spread discomfiture and rout. It must in fact have been a terrific struggle, that attempted surprise in the gray of the morning of what was supposed to be a weak and ill-manned mill, in which the assailants were themselves surprised by a hurricane discharge that swept whole regiments away. The Mexican government had got wind of the intended attack, and had secretly strengthened the place in such a way that all the valor of our men and all the skill of General Worth were tried to the utmost before success was achieved. The general was censured for the affair, as it was deemed quite unnecessary, the capture of the Molino having no influence upon the result of the campaign. It was also stated that a gentleman long resident in Mexico had sent him information a few hours before the fight of the preparations made for his repulse, and that he pooh-poohed the intelligence. Whatever the truth of this story, there can be no doubt of the dreadful carnage which made this the bloodiest conflict of the war. A more gallant soldier than Worth never breathed, and few more skillful leaders, but he dearly loved to fight, and did not like to be balked of an anticipated triumph: at least this was the common opinion at the time and on the spot. He had the look of a hero, and as he one day took us over some of the battle-fields near the city and pointed out the various memorable spots, his tone and manner and aspect left an impression not easily erased. Other chiefs also accompanied us on different occasions to the scenes of their exploits, and explained the mysteries thereof, talking history the while. Study of that important branch of knowledge could not be made under more interesting circumstances. The fight at the Pedregal, when our troops under Riley had to clamber to the attack over immense piles of lava, which looked like big billows suddenly congealed, was an achievement which seemed absolutely impossible to the unmilitary eye. It was worth the journey to Mexico to hear it described by the chief workers of the miracle, in presence of the obstacles which entitled it to be so called.

Poor Bohlen, the gallant general since killed in the fatal Valley, but then one of the aides-de-camp of Worth, was our constant companion on those exciting expeditions. What a fondness for fighting was his! Wherever it was going on in almost any part of the world, there would he go to enjoy its pomp and circumstance, if not to mingle in the strife; until at last he met his death in the way which perhaps he preferred to the enjoyment of his opulence and enviable position. He and the *preux chevalier* Kearney left Europe and all the appliances of earthly happiness about the same time, to offer their services to the Federal government, and both were taken from the scenes in which they reveled at very brief intervals both of time and place. Almost the last time I saw Kearney was at a dinner given by him in his luxurious apartment at Paris to a number of distinguished French officers, with whom he had served in Algeria, a few days before his return. The probabilities of war between North and South were the great topic of conversation, and few believed in them; but *he* did, his martial instinct snuffing the battle from afar. One of the guests, a snow-capped general, a veteran of Waterloo and a senator, kept the banquet waiting some time. When at last he appeared, he hastened to apologize by stating that he had been detained at the Senate by "un discours magnifique" of Prince Napoleon about Italy; and such was his excitement that he plunged at once into a full account of it to the hungry guests, which kept them still longer from the table. After dinner, Major Phil took us into his sanctum and exhibited his camp equipage, all ready for the start. It must have been potent patriotism to tear a man from such a pleasant life as

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his. Neither Bohlen nor himself could have had any sympathy with the feelings of Molière's hero, who declares that, "n'en déplaise à la gloire," he much prefers a couple of years in the world to a thousand in history. *Our* hero's empty sleeve was a token of the opposite sentiment that animated him. The brilliant exploit in which he lost his arm was often a theme of talk among foreigners in Mexico; and it was frequently said that when he dashed up to the gate of the city, he could have entered and captured it, so little disposed or prepared were the inhabitants to resist. Many were the regrets expressed at his wound and his untimely recall. But for the wound perhaps he would not have heard the bugle that stopped him in the career of victory. Who would then have been the hero of Mexico? As it is, no one deserved that title more than General Persifer F. Smith—a man whom it was impossible to know without feeling for him the deepest respect. His dignified yet genial manner, excellent sense and varied information inspired as much regard for the man, as his steady courage, promptitude of resource and strategic skill awakened admiration for the soldier. Like the great Captain immortalized by Tasso,

"Molto oprò con senno e con la mano."

I believe the army of occupation did not comprise more than six thousand men, but they were quite sufficient to control the population of the city, lawless and ferocious as a large portion of it was, and is, and always will be, until it succumbs to manifest destiny. The *leperos*, of whom there are tens of thousands, are, beyond all question, the most detestable wretches on the face of the earth—or at least of the civilized part thereof. Neapolitan lazzaroni are gentlemen and Christians in comparison; and even the worst niggers of Hayti have superior social and political attractions. Mongrels of mixed white and Indian blood, they seem to have all the vicious qualities of both races without the redeeming virtues of either—an observation which may be made in regard to all half-breeds of the same kind. Everywhere they may be said, as a general rule, to degrade the different characteristics of their parents, "making that hideous which was not, and leaving that which was, so." The mulatto, on the contrary, is a decided improvement upon one of his producers, and is not at all incapable of reaching the full stature of mental and moral manhood. An infusion of white blood seems to intellectualize black and bedevil red—a fact which may explain the superiority of Brazil over the Spanish-American countries. In the former the fusion, to a certain extent, of Caucasian and African elements has not greatly impeded progress; whilst in the latter there has been nothing but Kilkennycatism from the outset, to result at last in universal destruction of the inhabitants, whose land will pass to civilized or civilizable successors. *Detur digniori* is the law by which Nature has provided for the turning of her gifts to account. When the people of any region are not fit for the task of developing its resources for their own benefit and the world's, they must sooner or later give place to those who are. The garden-spots of creation lie to the south of us—mere dunghills at present, but in due time to become Edens through the labor of hands that prefer digging and planting to slaughter and theft. If poor Maximilian could have taken over with him some hundreds of thousands of sturdy Germans, he would not only have established the dominion which no inglorious aspirations caused him to covet, with the full consent of the better classes of Mexicans, but have even won such good-will from ourselves as might have prevented interference with his beneficent efforts. The tremendous penman then at the head of the State Department might, to be sure, have worded him to death with lectures on the superiority of republican over monarchical institutions, whatever the characteristics of the population—perhaps even have taught him how to extract sunbeams from cucumbers before Nature

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gave way; but the universal Yankee nation would have been too much gratified by the spectacle of Mexico in progressive peace to refuse to let well alone, whatever the source of the blessing. When they clearly see that "le mieux est l'ennemi du bien," they are not the folks to inquire too curiously into the cause thereof, even if the dignity of Monroe doctrines be concerned. The very clearing of Mexican streets from the leperos aforesaid would entitle any sort of ruler to the gratitude of mankind, and more especially of neighbors. Where the unsavory, unsightly creatures dwelt was a mystery, for day and night they cumbered the thoroughfares, ever ready for mischief in all its varieties, from picking a pocket to "pronouncing" vociferously and savagely for any popular or lucrative leader. Nothing could better demonstrate the awe-inspiring result of our army's triumphs than the absolute cowing of that ruthless populace, so that the soldiers could go about with little care or fear, as they certainly did. Ever and anon there were reports of assassinations, but they were mostly the consequences of private revenge for acts which are apt in all places to draw down such retribution. In general, the deportment of the troops did as much credit to the good name of their country as their arms had done to its renown. It may be asserted, indeed, that the reputable and responsible inhabitants were not at all desirous of getting rid of us, and that one difficulty in the way of the ratification of the treaty was a decided willingness to remain conquered. For the first time the rich had been protected and the poor had been paid, and both looked forward with dismay to a return to the old ways. Chaos "staring a community in the face with giant strides" (to appropriate the wonderful trope of a celebrated advocate) is not an agreeable prospect for those who have aught to lose. Accordingly, when the "star-spangled" was hauled down from its eminence above the Halls of the Montezumas, and the Mexican flag hoisted in its place, the vivas from the immense crowd which thronged the square were so few and far between that there could be little mistake as to the feelings of the spectators. National sentiments were weak in the conflict with individual regrets, for which there was certainly abundant excuse. What is the good of a government that governs for itself, and not for the governed?—a question which, in the course of human events, will prompt a good deal of annexation as well as separation.

A PILGRIMAGE.

I.

WELLINGTON STREET, Strand! Close to the arteries of London, one of its important veins, and keeping up a healthy circulation. Teeming with life, a busy, yet quiet thoroughfare. Among that hive of men too intent upon their labor to notice it or you, and heeding them as lightly, you make your way to a plain, unobtrusive, little-noticed corner house, claimed by Wellington and York streets—the nursery, for many years, of a world-famed journal. How often you have observed that building, and wished to look upon its owner! How you long to look upon him now! How willingly you would give up a part of your own existence to see him at this moment, a living man and entering that doorway! You cannot realize that he is dead: you listen vainly for the footfall that will never come, for the

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sound of a voice that none will ever hear again.

All the Year Round is published in that building: all the year round privileged fingers have put into leaden type the golden fancies of his master mind. Who shall take his place hereafter? An idle pen, a deserted desk, a vacant chair: who is worthy to assume that throne? Willing but sad hearts are there, working with honest purpose to fulfill his wish, paying his memory the tribute of the sighs they could not, if they would, conceal. Fill as they may the column, the page must be a blank: the leaf is withered, the book is closed, the building is in mourning, the temple is a ruin. The illustrations of his works alone lie on the window shelves. The works themselves adorn the walls within. You enter and purchase the latest number issued in his life, and look your last upon a spot you will not wish to see again; yet linger on the threshold for the sad interest attaching to it. There is a sense of desolation upon everything around it that you cannot wonder at, and that you fully share. It is no longer a habitation: it is a tomb. You cast your eyes upon the opposite walls, and they rest upon these words: "THE TABLET;" "Catholic Truth Society." Strange! The catholic truths have emanated from this tomb: its tablet is the title-page, "The Story of our Lives from Year to Year." Turn aside, pilgrim: you are intent upon the Story of a Death, for which you are but one of many million mourners.

II.

ALONG the crowded Strand to the South-eastern Railway. So many flowers greet you on each side that it might seem the country had responded to your wish and sent its roses to invite your coming. No man so poor but wears a flower in his coat—the driver of the omnibus, the cabman, the newsboy, the bootblack, the fusee-vender—and not one among them but would drop that flower as a token of respect and love upon Charles Dickens' coffin: they would hide his grave with roses. It is not strange that you associate all things with him: humanity itself recalls the man who drew its scenes with such a wondrous and graphic power. His writings lie on every bookstand, and the walls yet bear the promise of that never-to-be-unraveled *Mystery of Edwin Drood*. No one seems to notice them: why should they? He died a week ago: the whole world felt the blow upon the following morning, and now the pain alone remains—the dull, dead, ceaseless, aching sense of something lost for ever. The very engine shrieks its lamentations as it ploughs its way through villages and fields that knew him almost as he knew them. How lately he admired the flint-bordered gardens of yonder signal-station—the varied colors of the wild "dragon's-head" upon the chalky sides of the excavated road—the red poppies in yon field of oats that bowed to him as he passed by! They droop their heads as if in mourning now.

Higham! Here he left the noisy train to walk or drive a mile up yonder hill, to what was yesterday his home. You travel on to Strood, and thence by omnibus—the "short, squat omnibus, with a disproportionate heap of luggage on the roof—like a little Elephant with infinitely too much Castle"—to Rochester, for you are seeking the home of his boyhood. You leave the omnibus—or, rather, it leaves you—at "The Clock" in High street, and find yourself in Cloisterham.

Every stone in this old city was known to him, and every man and child knew him. You cannot look upon an inch of space he had not seen and analyzed. Cloisterham! He has so well described it in his latest chapters that it seems familiar to you too. You enter that old gateway and wander round the cathedral close, meeting an acquaintance at every step. You recognize each face, for you have seen it in his books. Turn from the living to the dead, and the first tombstone that meets your gaze bears the name of "Dorritt." You have

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his own authority for saying that, excepting appellations coined for the wise purposes of his sermon-stories, he found the names for almost all his characters in the graveyard of that old cathedral. On a sign in the High street you meet the name of "Barnaby," and look involuntarily for "Rudge."

A few steps farther on, upon "Star Hill," is the "drooping and despondent little theatre" (where he first saw a play), "with its poor strip of garden" of "scarlet beans or oyster-shells, according to the season." Returning to the "one narrow street" of Cloisterham —High street—you soon perceive "the Nuns' House," and look up at the leaden-latticed, diamond-shaped panes of glass for a glimpse of "Rose Bud," Miss Twinkleton or Mrs. Tisher. One of the three houses opposite was once, evidently, the home of Mr. Sapsea. They would be interesting relics of antiquity at any time: how much more so are they from being pictured in his *Mystery!*

And that old building near to the "Nuns' House," with the stone tablet and inscription over the door, is "Watts' Charity," known to you in the *Seven Poor Travelers.* Why, "Cloisterham" teems with dear old friends: it is the moss-grown well from which he drew the sacred truths of much that is simple, homely and honest in his writings.

Even "old Weller" might have lived here once, for the man whom you engage to drive you to Gadshill looks so wonderfully like him you are tempted to ask his name. "The Old George," the "Crown and Anchor," and other signs—familiar in most English towns —are more familiar here by reason of his mention. You select the paths you think he would have chosen, and they lead you through the oddest windings of this choicest of old cities: you make the circuit of the castle walls and enter its gates.

Rochester Castle! Perhaps the grandest ruin in Old England, mentioned in King John's time as an ancient structure then. The moat is now a kitchen-garden: apricot and fig trees dispute with ivy possession of the crumbling walls, and the ruin looks grimly down on beds of careful cultivation. You penetrate the winding passages and stairways, the halls, corridors and dungeons, and ascend, by the aid of ropes nailed to the walls, the stone steps of the castle towers. From the highest of these you look down on the city—"its ruined habitations and sanctuaries of the dead; its moss-softened, red-tiled roofs and red-brick houses of the living; its river winding down from the mist on the horizon, as if that were its source."

And, looking out from this grand old ruin upon the ruin that surrounds it, musing on the words above, in which he pictured "Cloisterham" so deftly, it does not need much stretch of fancy to believe that the shadow of his form still rests upon the time-bleached castle wall—that the echoes of his voice still linger on the silent summer air.

III.

THE road from Rochester to Higham-on-the-Hill forms part of the old high-road from Canterbury to London. Every foot of it is holy ground, for by this road the pilgrims journeyed centuries ago. The shrine you seek, sadder pilgrim than they, is built upon Gadshill, where Ned Poins and Prince Hal conjured visions to the doughty knight of "thirteen men in buckram," and the "Falstaff Arms" opposite commemorates the revel. You give little thought to associations with the past: yon quaint brick building, from which as it seems but yesterday he "went the silent road into which all earthly pilgrimages merge, some sooner, and some later," absorbs your feelings and enchains your thoughts.

Sixteen years back it was the vicarage of Higham, and how its late tenant, as a boy, admired it, he has oddly told us in his *Uncommercial Traveler:*

"So smooth was the old high-road, and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester when I no-

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ticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Hallo,' said I, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' says I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says—

"'This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But do let us stop at the top of the hill, please, and look at the house there.'

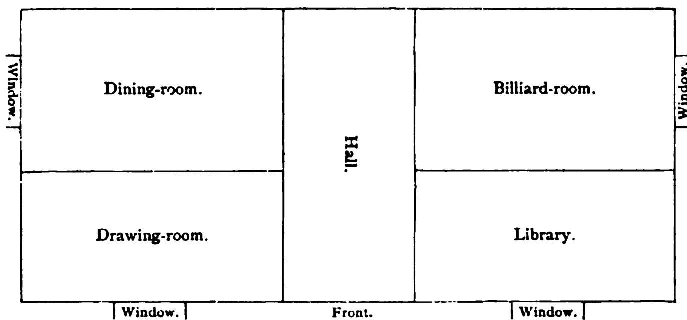
"'You admire that house?" said I.

"'Bless you, sir!' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me—"If you were to be very persevering and work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Though that's impossible,' said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and staring at the house with all his might.

"I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy, for that house happens to be my home, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

It became his home through the mere accident of his hearing, at a dinner-party, that the old vicarage was suddenly for sale. The dinner was left untasted, the bargain made, and Gadshill Place became as immortal as Stratford-on-Avon. The grounds had been embellished from his own designs, but the house would seem to have been left untouched except by Time. There is a tunnel under the high-road connecting the two gardens, and the noble cedars upon either side stand like watchers at a grave and mourn the nobler dead. Ivy and the Virginia creeper overhang the walls and the arched entrance to the tunnel, and red geraniums dot the velvet lawn and crowd the windows in rich profusion.

The ground-floor of the house is thus divided:



On the couch by the bay-window in the dining-room he breathed his last, too weak to be moved to the bed that had been brought down from his chamber. His portrait by Maclise (so lately gone before him), and other pictures by Frith, Cameron, Stanfield, Cattermole, Frank and Marcus Stone, etc.—many representing characters of his own creation—hang on the walls, while in the halls and the sleeping-rooms above stairs lie the many books that have been crowded out of his well-stocked library, rich in treasures, chief of which are the bound manuscripts of his various works, interlined with his own corrections. The library doors are covered over with imitation covers of

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odd works, christened in merry moments by himself and kindred spirits: *Catt's Lives*, in nine volumes; *Life of Zimmerman*, by himself;—*Catalogues of Statues to the Duke of Wellington*, 29 large vols.; *The World*, one very thin 8vo.; *Hanging the Best Policy*, by Our Wise Forefathers;—*A Brief Autobiography*, 3 large quartos; *Encyclopædia of Knowledge*, a skeleton duodecimo; *A Peep at the Pyramids*, 5 vols.; *Five Minutes in China*, 4 gigantic folios; etc.

Back of the library is the billiard-room, to which a miniature table had been fitted for the amusement of his friends, and where Fechter, Marcus Stone, Lord Darnley (his near neighbor), Charles Collins, and like companions, whiled away the pleasant hours, lightened as they were by the polished wit and kindly satire of their host, who, as marker of the game, contributed not a little to the spirit of the *partie*.

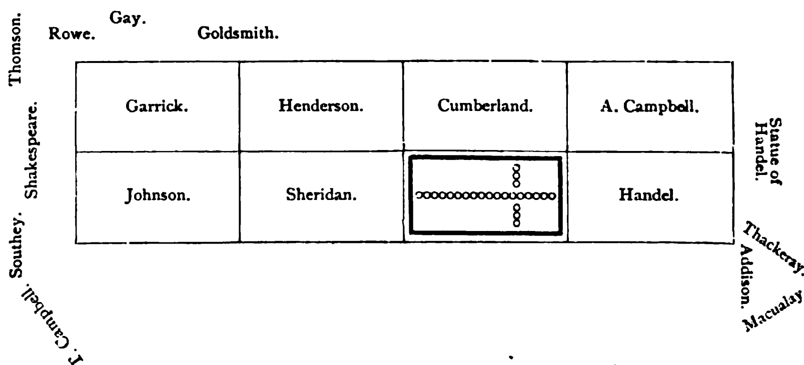
It is a strange waking from the dreamings of the past to the sorrow of the present, as, turning toward the "Falstaff Arms," the landlady, dressed in deep mourning—you need not ask for whom: her unaffected sadness speaks a volume—remarks: "Ah! he was a kind friend, sir, to every one, and a kind man to us!" You ask if the surviving family still remain at Gadshill House. "Yes, sir, but not for long: it is to be sold in a few days." "Sold! that's strange!" "Why, they couldn't live there, you know, sir: why he died in that dining-room: they couldn't live there now!"

With all its wealth of cultivated land, its fields of fruits and flowers, this is the saddest ruin you have seen. To the broken hearts within, the rooms his taste adorned are far more desolate than the barest wall in Cloisterham: the flowers have lost their perfume, the foliage its vitality: the life of all the house departed with him. It is a ruin!

Plucking, in sad remembrance, a sprig of ivy from the garden wall, you turn toward London by the road over which, only five days before, all that remained of him was borne to its final rest.

IV.

Poets' Corner! Surrounding an enclosure of rude oaken benches, an ever-changing crowd look down upon a cross composed of scarcely-withered flowers, dropped since yesterday upon the hallowed stones that overlie the coffin. For a few days it was exposed to view, until the six feet of space above it were all but filled up with flowers fallen from the hands of those who thronged Westminster Abbey to pay tribute to the last comer among these mighty dead. He sleeps in goodly company, and you feel that since it was Heaven's will to call a noble spirit to its home, the earthly frame lies in "the only spot in England worthy to receive it." Mark the great and cherished names carved on the walls or graven in the ground, and see what spirits welcome him to his eternal rest:



Death boasts no richer harvest, and the scythe of Time shall mow the earth in vain to find a nobler sheaf than it has just cut down.

Your pilgrimage is over. His office, his home, his cherished town — his grave. His undying works alone exist for mankind to share in common: he lives but in the memory of man, whence he shall never die.

BARTON HILL.

THE HOUSE OF PENNYPACKER & SON.

WARRENER stretched his head far out of the window of the carriage as we passed a small, low-built, old-fashioned house, that looked as if it might have seen better days, but at that particular moment seemed to be what is technically termed "going to the dogs." There was a deep and eager interest in his gaze which I could not help noticing, and which he could not help seeing excited my curiosity.

"Do you see that house?" he asked.

"Of course I do. Who could help seeing it that had eyes?"

"Well, sir, I could tell you a story connected with that house which has influenced my whole life."

If there is anything I am always open for, it is a story, provided there is anything in it. Therefore I said,

"And why don't you?"

We were going out of town to dine, Warrener and I, and when these words were spoken were passing through what had once been, and in a less degree is still, a prominent business street in Philadelphia. As we went he told the story, and I shall give it in his own words, suppressing merely such as were in answer to the exclamations of the listener.

That house twenty years ago was one of the strongest and sturdiest of our private banking-houses, and I was a clerk in it half a dozen years, learning under excellent tuition principles of finance that have since stood me in good stead. It was known as the house of "Pennypacker & Son;" and though, strictly speaking, there was no son, the elder Pennypacker having departed this life before I knew of the establishment, yet it kept the old title and retained the old sign. Ephraim Pennypacker, who had been originally the "Son," was, when I first knew him, past sixty, and looked at least twenty years older. There was a legend in the office that he never bought any clothes for himself, but went on wearing those of his late progenitor, by which he always remained twenty years behind the age in dress, as in all things else. Not but what the house of Pennypacker & Son knew the one grand secret of making money, but they, if I may use the term, made it stolidly and steadily: there was no flash about their operations, and I verily believe that if anybody had proposed to old Ephraim such a thing as speculation, he would have stood a rare chance of immolation before escaping into the street.

But if there was no son, there was a daughter, and a very nice girl she was. Lydia Pennypacker was her name. At some time, without doubt, Lydia had had a mother, but not within her own recollection; and we—that is, myself and the other clerks—had no legend in reference to this to guide our researches. We all knew that Lydia was a pretty girl and a good girl, that she was just turned twenty—at the time, I mean, when my story really begins—and that her father treated her badly; not merely through neglect and niggardliness, but sometimes to the extent of brutal harshness, including even the infliction of

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blows. In saying this I do not mean to assert that Ephraim Pennypacker was in all respects a bad man; but he was absorbed in the acquisition of wealth, and in his treatment of his daughter seemed to act as though he resented the cost of her support, or was wreaking upon her some malice nurtured against Nature for having cast upon him a useless burden, in place of the "Son" to whom the house of Pennypacker had a natural claim. Many a time I have caught the poor girl in tears, and many a time have I had to dissuade her from a resolve to run away from home and earn her own living in some other city.

The clerks of Pennypacker & Son all lodged and boarded with Ephraim, in a house not far distant from the office. The discipline was strict. We could not be out after nine in the evening. Our meals were symbols of dyspepsia, not only in the quality of the viands, but in the silence and gravity with which they were consumed. I have often thought since that nothing could have saved us all from the pangs of that terrible disease, save the fact that the quantity served out to us was too small to make any serious demand upon the digestive organs of a babe.

When I speak of *all* the clerks, I speak only of four, for Ephraim believed in getting the largest amount of work out of the smallest amount of clerk, and carried this belief into extreme practice. Of these clerks my story is concerned with only one—John Barrett. He was my room-mate, and acting cashier and paying teller in the absence of Ephraim, and sometimes in his presence. John was seven years my senior —though he never claimed anything on that score—and not of a social nature: I have known him sit a whole evening in our little room without speaking a word. His associations were very limited: indeed, under our discipline they could not well be otherwise, as but part of Sundays, and about an hour between breakfast and work, was all the time we had to cultivate out-door courtesies, save the evening hours from seven to nine, and these were not always our own. And now, having to a certain extent described my personages, I will proceed to give the opening scene in the drama.

It was a very hot day in midsummer, and every one in the office went about his work in a dozy condition. I know that as it approached three o'clock I several times caught myself napping on my high stool, and should perhaps have proceeded farther than a nap but for two reasons—firstly, that the high stool would inevitably have dropped me; and, secondly, that Mr. Ephraim Pennypacker, who was out upon 'Change, might be expected to pop in at any moment. Toward three there entered a lady, rather elegantly dressed, not very young, but with a face which once seen could not easily be forgotten. It was somewhat handsome in outline, but hard and stony, with a cold blue eye that spoke little of sentiment and everything of business. She went straight to John Barrett's desk, which was next to mine, and presented a cheque. Her entrance, though quiet, aroused every one in the office, for ladies were not so often seen in places of business then as now. Only John and I, however, saw her face. John took the cheque, looked it over in the usual way, gave a glance at the lady, and, after asking her how she would have it, paid it, in conformity with her request, in small bills. She took them carelessly, without counting, put them into a leathern reticule, and went out, the whole transaction not consuming over two minutes. When she had gone I rose from my desk, went over to John's and cast a glance over his shoulder. He was holding the cheque in his hand at the time, and after giving me an angry side stare, thrust it into his drawer. I took the rebuff quietly, as I knew I had deserved it, and returned to my seat.

A few days had passed, when one evening, just as we were about to close the office, we were electrified by a passionate outburst from old Pennypacker

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directed against John Barrett. For some minutes none of us understood the matter, but at last, through the invectives of Ephraim and the explanations of a gentleman who had entered with him, it came out that John had paid a forged cheque for eight thousand dollars, bearing the name of Abendroth & Co., one of our largest depositors. The forgery had been discovered on the monthly return of cheques to that house, and the spurious paper now lay on John's desk, apparently striking him speechless. When he could find tongue, it was to tell that this was the cheque presented by the lady some days before; and as it was drawn to the order of Messrs. Abendroth & Co., and endorsed in their usual manner, he had felt no doubt about the propriety of paying it. The forgery had been neatly executed: there could be no doubt of that. In those days, even some very large houses—that of Abendroth & Co. among others—did not have cheques printed especially for their own use, but availed themselves of such as were to be found at the stationers. I shall never forget the rage of old Pennypacker. He showed it in every way short of using his fists upon the unfortunate culprit: he had just method enough in his madness not to do that.

This affair upset the equanimity of the establishment for a week. John was banished to an inferior position, and under threat of having his whole salary cut off for a hundred years—for nothing less than that would have made good the loss—was kept a close prisoner at the desk, except when summoned (as was also frequently my own case) before an inquisitorial board consisting of Pennypacker and a corps of detectives. On such occasions we were called upon to repeat the descriptions we had so often given of the woman who had presented the cheque. In these descriptions John and I did not agree, but as it was supposed that he had enjoyed a better opportunity of seeing her, and had more interest in her detection than I, his account seemed to carry the most weight. However, no clue was found, and in a few months John was restored to his former position, for well old Pennypacker knew that he could get no one of equal ability at the same salary. The forged cheque was filed away in the archives of the establishment, and the affair ceased to be discussed.

Now comes the second event in my story. I have spoken of Lydia Pennypacker, but I have not mentioned that I always knew that John Barrett was very fond of her, and took every opportunity to show it when her father was out of the way. In fact, it was about the only subject upon which John was not taciturn, and upon that he would talk with me for hours if I gave him a chance; which I did not often do, for I liked Lydia myself, though not in the way John did, but rather in a brotherly manner. I could not say that Lydia liked him: on the contrary, I thought she repulsed him at every opportunity; so much so, sometimes, as to excite his deepest ire, and draw forth, in the solitude of our chamber, threats I did not like to hear, but feared to resent. Then I considered that John was a fine young man, and likely to rise in the world, being steady and industrious, and I could think of no good reason why Lydia should not like him, unless the fact that I had seen her many times in the street, especially on the way home from church, with a handsome young Scotchman, an engineer, named Alexander Graham, had something to do with it. I said as much to her one evening, and the blush and faint laugh which were her only reply went a good way to confirm my suspicions. As the meetings with Graham grew more frequent, Lydia's dislike to John and her disgust with home were more plainly expressed. Trouble was rising, and one night it culminated in a contention between father and daughter heard all through the house, and ending in the sound of blows. I stood trembling at the foot of the stairs, and in a few moments down rushed the girl, with hair disheveled and dress torn, making straight for the

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street door. It was but a little after dark, and I was the only one of the clerks left in the house. I caught her in my arms, but she tore herself fiercely away, exclaiming,

"Let me go! The last blow is struck that I'll ever bear."

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere! anywhere! so that I get away from this accursed place."

I still struggled to hold her, and after a few moments she seemed to relent: suddenly bursting into tears, she caught my hand and said,

"Oh no! I was wrong to speak so, for you have always been kind to me, but I must go."

I drew her to me, trembling all the while—not with passion, but from fear of old Ephraim coming upon us—and tried every persuasion to make her forego her purpose. I pictured the perils of a young girl going forth into the world penniless and with no means of earning her bread. For a time she was resolute, and no words could dissuade her, even though, as she owned, she was going to certain ruin. God help me! what could I do for her with my beggarly two hundred dollars a year?—just enough to provide me with clothes and such necessaries as old Ephraim did not comprise in his stingy tariff. At last I extracted a promise from her that she would go to her room and put off her intention till morning, when we might consider the situation more calmly. So I parted from her, drying her tears with my handkerchief, and kissing her as she went away. That night I loved Lydia Pennypacker well enough to have made her my wife—an act of pure madness, for I was then only eighteen.

The next morning she did not come to breakfast, and as this omission was a fearful breach of discipline, the servant was sent for her. She was gone! —gone, taking with her nothing but a bonnet and cloak in addition to the clothes which she had worn the evening before, and in which, as was to be inferred from the appearance of her bed, she had passed the night, without other covering. In the early morning she had fled. Had a cat or dog strayed away, I think it would have affected Ephraim Pennypacker as much. He asked no questions, ate, as usual, half of what was on the table, and then went to his business. From that time forth no one mentioned the name of his daughter to him or in his presence, and she remained as a thing that had never existed, save in the whispered conversations of the clerks or in my searches, which for months occupied all my vacant time. They were wholly fruitless, and, what was strange, seemed to awaken the especial opposition of John Barrett, who told me, when he found how my time was disposed of, that I might as well desist, as I was only getting myself into trouble: he even tried to abridge my off-hours as much as possible. And so went Lydia Pennypacker off the scene.

Once or twice after that I met Graham in the street. He looked hard at me, but there was no expression in his face as though he mourned the missing girl, and so I was obliged to believe that there had been nothing between them but a flirtation. A few weeks passed and I saw him no more, and on inquiry learned that he had received an engagement in some South American city, to which he had departed.

I come now to the third incident, which for a time puzzled me extremely, but which can here be disposed of quickly. One warm evening in the summer following the events already narrated, I was following out a rule I had adopted of walking, every evening I could get away from my desk, at least five miles rapidly, as a health preservative. On this particular evening I had crossed the Schuylkill at the Wire Bridge, and was trotting away under a bright moonlight, my back being turned to the orb, when I saw a couple coming toward me with the rays full in their faces. At a glance I took in both figures. The one was John Barrett, and the other—good Heavens!—was the lady of the forged cheque, changed as to the style and every point

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of her dress, but the same in every lineament and in the expression of the face; for never could I mistake that cold blue eye and stony look, which made her in the moonlight seem like an animated statue. I stared her full in the face, but to this day I cannot tell whether I stood still as they passed or went on at my regular pace. I remember looking after them and noticing that John never turned his head: something told me that he had not recognized me. By the time I had recovered my presence of mind they were out of sight, and as all my efforts to trace them were in vain, I drew the conclusion that my first supposition was wrong, and that I had been seen and purposely avoided. The storm of conflicting emotions in which I went home that night was terrible. Never before had any suspicion of John entered my mind, but here was real evidence, and the duty of revealing it seemed clear and unavoidable. We had never been very friendly, but the daily intercourse of years had produced a certain intimacy, and on my part at least a feeling of regard; and I was now in a state of agony. I walked the streets till the last allowable hour, and when I reached my room found John already there. It was plain from his composed, even cheerful look, that I had *not* been seen; but soon a steady glance showed that he noticed something in my face that differed from its usual expression. I could see the change myself as I glanced at the glass. At last the question came from him:

"What is the matter?"

"I saw you this evening."

"Ah! did you? Why didn't you speak?"

This staggered me a little, for there was a pleasant smile upon his face.

"You know the reason why."

"Oh, you needn't have minded that. I would have introduced you."

Good Heavens! What did the man mean? I only exclaimed,

"Introduced me!"

"Yes, certainly! She's a very clever girl. I'm very fond of her, and had I met her a few months sooner, there's no knowing what might have happened. I was bringing her home from her brother's, where she had been spending the afternoon."

I echoed his words:

"A clever girl!"

"Yes, very clever. What do you mean?"

"Mean! Why, John, do you not know with whom you were walking, or do you think I have forgotten her?"

"'Forgotten her!' 'Do I know with whom I was walking!' What the deuce do you mean?"

"Do you talk to me in this way, knowing that the woman you were walking with is the one to whom you paid the forged cheque?"

The smile went out of his face now, but his lip curled in derision. I was getting frightened. There was a dead silence of some seconds. At last he spoke:

"See here, Warrener! If I had ever seen you drink, I should say you were drunk. As it is, I can only believe you to be laboring under some hallucination, for I know you would not dare to try such a thing as this on me as a joke."

I was speechless. He went on:

"The young lady with whom you saw me is of unimpeachable character. I never met her until within a few months, and she no more looks like the woman who brought that accursed cheque than she looks like you. Your madness and folly, possibly, would lead you to repeat this tale to others, and in so doing, though you cannot permanently injure her or me, you could revive the sorest subject of my life, and bring an estimable girl into notoriety and suspicion. To avert all this, if you are not too positively insane to see truth when it is set before you, I will give you a chance to meet me with the same lady, at the same place and same hour, to-morrow evening: speak to her and satisfy yourself of your delusion. In the mean time, let me advise you to sleep off the wild air your countenance wears. It won't look well in the office to-morrow. Good-night!"

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He turned from me coldly, and in a few minutes was in bed and apparently asleep.

That night I tossed and tumbled fearfully in my bed. The coolness and confidence of Barrett had staggered my convictions. I turned the matter over in my thoughts, and wondered whether it were possible that the memory of this woman dwelling always on my mind could have led me to identify her appearance with that of another. I remembered how two or three times within the past year I had caught sight of faces in the street which had startled me for a moment by a resemblance to that of the woman whom I had seen but for two minutes, but whose features remained too deeply engraven in my memory to allow of any mistake or uncertainty after a full examination of those which had recalled them.

The next day I went about my work as composedly as I could, and waited for evening. As Barrett left the office he said coldly, "Remember — eight o'clock." I nodded, and at the hour mentioned found myself slowly traversing the path I had trodden so quickly the night before. The moon was obscured this evening, but it was not really dark, and my heart beat wildly as I saw the two figures approaching in relief against the sky. There was no mistaking John Barrett, his figure and walk were too marked. As they drew near, I gathered in the other more distinctly. I saw the form, the dress, the arrangement of hair, the blue eyes, the cold look, the light complexion, but *not* the resemblance of the night before. It was enough: improbable as it had seemed, I had deceived myself, and as Barrett introduced me and mentioned the name of Miss Brinsmade, I felt so abashed and penitent that I could have gone down on my knees on the spot and begged pardon for my blunder. Not knowing, however, whether John had said a word to her on the subject, I feared to broach it, and notwithstanding the efforts of both to remove my restraint, I very soon sneaked off and found my way home. On John's arrival I was as profuse in apologies as he was cold in receiving them. He repeated the assertion that he had only taken the trouble of setting me right for the young lady's sake, not his own There was a subsequent coolness between us for some weeks, but it wore off in time.

The fourth incident I have to tell is one of more importance. It occurred about six months after Lydia's disappearance. One morning, coming out from breakfast and passing through the hall, I picked up a pocket-book. I did not recognize it, and as I was going to my room, took it with me, supposing that I should be able to identify it by the contents. The first thing that met my eye was a small sum of money. This afforded no indication, and I drew out the first paper my fingers touched. Judge my surprise when I saw the forged cheque, which I had thought safely stored in Mr. Ephraim's safe! Of course I took the book to be his, and imagined that for some reason he had transferred the document to it. I was about to close it with the purpose of returning it to him, when some feeling which I cannot define impelled me to draw out the next paper. This, to my dumb surprise, was a certificate of marriage, dated almost a year back, testifying that John Barrett and Lydia Pennypacker had, upon a day stated, been joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony. A tumult of thought rushed over me at this discovery. Now I could understand the apparent uneasiness on his part at my searches for the lost girl. Now I understood his frequent absences from the house, and his remark in reference to Miss Brinsmade, that "had he met her a few months sooner there was no knowing what might have happened." I revolved all this, and many smaller things bearing upon the matter, in my mind. The discovery relieved me of a heavy anxiety in regard to the welfare of Lydia, while it made me think better of John to find that he had taken the homeless girl and made her his wife. I felt that he must have done

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so unselfishly as far as the hope of any pecuniary benefit from the marriage was concerned, since it was certain that in Mr. Ephraim's will she would not stand for a dollar, not only from the old man's positive hatred toward her, but from the fact that he had over and over again expressed his intention of devoting every cent of his money to the founding of a certain charity, the plan of which had been long since drawn up in all its details.

But the cheque! What was the cheque doing in John's possession? This troubled me, but I determined not to act so hastily as I had done once before. I closed the book, and as by returning it personally to Barrett I should only be letting him know that I was in possession of his secret, I concluded to lay it upon his dressing-table and await events. I did so, and went quietly to my desk. John was already at his, and in less than an hour—for I was watching him as a cat does a mouse—he started, turned pale, searched all his pockets rapidly, examined the floor, and then started out. In two or three minutes he was back, and by the flush on his face and the brightness of his eye I perceived that he had found the missing object.

The fifth incident in my story occurred exactly one week from the date of the last, and was announced by a fearful shriek, which rang through the house one morning just as we had finished dressing. I say *we*, though John had been up and dressed a good hour or two before daylight, and was apparently writing at his table by candlelight. We all ran, and in an instant found the scream to proceed from the servant—or housekeeper, as she was called—who stood in the hall and cried, "Come here!" in a sharp, shrill voice. We flew to where she pointed, Mr. Ephraim's room, and there saw the old man lying stark and stiff in his bed. No one touched him: the fact of his death was too apparent for question; and though a doctor was immediately sent for, no one doubted that the event had occurred some hours before. There was no coroner, the doctor gave a certificate, "disease of the heart," and the third day after the earth received all there was of Ephraim Pennypacker. During this time I watched and expected every hour to see Lydia make her appearance, and marked every movement of Barrett's countenance, waiting impatiently for him to surrender his secret. But to my utter surprise she did not come. She must, then, be far away from the city, and I had no right to intrude myself on Barrett's or her privacy and ask questions. I felt sure that Lydia would not have carried her resentment so far as not to be present at the old man's funeral, if it were possible. There were no near relations, and failing Lydia's appearance the public administrator stepped in and took possession. And then came a revelation that astounded everybody. Ephraim Pennypacker had died without a will, and without anything to bequeath, his effects being barely sufficient to meet the claims upon him, and leaving, when everything was settled, the old banking-house as Lydia's property. She did not put in an appearance for this, and so it stood closed and awaiting her claim. It was not worth enough to worry the lawyers much, and was therefore unmolested. There was something very strange in this semi-bankruptcy of Ephraim Pennypacker, as by the evidence of a most respectable firm of lawyers they had drawn his will only three years before his death, and he had then bequeathed to found the before-mentioned charity nearly a quarter of a million in bonds, money and securities of various kinds. This will had gone into his own hands, but as his private cash-book showed during these three years immense sums withdrawn from the bank, and the disposal not accounted for, it was generally conceded that the old banker had been engaged in some secret speculation—however unlike him—had silently sunk his whole capital, and in consequence of this had destroyed the will.

Some of the clerks found employment in the city, but John announced

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to me his intention of going abroad. He was sick of Philadelphia and wanted change, and would take any engagement to get away. I was not surprised, therefore, when I heard, some weeks after, that he had gone to Valparaiso as bookkeeper for an American house there, but I was surprised that he did not bid me or write me good-bye. As he sailed from New York, I could get no definite information as to whether his wife went with him, but I took that point for granted.

I shall take a flight now over three years, during which the only event connected with the subject of my story was the reception from Valparaiso of a regularly-executed set of documents put in by Mrs. John Barrett, once Lydia Pennypacker, claiming the old house, and giving directions that it should remain closed and untouched until her own or her husband's return. This occurred about six months after John's departure, about the time required for them to arrive at their destination; and it brings me to my sixth incident, which relates to the Pennypacker house, but not to the house of Pennypacker & Son.

One night—and a bitter cold night it was—there was an alarm of fire. I was returning from the theatre, a kind of dissipation I now sometimes indulged in, for I was no longer under a cruel discipline. I did as a young man is apt to do, and took a run with the engines. Off they went to the eastern part of the city, and brought up next door to the old house, at a pork-packer's, which was in full blaze. Pork is a good thing to burn, and burn it did, with such effect that I was surprised the flames did not take the Pennypacker house and one or two more with it. As it was, the gable of the old place was knocked off, the door burst open, and the firemen took full range through the building, which did not by any means improve it.

The next day came the insurance people, and in a few days the workmen to repair, under the direction of the authorities who held the property in trust.

And now came a most extraordinary revelation. I got it long before it became public from a young man whose acquaintance I made in the office of the public administrator.

The workmen, in pulling down the shattered parts, unearthed some suspicious-looking packages, and in a few minutes the whole of Mr. Ephraim's lost property — bonds, stocks, money and securities—lay in the hands of the master workman, who fortunately was an honest man. Ephraim had used as a hiding-place a wooden panel under a window, where stood a heavy desk, in a room to which he was wont to retreat at times from the office and lock himself up. He had been too suddenly hurried into eternity to reveal his hoarding-place to any one.

Of course this was a serious matter, and as there was good picking for lawyers and public functionaries, Mr. John Barrett and wife were communicated with at Valparaiso immediately. The return mail brought an answer expressing great joy at the finding of the property, but regretting that the dangerous illness of Mrs. Barrett would prevent her immediate return to Philadelphia. As soon as her health permitted she would set out. Within a month came a second letter from Barrett, announcing the death of his wife, a will made by her in his own favor, and his intention of being in Philadelphia almost as soon as this intelligence, with all legal documents to dispose of the matter.

And sure enough, within two weeks I heard of his arrival. I called at his hotel, sent up my card, and received the answer that Mr. Barrett was too ill to see anybody. My pride started at this. Could it be the rich man cutting off his old associates? I contented myself with sending up a second card with my address, in order that if he wanted to see me he might be able to do so, and then went my way. From my friend in the public office I heard that John Barrett had put in all his proofs and complied with all the legal forms, after which, having taken possession of the property, amounting in all to about three hundred thousand dollars,

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he had left the city, in what direction nobody knew. He never saw fit to call on me, and I did not meet him.

Twelve years now pass over us, and I come to the seventh incident in my story, which more nearly concerns myself than all the rest put together. You know that whatever little share of this world's goods I now possess I have won within the last five years: in other words, five years ago I was poor, and of course in no position to fall in love or marry; and yet, absurd as it is for a man of thirty-three to talk of being romantically in love, I was so for the first time in my life, and the object of my passion was Katie Earnshaw, of whom I shall say nothing except that she was as good as she was pretty. Katie was on my side, but I am sorry to say I had all the elder branches of her family arrayed against me. They believed in my little lady marrying somebody with mints of money, and the father especially had just the man picked out for her that he thought would suit. This man, Waring de Lille, claimed to be of French extraction, born in New Orleans. He was tall, dark, bronzed by exposure to a tropical sun, wore a heavy moustache, dressed exquisitely, and was about forty years of age. He had been but a few months in Philadelphia when I met him, but certainly in his conversation, which was slightly tinged with a foreign idiom and accent, showed more knowledge of the city than that time warranted. He was rich (Earnshaw senior was not a man to be deceived on such a point), and Katie told me, as coming from him, that De Lille had large investments in New York, almost enough to constitute him a millionaire. What chance could I have against such a rival? Of course my attentions were repudiated by pa and ma, and as warmly encouraged by Katie, until I felt that we stood on the brink of an open rupture, and perhaps a runaway affair, providing Katie would consent to so summary a mode of settling the matter. I could do nothing toward checking the fellow's cool persistency but glare at him when we met, and then it was rarely I could catch his eye to make him feel that I was desperately in earnest. It always wandered away, but when I did catch it there was something that made my blood crawl, as though I were looking into that of a vampyre. It was a recognized fact that De Lille was a suitor for Katie Earnshaw's hand, with the consent of all parties but herself. How long she might be able to do battle against him, backed as he was by her father and mother, was a matter of great doubt.

In this state affairs stood when one day, as I was walking slowly down Walnut street ruminating on the situation, a lady came from a building used for lawyers' offices, and approached me. She was on the shady side of thirty-five, rather handsome, but with a complexion which indicated that much of her life had been spent in southern lands. As she came near she gazed inquiringly in my face, started slightly, colored and stood still. There was something in her look which memory recalled, but only in a vague way.

"Warrener?" she said.

"My name, madam."

"You do not remember me?"

"I am sorry to say I do not."

"I am Lydia Pennypacker."

"Lydia Pennypacker!" I almost shouted, seizing both her hands in mine. "Why, I thought you were dead?"

"Not yet," she said, laughing, "though they have tried hard to kill me. It is to prove myself alive that I have just been among these gentlemen of the law."

Then the whole story came fresh to my mind after the lapse of twelve years, and I said,

"But your husband produced evidence that you died at Valparaiso."

"Not my husband, but an impostor. I never was in Valparaiso in my life."

I was struck dumb.

"Do you mean to say that John Barrett was not your husband?"

"I never saw John Barrett from the day before I left my father's house.

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My husband was Alexander Graham. We were married in this city the day I left home, and I went with him to Rio Janeiro, and from there into the back country, where he became engineer on a large sugar estate, and where we lived until his death one year ago."

Good Heavens! what a revelation! I could not speak. I could do nothing but tuck the little woman's arm under my own and march her off to my office, that I might gather my breath and know all about it.

"I have come back to Philadelphia," she said, "after fifteen years, a stranger, having during that time scarcely met an American, let alone a native of this city, and rarely caught sight of a newspaper. I came back to see once more the spot I was born in, and to forgive those who drove me out into the cold world, and I find that an impostor has personated me and received my birthright. Thank Heaven! I shall not suffer for the want of it: I am independent."

"But Barrett—where is Barrett?"

"My attorneys can find no trace of him. He turned all the estate and securities into money and went abroad."

"And the woman he called his wife —who was she?"

"Some one that he married in this city immediately after my departure, and who assumed my name. Thus far the detectives have reached, but who she was they cannot discover. We have the evidence of a gentleman who saw her at Valparaiso, and he describes her as a blonde (I am the opposite), with a cold blue eye and hard, inexpressive face."

It all flashed upon me in a moment. This was the woman of the forged cheque, and John Barrett's wife. As rapidly as I could I went through the story to Mrs. Graham.

"Why," she said, "you are valuable evidence in working up our case. But what is the use now? The rogue, as well as the property, is gone."

True enough, the story was all out, but too late. John Barrett had been the forger of that cheque, the woman only the presenter. The woman I saw upon the road that night was she—the one the next evening only a changeling wearing the same clothes. John Barrett had known of Ephraim Pennypacker's habit of hoarding, and doubtless knew that somewhere he had the money he had withdrawn from the bank, but after the old man's death had been unable to find it. He knew of Lydia's flight out of the country, and where she was, and so determined on the plot he had so successfully worked. But there was another point which until this moment had never crossed my mind. Might he not have murdered the old man the more quickly to consummate his work? The thought made me shiver, but the fact was possible, nay probable. He had committed almost every crime but murder: why not murder too?

All this Lydia and I canvassed, but, alas! too late.

And now I come to the mention of a strange psychological fact—something for which I cannot account. That evening, with brain so full of this revived memory that I could not even find room in it for Katie Earnshaw, I spent at her honse. The parlor was brilliantly lighted: the bell rang, there was a step in the entry that made me start, the door opened and John Barrett stepped into the room. I started to my feet, horror-stricken. There he stood before me, as plainly as on the day we had last met, nothing changed but by the years that had been added and the browner tint of the skin.

John Barrett, and yet Waring de Lille! Before this moment I had not seen one trace of the first about him: now I could see nothing of the last. I stood there transfixed, even after all others were seated, wondering whether I retained my senses, or whether they had left me under the excitement of the day. For an hour I remained gazing at the man and wondering; and then, commending myself for the presence of mind that had withheld me from denouncing him on the spot, I withdrew.

That night I could not sleep until I had seen Lydia, and early the next

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morning we met at her lawyer's. It did not take long to find two able detectives to make up a party of five, including Mrs. Graham and her attorney, to call upon Mr. Waring de Lille at his hotel. As we followed the waiter into his room I wondered, now that I saw him again by daylight, how I could ever have thought he was anybody but John Barrett, though Lydia declared to me afterward that her heart fell as she entered his room, for she saw not the first point of resemblance.

It was short work. I came upon him promptly and boldly, accused him of theft, forgery and murder, asserted that the proof was all prepared, produced Lydia, and extorted the confession that his wife was still alive. In less than two hours I was on my way to New York to receive an assignment of property sufficient to cover Mrs. Graham's entire demand, with interest to date.

I don't think that left Mr. John Barrett much with which to join his charming wife.

Lydia insisted upon showing her gratitude by becoming a special partner in my business, which was the first cause of my making money.

And that's the way I came to marry Katie Earnshaw. J. W. WATSON.

WAIFS FROM FIELD, CAMP AND GARRISON.

THE many and prolonged intervals between the battles of great armies are always prolific in jest and song, and in all the quaintness of speech and action which habitually attaches to the soldier. No doubt the proverbial army which "swore terribly in Flanders" had also its full share of jokes and quips wherewith to beguile the tedium of a disagreeable campaign. From personal experience I know that the hardships of the soldier's life are lightened in an astonishing degree by the amusement which he is able to extract from toils and perils and discomforts. No subject can arise in conversation, no occurrence, however serious in itself, can come to vary the monotony of the hour, but he will look eagerly for the ludicrous side of it; and never did a *bon mot* pass more quickly from lip to lip at the tables of the rich and the cultivated than the jokes of the army pass down the long column on the march, or from tent to tent in the encampment.

Very early in my military experience I came to appreciate the peculiar humor which is the natural overflow of the soldier's exuberance. I had also occasion to notice the grotesque situations, the odd conceits and the blunders in language and act which naturally arise from a state of war, and which are quite as often observed among those high in authority as in the rank and file. The general title which has been chosen for this discursive article will permit me to present, without any attempt at classification, some of the many jokes and oddities which often made more tolerable the irksomeness of the military situation in field, camp and garrison, and which had a wide currency in some of the armies, albeit they now first have the publicity of print. They are selected from recollections teeming with the same material; and though they cannot claim anything as elaborate attempts at humor, they may safely be regarded as characteristic specimens of one phase of American drollery.

It was ever a topic of bitter faultfinding among the underlings that those high in command often took on a great deal of what is commonly called "style," and hedged the approaches toward their headquarters with difficulties almost in-

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surmountable to the subaltern. This feeling caused an anecdote that was widely told of one of General Banks' military family to be keenly relished by the aforesaid underlings. No one was more easily approached by all grades on any legitimate business than the general, but soon after he assumed command at New Orleans it entered the head of a member of his staff to devise a system which compelled every one who came on business to the commanding general to procure a ticket from one of the aides, the presentation of which at the door gained him admission. Possibly the system was well enough for the time and place, but it seemed otherwise to a burly colonel of an Eastern regiment, who came one day to the door of the private office at headquarters and requested his name to be given to the general.

"Have you a ticket?" brusquely inquired Mr. Staff Officer.

"A ticket!" echoed the colonel. "No, sir, I haven't."

"You can't enter here without one," retorted S. O., positively.

"Sir," said the colonel, very decidedly, "when General Banks becomes a puppet-show, and I have twenty-five cents to spare, I'll buy a ticket to see him—not before."

He was admitted without further parley.

A lieutenant of artillery related to me his experience with the predecessor of this general in the same department, which, though very unsatisfactory to himself, had a spice of the ludicrous in it which made him laugh while relating it. He had served some months amidst the unhealthy swamps of Louisiana, and had got the malaria firmly fixed upon him, as was supposed. Although his outward physique was vigorous enough, surgeons pronounced him incurable, and his resignation went up to headquarters strongly flanked by certificates of total disability. Weeks passed without the order for discharge being published, and the lieutenant grew impatient. He had known the general personally in Lowell, and, presuming upon this acquaintance, he ventured up to headquarters to make inquiry after his resignation. The general received him, listened to his story, sent his orderly into the adjutant's office for the papers, read them carefully, and then turned to the lieutenant and read *him* as though he were a written page.

"It seems from these papers," the general remarked, "that you've got to die anyway before long."

"Yes, sir," the officer eagerly assented.

"Then the resignation can't be accepted. If you're going to die right off, you'd better die here, where you're useful, than in Massachusetts, where you're not."

The officer went away disgusted, but he did not die, and the sagacity of the blunt general was vindicated against the opinion of the doctors.

Before we leave Louisiana I must make mention of His Excellency, Thomas Overton Moore, governor of the State under the Confederate authority — a fussy, consequential personage, filled with the gas of glory, whose principal occupation while in the executive office was to issue bombastic proclamations, well spiced with threats against the Yankees, and equally remarkable as literary compositions. One of these messages enjoined the people to raise corn for the sustenance of the Confederate armies instead of cotton. When our troops marched through Opelousas, the late capital of his excellency, on the route to the Red River, many copies of a printed message, supplementary to the one just named, were found scattered about. It read, in part: "I congratulate you on your ready compliance with the order directing you to raise corn instead of cotton. This is one of the sinews of war, which will yet drive the Yankee invader from our soil." To the margin of this was attached a printed slip which read as follows: "While I congratulate you on your obedience to the order directing the raising of corn instead of cotton, I regret to say that the main object has been defeated by its perverted use — in the manufacture of the greater part of it into whisky."

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A soldier, upon reading the above, at once observed that the people of Louisiana evidently knew a great deal more about the true way to *fire the Southern heart* than the governor did.

In this connection some passages from a general order of the rebel general Dick Taylor may be cited as extraordinary specimens of military froth and buncombe. They are no worse than hundreds of kindred performances perpetrated upon both sides during the war. I select this one because I have a true copy of the original, dated "Headquarters District Western Louisiana, in the Field, May 25th, 1864." It is plainly the handicraft of some ambitious handler of the pen and sword, whose zeal far outran his judgment. The subject of the congratulation, it should be premised, is the unsuccessful termination of our Red River expedition; and though the author of the order draws heavily upon his imagination for some of his facts, his overpowering diction must be allowed to stand unimpaired: "Along a hundred miles of his path," one paragraph ran, "with more than average barbarity, the flying foe burned every house and village within his reach. *You extinguished the burning ruins in his base blood.* Long will the accursed race remember the great river of Texas and Louisiana. The characteristic hue of its turbid waters has a darker tinge, from the liberal admixture of Yankee blood. The cruel alligator and ravenous gar-fish wax fat on rich food, and our native vulture holds high revelry o'er many a festering corpse. Like generous hounds with the game in full view, you have known neither hunger nor fatigue, and the hoarse cannon and ringing rifle have replaced in this stern chase the sonorous horn and joyous halloo. Conquer your own vices, and you can conquer the world."

We must admit, after reading the above, that the Napoleonic style in war-literature was badly overdone during our late unpleasantness.

The ceremony of mustering the command every two months, to verify the pay-rolls by the actual presence of, or properly accounting for, each soldier, is one of much interest to the regiment. After the first occasion of this kind to some green troops, I overheard the following observations:

"Why do they call this mustering, Tom?"

"Because they want to be sure you're here."

"Yes, but that word? I want to know what that's got to do with it."

"Why, I'll tell you, Joe. We haven't been in a battle yet; and I s'pose we're mustered now, so that we can be peppered then."

Troops on the march, especially rival corps, in passing each other are apt to indulge in a continual fusillade of small jokes and sarcasms. During one of the campaigns in Western Louisiana, the Thirteenth and Nineteenth Corps were thrown much together, and this good-natured "chaffing" became the order of the hour at every meeting. Once on the march our corps (the Nineteenth) passed a wagon train of the Thirteenth at a halt. The Western soldiers had become noted for taking up live-stock on the way through the enemy's country, and several of these wagons were plentifully supplied with fowls and four-footed beasts. A goose hanging by the legs from the tail-board of a wagon set up a lively cackling as we passed; and the following sharp colloquy ensued between one of our men and the driver:

"I say—where'd you get that goose?"

"He's a deserter from the Nineteenth Corps," was the ready answer.

"You don't say? Well, you know that birds of a feather flock together."

Farther on, several of the Western soldiers were seen standing by the carcass of a mule, who, like a good soldier, had died with harness on his back.

"Come, you Eastern men," sung out one of them, "here's your chance. Come and fill your haversacks with fresh meat."

"After you, after you!" was the quick retort. "Finish your meal, and we'll see about it.'

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Upon the repulse of the enemy at Cane River, our army struck through the dense "piney woods" in a direction which it was supposed would lead straight to the Red. After pursuing this course for some time, it became apparent to the generals that it was the wrong one; nor was it evident which was the right way. In fact, the army was completely "lost in the woods." A halt was ordered, and staff officers were despatched in every direction to discover the route. The men of course could not be kept in ignorance of this strange complexion of affairs, and the gloomy old forest quickly resounded with dolorous cries of "Babes in the wood! Babes in the wood!" repeated from regiment to regiment, and everywhere hailed with shouts of laughter. After a time the direction was discovered, and the column put in motion again; and when, about noon, the leading brigade marched out of the woods into the open country along the Red River, and its familiar water appeared to their eyes, the soldiers broke forth into a popular negro melody, which was repeated along the column with such variations in language as suited the fancy of the singer:

> "Oh, ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness,
> Out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness!
> Ain't I glad I'm out of the wilderness,
> Down in Louisian'!"

One unfailing source of amusement to our soldiers in the South was to observe the peculiarities of the language used by the people, and to imitate them in their own conversation. The enjoyment of this kind of dialect was peculiarly heightened when there was connected with it a joke upon any of their comrades or officers. A fine occasion was offered one day on the march between Charlestown and Berryville, Virginia, when Dr. B——, the assistant surgeon of one of the regiments, endeavored to negotiate for some milk with one of the inhabitants. The doctor, it may be observed, had an "unbounded stomach" for milk. The pursuit of it had in one instance led him nearly into the hands of Mosby, and probably nothing short of the certainty of capture would have restrained him from the pursuit. Upon the occasion first spoken of he rode up to a mean-looking house by the roadside, and raised his cap deferentially to a slatternly-looking girl standing with arms akimbo in the doorway. He was within a few feet of the column, and the boys listened eagerly.

"Madam," he said, "can I purchase a canteen of milk and a loaf of bread of you?"

The damsel eyed him with malicious displeasure, and answered slowly and loudly:

"We hain't got no bread. We hain't got no milk. We hain't got nothing. We're clean done gone up a spout; so ye can tote yourself away from h'yar."

The regiment laughed and repeated the rebuff with variations, and the doctor rode on to try elsewhere.

No place was more thoroughly dedicated to the beguiling influences of humor than the staff and regimental mess-tables. No distinctions of rank prevailed here among the officers: every man was expected to contribute his quota toward the enjoyment of the hour, and he who could season the meal with a good joke, or make the occasional hard fare more palatable by a diverting anecdote, was certain of a popularity beyond the limits of the mess-tent. It was the place where all threw aside the cares and labors of service, and strove to give brightness and diversion to the present hour. I recall several stories that were related over the rough boards of the mess-table, and thence started on their travels through the command.

One was an account which one of the many prisoners captured by Sheridan in his charge through Rockfish Gap on the raid down to White House, and sent back to Winchester, gave of the affair. "We didn't know you'uns was around at all," he said, "and we'uns reckoned we was all safe, till you'uns came ridin' down like mad through the gap, and scooped up we'uns jest like so many her'in'."

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"And I expect it was a pretty scaly time for the poor devils," the reporter added.

Another reminiscence is of a characteristic description which that excellent soldier, General Godfrey Weitzel, gave of his "Reserve Brigade," his first independent command; which, by the way, was composed of the Seventy-fifth, One-hundred-and-fourteenth, and One-hundred-and-sixtieth New York, the Twelfth Connecticut, and the Eighth Vermont regiments. "It is called the Reserve Brigade," he jocosely said, "because if there is any hard fighting to do, my command is always reserved to do it and to lead off in it. These five regiments make what I call a flush hand—two bowers, right and left, and three other trumps."

A certain regiment which wore the Zouave uniform was commanded by a young officer of dashing appearance, who rode a horse that had been taught to curvet and prance at the touch of the spur. Early one morning in that memorable campaign of 1864, while Sheridan's army was moving eastward from its bivouac toward Harper's Ferry, this officer, riding at the head of his regiment, espied General Emory, the corps commander, who had dismounted with two of his staff, and was standing by the roadside, inspecting with a keen eye his command as it passed. C—— thought that this would be a capital occasion to "show off" a little before the stern old general; so, bringing up his hand to salute, he touched his horse with the spur. The animal immediately pranced up to the general in beautiful style, but unfortunately overdid the thing, and had his fore legs elevated over the head of the head of the corps before the colonel could check him.

The general jumped back in extreme irritation. "Good God, Colonel C——!" he thundered, "isn't there room enough in the whole State of Virginia for you two animals and me?"

The colonel never heard the last of that meeting while the corps remained in existence.

The conversation turning one evening upon the propensity to steal (*accumulate* was the word more often used to express a violation of the eighth commandment) which was much more prevalent in some commands than in others, one of the officers said that the most singular theft that he had ever heard of had been committed that day. It was no less than the stealing of a grave.

"Stealing a grave!" was echoed in astonishment from all sides. "Impossible!" "Absurd!" "Can't be done!"

"But it was done," insisted the officer; "and I'll tell you how. You know that the ——st Regulars, and the ——th Oregon Volunteers are brigaded together and camped side by side. Each regiment had a death yesterday, and to-day the regulars made preparations to bury their man. They sent out a party to dig a grave beyond the guard lines, and in the mean time they were making their corpse ready. The volunteers had theirs all ready over night; and no sooner was the regulars' working party out of sight after the grave was dug, than the volunteers started their escort, marched—quick time, I guess—straight to the grave, buried their man and covered him up; and when the regulars came round with *their* funeral, they found that the volunteers had actually stolen their grave."

The most ludicrous misadventure that I ever had personal knowledge of, in the army or out of it, was that of an officer who acted as brigade provost-marshal during one of the Louisiana campaigns. He was so filled with the pride and importance of his position that he made himself thoroughly hated by all the men, albeit the captain was a very clever little man when he could forget that he held the exalted place of brigade provost-marshal. The soldiers were much in the habit of filling their haversacks with sugar at the abandoned sugar-houses which were frequent on our line of march; and as this was property which it was well understood was to be confiscated by the chief commissary, the officers generally winked at the practice, which at the worst was

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but a trivial breach of discipline. The captain, however, when he found himself on the staff, declared that it would never do—that it was subversive of all military discipline, ruinous to the *morale* of the troops, in defiance of the regulations and general orders: in short, that he'd put a stop to it straightway. Full of this determination, he dismounted one hot day on the march before one of the gigantic brick sugar-houses common in the region of the Teche; and entering it, found fifty or more stout privates of the brigade as busy as beavers filling their haversacks from the contents of a long row of covered hogsheads.

"Now get out of this, you thievish scamps!" was his ungentle salutation; and as his order was very slowly and reluctantly obeyed by the independent American soldiers whom he addressed, he drew his sword and leaped to the top of one of the hogsheads, designing to run along the row and thwack the depredators over the shoulders with the flat of the weapon. But alas for him that he put his trust in a hogshead cover! It yielded to his weight the instant that he landed upon it, and the little hero disappeared in a twinkling. The calamity would have been bad enough, as a lowering of the captain's dignity before the men, had it stopped here; but when the unlucky provost was fished out from the molasses with which this particular vessel was filled, soaking and streaming with the sticky fluid from head to foot, helpless in his rage and gasping for breath, and the building resounded with the vociferous laughter of the men, then was the downfall of that "*little* brief authority" complete. The soldiers thought that the captain's manners were much less offensive after this incident, but it was said that he always construed the mention of molasses in his presence into a personal affront.

The Tenth New York Cavalry, whose history is that of the Army of the Potomac from Antietam to Appomattox, was recruited under the name of "Porter Guards Cavalry," in honor of the memory of General Peter B. Porter, a distinguished citizen of the State and nation.' Before the regiment had been designated by number, boxes of ordnance for its use reached the barracks addressed to "Commanding Officer P. G. C." This was in December, 1862, at the Elmira Military Station. The quartermaster's department of the State was remiss in answering requisitions for clothing: many of this regiment were unshod, and not a few could be seen on guard with rags fluttering dolefully in the chill wind. The men were naturally indignant at this treatment, and their opinions upon the subject were not always expressed in the most carefully-chosen language. Laboring one raw morning at the adjutant's desk, I overheard an amusing colloquy between the guard at the door and a poor ragged fellow who was kicking his heels against one of the boxes that had been unloaded there.

"I say, Jerry," he said, "d'ye know what these letters here mean?"

"Which?—'P. G. C.'?"

"Yes."

"Porter Guards Cavalry, I suppose."

"Oh, no they don't! That's what they used to mean, six weeks ago; but our name's been changed since, though the initials are just the same."

"What the dickens do you mean?"

"Why, our new name, of course—*Poor Government Cusses*."

The tendency of soldiers to grotesque exaggeration is well illustrated by the remark of one of them concerning that greatest pest of the camp which the dictionaries denominate a "small insect of the genus *pediculus*." I presume every army in history has been annoyed by this atomy, but I think none suffered from it and at the same time made it the subject of habitual jest before the armies of our war. As in the case of every other source of vexation, the men grumbled at it, philosophized over it and laughed at it.

"I could bear the *little* fellows, and say nothing about them," I heard a dry joker in blue say to his comrades at reveille roll-call one morning; "but

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such monsters as there are in this camp! Why, I woke up last night and saw one of these creeters sitting at the foot of my bunk. He had his back to me, and there was a great U. S. A. on it; but when he turned round — great Scott! what d'ye think he was doing?"

"Eating hard-tack," suggested one, with a wink.

"Smoking your pipe," put in another.

"No he wasn't: he was picking his teeth with my bayonet!"

One of the most curious classes of persons connected with the war was the malingerers—the name given to soldiers who feign disease in order to obtain a discharge or exemption from dangerous duty. The subject properly belongs to medical science, but these skulkers were so thoroughly detested by all good soldiers that the latter lent every effort to their detection, and the result was sometimes accomplished by means which gave a farcical complexion to the case.

I remember the apparently painful condition of a soldier whose right leg was drawn up at an angle from the knee—the result of rheumatism, he insisted. He was known to be a skulker, and several surgeons had examined the limb and found no appearance of contraction of the muscles; but all their efforts to pull it into shape were useless. Some of them became convinced by the stubbornness of the member, insisted that it could not be flexed, and advised the man's discharge. Dr. H——, however, had seen much of the same difficulty in hospitals, and put in practice a mode of treatment which he had seen successfully tried in several cases. The man, by his direction, was brought over to the division hospital and confronted by the surgeon and two assistants with their sleeves rolled up.

"I understand perfectly well the nature of your difficulty, my man," said the doctor. "It is a species of sciatica, and I can cure it by cauterization."

"What's that?" the victim asked in distrustful wonder.

"Cauterization? Oh, that's merely burning to a blister, from the hip to the heel, with a white-hot iron. It's sure to cure. Get on that table."

"I—I don't want to," the shirk stammered, his face turning whiter than the doctor's irons and his teeth chattering. "You sha'n't do it: it won't do me a bit of good."

"Mount that table, or I'll have you tied to it," was the stern command; and the poor wretch obeyed with a groan, not yet quite certain that this extreme measure was really to be resorted to.

"Strip that leg! Steward, bring in those irons!"

They came, hissing hot from the fire, and the miserable creature on the table shrieked, "Doctor, doctor! you ain't a-going to burn me with those things—be you?"

"I am that — from hip to heel," replied the doctor, coolly, taking one of the ugly instruments in his hand and approaching the table.

"You sha'n't do it! Let go! my leg's well, I tell you!" the man screamed; and, tearing away from those who held him, he jumped nimbly to the floor and ran out of the hospital with two as straight legs as there were in the whole army. He returned to duty the next day, and was effectually cured of his malingering propensities.

Such are some of the characteristic phases of military life as I observed and noted them. In conclusion, I may add my belief that the majority of those who were spared to the close of the great struggle left its ranks much better men than when they entered them. All the hard lessons of its campaigns taught them to be self-reliant and resourceful; and even its grim humors and lighter pleasantries developed the soft side of their character. To make merry with the ills of life is to contract a habit that will lengthen our days; and such was the constant practice of those who wore the blue and the gray.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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ON THE HYPOTHESIS OF EVOLUTION, PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

III.

III. SPIRITUAL OR MORAL DEVELOPMENT.

IN examining this subject, we first inquire (Sect. α) whether there is any connection between physical and moral or religious development; then (β), what indications of moral development may be derived from history. Finally (γ), a correlation of the results of these inquiries, with the nature of the religious development in the individual, is attempted. Of course in so stupendous an inquiry but a few leading points can be presented here.

If it be true that the period of human existence on the earth has seen a gradually increasing predominance of higher motives over lower ones among the mass of mankind, and if any parts of our metaphysical being have been derived by inheritance from pre-existent beings, we are incited to the inquiry whether any of the moral qualities are included among the latter; and whether there be any resemblance between moral and intellectual development.

Thus, if there have been a physical derivation from a pre-existent genus, and an embryonic condition of those physical characters which distinguish Homo—if there has been also an embryonic or infantile stage in intellectual qualities—we are led to inquire whether the development of the individual in moral nature will furnish us with a standard of estimation of the successive conditions or present relations of the human species in this aspect also.

α. *Relations of Physical and Moral Nature.*

ALTHOUGH, *cæteris paribus*, men are much alike in the deeper qualities of their nature, there is a range of variation which is best understood by a consideration of the extremes of such variation, as seen in men of different latitudes, and women and children.

(*a.*) *In Children.* Youth is distinguished by a peculiarity, which no doubt depends upon an immature condition of the nervous centre concerned, which might be called *nervous impressibility.* It is exhibited in a greater tendency to tearfulness, in timidity, less mental endurance, a greater facility in acquiring knowledge, and more ready susceptibility to the influence of sights, sounds and sensations. In both sexes the emotional nature predominates over the intelligence and judgment. In those years the *character* is said to be in embryo, and theologians in using the phrase, "reaching years of religious understanding," mean that in early years the religious *capacities* undergo development coincidentally with those of the body.

(*b.*) *In Women.* If we examine the metaphysical characteristics of women, we observe two classes of traits—namely, those which are also found in men, and those which are absent or but weakly developed in men. Those of the first class are very similar in essential nature to those which men exhibit at an early stage of development. This may be in some way related to the fact that physical maturity occurs earlier in women.

The gentler sex is characterized by a greater impressibility, often seen in the influence exercised by a stronger character, as well as by music, color or spectacle generally; warmth of emotion, submission to its influence rather than that of logic; timidity and irregularity of action in the outer world. All these qualities belong to the male sex, as a general rule, at some period of life, though different individuals lose them at very various periods. Ruggedness

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and sternness may rarely be developed in infancy, yet at some still prior time they certainly do not exist in any.

Probably most men can recollect some early period of their lives when the emotional nature predominated — a time when emotion at the sight of suffering was more easily stirred than in their maturer years. I do not now allude to the benevolence inspired, kept alive or developed by the influence of the Christian religion on the heart, but rather to that which belongs to the natural man. Perhaps all men can recall a period of youth when they were hero-worshipers —when they felt the need of a stronger arm, and loved to look up to the powerful friend who could sympathize with and aid them. This is the "woman stage" of character: in a large number of cases it is early passed; in some it lasts longer; while in a very few men it persists through life. Severe discipline and labor are unfavorable to its persistence. Luxury preserves its bad qualities without its good, while Christianity preserves its good elements without its bad.

It is not designed to say that woman in her emotional nature does not differ from the undeveloped man. On the contrary, though she does not differ in kind, she differs greatly in degree, for her qualities grow with her growth, and exceed in *power* many fold those exhibited by her companion at the original point of departure. Hence, since it might be said that man is the undeveloped woman, a word of explanation will be useful. Embryonic types abound in the fields of nature, but they are not therefore immature in the usual sense. Maintaining the lower essential quality, they yet exhibit the usual results of growth in individual characters; that is, increase of strength, powers of support and protection, size and beauty. In order to maintain that the masculine character coincides with that of the undeveloped woman, it would be necessary to show that the latter during her infancy possesses the male characters predominating—that is, unimpressibility, judgment, physical courage, and the like.

If we look at the second class of female characters—namely, those which are imperfectly developed or absent in men, and in respect to which man may be called undeveloped woman—we note three prominent points: facility in language, tact or finesse, and the love of children. The first two appear to me to be altogether developed results of "impressibility," already considered as an indication of immaturity. Imagination is also a quality of impressibility, and, associated with finesse, is apt to degenerate into duplicity and untruthfulness — a peculiarity more natural to women than men.

The third quality is different. It generally appears at a very early period of life. Who does not know how soon the little girl selects the doll, and the boy the toy horse or machine? Here man truly never gets beyond undeveloped woman. Nevertheless, "impressibility" seems to have a great deal to do with this quality also.

Thus the metaphysical relation of the sexes would appear to be one of *inexact parallelism*, as defined in Sect. I. That the physical relation is a remote one of the same kind, several characters seem to point out. The case of the vocal organs will suffice. Their structure is identical in both sexes in early youth, and both produce nearly similar sounds. They remain in this condition in the woman, while they undergo a metamorphosis and change both in structure and vocal power in the man. In the same way, in many of the lower creation, the females possess a majority of embryonic features, though not invariably. A common example is to be found in the plumage of birds, where the females and young males are often undistinguishable.* But there are few

* Meehan states that the upper limbs and strong laterals in coniferæ and other trees produce female flowers and cones, and the lower and more interior branches the male flowers. He calls the former condition one of greater "vigor," and the latter one of "weakness," and argues that the vigorous condition of growth produces females, and the weaker males. What he points out, however, is in harmony with the position here maintained—namely, that the female characters include more of those which are embryonic in the males than the male characters include of

points in the physical structure of man also in which the male condition is the immature one. In regard to structure, the point at which the relation between the sexes is that of *exact parallelism*, or where the mature condition of the one sex accords with the undeveloped condition of the other, is when reproduction is no longer accomplished by budding or gemmation, but requires distinct organs. Metaphysically, this relation is to be found where distinct individuality of the sexes first appears; that is, where we pass from the hermaphrodite to the bisexual condition.

But let us put the whole interpretation on this partial undevelopment of woman.

The types or conditions of organic life which have been the most prominent in the world's history—the Ganoids of the first, the Dinosaurs of the second, and the Mammoths of the third period—have generally died with their day. The line of succession has not been from them. The law of anatomy and paleontology is, that we must seek the point of departure of the type which is to predominate in the future, at lower stages on the line, in less decided forms, or in what, in scientific parlance, are called generalized types. In the same way, though the adults of the tailless apes are in a physical sense more highly developed than their young, yet the latter far more closely resemble the human species in their large facial angle and shortened jaws.

How much significance, then, is added to the law uttered by Christ!—"Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven." Submission of will, loving trust, confiding faith—these belong to the child: how strange they appear to the executing, commanding, reasoning man! Are they so strange to the woman? We all know the answer. Woman is nearer to the point of departure of that development which outlives time and which peoples heaven; and if man would find it, he must retrace his steps, regain something he lost in youth, and join to the powers and energies of his character the submission, love and faith which the new birth alone can give.

Thus the summing up of the metaphysical qualities of woman would be thus expressed: In the emotional world, man's superior; in the moral world, his equal; in the laboring world, his inferior.

There are, however, vast differences in women in respect to the number of masculine traits they may have assumed before being determined into their own special development. Woman also, under the influence of necessity, in later years of life, may add more or less to those qualities in her which are fully developed in the man.

The relation of these facts to the principles stated as the two opposing laws of development is, it appears to me, to be explained thus: First, that woman's most inherent peculiarities are *not* the result of the external circumstances with which she has been placed in contact, as the *conflict theory* would indicate. Such circumstances are said to be her involuntary subserviency to the physically more powerful man, and the effect of a compulsory mode of life in preventing her from attaining a position of equality in the activities of the world. Second, that they *are* the result of the different distributions of qualities as already indicated by the *harmonic theory* of development; that is, of the unequal possession of features which belong to different periods in the developmental succession of the highest. There is then another beautiful harmony which will ever remain, let the development of each sex be extended as far as it may.

(*c*.) *In Men*. If we look at the male sex, we shall find various exceptional

those which are embryonic in the female: the female flowers are the product of the younger and more growing portions of the tree—that is, those last produced (the upper limbs and new branches)—while the male flowers are produced by the older or more mature portions—that is, lower limbs or more axial regions. Further, we are not accustomed to regard the condition of rapid growth as that of great vigor in animals, but rather ascribe that quality to maturity, after such growth has ceased.

Meehan's observations coincide with those of Thury and others on the origin of sexes in animals and plants, which it appears to me admit of a similar explanation.

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approximations to the female in mental constitution. Further, there can be little doubt that in the Indo-European race maturity in some respects appears earlier in tropical than in northern regions; and though subject to many exceptions, this is sufficiently general to be looked upon as a rule. Accordingly, we find in that race—at least in the warmer regions of Europe and America—a larger proportion of certain qualities which are more universal in women; as greater activity of the emotional nature when compared with the judgment; an impressibility of the nervous centre, which, *cæteris paribus*, appreciates quickly the harmonies of sound, form and color; answers most quickly to the friendly greeting or the hostile menace; is more careless of consequences in the material expression of generosity or hatred, and more indifferent to truth under the influence of personal relations. The movements of the body and expressions of the countenance answer to the temperament. More of grace and elegance in the bearing marks the Greek, the Italian and the Creole, than the German, the Englishman or the Green Mountain man. More of vivacity and fire, for better or for worse, is displayed in the countenance.

Perhaps the more northern type left all that behind in its youth. The rugged, angular character which appreciates force better than harmony, the strong intellect which delights in forethought and calculation, the less impressibility, reaching stolidity in the uneducated, are its well-known traits. If there be in such a character less generosity and but little chivalry, there is persistency and unwavering fidelity, not readily obscured by the lightning of passion or the dark surmises of an active imagination.

All these peculiarities appear to result, *first*, from different degrees of quickness and depth in appreciating impressions from without; and, *second*, from differing degrees of attention to the intelligent judgment in consequent action. (I leave conscience out, as not belonging to the category of inherited qualities.)

The first is the basis of an emotional nature, and the predominance of the second is the usual indication of maturity. That the first is largely dependent on an impressible condition of the nervous system can be asserted by those who reduce their nervous centres to a sensitive condition by a rapid consumption of the nutritive materials necessary to the production of thought-force, and perhaps of brain tissue itself, induced by close and prolonged mental labor. The condition of overwork, though but an imitation of immaturity, without its joy-giving nutrition, is nevertheless very instructive. The sensitiveness, both physically, emotionally and morally, is often remarkable, and a weakening of the understanding is often coincident with it.

The above observations have been confined to the Indo-European race. It may be objected to the theory that savagery means immaturity in the senses above described, as dependent largely on "impressibility," while savages in general display the least "impressibility," as that word is generally understood. This cannot be asserted of the Africans, who, so far as we know them, possess this peculiarity in a high degree. Moreover, it must be remembered that the state of indifference which precedes that of impressibility in the individual may characterize many savages; while their varied peculiarities may be largely accounted for by recollecting that many combinations of different species of emotions and kinds of intelligence go to make up the complete result in each case.

(*d*.) *Conclusions*. Three types of religion may be selected from the developmental conditions of man: first, an absence of sensibility (early infancy); second, an emotional stage more productive of faith than of works; thirdly, an intellectual type, more favorable to works than to faith. Though in regard to responsibility these states may be equal, there is absolutely no gain to laboring humanity from the first type,

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and a serious loss in actual results from the second, taken alone, as compared with the third.

These, then, are the *physical vehicles of religion*—if the phrase may be allowed—which give character and tone to the deeper spiritual life, as the color of the transparent vessel is communicated to the light which radiates from within.

But if evolution has taken place, there is evidently a provision for the progress from the lower to the higher states, either in the education of circumstances ("conflict"), or in the power of an interior spiritual influence ("harmony"), or both.

β. Evidence Derived from History.

WE trace the development of Morality in—First, the family or social order; second, the civil order, or government.

Whatever may have been the extent of moral ignorance before the Deluge, it does not appear that the earth was yet prepared for the permanent habitation of the human race. All nations preserve traditions of the drowning of the early peoples by floods, such as have occurred frequently during geologic time. At the close of each period of dry land, a period of submergence has set in, and the depression of the level of the earth, and consequent overflow by the sea, has caused the death and subsequent preservation of the remains of the fauna and flora living upon it, while the elevation of the same has produced that interruption in the process of deposit in the same region which marks the intervals between geologic periods. Change in these respects does not occur to any very material extent at the present time in the regions inhabited by the most highly developed portions of the human race; and as the last which occurred seems to have been expressly designed for the preparation of the earth's surface for the occupation of organized human society, it may be doubted whether many such changes are to be looked for in the future. The last great flooding was that which stratified the drift materials of the north, and carried the finer portions far over the south, determining the minor topography of the surface and supplying it with soils.

The existence of floods which drowned many races of men may be considered as established. The men destroyed by the one recorded by Moses are described by him as exceedingly wicked, so that "the earth was filled with violence." In his eyes the Flood was designed for their extermination.

That their condition was evil must be fully believed if they were condemned by the executive of the Jewish law. This law, it will be remembered, permitted polygamy, slavery, revenge, aggressive war. The Jews were expected to rob their neighbors the Egyptians of jewels, and they were allowed "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." They were expected to butcher other nations, with their women and children, their flocks and their herds. If we look at the lives of men recorded in the Old Testament as examples of distinguished excellence, we find that their standard, however superior to that of the people around them, would ill accord with the morality of the present day. They were all polygamists, slaveholders and warriors. Abraham treated Hagar and Ishmael with inhumanity. Jacob, with his mother's aid, deceived Isaac, and received thereby a blessing which extended to the whole Jewish nation. David, a man whom Paul tells us the Lord found to be after his own heart, slew the messenger who brought tidings of the death of Saul, and committed other acts which would stain the reputation of a Christian beyond redemption. It is scarcely necessary to turn to other nations if this be true of the chosen men of a chosen people. History indeed presents us with no people prior to, or contemporary with, the Jews who were not morally their inferiors.

If we turn to more modern periods, an examination of the morality of Greece and Rome reveals a curious intermixture of lower and higher moral conditions. While each of these nations produced excellent moralists, the influence of their teachings was not sufficient to elevate the masses above what

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would now be regarded as a very low standard. The popularity of those scenes of cruelty, the gladiatorial shows and the combats with wild beasts, sufficiently attests this. The Roman virtue of patriotism, while productive of many noble deeds, is in itself far from being a disinterested one, but partakes rather of the nature of partisanship and selfishness. If the Greeks were superior to the Romans in humanity, they were apparently their inferiors in the social virtues, and were much below the standard of Christian nations in both respects.

Ancient history points to a state of chronic war, in which the social relations were ever in confusion, and the development of the useful arts was almost impossible. Savage races, which continue to this day in a similar moral condition, are, we may easily believe, most unhappy. They are generally divided into tribes, which are mutually hostile, or friendly only with the view of injuring some other tribe. Might is their law, and robbery, rapine and murder express their mutual relations. This is the history of the lowest grade of barbarism, and the history of primeval man so far as it has come down to us in sacred and profane records. Man as a species first appears in history as a sinful being. Then a race maintaining a contest with the prevailing corruption and exhibiting a higher moral ideal is presented to us in Jewish history. Finally, early Christian society exhibits a greatly superior condition of things. In it polygamy scarcely existed, and slavery and war were condemned. But progress did not end here, for our Lord said, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit, when He, the spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth."

The progress revealed to us by history is truly great, and if a similar difference existed between the first of the human species and the first of whose condition we have information, we can conceive how low the origin must have been. History begins with a considerable progress in civilization, and from this we must infer a long preceding period of human existence, such as a gradual evolution would require.

γ. *Rationale of Moral Development.*

I. *Of the Species.* Let us now look at the moral condition of the infant man of the present time. We know his small accountability, his trust, his innocence. We know that he is free from the law that when he "would do good, evil is present with him," for good and evil are alike unknown. We know that until growth has progressed to a certain degree he fully deserves the praise pronounced by Our Saviour, that "of such is the kingdom of heaven." Growth, however, generally sees a change. We know that the buddings of evil appear but too soon: the lapse of a few months sees exhibitions of anger, disobedience, malice, falsehood, and their attendants—the fruit of a corruption within not manifested before.

In early youth it may be said that moral susceptibility is often in inverse ratio to physical vigor. But with growth the more physically vigorous are often sooner taught the lessons of life, for their energy brings them into earlier conflict with the antagonisms and contradictions of the world. Here is a beautiful example of the benevolent principle of compensation.

1. *Innocence and the Fall.* If physical evolution be a reality, we have reason to believe that the infantile stage of human morals, as well as of human intellect, was much prolonged in the history of our first parents. This constitutes the period of human purity, when we are told by Moses that the first pair dwelt in Eden. But the growth to maturity saw the development of all the qualities inherited from the irresponsible denizen of the forest. Man inherits from his predecessors in the creation the buddings of reason: he inherits passions, propensities and appetites. His corruption is that of his animal progenitors, and his sin is the low and bestial instinct of the brute creation. Thus only is the origin of sin made

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clear—a problem which the pride of man would have explained in any other way had it been possible.

But how startling the exhibition of evil by this new being as compared with the scenes of the countless ages already past! Then the right of the strongest was God's law, and rapine and destruction were the history of life. But into man had been "breathed the breath of life," and he had "become a living soul." The law of right, the Divine Spirit, was planted within him, and the laws of the beast were in antagonism to that law. The natural development of his inherited qualities necessarily brought him into collision with that higher standard planted within him, and that war was commenced which shall never cease "till He hath put all things under his feet." The first act of man's disobedience constituted the Fall, and with it would come the first *intellectual* "knowledge of good and of evil"—an apprehension up to that time derived exclusively from the divinity within, or conscience.*

2. *Free Agency.* Heretofore development had been that of physical types, but the Lord had rested on the seventh day, for man closed the line of the physical creation. Now a new development was to begin—the development of mind, of morality and of grace.

On the previous days of Creation all had progressed in accordance with inevitable law apart from its objects. Now two lines of development were at the disposal of this being, between which his *free will* was to choose. Did he choose the courses dictated by the spirit of the brute, he was to be subject to the old law of the brute creation—the right of the strongest and spiritual death. Did he choose the guidance of the Divine Guest in his heart, he became subject to the laws which are to guide—I. the human species to an ultimate perfection, so far as consistent with this world; and II. the individual man to a higher life, where a new existence awaits him as a spiritual being, freed from the laws of terrestrial matter.

The charge brought against the theory of development, that it implies a necessary progress of man to all perfection without his co-operation—or *necessitarianism*, as it is called—is unfounded.

The free will of man remains the source alike of his progress and his relapse. But the choice once made, the laws of spiritual development are apparently as inevitable as those of matter. Thus men whose religious capacities are increased by attention to the Divine Monitor within are in the advance of progress—progress coinciding with that which in material things is called the *harmonic*. On the other hand, those whose motives are of the lower origin fall under the working of the law of *conflict*.

The lesson derivable from the preceding considerations would seem to be "necessitarian" as respects the whole human race, considered by itself; and I believe it is to be truly so interpreted. That is, the Creator of all things has set agencies at work which will slowly develop a perfect humanity out of His lower creation, and nothing can thwart the process or alter the result. "My word shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." This is our great encouragement, our noblest hope—second only to that which looks to a blessed inheritance in another world. It is this thought that should inspire the farmer, who as he toils wonders, "Why all this labor? The Good Father could have made me like the lilies, who, though they toil not, neither spin, are yet clothed in glory; and why should I, a nobler being, be subject to the dust and

* In our present translation of Genesis, the Fall is ascribed to the influence of Satan assuming the form of the serpent, and this animal was cursed in consequence, and compelled to assume a prone position. This rendering may well be revised, since serpents, prone like others, existed in both America and Europe during the Eocene epoch, five times as great a period before Adam as has elapsed since his day. Clark states, with great probability, that "serpent" should be translated monkey or ape—a conclusion, it will be observed, exactly coinciding with our inductions on the basis of evolution. The instigation to evil by an ape merely states inheritance in another form. His curse, then, refers to the retention of the horizontal position retained by all other quadrumana, as we find it at the present day.

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the sweat of labor?" This thought should enlighten every artisan of the thousands that people the factories and guide their whirling machinery in our modern cities. Every revolution of a wheel is moving the car of progress, and the timed stroke of the crank and the rhythmic throw of the shuttle are but the music the spheres have sung since time began. A new significance then appears in the prayer of David: "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us: the work of our hands, O Lord, establish Thou it." But beware of the catastrophe, for "He will sit as a refiner:" "the wheat shall be gathered into barns, but the chaff shall be burned with unquenchable fire." If this be true, let us look for—

3. *The Extinction of Evil.* How is necessitarianism to be reconciled with free will? It appears to me, thus: When a being whose safety depends on the perfection of a system of laws abandons the system by which he lives, he becomes subject to that lower grade of laws which govern lower intelligences. Man, falling from the laws of right, comes under the dominion of the laws of brute force; as said our Saviour: "Salt is good, but if the salt have lost his savor, it is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast forth and trodden under foot of men."

In estimating the practical results to man of the actions prompted by the lower portion of our nature, it is only necessary to carry out to its full development each of those animal qualities which may in certain states of society be restrained by the social system. In human history those qualities have repeatedly had this development, and the battle of progress is fought to decide whether they shall overthrow the system that restrains them, or be overthrown by it.

Entire obedience to the lower instincts of our nature ensures destruction to the weaker, and generally to the stronger also. A most marked case of this kind is seen where the developed vices of civilization are introduced among a savage people—as, for example, the North American Indians. These seem in consequence to be hastening to extinction.

But a system or a circuit of existence has been allotted to the civil associations of the animal species man, independently of his moral development. It may be briefly stated thus: Races begin as poor offshoots or emigrants from a parent stock. The law of labor develops their powers, and increases their wealth and numbers. These will be diminished by their various vices; but on the whole, in proportion as the intellectual and economical elements prevail, wealth will increase; that is, they accumulate power. When this has been accomplished, and before activity has slackened its speed, the nation has reached the culminating point, and then it enters upon the period of decline. The restraints imposed by economy and active occupation being removed, the beastly traits find in accumulated power only increased means of gratification, and industry and prosperity sink together. Power is squandered, little is accumulated, and the nation goes down to its extinction amid scenes of internal strife and vice. Its cycle is soon fulfilled, and other nations, fresh from scenes of labor, assault it, absorb its fragments, and it dies. This has been the world's history, and it remains to be seen whether the virtues of the nations now existing will be sufficient to save them from a like fate.

Thus the history of the animal man in nations is wonderfully like that of the types or families of the animal and vegetable kingdoms during geologic ages. They rise, they increase and reach a period of multiplication and power. The force allotted to them becoming exhausted, they diminish and sink and die.

II. *Of the Individual.* In discussing physical development, we are as yet compelled to restrict ourselves to the evidence of its existence and some laws observed in the operation of its causative force. What that force is, or what are its primary laws, we know not.

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So in the progress of moral development we endeavor to prove its existence and the mode of its operation, but why that mode should exist, rather than some other mode, we cannot explain.

The moral progress of the species depends, of course, on the moral progress of the individuals embraced in it. Religion is the sum of those influences which determine the motives of men's actions into harmony with the Divine perfection and the Divine will.

Obedience to these influences constitutes the practice of religion, while the statement of the growth and operation of these influences constitutes the theory of religion, or doctrine.

The Divine Spirit planted in man shows him that which is in harmony with the Divine Mind, and it remains for his free will to conform to it or reject it. This harmony is man's highest ideal of happiness, and in seeking it, as well as in desiring to flee from dissonance or pain, he but obeys the disposition common to all conscious beings. If, however, he attempts to conform to it, he will find the law of evil present, and frequently obtaining the mastery. If now he be in any degree observing, he will find that the laws of morality and right are the only ones by which human society exists in a condition superior to that of the lower animals, and in which the capacities of man for happiness can approach a state of satisfaction. He may be then said to be "awakened" to the importance of religion. If he carry on the struggle to attain to the high goal presented to his spiritual vision, he will be deeply grieved and humbled at his failures: then he is said to be "convicted." Under these circumstances the necessity of a deliverance becomes clear, and is willingly accepted in the only way in which it has pleased the Author of all to present it, which has been epitomized by Paul as "the washing of regeneration and renewal of the Holy Spirit through Jesus Christ." Thus a life of advanced and ever-advancing moral excellence becomes possible, and the man makes nearer approaches to the "image of God."

Thus is opened a new era in spiritual development, which we are led to believe leads to an ultimate condition in which the nature inherited from our origin is entirely overcome, and an existence of moral perfection entered on. Thus in the book of Mark the simile occurs: "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear;" and Solomon says that the development of righteousness "shines more and more unto the perfect day."

δ. Summary.

IF it be true that general development in morality proceeds in spite of the original predominance of evil in the world, through the self-destructive nature of the latter, it is only necessary to examine the reasons why the excellence of the good may have been subject also to progress, and how the remainder of the race may have been influenced thereby.

The development of morality is then probably to be understood in the following sense: Since the Divine Spirit, as the prime force in human progress, cannot in itself be supposed to have been in any way under the influence of natural laws, its capacities were no doubt as eternal and unerring in the first man as in the last. But the facts and probabilities discussed above point to development of *religious sensibility*, or capacity to appreciate moral good, or to receive impressions from the source of good.

The evidence of this is supposed to be seen in—*First*, improvement in man's views of his duty to his neighbor; and *Second*, the substitution of spiritual for symbolic religions: in other words, improvement in the capacity for receiving spiritual impressions.

What the primary cause of this supposed development of religious sensibility may have been, is a question we reverently leave untouched. That it is intimately connected in some way with, and in part dependent on, the evolution of the intelligence, appears very probable:

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for this evolution is seen — *First*, in a better understanding of the consequences of action, and of good and of evil in many things; and *Second*, in the production of means for the spread of the special instrumentalities of good. The following may be enumerated as such instrumentalities:

1. Furnishing literary means of record and distribution of the truths of religion, morality and science.
2. Creating and increasing modes of transportation of teachers and literary means of disseminating truth.
3. Facilitating the migration and the spread of nations holding the highest position in the scale of morality.
4. The increase of wealth, which multiplies the extent of the preceding means.

And now, let no man attempt to set bounds to this development. Let no man say even that morality accomplished is all that is required of mankind, since that is not necessarily the evidence of a spiritual development. If a man possess the capacity for progress beyond the condition in which he finds himself, in refusing to enter upon it he declines to conform to the Divine law. For "from those to whom little is given, little is required, but from those to whom much is given, much shall be required." EDWARD D. COPE.

A GLIMPSE OF QUEBEC.

STILL under the magical influence of that dream of beauty called the "Thousand Isles," you glide between the wooded shores of the great St. Lawrence; shoot the La Chine Rapids, with the jagged rocks on either hand; pass Montreal with its spires and grand Victoria Bridge; and, continuing your way, reach finally the most interesting city in North America—Quebec.

As you approach the famous spot where a century ago Montcalm and Wolfe had their rough wrestle for the supremacy of France or England in America, all the present seems to disappear. But yesterday you were on Broadway—that is to say, in the heart of the America of to-day—and now you have entered, as at the wave of some magician's wand, an old city of the European past. All about Quebec is ancient, picturesque and historic — un-American in every sense. It is a walled city and a military post. You enter by a broad gate, the huge iron doors rolled back on either hand, and passing beneath the thick grass-grown ramparts, ascend the narrow, winding streets through rows of ancient, queer-looking houses, to the upper town, above which, on the lofty pinnacle of Cape Diamond, frowns a citadel bristling with cannon and crowded with red-coated soldiers of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Opposite my hotel they pointed out to me the old low, wooden, French-looking house in which the brave Montcalm held his last council of war; on the forehead of the precipice near, above the lower town with its narrow wynds like those of Edinburgh, is a board with "Près de Ville" written on it, showing where Montgomery fell; scarce half a mile away are the Plains of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's last charge and his fall; and in the distance you may hear on a calm day the murmur of the Falls of Montmorenci, which dispute the palm of beauty, if not of grandeur, with Niagara.

A walk to the Plains of Abraham, "Spencer Wood," the former residence of the governor-general of Canada, and Mount Hermon, the sweetest and most solitary of cemeteries, fills the memory with delightful recollections. The con-

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trast of the gleaming tombs and the crimson berries of the mountain ash is exquisite; and the pleasant country-house of "Spencer Wood" has a quiet, home-like charm which is better than the imposing splendor of great cities.

But the Plains of Abraham just beyond the western walls of the city are the greatest attraction at Quebec. It was here on these grassy slopes that Wolfe overthrew in 1759 the power of France in North America. The noble and pathetic drama is familiar to all—how Wolfe, floating on the waters of the little cove in his barge, as he moved to the assault, repeated Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and was heard to murmur, "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow;" how he dragged his cannon up yonder slope which permits access to the heights; and how he fell in the moment of victory. As you wander idly over the peaceful fields to-day, the fiery drama seems to be again enacted before your eyes: the grassy upland swarms with French and English, shouting, yelling, delivering close volleys, and then rushing in to the hand-to-hand encounter; again the smooth-bore muskets rattle, the clumsy culverins rumble, Wolfe is leading his men, to fall anon with his body pierced with three bullets, nearly at the same moment when Montcalm too is struck; for in this bitter struggle the two leaders are both to surrender their brave lives.

On the field rises a marble shaft bearing the inscription, "*Here died Wolfe, victorious.*" In the chapel of the Ursuline convent, within the city, is a slab on which is cut, "*Honneur à Montcalm! Le Destin, en lui dérobant la Victoire, l'a récompense par une mort glorieuse!*"—"Destiny, in depriving him of victory, requited him with a glorious death!" And the great Englishman, his opponent, died gloriously too, murmuring, "God be praised! then I die happy!" when assured that the day was won. The soldier spoke there; and soon afterward the brave and gentle spirit, who had gone into battle repeating the tender lines of Gray's "Elegy," and coveting the peaceful glories of poesy, surrendered his soul to God, falling asleep in the arms of victory.

You re-enter the city through the ponderous gate under the ramparts, and passing the grassy "Esplanade," where maidens stroll and the band of the garrison plays, find on every hand some object of curiosity or interest. Quebec, as I have said, is ancient and European, not modern or American. But I shall not attempt to describe the place, as I have not inflicted upon the good reader the history of Wolfe's movements against Montcalm. Writers of traveling impressions are generally afflicted with an "attack of guide-book," but I escaped that misfortune, and will spare the reader the whole infliction. Yet, averse as he may be, this worthy and kindly reader, to architectural details, let me recommend to him a glance, with me, at the old French cathedral of the "Immaculate Conception," a building ancient, imposing, almost grand, upon which may still be seen the marks of Wolfe's cannon-balls when he fired on the city from the opposite shore of the river. Here you look upon great pictures set in the walls, and witness the imposing ceremonies of the Roman Catholic communion — the swinging censers, the bodies bent as they pass or approach the altar, the rich robes, the illuminated chancel, and the sonorous intoning of the service.

The Falls of Montmorenci soon attract you at Quebec; and if you imitate the present writer you will go thither—for the distance is eight miles—in one of the light, one-horsed carriages called by the Canadians *calèches*, hundreds of which are drawn up in line in the public squares of the city for the convenience—and, I suspect, most frequently the *fleecing* — of travelers. Mine was driven by a French boy, chattering the oddest patois in the gayest voice, and his "wagon," as the vehicle is also called, soon conveyed me and my companion to Montmorenci.

The Falls are very beautiful—not so grand, by any means, as Niagara, and the Fall is, in comparison, a white rib-

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bon merely, but that ribbon is unwound over a precipice two hundred and fifty feet in height, and the landscape, seen from the little summer-house perched on the brink of the Fall, is exquisite—the Isle of Orleans, the great river, the far mountains, and Quebec in the distance.

"What is the name of those mountains?" I said to the slipshod and chattering young guide.

"*Je ne sais pas, monsieur,*" he replied with a smile: "*elles sont trop loin!*"

They were a blue line, in fact.

Returning, we looked with more attention than in going upon the odd houses which extend on each side of the excellent road from Quebec to the Falls. They interested me greatly, those queer old French houses, with the tall stoves of burnished tiles seen through the doors, and their picturesque roofs and chimneys.

All along the route, in front of the houses, you see women in broad chip hats, who look at you with friendly eyes; children who run to sell you a bunch of flowers or some other trifle; Catholic priests in their long black robes, curiously contrasted with huge "stove-pipe" hats, who beam on you as you pass, and bow with cordial politeness. Quebec in the distance blazes on its height. The setting sun lights it up and flames in crimson on its windows and its roofs of bright tin. The city hovers in air: it is a dream of beauty to live in the memory. I gazed long at that spectacle, the most beautiful I have ever seen, and think I shall remember it to the hour of my death.

One imposing feature of Quebec has been omitted, and with this I shall conclude my brief sketch. Cape Diamond, crowned by the fortress, is a grand spectacle—a great promontory hanging above the city and affording a magnificent view of the surrounding country. You walk up to the fortress: a red-coated soldier comes and touches his hat and acts as guide; you lean on the great Armstrong guns and look from the ramparts on the river.

On the river? On the whole world! There at the foot of the precipice are the crowding houses of the lower town; then the great river; beyond, Point Levi covered by the cannon; farther still, blue mountains; and right and left, the broad, majestic St. Lawrence dotted with snowy sails which resemble white waterfowl spreading their wings for their flight toward the ocean. There is something grand, calm and illimitable in this prospect. Yonder, lost in the mist, are the Falls of Montmorenci; the Isle of Orleans is on the horizon; the Plains of Abraham trend away on the right: over all sleeps a thoughtful and musing serenity which steals the mind away from the present and its little annoyances to the past, so full of heroic scenes and personages. It is worth going to Quebec to lie on those ramparts and dream. After all, the past is the sole thing certain in this world. The present? the future? The one may shatter the idols and the monuments of the other. The past alone is solid—a bronze cast in the mould of eternity.

At the highest portion of the rampart I observed, cut in a granite block, what resembled a *fleur-de-lis*, but my friendly red-coated guide assured me that the object was intended to represent a *feather*. When duly interrogated how a feather came to be cut here in the stone, my friend of the scarlet uniform related the following history, which is condensed implacably: When the Prince of Wales visited Quebec with "the princess," they ascended to the ramparts for the benefit of the view, and here, at this spot where we were standing, the princess dropped a feather from her bonnet. A gallant young officer quickly raised it—no doubt pressing to his lips with loyal fervor this plume which the wind wafted from the brow of the princess—and when the party disappeared the officers of the garrison, to commemorate the incident, caused a feather to be cut in stone and the stone placed here upon the lofty rampart!

Such was the history of the stone on Cape Diamond. Was it true, or was my red friend amusing himself at the

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expense of an American barbarian? I know not, but if not true, agree with me, good reader, that it deserves to be true! I do not know whether any "princess" was ever there upon the Quebec rampart, but I know that the stone I speak of, is, with its feather or *fleur-de-lis*, whichever it may be; and even if the whole story be a mere romance or "quiz," as is very probable—if no "slight she-slip of royal blood" ever flitted here in the flesh—we may still fancy the incident true, see the rosy cheeks and bright eyes, and think that the latter rested as ours do upon this beautiful landscape.

Here ends my glimpse of the good old city, reader, but to perceive its beauties, to catch its secret charm, you must visit it in person. You will not regret the journey, and the memory of the spot will remain with you. On the great ramparts of Cape Diamond, where the grim citadel looks on the river and the Plains of Abraham, you will fall into a fine dream and see all the past rise up before you. The French and English will charge again as they charged a century ago; the fate of a continent will be decided on the grassy slope yonder; and "Here died Wolfe, victorious," and "Honneur à Montcalm," will come borne on the wind or in the far murmur of Montmorenci descending into the St. Lawrence, its eternity. JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

MY STORY.

"MAIL'S not in, miss."

How *could* that man in the store tell me this with such a stolid air, and then put up the brown parcel for that brown calico woman as indifferently as though it were of no consequence in the world?

"*I'm* lookin' for a letter," said Brown Calico, sleepily: "folks been gone nigh a fortnight now."

"Takin' a spell with the old man, ain't they?" inquired Mr. Jones, evidently finding her the more interesting of the two.

"Yes, but I says to Sairy Ann—"

I never heard what: I went out of the store, so full of disappointment and disgust that I had to stop and wonder which way to turn. My rapid walk in the bracing October air, and the enthusiasm of hope that my vivid imagination had conjured up in regard to that mythical letter, which now seemed likely never to have a being, had put me into a state of excitement that could not be cooled down all at once, and there was no safety-valve at hand to carry it off.

"Wait for the train," was my first thought, but the track looked hopelessly unsuggestive of cars in the distance. I did not care to sit with Mr. Jones and be catechised respecting my past, present and future; the mossy rock just at the elevation in the road was picturesque, but decidedly cool at four o'clock in the afternoon; and wondering for the twentieth time that a forlorn little country store should be nestled in the midst of so much beauty, I toiled up the ascent weary and dispirited—vainly wishing that I could have plunged suddenly into the office from whence the expected letter was to emanate, and grasp the delinquent by the hair of his head, to bring him to a realizing sense of what he owed to society in general and to me in particular.

Of course, the creature was not responsible for the delay of the cars; but for at least a week I had daily taken this trip of a mile—quite to the amusement of the family, who had begun to laugh and hint at the attractions of Mr. Jones; which attractions consisted in

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not having a wife, and living where men were scarce and women plentiful. The mystery about this letter was not the least delightful part of it; and I would not have the postmark and handwriting seen, for fear of endless questions and teasings about my gentleman correspondent.

For I was spending these golden October days with friends who shared their cares and pleasures with me, and expected the same in return; but in this matter I was an arch-hypocrite, for it was my pet secret—brooded over, and jealously guarded from every approach. I had been trying my wings a little out in the world, and it remained to be seen whether I should fall to the ground hopelessly crushed, or soar away on a cloud of fame to some height quite inaccessible to ordinary minds.

Of course I had been writing; and I almost thought that no one had ever done it before. For a month and more I had been drinking in the beauty that lay around me—the beauty of hill and stream and changing leaves and autumn sunsets—until it seemed to me that it would be quite despicable to live such a life and yet only eat and drink and sleep in the ordinary way. So, in a wild, delirious thirst for fame (and truth compels me to add, money also), I put pen to paper, with what I fully believed to be the sudden inspiration of slumbering genius; and the result was actually a story! It had an orthodox beginning, middle and end, with a hero and heroine, conversations amusing, instructive and pathetic, and an astonishing quantity of chapters and pages. Indeed, I was amazed at the swiftness with which it grew beneath my hands, and in my ignorance considered this an additional recommendation.

I wrote it by snatches, for some of the family were always hunting me up and commenting on my fondness for solitude; and I had read it so often to myself that I almost knew it by heart. I aimed high, and having selected a popular periodical, I sent it off with a modest note, in which the editor was favored with my address and requested to send a speedy answer. That was two weeks ago, and no answer yet!

It was *too* provoking, when this was Saturday, to be told that the mail was not in, for now I must wait until Monday before I had another chance. The post-office was a mile off, and as I was the only one who particularly expected anything, none of them would take the trouble to make a second visit.

"Any letter?" as I approached the house.

I shook my head with a feeling of bitterness as I reflected that it was harder for me than for any of the rest. People who go for letters are always looked upon as in a measure responsible for their non-arrival; and as I had often had the feeling myself, I was not surprised to see that they regarded me as an incompetent letterman.

The day closed in, and that delightful time which old-fashioned people call "early candle-lighting" arrived — the hour of the whole twenty-four when it is so charming to draw cozily up to the table-lamp and open letters, papers and books that have just arrived.

We were a rather nice-looking party at Mill Edge—plenty of bright eyes and cheeks, and quick, merry tongues, with an unbounded capacity for enjoyment. Dear Mrs. Darble, too, was so kind and hospitable, and the open wood-fire was lovely, filling the room with dancing shadows; but I was moodily pining after my letter, and reflecting on the base ingratitude of the editor to whom I had sent that treasured story.

"I do believe that's Fred!" said some one, starting up. "Just like him, to come a day or two before he is expected!"

Mrs. Darble rushed to the door at the sound of footsteps on the crisp garden-walk, and I suddenly remembered that I had totally forgotten the existence of the eldest hope of the family, whom I had never met. He was always away at college when I made my visits, and lately he had taken his diploma as M. D., and settled in a neighboring town.

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This was one of his flying visits home; and I began to wish that I had put on my white piqué, with knots of scarlet ribbon.

He came in laughing, caressing and caressed, a draught of cold October air following in his wake; and I found myself shaking hands with a tall, pleasant-looking young man, whose bright laughing eyes were full of mischief and intelligence, and whose manners were charming. I regretted the white piqué more than ever.

"By the way," said Doctor Fred, plunging into the depths of his overcoat pocket, "I brought the mail with me, but it is all for Miss Rose."

My heart gave a great jump, and I was quite breathless with expectation. My letter, of course; and I had opened it—in imagination—and read:

"Dear Madam: Your very interesting story was most thankfully received. Pray accept the enclosed one hundred dollars as a most inadequate return, and let us hear from you as often as possible.
"Very respectfully, etc."

When I had perused this imaginary document, I caught sight of an awkward-looking packet (very like the one I had despatched), and, with a bow, it was deposited in my lap. I could have cried with vexation, but involuntarily I glanced at the gentleman, and saw, from his eye, that he knew exactly what it was. My mortification was complete: I felt my cheeks burn, and was rather glad when Susie said, laughingly,

"That is a formidable-looking package. I hope *he* hasn't been and gone and returned all your letters and keepsakes, has he?"

"Nothing half so important," I replied with an effort: "this is really not worth having;" and I stuffed it into my pocket.

That hateful doctor! To think of his knowing, at the outset, that I was a rejected author! And that still more hateful editor! Not even an apology for his unfeeling conduct: nothing but the words "Too long" scrawled in one corner of my manuscript.

As soon after tea as I conveniently could, I slipped off to the library, where I knew that I should be alone for an hour at least; and getting behind the window curtain, I enjoyed the luxury of a good cry. It was quite an infantile sort of boo-hoo-ing, and I found it a decided relief.

After a while I heard a sigh that made me start rather guiltily.

"I quite understand your feelings, Miss Rose," said the doctor, coming forward: "I have been through it all myself."

"*You!*" I exclaimed in surprise, as I suddenly called to mind the reiterated praises of Fred's exceeding cleverness that had been sounded in my ears by all the family in turn—how he wrote "lovely poetry" and had edited a paper, and I knew not what all.

"Yes," he continued, as quietly as though we had known each other all our lives, "*I* tried a story once, and asked the editor to criticise it. His reply to my confiding request is written with fire on my memory. 'Sir,' he wrote, 'your characters are the creations of a lunatic, your style that of an idiot, and your presumption worthy of a king.' I showed the letter and story to a friend. My friend simply said, 'He doesn't appreciate it.' I thought this a very mild way of speaking."

"What did you do?" I asked with a great deal of interest.

"Sent the article to another editor, who *did* appreciate it, and got twenty-five dollars for it. I should like to see your story, Miss Rose."

"I couldn't think of it," said I, blushing behind the shield of the curtains.

"I think you could," was the quiet reply. "Suppose we appoint a meeting here for Monday morning, and review the story 'with a cricket's eye' from beginning to end. There are more editors in the world than one."

He spoke as though it were such a matter of course that I could not refuse; and feeling that he was very kind, I hastened back to the parlor, while the doctor proceeded to search for a book which he said he had come in quest of

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when arrested by my sobs. I felt quite ashamed of myself, and wondered if he were not despising me all the time.

"Where *have* you been?" they exclaimed. "You are the most unsociable creature! And Fred says you remind him of a head of Clytie that he has in his room."

I was just asking how many heads this fabulous female was supposed to have indulged in, when Fred himself sauntered in with an indifferent air.

"Many of our forms of speech are absurd," said he, smiling. "An old lady of my acquaintance is always saying that I have a fine eye, but I stoutly insist on having *two*."

So he knew then that *I* knew that he thought me like Clytie: truly, I was likely to feel at ease with him!

It was a very pleasant evening, however, in spite of my disappointment; and when he retired, Susie, who shared my apartment, said, "I am *so* glad that you like Fred."

"I did not say that I liked him," I replied, perversely.

"No, but you *acted* it; and I am sure that Fred likes *you*. He's a splendid fellow, Rose."

Susie said much more on the subject, and I became quite indignant that her brother and I could not enjoy a little friendly intercourse without having it commented upon as something particular.

We *did* hold a council of two in the library, and I actually read my story to the doctor. He listened gravely to the end, and then declared that it had some very fine points and some very serious faults. He did not think, for instance, that my heroine's calmness in the midst of an infuriated mob was altogether natural, but I persuaded him that it was, although the same woman would have screamed if a mouse had run over her foot. Finally, we concluded that the whole thing was to be re-written and sent to the editor of the *Sensation Weekly*, who would probably consider it a gem of the first water. The doctor said I had only mistaken my man.

I erased and added at my critic's suggestion; and the result was a mass of blurred and blotted paper quite frightful to behold; so that I resolved to put it aside for the present and copy it out fairly after I got home.

"To think of *your* bringing it from the office," said I during one of these discussions, "when you were the very last person I should have taken into my confidence!"

Doctor Fred laughed merrily:

"And you may have to thank *me* yet for your *début* in the *Sensation Weekly*. I knew the nature of the thing as soon as I saw it—as I told you, I have received such packets myself—and I immediately experienced an inordinate curiosity to see what manner of 'Rose' this was to whom the document was addressed."

"I think she proved a very poor specimen," said I, as I remembered my performance in the library.

"A changeable Rose, I should say," he returned: "first, a damask Rose, as she received the fateful parcel and read in my eye the wicked intelligence that I could not quite conceal; and then in the library a Rose 'just washed in the shower,' like that 'which Mary to Anna conveyed;' sometimes, as now, a blush Rose; and under all circumstances a perpetual Rose."

"What a pity to waste all this on *me!*" I exclaimed, as I made myself a vanishing Rose and joined the family circle.

Such walks and drives and pic-nics as we had during the doctor's visit! I had never half enjoyed the country before. I forgot all about scribbling, and gave myself up to a life of gypsying with infinite zest. We spent whole mornings chestnuting, and went home with aching backs, and burrs and spiders in our hats; but we were at it again the next day as vigorously as ever.

The girls declared that it was splendid, and they had no idea that I could be so nice.

"Neither had I," said the doctor quietly as he held a gate open for me to pass through.

This sounded like doubtful praise, and I wondered if he considered niceness

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incompatible with an ambition to write for the *Sensation Weekly*.

Well, it all went on very pleasantly, until one day I overheard Mrs. Darble say to one of the girls that things were coming out just as she had wished—Fred and Rose were evidently going to make a match of it, and she was quite ready to give them her blessing.

"I used to think it rather funny," said Maria's voice, "those closetings in the library, but I suppose now it was quite natural; though it *is* hard to give up one's brother."

I took fire immediately, and as the doctor had gone back to his patients for a day or two, I resolved to be off before his return. In vain was I besieged on all sides to stay—in vain were the attractions of Indian Summer and Thanksgiving in the country expatiated on for my benefit. I was obstinately convinced that Aunt Desire was pining for my company, and resolutely tore myself away when the trees were at their prettiest, and the whole landscape like a gorgeous bed of flowers.

I nearly dislocated my neck hanging out of the car window, not to lose a beauty as we shot by; and I envied the people in the trains that passed us, for they were going *to*, and not *from*, all these delights.

Aunt Desire was good and kind, but she wasn't picturesque; and she failed to comfort me with the muffins and waffles that were got up for my especial delectation.

"You have certainly left your appetite behind," said she in a disappointed tone; and I sincerely hoped that this was all I had left behind.

"Your trunk is all unpacked," said the dear soul the next morning, "and the things in their places; so you haven't got *that* to do. But what a lot of *rubbish* you always carry round, Rose!—rags and stones, and a great wad of paper, blurred and blotted like a pile of old compositions. That went into the fire—"

I sprang forward and caught her arm:

"You don't *mean* it, Aunt Desire?"

"Don't mean *what*, child? What *is* the matter with you?"

For I burst into tears.

"Oh, auntie! that was my story, and it was all ready to be printed—and I can never think it all out again!"

Aunt Desire sat gazing at me in blank amazement:

"Rose Gardiner, do you mean to tell me that you have been writing a story all out of your own head, and that I have burnt it up?"

"It is no matter," said I, endeavoring to smile: "perhaps no one would have taken it."

It was precious to me, however, though it had been rejected—a fact which I did not communicate to Aunt Desire.

"Well, that is too bad!" she said, regretfully. "Can't you go to work and write it over?"

I shook my head sadly, and the poor woman refused to be comforted. Not a doubt did she entertain that the story would have been a splendid success, and I had hard work to prevent her from publishing her misdoings to all our friends and acquaintances.

In a few weeks, Doctor Fred made his appearance and asked for the story.

"I have seen the editor of the *Sensation Weekly*," said he, "and he is prepared to look favorably upon your production. There is no danger of your receiving that abominable packet again."

I laughed outright:

"Not the slightest, I think—Aunt Desire has burned it!"

He looked astonished, as well he might; and then, accepting the situation, laughed as heartily as I did.

"Well," said he at last, after some aimless wandering around the room, "if I can't have the story, give me a flower."

I glanced toward the vase of chrysanthemums which Aunt Desire had placed on the centre-table.

"Not that," continued the bold beggar: "I want a *Rose*."

As it seemed to be my vocation to marry my critic, I never finished my story.

J. F. STONE.

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ERRATA.

WORDS are the counters of thought; speech is the vocalization of the soul; style is the luminous incarnation of reason and emotion. Thence it behooves scholars, the wardens of language, to keep over words a watch as keen and sleepless as a dutiful guardian keeps over his pupils. A prime office of this guardianship is to take care lest language fall into loose ways; for words being the final elements into which all speech resolves itself, if they grow weak by negligence or abuse, speech loses its firmness, veracity and expressiveness. Style may be likened to a close Tyrian garment woven by poets and thinkers out of words and phrases for the clothing and adornment of the mind; and the strength and fineness of the tissue, together with its beauties of color, depend on the purity and precision, the transparency and directness of its threads, which are words.

A humble freeman of the guild of scholars would here use his privilege to call attention to some abuses in words and phrases—abuses which are not only prevalent in the spoken and written speech of the many, but which disfigure, occasionally, the pages even of good writers. These are not errors that betoken or lead to general final corruption, and the great Anglo-Saxo-Norman race is many centuries distant from the period when it may be expected to show signs of that decadence which, visible at first in the waning moral and intellectual energies of a people, soon spots its speech. Nevertheless, as inaccuracies, laxities, vulgarities—transgressions more or less superficial—such errors take from the correctness, from the efficacy, from the force as well as the grace, of written or spoken speech.

The high level of strength, suppleness and beauty occupied by our English tongue has been reached, and can only be maintained, by strenuous, varied and continuous mental action. Offences against the laws and proprieties of language—like so many other of our lapses—are in most cases effects of the tendency in human nature to relax its tone. None save the most resolute and rigorous but have their moods of unwatchfulness, of indolence. Moreover, men are prone to resist mental refinement and intellectual subdivisions. Discrimination requires close attention and sustained effort; and without habitual discrimination there can be no linguistic precision or excellence. In this, as in other provinces, people like to take things easily. Now, every capable man of business knows that to take things easily is an easy way to ruin. Language is in a certain sense every one's business, but it is especially the business, as their appellation denotes, of men of letters; and a primary duty of their high vocation is to be jealous of any careless or impertinent meddling with, or mishandling of, those little glistening, marvelous tools wherewith such amazing structures and temples have been built and are ever a-building. Culture, demanding and creating diversity and subtlety of mental processes, is at once a cause and an effect of infinite multiplication in the relations the mind is capable of establishing between itself and the objects of its action, and between its own processes; and language, being a chief instrument of culture, has to follow and subserve these multiplied and diversified demands. Any fall, therefore, on its part from the obedient fineness of its modes and modulations back into barbaric singleness and crudeness, any slide into looseness or vagueness, any unweaving of the complex tissue, psychical and metaphysical, into which it has been wrought by the exquisite wants of the mind, will have a relaxing, debilitating influence on thought itself. To use the clear, wise words of Mr. Whewell: "Language is often called an instrument of thought,

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but it is also the nutriment of thought; or, rather, it is the atmosphere on which thought lives—a medium essential to the activity of our speculative powers, although invisible and imperceptible in its operation; and an element modifying, by its changes and qualities, the growth and complexion of the faculties which it feeds."

Our enumeration of *errata* being made alphabetically, the first to be cited is one of the chief of sinners—the particle

As. The misuse of *as* for *so* is, in certain cases, almost universal. If authority could justify error and convert the faulty into the faultless, it were idle to expose a misuse in justification of which can be cited most of the best names in recent English literature.

"*As* far as doth concern my single self,"

is a line in Wordsworth (*Prelude*, p. 70) which, by a change of the first *as* into *so*, would gain not only in sound (which is not our affair at present), but likewise in grammar. The seventh line of the twenty-first stanza in that most tender of elegies and most beautiful of poems, Shelley's *Adonáis*, begins, "*As* long as skies are blue," where also there would be a double gain by writing "*So* long as skies are blue." On page 242 of the first volume of De Quincey's *Literary Remains* occurs this sentence: "Even by *as* philosophic a politician *as* Edmund Burke," in which the critical blunder of calling Burke a philosophic politician furnishes no excuse for the grammatical blunder. The rule (derived, like all good rules, from principle) which determines the use of this small particle is, I conceive, that the double *as* should only be employed when there is direct comparison. In the first part of the following sentence there is no direct comparative relation—in the second, the negative destroys it: "*So* far as geographical measurement goes, Philadelphia is not *so* far from New York as from Baltimore." Five writers out of six would commit the error of using *as* in both members of the sentence. The most prevalent misuse of *as* is in connection with *soon;* and this general misuse, having moreover the countenance of good writers, is so inwoven into our speech that it will be hard to unravel it. But principle is higher than the authority derived from custom. Judges are bound to give sentence according to the statute; and if the highest writers, whose influence is deservedly judicial, violate the laws of language, their decisions ought to be, and will be, reversed, or language will be undermined, and, slipping into shallow, illogical habits, into anarchical conditions, will forfeit much of its manliness, of its subtlety, of its truthfulness. Language is a living organism, and to substitute authority, or even long usage, for its innate genius and wisdom, and the requirements and practices that result from these, were to strike at its life, and to expose it to become subject to upstart usurpation, to deadening despotism. Worcester quotes from the Psalms the phrase, "They go astray *as* soon as they be born." We ask, Were not the translators of the Bible as liable to err in grammar as De Quincy or Wordsworth or Shelley? A writer in the English *National Review* for January, 1862, in an admirable paper on the "Italian Clergy and the Pope," begins a sentence with the same phrase: "*As* soon as the law was passed." And we ourselves, sure though we be that the use of *as* in this and every similar position is an error, need to brace both pen and tongue against running into it, so strong to overcome principle and conviction is the habit of the senses, accustomed daily to see and to hear the wrong.

Boquet. The sensibility that gives the desire to preserve a present sparkling so long as is possible with all the qualities that made it materially acceptable, should rule us where the gift is something so precious as a word; and when we receive one from another people, gratitude, as well as sense of grace in the form of the gift itself, should make us watchful that it be not dimmed by the boorish breath of ignorance or cacophanized by unmusical voices. We therefore protest against a useful and

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tuneful noun-substantive, a native of France, the word *bouquet*, being maimed into *boquet*, a corruption as dissonant to the ear as were to the eye plucking a rose from a variegated nosegay, and leaving only its thorny stem. *Boquet* is heard at times in well-upholstered drawing-rooms, and may even be seen in print. Offensive in its mutilated shape, it smells sweet again when restored to its native orthography.

BY NO MANNER OF MEANS. The most vigorous writers are liable, in unguarded moments, to lapse into verbal weaknesses, and so you meet with this vulgar pleonasm in Ruskin.

BY REASON OF. An ill-assorted, ugly phrase, used by accomplished reviewers and others, who ought to set a purer example.

COME OFF. Were a harp to give out the nasal whine of the bagpipe, or the throat of a nightingale to emit the caw of a raven, the æsthetic sense would not be more startled and offended than to hear from feminine lips, rosily wreathed by beauty and youth, issue the words, "The concert will *come off* on Wednesday." This vulgarism should never be heard beyond the "ring" and the cockpit, and should be banished from resorts so respectable as an oyster-cellar.

CONSIDER. Neither weight of authority nor universality of use can purify or justify a linguistic corruption, and make the intrinsically wrong in language right; and therefore such phrases as, "I consider him an honest man—Do you consider the dispute settled?" will ever be bad English, however generally sanctioned. In his dedication of the *Diversions of Purley* to the University of Cambridge, Horne Tooke uses it wrongly when he says, "who always *considers* acts of voluntary justice toward himself as favors." The original signification and only proper use of *consider* are in phrases like these: "If you consider the matter carefully—Consider the lilies of the field."

CONDUCT. It seems to us that it were as allowable to say of a man, "He carries well," as "He conducts well." We say of a gun that it carries well, and we might say of a pipe that it conducts well. The gun and pipe are passive instruments, not living organisms, and thence the verbs are used properly in the neuter form. Perhaps, strictly speaking, even here *its charge* and *water* are understood.

CONTEMPLATE. "Do you contemplate going to Washington to-morrow?" "No: I contemplate moving into the country." This is more than exaggeration and inflation: it is desecration of a noble word, born of man's higher being; for contemplation is an exercise of the very highest faculties, a calm collecting of them for silent meditation—an act, or rather a mood, which implies even more than concentrated reflection, and involves themes dependent on large, pure sentiment. An able lawyer has to reflect much upon a broad, difficult case in order to master it; but when in the solitude of his study he is drawn, by the conflicts and wrongs he has witnessed during the day, to think on the purposes and destiny of human life, he more than reflects—he is lifted into a contemplative mood. Archbishop Trench, in his valuable volume on the *Study of Words*, opens a paragraph with this sentence: "Let us now proceed to *contemplate* some of the attestations for God's truth, and some of the playings into the hands of the devil's falsehood, which may be found to lurk in words." Here we suggest that the proper word were *consider;* for there is activity, and a progressive activity, in the mental operation on which he enters, which disqualifies the verb *contemplate.*

Habitual showiness in language, as in dress and manners, denotes lack of discipline or lack of refinement. Our American magniloquence — the tendency to which is getting more and more subdued — comes partly from national youthfulness, partly from license, that bastard of liberty, and partly from the geographical and the present, and still more the prospective, political grandeur of the country, which Coleridge somewhere says is to be "England in glorious magnification."

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I AM FREE TO CONFESS. An irredeemable vulgarism.

IN THIS CONNECTION. Another.

INDEBTEDNESS. "The amount of my *engagedness*" sounds as well and is as proper as "the amount of my *indebtedness*." We have already *hard-heartedness*, *wickedness*, *composedness*, and others. Nevertheless, this making of nouns out of adjectives with the participial form is an irruption over the boundaries of the parts of speech which should not be encouraged.

Archbishop Whately, in a passage of his short-coming comments on Bacon's *Essays*, uses *preparedness*. Albeit that brevity is a cardinal virtue in writing, a circumlocution would, we think, be better than a gawky word like this, so unsteady on its long legs. In favor of *indebtedness* over others of like coinage, this is to be said—that it imports that which in one form or other comes home to the bosom of all humanity.

INTELLECTS. That man's intellectual power is not one and indivisible, but consists of many separate, independent faculties, is a momentous truth, revealed by the insight of Gall. One of the results of this great discovery may at times underlie the plural use of the important word *intellect* when applied to one individual. If so, it were still indefensible. It has, we suspect, a much less philosophic origin, and proceeds from the unsafe practice of overcharging the verbal gun in order to make more noise in the ear of the listener. The plural is correctly used when we speak of two or more different men.

LEFT. "I left at ten o'clock." This use of *leave* as a neuter verb, however attractive from its brevity, is not defensible. *To leave off* is the only proper neuter form. "We left off at six, and left (the hall) at a quarter past six." The place should be inserted after the second *left*. Even the first is essentially active, some form of action being understood after *off*: we left off *work* or *play*.

MIDST. "In our midst" is a common but incorrect phrase.

OUR AUTHOR. A vulgarism, which, by its seeming convenience, gets the countenance of critical writers. We say *seeming* convenience; for in this seeming lies the vulgarity, the writer expressing, unconsciously often, by the *our*, a feeling of patronage. With his *our* he pats the author on the back.

PERIODICAL is an adjective, and its use as a substantive is an unwarrantable gain of brevity at the expense of grammar.

PROPOSE. Hardly any word that we have cited is so frequently misused, and by so many good writers, as *propose*, when the meaning is to design, to intend, to purpose. It should always be followed by a personal accusative—I propose to you, to him, to myself. In the preface to Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* occurs the following sentence: "The author *proposed* to himself merely to write a fanciful story, evolving a thoughtful moral, and did not *purpose* attempting a portraiture of Italian manners and character" — a sentence than which a fitter could not be written to illustrate the proper use of *propose* and *purpose*.

PREDICATED UPON. This abomination is paraded by persons who lose no chance of uttering "dictionary words," hit or miss; and is sometimes heard from others from whom the educated world has a right to look for more correctness.

RELIABLE. A counterfeit, which no stamping by good writers or universality of circulation will ever be able to introduce into the family circle of honest English as a substitute for the robust Saxon word whose place it would usurp —*trustworthy*. *Reliable* is, however, good English when used to signify that one is liable again. When you have lost a receipt, and cannot otherwise prove that a bill rendered has been paid, you are *re-liable* for the amount.

RELIGION. Even by scholars this word is often used with looseness. In strictness it expresses exclusively our relation to the Infinite, the *bond* between man and God. You will sometimes read that he is the truly religious man who most faithfully performs his duties of neighbor, father, son, husband, citizen. However much a religious man

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may find himself strengthened by his faith and inspirited for the performance of all his duties, this strength is an indirect, and not a uniform or necessary, effect of religious convictions. Some men who are sincere in such convictions fail in these duties conspicuously; while, on the other hand, they are performed, at times, with more than common fidelity by men who do not carry within them any very lively religious belief or impressions. "And now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity." Nor can the greatest do the work of the others any more than faith that of hope or charity. Each one of "these three" is different from and independent of the other, however each one be aided by co-operation from the others. The deep, unique feeling which lifts up and binds the creature to the Creator is elementarily one in the human mind, and the word used to denote it should be kept solely for this high office, and not weakened or perverted by other uses. Worcester quotes from Dr. Watts the following sound definition: "In a proper sense, *virtue* signifies duty toward men, and *religion* duty to God."

SALOON. That eminent pioneer of American sculpture, brilliant talker and accomplished gentleman, the lamented Horatio Greenough, was indignantly eloquent against the American abuse of this graceful importation from France, applied as it is in the United States to public billiard-rooms, oyster-cellars and grog-shops.

SUBJECT - MATTER. A tautological humpback.

TO VENTILATE, applied to a subject or person. The scholar who should use this vilest of vulgarisms deserves to have his right thumb taken off.

We have here noted a score of the errors prevalent in written and spoken speech—some of them perversions or corruptions, countenanced even by eminent writers; some, misapplications that weaken and disfigure the style of him who adopts them; and some, downright vulgarisms—that is, phrases that come from below, and are thrust into clean company with the odors of slang about them. These last are often a device for giving piquancy to style. Against such abuses we should be the more heedful, because, from the convenience of some of them, they get so incorporated into daily speech as not to be readily distinguishable from their healthy neighbors, clinging for generations to tongues and pens. Of this tenacity there is a notable exemplification in a passage of Boswell, written nearly a hundred years ago. Dr. Johnson found fault with Boswell for using the phrase to *make* money: "Don't you see the impropriety of it? To *make* money is to *coin* it: you should say *get* money." Johnson, adds Boswell, "was jealous of infractions upon the genuine English language, and prompt to repress colloquial barbarisms; such as *pledging* myself, for *undertaking; line* for *department* or *branch*, as the *civil line*, the *banking line*. He was particularly indignant against the almost universal use of the word *idea* in the sense of *notion* or *opinion*, when it is clear that *idea* can only signify something of which an image can be formed in the mind. We may have an *idea* or *image* of a mountain, a tree, a building, but we surely cannot have an idea or image of an *argument* or *proposition*. Yet we hear the sages of the law 'delivering their *ideas* upon the question under consideration;' and the first speakers of Parliament 'entirely coinciding in the *idea* which has been ably stated by an honorable member.'"

Whether or not the word *idea* may be properly used in a deeper or grander sense than that stated by Dr. Johnson, there is no doubt that he justly condemned its use in the cases cited by him, and in similar ones. All the four phrases, *make money*, *pledge*, *line* and *idea*, whereupon sentence of guilty was passed by the great lexicographer, are still at large, and, if it be not a bull to say so, more at large to-day than in the last century, since the area of their currency has been extended to America, Australia and the Pacific Islands.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

IT has begun at last in deadly earnest — and before these lines are read may possibly have been decided— the struggle, so long foreseen, which is for a time, at least, to decide the question of superiority between the two foremost military nations of the world.

To speak of the war as a result of mere personal ambition is sheer absurdity. Never was national unanimity more strongly displayed than by both French and Prussians on this occasion. The pretext was eagerly seized, and the challenge as readily accepted. On the part of Napoleon, at least, to hesitate would have been to abdicate; and should the overthrow of his dynasty be involved in the issue, there will be a kind of poetical justice in such a catastrophe, resulting from the single enterprise in which he has been the mere instrument of the national will — the obedient demagogue rather than the scheming adventurer.

Nor will any internal obstacle hamper either nation in the use of its means or the exercise of its energies. For all practical purposes the two governments are military and despotic. Neither constitutional forms, nor delays of red tape, nor clamors and criticisms of newspapers, will be suffered to cross the efforts of either. Imperial France will be guided only by the instinct of the soldier: Bismarck and Prussia will give silent, steady aid to the plans and combinations of Von Moltke.

The rival merits of the needle-gun and the Chassepot rifle, of two different military systems, of the strategical science and ability already apparent or still to be developed on the two sides respectively, are matters which, however important, may prove in the long run not the most momentous. The questions likely to arise and to become decisive are: On which side is the greater reserve power? Which nation can endure the longer strain on its energies and resources? Is either capable of being conquered or crushed?

France is a very hard nation to conquer. Since the fifteenth century—that is to say, since her consolidation was completed — no single power has accomplished the feat, and great coalitions have failed in the attempt. In unity of spirit and will, in the fervor which clutches victory and the elasticity which rebounds from defeat, her people have been long pre-eminent; while the country is so vast and so central, yet so protected by mountain, river and sea, that empire has always seemed its natural prerogative.

Prussia also can boast of an heroic past and of triumphs over tremendous odds. For years she withstood the combined attacks of her most powerful neighbors, and that when she had but just emerged from a state of infancy and tutelage—when she was small, poor, assailable on all sides, with nothing to rely upon but the heroism of her people and the genius of her martial king. At a later period, it is true, she succumbed, as did so many other countries, to the mighty blows of a revolutionary conqueror. But, besides that she has no such tide of revolution and of conquest to encounter now, her own condition and resources are very different from what they then were. She has grown to her full proportions: she is in fact no longer Prussia, but Germany — a Germany more united than at any former epoch, and not liable, we think, to be easily dissevered.

Are, then, the two powers alike invincible? Is no weak point to be espied in the harness of either? Is it to be a drawn battle?

The preponderance of mere strength is clearly on the side of France. This, however, will probably be balanced by superior intelligence and skill on the side of Prussia. France, again, is apparently in no danger from flank at-

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tacks, while Prussia — but only, perhaps, in the improbable event of her being hardly pressed — would be exposed to such attacks both from Austria and Denmark.

But we hope there may be no intervention, or threat of intervention, from any quarter, so long as the combatants confine their operations to the proper theatre. Let them fight it out in that narrow arena, studded with fortresses, where every move must be made with the greatest caution, and where the ground is cleared for battle. So will the war be kept within the narrowest limits, and its evils and miseries be confined, as far as possible, to the parties concerned.

A glance back — through the keen, observant eyes of L. H. H.—at Paris before the war-cry was raised, and while the only causes of excitement were the summer heat and the drouth, will not be without interest even now—may, indeed, have a greater interest from the strong contrast and sudden change:

Dear Gossip: I have recently seen a superbly illustrated work, containing views of all the principal public buildings, remarkable streets, etc., in Paris, and entitled *Paris dans sa Splendeur*. Would that some one would arise to depict Paris dans sa Chaleur. Everybody moans and growls, the sunny side of the streets is deserted, languid groups collect in the shade at the door of every café, and indolently consume ices or empty carafes frappés. Gentlemen go about under the shade of very feminine-looking little sun-umbrellas, and the world in general takes evening drives to the Bois de Boulogne, returning thence about 11 P. M. Most of the theatres are closed, *twelve* only remaining open for the amusement of the overheated Parisians, and the open-air concerts and cafés chantants are doing a thriving business. The newspapers are divided between abuse of M. Prevost-Paradol (the government organs being furious at his appointment, and the opposition journals indignant at his acceptance thereof) and lamentations over the weather. "An African sky—the temperature of the torrid zone!" they exclaim in varying cadences of misery and despair. But come with me, O Philadelphian or New Yorker! accustomed to see the ambitious mercury soar triumphantly above the ninetieth degree on our much-enduring thermometers, and let us peruse the official record of this intense heat. On the hottest day of the season in Paris the thermometer stood at 85° in the shade at three o'clock. Why, we call that comfortable summer weather in Philadelphia! They do not know what really hot weather is, these benighted Parisians, and let us hope they never may; but we, who have learned not to sigh when the thermometer stands at 96, can afford to smile when it only reaches 85°.

The truth of the matter is, that being unaccustomed to very warm weather here, they do not know how to take it, to use their own idiom. Instead of clothing themselves in cool white garments, drinking iced water and secluding themselves within doors during the hottest part of the day, the English and French alike cling to their broadcloth garments, their beer and hot coffee, their heavy meals and petits verres, and the result is—perspiration. Then, too, the want of ventilation in the theatres causes much suffering, for a Frenchman *will* go to the theatre, even in the dog-days, and the atmosphere therein is perfectly terrific in its impurity as well as its heat. I have sat in the Academy of Music in Philadelphia on a scorching summer evening as cool and comfortable as though I were in my own shaded parlor, but unless the weather is actually cold the Parisian theatres speedily become torrid zones of suffocation and discomfort.

There are rumors constantly afloat respecting the failing health of the emperor, and the government journals so persistently assure the public that he is perfectly well that everybody is persuaded that he must be very much the contrary. And in truth his actions often contradict the assertions of the Imperialists. "The emperor is in excellent health"—but he was unable to be present at the last ball given by the empress. "The emperor never was better"—but his departure from the Tuileries for St. Cloud was delayed for nearly a week after the period originally appointed. These are but trifling facts, you may say, but Napoleon III. knows that the eyes of the whole civilized world are upon him, and that his friends and foes alike are anxiously calculating the chances of his life or death; and it is not likely that a man

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of his resolute will and iron nerve would, under such circumstances, yield to the pressure of a slight indisposition. He was present at the races in the Bois de Boulogne on the day when the Grand Prix de Paris was carried off by the beautiful French mare Somette. It was his last appearance in public prior to his departure for St. Cloud, and any one familiar with his appearance five years ago must have been struck with the change in his aspect. An old man with a bloated face, a dyed beard and slow, feeble gestures—such is now Napoleon III. The empress sat beside him, still fair and smiling and affable, but she too is changed. The smiles and the ringlets that were both so sunny and so charming fifteen years ago are now false alike, and but for the sweet expression of her soft sad eyes, and the grace and elegance that pervade her entire aspect, the beauty of Eugenie would be among the things that were. They are growing old, this celebrated pair, and that process, painful at all times, becomes doubly so when the sufferer has been the most powerful monarch or the fairest queen in Europe. The Empress Elizabeth of Austria or the Princess of Wales now bears away the palm of royal loveliness from the once peerless Eugenie, while the sceptre in the hand of Napoleon III. is swaying to its fall, for the iron grasp that once held it so firmly is being slowly but surely relaxed by the icy touch of Death.

Et après? Will France be Orleanist, Legitimist or Imperialist? or, beginning anew her unfinished work, will she try again to mould a republic out of these shattered thrones, these disused crowns? "Will he ever reign?" is, I think, the question asked by every beholder when the young Prince Impérial, graceful, gracious and elegant-looking, rides out beside his father or appears seated beside his beautiful mother, whom he so much resembles, at the Opera or the races. The vanes that indicate the changes in the fickle blasts of popular opinion are in France either all removed or fastened officially to point in the favorable quarter, but there are straws to show how such winds blow, and one or two of these straws have fluttered across my path during my stay in Paris. Lingering late one evening on the Champs Elysées to seek for cooling breezes after encountering the suffocating atmosphere of the Grand Opera, I paused for a moment at one of those cafés chantants which enliven with their lights and music the dusky verdure of that celebrated avenue. One of the performers was singing a medley of airs in which scraps of Offenbach and Verdi, Hervé and Donizetti, street songs and opera arias succeeded each other with bewildering but not unpleasing rapidity. Suddenly the strain changed to the Marseillaise! As the thrilling cadences of what is perhaps the grandest of all national airs rang out upon the night, the effect upon the hearers was perfectly electrical. An uproar of applause, mingled with a few hisses, at once succeeded, but the hisses were speedily drowned by the applause, and the song was encored amid a perfect whirlwind of enthusiasm and excitement. When the imperial family appear in public no hand is raised to applaud, no voice cries "Vive l'Empereur!" or "Vive le Prince Impérial!" Silent was the throng of gazers at the last grand review in the Bois de Boulogne — silent the sea of humanity that surged around the imperial box at the grand race of the season. Napoleon moves the hearts of the Parisians no more to enthusiasm. What is the omen when the Marseillaise receives the greeting denied to the sovereign and his heir?

But a truce to politics! The imperial court seems to have taken for its motto: "Après nous le déluge!" These merry-makers may be dancing over a volcano, but they foot it gayly nevertheless. Why bend to earth a listening ear to catch the first mutterings of the subterranean thunder? Why cast aloft an anxious eye to descry the first red light from the lava floods, the first shadow from the cloud of ashes?

Dress has never before taken such shapes of artistic and elegant extravagance as it has done in Paris during the past summer. The toilettes visible on a fine day at the races or in the Bois were enough to cause Eve to be forgiven for the sin that led to the invention of clothes. Such bewildering compositions of crêpe de Chine, silk and lace, such exquisite looping of skirts and blending of colors and knotting of ribbons, were never before combined to adorn one sex and to drive the other to distraction, either with admiration or from inability to pay the bills. At the last of the races in the Bois de Boulogne the display of toilettes was pronounced to be really extraordinary, even for Paris. The most successful costume of the day was a dress of azure-blue moiré silk, with flounces,

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cloak, fan, parasol and bonnet all composed of the finest point lace—the colors of the winning horse, Somette, being blue and white This dress was mentioned by the newspapers as being of a "magnificent simplicity." More "stunning" but less costly was the toilette of a celebrated leader of the demi-monde. It consisted of a corsage and overskirt of rose-colored satin-striped crêpe de Chine, the corsage cut square in front and the overskirt elaborately worked, trimmed with broad fringe, and looped over an underskirt of turquoise-blue silk, which was covered with narrow flounces and ruches of the silk. The hat was of turquoise-blue crape, surrounded by a wreath of very small pink roses. The wearer was bold, rouged, coarse-looking, and apparently about forty years of age, but her low Victoria was perfect in all its appointments, and the front was loaded with huge bouquets of pink roses, the offerings of her numerous admirers. The dress of the Marquise de T—— was singularly simple and elegant—a costume entirely composed of silk of a delicate lilac hue, and the hat of equally pale and delicate yellow crape. The Comtesse de W—— was less admired in a dress of yellow crêpe de Chine, which was considered a failure. Madame de R——, in a costume of pearl-gray trimmed with rose color, looked as if she had stepped from one of Watteau's pictures.

The Salon of 1870, which has just closed its doors, should have had inscribed over those doors "Spécialité de Femmes Nues." So many fair damsels in the costume of Hans Breitmann's meermaiden ("who hadn't got noting on") never before gladdened my sight on canvas or elsewhere. Nymphs, goddesses, bathers, Truth (a most beautiful figure, standing erect at the bottom of a well, and holding aloft a crystal lamp), the Sleep, the Siesta, the Awakening (these last pictures seemed to argue that lovely women are in the habit of taking naps on the floor in a state of absolute undress), slave-markets, mythological subjects, etc., met the eye at every turn. Even the grand prize picture, the "Destruction of Corinth," whose subject one would suppose to be peculiarly unfavorable to the introduction of undraped femininity, had its group of nude beauties in the foreground. One of the finest of the prize pictures, "The Criminal's Last Day," by the Hungarian artist Moukakzy, is, I am happy to state, about to find a permanent resting-place in Philadelphia, it having been purchased by Mr. Wilstach of our city. It is less agreeable to write that Yvon's huge allegorical painting of the United States (belonging to A. T. Stewart) is universally considered an artistic failure. But the most interesting production to an American was undoubtedly a small group in bronze, in the sculpture department, representing a tigress in the act of springing upon—*a North American Indian!*—an undoubted Mr. Lo, with scalp-lock, eagle's plume and bear's claw necklace, all very accurately represented. "Where did the tigress come from?" is the natural query, and amazed criticism can only suggest a traveling menagerie, as tigers do not usually prowl in the virgin forests of our country, ready to pounce at any moment upon the unsuspecting aborigines.

Theatricals in Paris are dull, say the newspapers, but when were Parisian theatres ever dull? At the Grand Opera the beautiful and poetic ballet of *Coppelia*, the story of which is taken from Hoffmann's fantastic tale, *The Sandman*, has introduced to an enchanted public the most graceful, artistic and charming danseuse who has been seen upon these boards since the tragical demise of poor Emma Liny. The lovely Josephine Bozacchi (such is her name), though not yet seventeen years of age, has already been hailed with enthusiasm as the successor to the vacant throne of Fanny Ellsler and Taglioni. *Maurice de Saxe*, the new drama at the Comédie Française, has had but a moderate success, and *Le Supplice d'une Femme* has been revived for Regnier and Madame Favart. The Gymnase continues its triumphant career with Sardou's *Fernande*, and Madame Pesco's acting as the heroine is beyond all praise. The papers are filled with descriptions of the forthcoming fairy piece now in preparation at the Gaîté, for which Sardou has written the libretto (it can hardly be called a drama) and Offenbach the music, while the principal rôle is to be filled by Montaubry, the favorite tenor of the Opéra Comique. The title of the piece is *Le Roi carotte*, and the principal scene is to represent a city lifeless and silent as the château of the Sleeping Beauty, which is to awaken gradually to life and animation. It is said that the traditional splendors of *La Biche aux Bois* and *Cendrillon* are to be entirely eclipsed by this new combination of nonsense and magnificence.

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The *Figaro* treated its readers the other day to the following choice little anecdote respecting one of our Philadelphia actors, and the story depicts so accurately the lawless habits and savage nature of the inhabitants of our city that I cannot refrain from reproducing it. It appears that a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia, Mr. X——, was violently in love with a young actress attached to one of our theatres, but she preferred Charles Keown, the leading actor of the same troupe, and repulsed with scorn the advances of Mr. X——. The latter was present one evening at the theatre when the actress was performing in a tender love-scene with Charles Keown. The jealous feelings of the merchant could no longer be restrained. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he pointed it full at his rival and fired, but the shot missed its mark, and passing through one of the scenes, wounded a machinist who happened to be standing behind it. (Is not one reminded of the celebrated bullet in the *School for Scandal*, which struck the little bronze statuette of Napoleon on the mantelpiece, glanced off, went through the window and wounded the postman?) "In Paris," continued the *Figaro*, "such an event would have put a stop to the performance, but in Philadelphia it was not even remarked, and Mr. X—— withdrew unhindered, saying calmly, 'I have missed him!'"

Here I will close. The force of imagination or of Gossip could no further go; and so adieu. L. H. H.

In a certain town of a certain State, where the jailer has charge of the insane, a dangerous patient—there is but one such at present—is accommodated with a strait waistcoat of a peculiar cut. When refractory, this unfortunate is laid in a coffin, and the lid—of which the upper end, we are happy to state, has been sawn off—is then screwed down. This is a "matter of fact," and as such is commended to the notice of Mr. Charles Reade, as well as of the authorities who preside over the destinies of the helpless in the town and State referred to.

. . . "A little knowledge" is indeed "a dangerous thing:" at least it very often tends to make its possessor ridiculous. The following conversation among some Ohio river boatmen, which was overheard by our informant, is a sample: *No.* 1. That was an awful cold winter, now I tell you. The river froze tight at Cincinnati, and the thermometer went down twenty degrees below Cairo. *No.* 2. Below *which?* *No.* 1. Below Cairo, you timber-head! Don't you know what that means? *No.* 2. It don't mean anything, you fool! There's no such thing. *No.* 1. I say there is. You see when it freezes at Cairo, it must be pretty cold: so they say so many degrees below Cairo. *No.* 2. Ho, ho! *You* pretend to know! Why, you stupid, you've got the wrong word entirely. *No.* 1. What is it, then? *No.* 2. Why, so many degrees *below Nero*, of course. I don't know what it means, but I know that's what they always say when it's dreadful cold.

The following communication sufficiently explains itself, with the exception of the closing remark, which, being quite unintelligible to us, we must leave to be interpreted by the sagacious reader:

"At a time when every relic or memorial of the lamented Dickens is so eagerly sought after, and every fact in regard to his personal history is received with gratitude by an enlightened and enthusiastic public, I feel it to be my duty not to withhold a reminiscence which, after the lapse of a score of years, a faithful memory enables me to supply. I cannot claim to have been intimately acquainted with the illustrious departed: in fact, I do not feel sure that we ever personally met, though I have often communed with him in spirit. (Isn't Micawber capital? I *can* claim to have known *him*.) But I once saw his paternal parent—Mr. Dickens', I mean—who, at the time, was coming out of the office of the *Daily News*, and was pointed out to me by a young gentleman then in the act of conveying several mugs of beer into that extensive establishment. Mr. Dickens senior bore a considerable likeness to fathers in general. He was shorter than some of them—my own children's, for example. His hair was silvery—a hue I much admire—and was surmounted by a white

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hat. His coat was a frock—the fashion of the time—would that I could say, of all times and circumstances! (My own, alas! has long been in the keeping of a respected but somewhat exacting relative.) There was in his look and bearing a certain indefinable something which announced that he was a man of business, and yet not much of one. (This I particularly noted, for I happened at the moment to be waiting in a state of lively expectation for something to turn up.) No doubt he had a feeling heart—like Copperfield, God bless him! I stood gazing wistfully after him till he turned the corner of the lane—about ten steps off—little imagining that I had laid up a recollection which would one day prove valuable and remunerative—in what degree is a matter, my dear boy, which I cheerfully submit to your delicate and generous discrimination.

"W. M."

MR. EDITOR: The following translation of an imitation by Madame de Remusat of a *chanson* by Clement Marot may interest your readers. I give you the original as well as my attempted version:

Jeune, j'aimai; le temps de mon bel age,
Le temps si court, l'amour seul le remplit.
Quand j'atteignis la saison d'etre sage,
Encore j'aimai, la raison me le dit.
Me voila vieux, et le plaisir s'envole,
Mais le bonheur ne me quitte aujourd'hui,
Car j'aime encore, et l'amour me console—
Rien n'aurait pu me consoler de lui.

—

When young I loved, for youth so swiftly flies
It gives no time but for love's ecstasies;
Then when, with riper years, cool judgment came,
I loved, for reason kindled fresh the flame:
Now I am old—the time for pleasure past—
Yet still I find my happiness to last;
For still I love, and love consoles me yet.
What could console me should I love forget?

E. H.

We who have been taught from our infancy to regard Asia as the birth-place of the human race, must receive with caution, and perhaps with incredulity, statements which upset all our preconceived ideas and transfer the creation of mankind to this continent. And yet the startling effects of such a theory can hardly be greater than those produced by Galileo's announcement of the earth's revolution round the sun. Both theories are apparently in contradiction of the biblical writings.

A French savant, the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who has made the hieroglyphics of Mexico the subject of a long and arduous study, as did Champollion those of Egypt, assures us that "the cradle of civilization, instead of being found in the elevated plains of Upper Asia, must be sought near the mouths of the Orinoco or the Mississippi."

M. Brasseur de Bourbourg, having rendered himself master of the symbolism made use of by the priests, says the hieroglyphics invariably contained a double meaning—the one being the allegory offered to the vulgar in the history of the gods and heroes of the ancient world; the other, comprehended only by the priests and the initiated, and hidden by a symbolism which never changed, recounted the history of the human race.

The abbé informs us that at a period still undetermined, but not more remote than six or seven thousand years, the American continent was double its present size. The vast area now occupied by the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea was then composed of immense plains, reaching, according to his calculations, at least eight hundred leagues to the eastward of the Lesser Antilles. From this advanced post the land swept round to the north and south, thus leaving two vast gulfs—the one toward the present coast of North America, and the other where the mouths of the Amazon are situated at the present day. Such is the figure given by the hieroglyphics to this region, of which Osiris was the all-powerful king. This extensive territory was thickly peopled, and its name even is discoverable by the aid of the hieroglyphics. It was called *the Land of the Crescent.* A terrible cataclysm, accompanied by fearful earthquakes, hurricanes and volcanic eruptions, destroyed those immense countries, with nearly all their inhabitants. During four days the blackness of night reigned over that portion of the Land of the Crescent lying between the Antilles and

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the continent. It appeared to rise and swell from the action of the interior gases, and finally collapsed, sinking to the bottom of the sea: the larger Antilles alone remained, and the lesser ones rose from the waters, forced upward by the irresistible power of volcanic action. On the fifth day that which remained of this land, and which partially united America to Africa, disappeared in the abyss. The horrors of the situation were furthermore increased by an unforeseen calamity, which must have been incomprehensible to the few wretched beings who strove on rafts or in boats to escape from the general destruction. Vast masses of ice, detached from the poles and impelled southward by violent currents overspreading those newly-made seas, crushed the frail vessels of those who had escaped the primary catastrophe. A few, however, survived these manifold perils, and reaching the Lesser Antilles, whose volcanic heads rose above the waters, pouring their fierce streams of fiery lava into the sea, prostrated themselves in adoration of an unknown Power, and the volcanoes became their first gods. Coarse paintings, made by witnesses of these catastrophes, recorded the scenes. But by degrees each image became a hieroglyphic, and each phase of the cataclysm represented a new fable in the eyes of the vulgar, whilst the priests alone preserved their real meaning.

It was in these islands that Columbus discovered that extensive population which, according to the Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, is of the same stock as the Indians of this continent and the yellow races of Asia.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Put Yourself in His Place. By Charles Reade. New York: Sheldon & Co.; Harper & Brothers.

Somebody, we suppose—nay, in a silent way, everybody — must have drawn a comparison between the method — or the art, if you choose so to apply the term—of Mr. Charles Reade and that of Mr. Anthony Trollope. The contrast is indeed striking and complete. Between Dickens and Thackeray, differing as they did in essential characteristics, there were at least superficial points of resemblance. We saw that they were looking at the same world, though not from the same position or through the same media. Each took the widest possible range, selected objects of the most varied kinds, and presented them in a light which made them seem either ludicrous or pathetic, either natural or grotesque. It might even be said that certain types, certain delineations—for example, the conceited airs of footmen in plush, and the quaint ways of precocious childhood—were common to both.

But between Mr. Reade and Mr. Trollope we perceive no single point of resemblance. As they are contemporaries, compatriots and proficients in the same walk, this absolute dissimilarity may appear somewhat singular. The explanation lies in the fact that, unlike the two greater writers we have mentioned, they are both mere specialists, and that, owing to differences of idiosyncrasy, their specialties lie wide apart. Mr. Trollope is a photographer, and has long carried on a flourishing business in a quarter inhabited by a certain class of people, whose physiognomies he reproduces with an exactness which belongs to the camera alone. Mr. Reade is an inventor: society and the world do nothing for him except to supply him with a number of facts, which he carefully disarranges, and a code of probabilities, which he scrupulously violates.

Mr. Trollope entrenches himself within the limits not merely of the probable, but of the commonplace. He is the least pretentious, the least ambitious of writers. He thinks humbly of his profession and modestly of his own performance. He is never conscious of having "a mission." One would say his highest endeavor was to

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soothe, to tranquilize, even to lull his readers. At the most, his novels have just that degree of stimulating power which suits well the hours of digestion. His characters all belong to ordinary life, and are such as he has met with in his regular beat. The heroes and heroines are the young gentlemen and ladies whom we all know as being anything rather than heroic. The villains are the mild scamps and swindlers who gamble or jilt, borrow money and forget to pay: them, too, we all know but tóo well. The other personages are of course somewhat less common and more varied; but if there be any of them whom we have not known before meeting them in Mr. Trollope's pages, his clear and consistent touches soon make them so familiar that we are ready to swear to them as old acquaintances. The story, too, is equally circumscribed. It is just what the characters, acting upon each other under ordinary conditions of life, would naturally make it. The lover—who is not all a lover—gets into little scrapes; the beloved—herself not quite free from failings—has her little heartaches and remorses; the scamp, after a particularly awkward affair, falls into seediness or goes off to Australia: everybody helps, in his particular way, to bring about the unharrowing catastrophe.

How different is it with Mr. Reade! He, as he has so often told us, is a man of genius. When he writes it is to accomplish a work in which Parliament and churches have failed, and in which Fiction alone, under the conduct of a master, can succeed. His aim is not to amuse, but to arouse, to startle, to stun us. He must be read fasting, or woe to the gastric apparatus! His heroes are wonderful beings—in mental activity how like angels! — in bodily power how like demigods! They are artists, inventors, creators; they are also shoulder-hitters and gymnasts, capable of flooring three men (large men) with a single left-hander, while the fingers of the right hand—used as antennæ or claws—are helping the possessor up the smooth face of a brick wall twenty feet high. Their powers of endurance are also very remarkable. They are mutilated, they are shot, they are pounded and brayed in mortars: you leave them to the undertaker and the worms while the scene changes for a single chapter, and lo! they reappear in the next, not only alive, but scatheless, scarless, their glorious features unimpaired, their chestnut hair unsinged. And the heroines—what depth of love, of devotion, of self-sacrifice, if need be of scorn and unutterable loathing, in them! How they supplement the heroes, keeping a reserved power which at the decisive moment, when the demigod shows a momentary weakness of soul or limb, breathes forth to the rescue and sets him up all right! And the minor characters—what prodigies in their several ways!—the physician (of the newest school he!) who cures all maladies by Nature's method of a "wet sheet," with the addition sometimes of "a flowing sea;" the seer, who knows all things, like a Yankee bagman or a hotel clerk (sometimes he *is* one — or both), and who is the *deus ex machinâ* to cut the Gordian knot of the story and make or mar the happiness of all parties; above all, the villain, who is a villain of the true breed—besides being a gentleman—and who consequently sticks at nothing until his final impaling, crucifixion or other satisfactory ending, which is the product of his own craft overmatched at a single point and in a decisive juncture by that of the knowing man! As for the incidents, we need only say that they are all in keeping with the mental and corporeal organization of the personages by, through, or for whom they are transacted. They are numerous, rapid and astonishing. They are all "matters of fact," Mr. Reade tells us, and we believe him; only they all belong to that class of facts which is stranger than fiction. Mr. Reade disdains anything short of the marvelous; but then this is a world of marvels, and Mr. Reade is Nature's showman. His wonders are all developed by a "natural principle of selection;" and if in his pages graves yawn oftener and more widely than they had heretofore been known to do, this can be accounted for by the progress of the ages and the increasing tendency of the extraordinary to drive out the ordinary.

In his last book Mr. Reade is at his culminating point. Art grows longer, or at least stronger, as life grows shorter. Mr. Trollope, as readers of this Magazine are aware, has been lately bringing *his* method to perfection. He soothes, tranquilizes, lulls us more than ever, moving onward like a broad, smooth river which has left behind all its torrents and cascades, and now meanders at leisure through the plain. On the other hand, Mr. Reade — for whom Nature offers no analogous type but the volcano—

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has burst into an eruption fiercer and more incessant than any of his former ones. There used to be, if our memory fails not, brief, rare intervals of quiet, of suspense. You couldn't sleep, but you could breathe. Now you have no chance: you must just stand and take it, waiting till it is over to recover your breath.

We have no need to describe or analyze the present work, since every novel-reader has already devoured it. The hero, Henry Little, is an inventor, an artist, a shoulder-hitter and a martyr. He is killed at Hillsborough: the Trades Unionists kill him—at sundry times and in divers manners. But his strong point lies in his power of coming to life again, and he is assisted in this by the wise doctor — by name Amboyne — who, when he sees his patient a shapeless mass, puts himself in his place, and prescribes accordingly. The book is not ill named, for almost every character in it gets, for a time, into somebody else's place, having first put that somebody else out of it—just as if the scene had been laid in Washington. The *dénouement* is brought about by a great flood, the angry elements, as usual, performing in their very best style under Mr. Reade's direction. The heroine (angel, not goddess, on this occasion) is swept by the raging current past the garret where the hero has taken refuge, having ascended, in the heroic manner, through the ceilings, instead of by the vulgar stairway. He clutches her long floating hair with his right hand, the side of the wall with his left, sets his knee against a horizontal projection, grinds his teeth together, throws himself back with a superhuman jerk, and drags her from the furious flood, which, in its desperate effort to retain her, peels off not her shoes only, but her stockings, though gartered. In the end we are not so much thrilled at the stockings being peeled off: the garters may have got untied. But the way in which the incident is told makes us expect, in reading, that the skin is coming off with the stockings, and so we shudder.

Mr. Reade is an exceedingly clever man. He neither touches the heart nor stirs the intellect, though Nature perhaps intended him to do both. He chooses rather to thrill the nerves. He might perhaps have become a creator: he has been contented to shine as an inventor. Mr. Trollope neither creates nor invents: he simply copies. The characters and scenes which he sets before us are depicted by a mechanical process. Still, there is a reality about them. They belong to the world, to the time, to the locality in which they are placed; and antiquarians who in a future age shall investigate the manners of the nineteenth century will not be able to dispense with a dip into Mr. Trollope's novels. They will have no occasion whatever to examine Mr. Reade's. His inventions, as is the common fate of inventions, will have been superseded; novel-readers will have forgotten their old idol; somebody will have put himself in his place.

Poems. By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Twenty years ago the first number of a magazine not destined to live beyond two or three months was issued in London under the title of *The Germ*. Its editors and contributors (they formed together a single close corporation) pronounced the initial letter hard, by way of denoting their sense of the difficulty of their enterprise. The type, paper and general exterior resembled those of the weak monthlies then common in America. Of the prose articles in the single number which we saw we remember only that in tone and style they differed much from magazine articles in general. Two poems in the number impressed us more strongly, and the impression deepened with each perusal. Evidently written by different hands, they were yet alike in their exceeding delicacy of thought and language, in the clearness and finish with which each idea and trope was elaborated, and in the absence of that fluency and ease which great poets attain to by constant practice, while small versifiers have it by intuition.

One of these poems, "My Beautiful Lady," has since, by slow accretion, retaining the peculiarities of the original germ, expanded into a volume. Its author, Mr. Woolner, now so eminent as a sculptor, had already given such evidence of original power in his art as to raise the expectations of the best judges. He was at that time engaged in modeling a bust of Tennyson. His appearance seemed to indicate the bent and capacity of his genius: the figure tall and athletically formed, the head well shaped and well set, the clipped hair and beardless cheeks, the open, decisive-looking countenance, and the simple, collected bearing, were indica-

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tive, to the fancy at least, not only of youthful energy but of plastic power.

The other poem, "My Sister's Sleep," is included in the collection before us. At the time of its first publication, Mr. Rossetti, though under twenty-five years of age, was the acknowledged head of a new school of painters, known among the initiated under the mysterious designation of the P. R. B., and to the public by vague reports indicative of a wild revolt against the worship of the beautiful in art. From his father, an Italian exile, he had received the name of Dante, and imbibed an extraordinary reverence for the great Florentine: according to his friends, he knew the whole of the *Divina Commedia* by heart. Rather below the common height, with a fine Italian face, dark hair and beard, and a look expressive of sweetness, but also of maturity and thought, he was to all eyes, however little skilled in physiognomy, plainly an artist—one whom color or tone, not mere form and expression, would alone satisfy.

On reading again our early favorite, after the lapse of so many years, we find that it has not lost its charm. We may still select from it to show how Mr. Rossetti conceives a scene, with what a watchful eye and hushed ear he catches the mystic sights and sounds with which strained expectation invests commonplace states and things:

"Through the small room, with subtle sound
Of flame, by vents the fireshine drove
And reddened. In its dim alcove
The mirror shed a clearness round.

"I had been sitting up some nights,
And my tired mind felt weak and blank:
Like a sharp strengthening wine it drank
The stillness and the broken lights.

"Twelve struck. That sound, by dwindling years
Heard in each hour, crept off; and then
The ruffled silence spread again,
Like water that a pebble stirs.

"Our mother rose from where she sat:
Her needles, as she laid them down,
Met lightly, and her silken gown
Settled: no other noise than that.

* * * *

"Just then in the room over us
There was a pushing back of chairs,
As some who had sat unawares
So late, now heard the hour, and rose.

"With anxious softly-stepping haste
Our mother went where Margaret lay,
Fearing the sounds o'erhead—should they
Have broken the long watched-for rest!

"She stopped an instant, calm, and turned;
But suddenly turned back again;
And all her features seemed in pain
With woe, and her eyes gazed and yearned.

"For my part, I but hid my face,
And held my breath, and spoke no word:
There was none spoken; but I heard
The silence for a little space.

"Our mother bowed herself and wept:
And both my arms fell, and I said,
'God knows I knew that she was dead.'
And there, all white, my sister slept."

When this poem was written the public had not been familiarized with a metre which Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was soon afterward to associate with a sweeping and majestic movement such as only a master's hand could attach to this form of versification. Mr. Rossetti has not reached the same height, but his later poems are characterized by a delicate skill which belongs only to those who have won their way to the inner secrets of language and of rhythm. A short extract from "The Stream's Secret" will testify to this, and show also how the poet enweaves with his most passionate utterances imagery and glimpses of visible nature marked by the same exquisite powers of perception evinced in his earlier efforts:

"Oh sweet her bending grace
Then when I kneel beside her feet;
And sweet her eyes' o'erhanging heaven; and sweet
The gathering folds of her embrace;
And her fall'n hair at last shed round my face
When breaths and tears shall meet.

"Beneath her sheltering hair,
In the warm silence near her breast,
Our kisses and our sobs shall sink to rest;
As in some still trance made aware
That day and night have wrought to fullness there
And Love has built our nest.

"And as in the dim grove,
When the rains cease that hushed them long,
'Mid glistening boughs the song-birds wake to song,—
So from our hearts deep-shrined in love,
While the leaves throb beneath, around, above,
The quivering notes shall throng.

"Till tenderest words found vain
Draw back to wonder mute and deep,
And closed lips in closed arms a silence keep,
Subdued by memory's circling strain,—
The wind-wrapt sound that the wind brings again
While all the willows weep."

"The Blessed Damozel" and others of these poems exhibit similar qualities, while the sonnets, and, above all, "Jenny," bring to light another gift—or, as we might call it, another sense—the faculty of seeing deeply

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into moral mysteries, of feeling the pulsations of that common life of humanity of which we are continually speaking, without at all consulting our deeper consciousness in regard to it.

The extracts we have given will go farther than any criticism we could offer to convince the reader still unacquainted with this volume that it is the production of a genuine poet. What rank the author is entitled to hold among poets is a question we see no need to discuss. Posterity is supposed to decide such matters, and has itself no infallible tests. There is gold which it does not gather, and dross which it does not reject. It selects what suits it, or seems to suit it, as contemporaries do. Mr. Rossetti has written for us, and we need not allow our enjoyment of what he has given us to be disturbed by the unanswerable inquiry whether he has also written for a future time.

The Iliad of Homer. Translated into English verse by William Cullen Bryant. Vol. I. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

We have in this volume the first half of Homer's grand old poem, done into English pentameter by Mr. Bryant, perhaps as well as it is possible to render the musical, flowing and majestic original into so stiff a metre. Comparing this translation with its predecessors, we are inclined to award it the palm. We are speaking now only with reference to the pentametrical versions—those of Pope, Cowper and Lord Derby. Pope's cannot properly be called a translation: it is a paraphrase, wherein there is no pretence of adhering strictly to the text. It is a mass of verbiage made elegant by the taste and genius of the translator, but it is not Homer, except in a few happy instances, where the terseness of the original is imitated. Cowper's translation may be characterized as generally ineffective and often weak: it has never been popular, and is seldom read. Mr. Bryant's and Lord Derby's are both better than Cowper's. Both are written with elegance, as becomes the rendering of a classic poem, but to our taste there is more ease in Mr. Bryant's style than in Lord Derby's, and hence it is pleasanter reading. There is no need of taking into account the old version by Chapman, in heroic couplets; nor that by Sir John Herschel, in hexameter; nor that of Professor Blackie, in heptameter; nor that of Mr. Buckley, in prose. With the exception of Sir John Herschel's, none of them really give the unlearned any idea of the force and beauty of the original; and Sir John's falls short of what it might have been.

We contend that the hexameter is the only metre that ought to be employed in translating the *Iliad*, because it is that of the poem itself. And if a translation of it could be made, giving line for line and pause for pause, this would, perhaps, be the utmost that could be done toward presenting the *Iliad* as it ought to be presented to English-speaking people. On this account we regret that Mr. Bryant should have adopted the stiff five-syllabled metre, and, as it were, hampered himself by its unbending rules. It would be ungracious, and not altogether just, to call his work a failure. It is not more of a failure than Pope's or Cowper's or Lord Derby's, or than any other must necessarily be which undertakes to convert six-footed into five-footed lines. And we are not a little surprised at the following passage in Mr. Bryant's preface: "I did not adopt the hexameter verse, principally for the reason that in our language it is confessedly an imperfect form of versification, the true rhythm of which is very difficult for those whose ear is accustomed only to our ordinary metres to perceive. I found that I could not possibly render the Greek hexameters line for line, like Voss in his marvelous German version, in which he has not only done this, but generally preserved the pauses in the very part of the line in which Homer placed them. We have so many short words in English, and so few of the connective particles which are lavishly used by Homer, that often when I reached the end of the Greek line I found myself only in the middle of my line in English. This difficulty of subdividing the thought — by compression or expansion of phrase—to the limits it must fill would alone have been sufficient to deter me from attempting a translation in hexameter. I therefore fell back upon blank verse, which has been the vehicle of some of the noblest poetry in our language, both because it seemed to me by the *flexibility* of its construction best suited to a narrative poem, and because, while it enabled me to give the sense of my author *more perfectly than any other form of verse*, it allowed me also to avoid in a greater degree the appearance of

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constraint which is too apt to belong to a translation."

The italics are our own, and we have marked them in order to show clearly the points upon which we differ entirely from Mr. Bryant. We do not consider the pentameter, or ordinary blank verse, at all flexible; and as regards the possibility of giving the sense of the author more perfectly in it than in any other form of verse, we offer the following examples in support of our theory that it can best be done in hexameter—that metre which has been so elegantly and pathetically illustrated in Professor Longfellow's *Evangeline*. They are also given in order to show wherein Mr. Bryant has fallen short of the original. The first is taken from the First Book, lines 232–240, wherein Achilles swears that he will never more fight for the Greeks, and prophesies that the time will come when Agamemnon will feel the force of that oath, and the Greeks will implore the return of Achilles. This is Mr. Bryant's rendering (Book I., lines 298–307):

"And now I say,
And bind my saying with a mighty oath,
By this my sceptre, which can never bear
A leaf or twig, since first it left its stem
Among the mountains, for the steel has pared
Its boughs and bark away, to sprout no more—
And now the Achaian judges bear it—they
Who guard the laws received from Jupiter—
Such is my oath—the time shall come when all
The Greeks shall long to see Achilles back."

This can be literally rendered, line for line, and pause for pause, thus:

'And now do I say unto thee, | and with a strong oath I confirm it—
Yes, by this sceptre I swear, | which never again has borne branches
Or leaves since first it left | its own parent stem on the mountains,
And never will bloom again, | for the metal has lopped off around it
Both leaf and bark. But now | the Achaian dispensers of justice
Bear it [in state] in their hands, | watching over the statutes [and judgments]
Which they have received from Zeus; | *and this oath shall to thee be portentous*
When the desire for Achilles | shall seize all the sons of th' Achaians."

"Such is my oath" is not the correct rendering: it does not give the true sense of the passage, which is that the oath shall be found full of fearful meaning when the time comes. The second example is from the same Book, lines 277–284. Mr. Bryant has it thus (Book I., lines 352–358), and we think it a very feeble translation of the passage:

"Pelides, strive no longer with the king,
Since never yet did Jove to sceptered prince
Grant eminence and honor like to his.
Atrides, calm thine anger. It is I
Who now implore thee to lay by thy wrath
Against Achilles, who, in this fierce war,
Is the great bulwark of the Grecian host."

Such is the advice given by Minerva to Achilles, which we prefer translating thus:

And thou, Pelides, refrain | from persisting in thy opposition
Unto [the commands of] the king, | since never did Zeus give such glory
And honor like his before | to any one bearing a sceptre.
But though thou truly art brave, | and a goddess thou hast for thy mother,
Behold thy superior is here, | since [the king] ruleth over more people.
Atrides, appease thy wrath: | it is I [even I], who entreat thee
To lay all thine anger aside | for the sake of the valiant Achilles,
Who 'gainst the foe in this war | is the bulwark of all the Achaians.

This is strictly literal, almost word for word, and it will be seen that Mr. Bryant has entirely omitted the two lines which we have put in italics. Similar omissions occur elsewhere; as, for instance, a little farther on (lines 523–528):

"But now thou art at once
Short-lived and wronged beyond all other men,
Yet will I climb the Olympian height among
Its snows, and make my suit to Jupiter
The Thunderer, if haply he may yield
To my entreaties."

Which we render—

And now indeed thou art | the most short-lived and wretched of all men,
In that thou wast born to a most | evil fate in the halls [of thy father].
For this will I plead for redress | with Zeus, who delighteth in thunder:
Myself will go up to snowy | Olympus and try to persuade him.

The italicized line is wholly omitted. Probably other omissions might be found if we were to closely compare the translation with the original throughout, but we have done this only with a portion of the First Book. And in that we find that Mr. Bryant has fallen into the error of translating the words "Argeioi," "Achaioi" and "Danaoi" indiscriminately by the word "Greeks," whereas there is a marked difference between them, and the poet uses each designedly, as Mr. Gladstone has already shown in his *Homeric Studies*. Thus, when he wishes to speak of the particular people over whom Agamemnon and Menelaus reigned, he used the word "Argives;" when he

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means the assembled tribes of Greece whom Agamemnon ruled over as commander-in-chief during the Trojan war, he calls them "Achaians;" but when he speaks of the Greeks generally, he uses the word "Danaoi," or descendants of Danaus, though the proper word is "Graikoi;" and the word "Hellenes," or descendants of Hellen, is equally correct, and more frequently used. The distinction should be carefully attended to throughout the *Iliad.* And like attention is required in rendering the epithets which Homer uses so profusely. Thus the adjective "dark-eyed" is not equivalent to "quick-glancing," as applied to Chrysēis (Bryant, Bk. I., line 127); nor is "all-providing" the equivalent of "all-wise counselor" (applied to Jove, Bk. I., line 228): nor ought "sculptured" to be substituted for "well or strongly built" (Bk. I., line 563). Many other instances might be cited, did our limits admit of it. We take the liberty of suggesting to Mr. Bryant, in reference to the difficulties which he finds in the plot of the poem, and on which he comments in his preface, that it would be wise not to expect strict historical accuracy from Homer. J. J. R.

Books Received.

A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language; in which its Forms are Illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse and Old High-German. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. xii., 253.

An Account of the Remarkable Occurrences in the Life and Travels of Colonel James Smith, during his Captivity with the Indians, in the Years 1755–'59. With an Appendix of Illustrative Notes. By Wm. M. Darlington, of Pittsburg. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. 8vo. pp. xii., 190.

Pioneer Life in Kentucky: A Series of Reminiscential Letters from Daniel Drake, M. D., of Cincinnati, to his Children. Edited, with Notes and a Biographical Sketch, by his son, Charles D. Drake. Cincinnati: R. Clarke & Co. 8vo. pp. xlviii., 263.

Debenham's Vow. By Amelia B. Edwards. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 178.

Memoirs Illustrative of the Life and Writings of John Evelyn, Esq., F. R. S., author of "Sylva," etc. Edited by William Bray, F. S. A. L. From the last London Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 12mo. pp. 783.

The History of English Poetry, from the Eleventh to the Seventeenth Century. By Thomas Warton, B. D., Poet Laureate. From the last London Edition. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons. 12mo. pp. 1032.

Jealousy; or, Teverino: A Novel. By George Sand. With a Biography of the Author. Translated from the French by Oliver S. Leland. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 304.

The American Colleges and the American Public. By Noah Porter, D. D., Professor in Yale College. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co. 16mo. pp. 285.

The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. Translated by Fayette Robinson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 329.

Teuchsa Grondie: A Legendary Poem. By Levi Bishop. Printed for the Author. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co., Printers. 8vo. pp. 446.

Beneath the Wheels: A Romance. By the author of "Olive Varcoe," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 173.

Goethe's Herman and Dorothea. Translated by Ellen Frothingham. With Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 12mo. pp. 165.

The Young Ship-Builders of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 304.

A Marriage in High Life. By Mrs. Grey. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 118.

Life of the Empress Josephine, Wife of Napoleon I. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 16mo. pp. 377.

The Modern Job. By Henry Peterson. Philadelphia: H. Peterson & Co. 12mo. pp. 124.

Frank Wentworth; or, The Story of Hawthorn Hall. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 258.

Studies in Literature. By S. W. Griffin. Baltimore: Henry C. Turnbull, Jr. 12mo. pp. 158.

Life and Alone. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 407.

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"I will keep my promise. I will never marry him till you consent."

[Sir Harry Hotspur, Chap. XVII.]

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

OCTOBER, 1870.

THE GHOST OF TEN BROEK VAN DER HEYDEN.

IN the year 1865 a party of four persons met at the dinner-table of Cornelius Van der Heyden, in Duchess county, New York. His ancient manor-house stands in a hollow between two small hills half a mile from the Hudson, where only a Hollander would from choice have fixed his home. It was sturdily built on a long terrace, and with its two low wings, hipped roof, pent-houses and black and red bricks would have looked ungracious enough but for the generations of ivy which had thatched walls and roof with a mass of sombre verdure, through which the crimson of the Virginia creeper gleamed in autumn glory. My companions and myself, though come on various errands, were all to dine and spend the night here. My own visit was one of mere friendship to my good Cornelius, who had just come home from Europe to settle down for a quiet summer among his rolling acres of wheat and Indian corn. Mr. Keith—under which name I choose to conceal the personality of a well-known New York lawyer, alike famous in court and at table—had come in company with an equally well known physician of the same city. The remaining two (for there had been five of us when we got out of the train and stood together on the platform) might as well be described as one, so completely had the lesser lost his individuality in that of the greater. By an odd chance our paths had crossed once before beside a camp-fire in Northern Maine. Great was my surprise, therefore, at meeting them anew, and hearing that they were to dine with our party. Colonel Smithers was a Bangor man who owned fifty mills, and whose ancestor invented whittling — a taste inherited by his descendant in the shape of timber-felling, log-driving, plank-producing and the like — in a word, whittling on a scale to suit the century. I can well recall the night we first met, on the far side of the north-east "carry," which had led us that day through a driving rain some three miles across from Moosehead Lake to the Penobscot. We were sitting wet and disconsolate about nine o'clock at night, in a leaky log house, with a dozen men, who had gathered from the towns of Maine and Canada to cut the scanty grass which grew between the stumps of the clearing around the cabin. Such grass farms are found here and there in these dense woods, and yield hay for the support of the cattle which drag the lumber through the winter forests to the "brows," whence it is launched into the swollen streams at spring tide. We had just

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hit on the harvest-time, and upon a party as scampish-looking as any you are likely to light upon elsewhere. The lumbermen of North-eastern Maine are, on the whole, a fine, manly set of fellows, but for some reason—and excepting always the guides, who are generally reliable and honest, and who "foller loggin'" in winter—the "drivers" of the country to the north of Moosehead are "a aweful ornery set," refugees from justice, dirty half-breeds, and "Frenchies" or "Kanucks." They were jabbering Indian, Province French, and English such as Maine men talk, and the room was darkly seen by one tallow dip through a haze of tobacco and smudge smoke, which seemed to affect but slightly the myriads of mosquitos and midges which possessed the atmosphere and us. A surly greeting and leave to find a soft plank between red and white man welcomed us as we lit our meerschaums and settled down to rest as we might.

"See'd the colonel?" said one.

"What colonel?"

Even the card-players ceased their play and grinned at us.

"Don't know the colonel? Wa'al, that's queer! Stumps is with him—follers the colonel, he does."

Was Stumps a dog? However, we had lost ground by this unlucky want of knowledge of the colonel, who we presently learned came from down Bangor-way, and owned No. 132, and rented stumpage in 73 and 64; which is about as clear as Sanskrit until you look at the map and see how the unsettled townships are indicated.

About ten P. M. the colonel turned up, lively as a fresh-hooked trout—a stout, broad-shouldered man, some sixty years old, weather-beaten, gray-bearded, with huge hands, a grip which left you aching, and a square, strong head under a gray felt, wide-awake hat. I was standing just outside of the doorway as he passed me:

"From down to Greenville, I guess? Bad on the carry, wa'n't it?"

He was followed by a little man of extraordinary thinness, who sat down on the doorstep and vituperated his master the colonel:

"I'm goin' to hum right off. Don't care who hears me."

"What's the trouble?" said I, benevolently.

"Trouble!" said he. "How'd you like to be all day long a-trampin' and a-surveyin' and a-fightin' midges, and to be just got yer pork fried and yer 'petac' a-fizzlin,' and hev a unfeelin' man— I tell *you* he ain't got the feelin' of— It wouldn't be no use tellin' you. You're a stranger and you hadn't oughter believe it. Says he—gittin' up from that camp-fire—says he, 'Stumps, guess you an' I'll try for the carry to-night;' and, by thunder! ef we didn't have to paddle the darned old cuss these here twelve miles, and nothin' shorter!"

At this moment a voice called out, "Stumps," to which that gentleman hastily replied by entering the house, while one of his own people, a tall Maine man, sat down on the vacant step.

"Stumps 's riled," said the lumberman—and proceeded to tell us how Stumps was a small lawyer whom the colonel had absorbed, body and soul, for the doing of slight legal chores—a sort of secretary, as it were, to the great man.

As to the colonel, he seemed to have won, boldly and honestly, a large fortune by buying stumpage and cutting and selling timber. His were the lumber camps we should meet, his the land hereabout, his the dams at the upper Allegash, and his this array of wild and tame, thievish or honest men, who fill these woods in winter, and in the spring drive the armies of tree trunks down the Penobscot or the St. John's. Thanks to him and his like, there is not within sight of the navigable waters a pine two feet through left standing from Chesuncook Lake to the great Aroostook. How Thoreau would have cursed him! A character worth knowing, nevertheless—a king of this wild woodman company, and a mighty despiser of Britishers and Kanucks. He proved a good fellow after his kind, warned us against the

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thievery of his worthy lumbermen—no unnecessary precaution, as it proved—shared such provisions as he had with us, and gave endless advice as to our route northward into the Allegash. Especially was it best that we should turn back when we reached the main St. John's. "There wasn't the makin' of six feet of Yankee in a half a mile of them Frenchies—a darn'd ornery, mean, cussed, lop-sided lot!" I remembered his anathema afterward when sitting in the cottages of the contented Acadians, rich only in dirt and children, humble, ignorant, wonderfully poor, but courteous, well-mannered, gentle and hospitable. I trust that my digression may not have seemed wearisome, but unless I had made my colonel clear to you, how should I be able to tell the incident which befell him? Besides which, it is pleasant to ramble on paper as one does in common talk, which once for all must excuse my side chat.

The colonel had come to my friend's house to complete a bargain for certain Maine woodlands, and with him had come also the inevitable Stumps, whom, to my amusement, he calmly deposited at the station with a dollar note and an injunction "not to get on wus than a twenty-five-cent drunk," and to be on hand next day early.

At six o'clock—for the host held sternly to his city hours—we found ourselves around Van der Heyden's table; to wit, Cornelius, the colonel (nearly dead with his long and unusual fast), the before-mentioned lawyer and doctor, and myself. Somewhere in mid-dinner, Mr. Keith, the lawyer, had upset the salt between himself and the doctor, which turned the talk upon the subject of popular superstitions and their origin, and at last, by easy paths, upon that of apparitions. Presently, Keith inquired of Van der Heyden if there were not some odd story of the kind current about his own house. Cornelius, smiling, put the matter aside, saying in French—

"Well, yes—a very absurd and yet a true story, at least in part, but better not told until we get rid of the servants. Ask me after dinner if you really care to hear it."

"Very good," said Keith, and he turned the chat on other topics.

"For my part," said I, "I would give a round sum to see one of these *revenants*."

"Ghosts, you mean," returned the colonel. "There ain't no sich in my part of the country."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the doctor. "Perhaps not, but where I live—"

"There are plenty, naturally," added Keith.

"Thank you," growled the doctor. "You at least have not made one of my contributions to the ghost world. Be thankful and bide your time."

"Humph!" returned Keith. "If doctors don't see ghosts, who should? And yet, as I recall the matter, I never heard of a doctor—still less of an undertaker—who figures in any ghost-story pretending to be true. An argument *contra* on that point, I should say."

"But why," cried Van der Heyden, "is there not some test which we can apply to assure ourselves if a vision be merely such, or a real outside appearance. What say you, doctor? I think I should cross-examine him, her or it if it answered."

"Useless!" said I. "The doctor will tell you that the brain is dual, and that one side may stand off, as it were, and converse with the other half."

"I have seen such cases," said the doctor—"cases in which a man seemed constantly to see and hold long talks with a spectre of his own brain's creation."

"Might ask him to take a drink," said the colonel. "If he was kinder down in the mouth, seems to me, I should say—"

"Wouldn't do, colonel," broke in Keith. "It only covers half the possible sources of spooks. What's your test, doctor? The colonel's ideas are slightly tainted with Homœopathy in the *similia similibus* direction."

We laughed and the doctor replied:

"There is a test, but I never heard of a man cool enough to try it. Per-

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haps some of you may have a chance. As every doctor knows, it is possible by pressing upon the ball of one eye to cause temporary squint, and thus to make every external object seem to be double."

"I see," said the colonel, gouging fiercely at his left visual organ. "Seems to me now I've got two sets of bottles in front of me. Pity you couldn't kerry that idee a leetle further'n keep up the notion."

"It is only patented as concerns ghosts," said the doctor. "If you see a ghost and can double it by squinting, the thing you see is external, but if it be a creature of your own brain, you can't make two of it."

"Imagine Hamlet trying that plan!" said I. "But who ever did try it? Conceive of the affectionate and scientific lover applying your test to the image of his departed mistress!"

"Any ghost of refined susceptibilities would leave, I should say," remarked Cornelius.

"'Might be tried on in the D. T.," said the colonel. "Think I sees a unlucky cuss a-sayin', 'Double or quits' to the menagerie. Might try it on all-fired easy with Stumps," he added, musingly, revolving the possible experiment.

"Let us hear the result," laughed Keith.

"For my part," said the doctor, "I am pretty well assured that I had a chance to test the matter, which unluckily I made no use of. Keith knows the story."

"Tell them about it," said the latter. "I have always suspected you of dressing it up a little for the dinner-table—I fancy I have heard it with variations—but, true or not, it is not a bad story."

"The facts are true," replied the doctor. "As to what interpretation you may please to put upon them, I have nothing to say: I have my own opinion, which I never offer with the story. Here it is, and you may make what you like of it."

"Pass the Madeira, then," said Cornelius, "and go ahead, doctor."

The doctor took his grape-juice and began:

"In 1848, I had been in business a year or so, and was beginning to pick up stray cases. One night in the small hours the night-bell rang faintly over my head. I wanted work in those days, and its clamor was not quite so altogether horrible as it became in after years; so I jumped up, and, putting on my wrapper, opened the window and called aloud to know who wanted me. Hearing no answer, and the night being utterly dark, I slipped on my clothes and went down to the door. To my surprise, there was no one visible, and the street was black and silent. Annoyed at the impatience of my visitor, I went sullenly back to bed. The next night, at the same hour of two o'clock, the bell rang again, and, as before, faintly, like the ring of a child. The night was cloudless and the moon brilliant, but no one was on the steps or near them. Instantly I was possessed with a strange impression of terror as I closed the window and stood a moment thoughtful before going back to bed. I had scarcely fallen asleep when the bell rang once more. On this occasion I dressed instantly and went down to the door. As before, there was no one in sight. Still in doubt, I went out and explored in vain the dark side of the street and the nearer shadows. You may laugh, colonel, but the thing wasn't pleasant. The next night I resolved to sit up and catch the disturber. Providing myself, therefore, with a good stick, I left the street door unlocked, so as to be easily opened, and then lit a cigar and settled down to read in my office. Precisely as the clock struck two the door-bell rang. In a moment I had opened it, exclaiming, 'So I've got you at last!' Then I paused in my wrath. On the top step was a wee little figure of a child about nine years old, as I judged, barefooted, although the night was cold, and muffled up in something like the torn half of a ragged coverlet.

"'Come in out of the cold,' I said, 'and tell me what you want.'

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"Without saying a word, the child walked into my office. As it faced the light I saw the wanest and weariest little visage, with great brown eyes, long, tangled yellow hair and white lips, which said feebly,

"'Mammy is dying. You come along quick, sir.'

"I put on my overcoat and went out with her, saying,

"'Good Heavens, child! who sent you out in this dress?' for the little thing seemed to be in short white petticoats and without a gown.

"She made me no reply except to repeat, 'Come quick, sir.' Out we went.

"'What's your name?' said I.

"'Susy.'

"'Aren't you cold?'

"'No.'

"'Were you here last night?' I said on a sudden.

"'Yes.'

"'Who sent you?'

"'Don't know.'

"'Why did you run away?'

"'Don't know.'

"Meanwhile the little naked feet trotted on in front of me swiftly, and suddenly turning into Crosby street, dived into a dark court. Here she opened a door, and I followed her up stairs. We climbed three stories of a mean, ill-smelling staircase, till she suddenly stopped before a door in the attic, which she opened in turn, so that we went together into a wretched garret. The room was deadly cold, and I saw by a flickering tallow candle a fireless stove, bare floor and walls, and every sign of the deepest misery. On a straw mattress lay a woman with features pinched and haggard, her feet bare, because she had drawn the scanty covering up about her chest.

"'What can I do for you?' I said, arousing her with difficulty.

"'Nothing,' said a weak voice, husky and broken. 'I am starved — that's all.' Then relapsing into the delirium from which my words had called her for a moment, she began to wander anew.

"Upon this I turned to the child. To my surprise she was gone, leaving me alone with the dying woman. Kneeling beside her, I called aloud in her ear and gently shook her, when again she grew partially sensible.

"'Where is the child?' I said. 'I want her to call some one in the house, so as to get a little help.'

"'Child!' she said. 'What child?'

"'Susy,' said I, recalling her name.

"At this the woman suddenly sat up, pointed across the garret, and exclaimed, 'Susy! She's over yonder—been dead these three days. Starved too, I guess;' and so saying she fell back, groaned, struggled an instant, and was dead.

"Shocked at the horror of the scene, I slowly got up from my knees, and taking the failing candle walked over to the far corner, where a confused heap lay on the floor covered with a torn counterpane. I raised the corner, and bending over saw that the heap was a dead child, and that its face was that of the little wanderer who had summoned me a few minutes before. As I looked the candle sputtered and went out, and the cold, pitiless moonlight fell through the broken panes upon the floor. I got out and went home. That's my story, colonel."

"Should like to cross-examine witness," said Keith.

"Not after dinner, my dear fellow," urged Cornelius. "It is easier to set aside such stories on general principles than to explain the individual cases."

"A great comfort not to have to formularize your belief," said I—"a privilege of the last century or two, I fancy. But, Cornelius, what about your ghost? I see you have dismissed the servants."

"My dear Harry," said our host, somewhat reluctantly, "I have no ghost. My housekeeper has a story or two about a cousin of ours from whom my grandfather inherited this house, but except the obstinate belief of herself and two or three other servants I know nothing. Oh, I beg pardon. Aunt Getty is ready, I believe, to swear many oaths that she saw my pet ghost the night of her mother's death. You may believe her if you please."

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"But, my good Corny," cried Keith, "you seem quite indifferent about this ghost of yours. Do you know how respectable it is to have a ghost of your own in this democratic land?"

"Thank you," said Van der Heyden. "If you will make out the necessary papers, I will turn him over to you with the utmost pleasure."

"If Cornelius is unwilling to part with him altogether," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his eye, "you might take a mortgage on him."

"Humph!" said Van der Heyden. "He has cost me two sets of servants, and I will sell out low."

"I thought," said I, "you—"

Cornelius shook his head at me, and I paused in my talk.

"The story," continued Cornelius, "is old enough. A kinsman of mine, who owned this estate in 1740, was poisoned, or supposed to have been, with arsenic, which his only son, a pleasant scapegrace, put into the paternal sourkrout."

"Are you sure that isn't out of Irving's history of the Knickerbockers, Corny?" said I.

"Yes," he returned. "It is true—at least so much of it as I have told you."

"Shouldn't have needed the pisen," remarked the colonel. "Tried it once, and sat up with myself three nights hand-runnin'. Kinder made me believe in conscience. Tried it, too, on Stumps next day, and he ain't ben the same man since."

In the laughter which the colonel's speech produced the talk rambled off to foreign subjects, and so, with jest and chat and under curling smoke-wreaths the evening wore away.

About nine the colonel suddenly turned to Van der Heyden with a suspicious glitter in his eyes, the heritage of divers vineyards.

"Mr. Van der Heyden," said he, "could you give a feller a chance at that ghost of your'n?"

"Tell him 'Yes,'" said Keith, in a whisper.

"Certainly," returned Cornelius. "He is always on exhibition;" and with this he arose gravely and rang the bell. "Thomas," said he to the servant, "tell Lucy to see that the gray room is aired and ready for use."

"You don't mean in airnest?" asked the colonel, a little dubiously—"you don't mean in airnest thet there is such a article?"

"You're not afraid?" remarked Keith.

"'Afeard!'" thundered the colonel. "What should I be afeard on? D'ye think I'm a Kanuck or a darned 'Cadian?" It was clear that the colonel had had his share of South Side and Röderer.

"Beg pardon!" said Keith, grimly.

"No occasion," returned the colonel, grandly. "If it's all the same to you, Mr. Van der Heyden, I goes to bed, commonly, by nine, and to-night I sleeps with thet same ghost o' your'n."

"With all my heart, colonel!" and thereupon taking a candle, he accompanied his guest, who bade us good-night with unnatural sternness and followed our host out of the room.

"Slightly set up," said the doctor as the door closed.

"If I were Van der Heyden," said Keith, "I should never dream of letting him go to bed in some especial room under an impression that he was to see a ghost."

At this moment our host re-entered.

"Well," cried I, "what did you mean, Corny, by that solemn farce with this old lumberman?"

"Farce!" returned Van der Heyden: "it is no farce. I didn't want to talk spooks with my servants about, but if any man—I say *any*—wants to see an apparition, let him try one night—only one—in the room above us."

"Oh, Van der Heyden!" said we all in chorus.

"What century is this?" cried the doctor.

"But, why, my good Corny," said I, "if you really believe in your ghost, did you consign the colonel to his tender mercies?"

"Because," said Van der Heyden, "the man is a mere machine for converting timber into greenbacks, and it is impossible for him to be deceived by

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his own imagination, the article in question having no existence. If he sees it I shall believe."

"Not after all that Madeira," said I: "it spoils the experiment."

"And claret," said Keith.

"And champagne," cried the doctor: "he has too many vinous counselors."

"Would any of you like to share his chances?" remarked Cornelius.

"Prefer to be introduced to new acquaintances," said the doctor, smiling. "Keith is your man."

But the lawyer did not believe enough to make it worth while to test the matter, and such also was my own view of the case. Upon which Cornelius laughed good-naturedly, said he had bluffed the party, and then more gravely added that we had better change the subject.

We met next morning at a late and lazy breakfast — all of us save the colonel. His boast of untimely hours seemed laughable enough to-day, when it appeared that the host's good wines had stupefied him up to ten o'clock. At last I suggested that he should be called, and perhaps a little curiosity contributed to the assent with which my proposal was received.

"He may be dead of the ghost," said Keith.

"Or carried off," cried the doctor. "At all events, I should like, for one, to hear the story of his night, for however it goes we shall be able to laugh, either at Cornelius or the colonel."

"Bet you a dozen of wine," said Keith to his host, "that he has seen no ghost."

"I take," returned Van der Heyden, calmly; "his word of course to decide the matter."

"Of course," added Keith.

The servant who had meanwhile been sent to call the belated guest here returned with the statement that the room was empty. Upon this we all started up, and, half amused, half in earnest, followed Van der Heyden up to the chamber. The colonel was certainly gone. On the hearth were the ashes of a wood fire. The bed had been slept upon, but the coverlets, still spread under the pillows, showed that no one had rested under them. The sleeper had been the colonel, and he had gone to bed dressed and with his boots still on, for at the foot of the bed he had spread a copy of the *Daily Herald* of Bangor, in honest respect for the silken bed-spread. Further evidence was there none, so that we went back to breakfast, contented more or less with Cornelius' conclusion that he had risen early and gone to meet the six o'clock up-train, so as to escape the ridicule of our breakfast mirth. I scarcely believed this, but our debate was presently ended by a note which Van der Heyden took from a servant and smilingly read aloud:

"DEAR SIR: I take the timber at your price. If any other man likes to try that room of your'n, let him, *ef* his nerves is good.

"Yours, truly,

"AMARIAH SMITHERS."

"You have lost your bet, Keith," said our host.

"Not at all," urged the lawyer. "You have not the faintest proof that he saw the ghost;" and in fact with this conclusion we were forced to rest satisfied.

The summer after our dinner I found myself once more on the lovely chain of lakes whose waters pour at last into the rapid Allegash. At the outlet of Eagle Lake is the wreck of a dam built by our sturdy colonel to baffle the Britishers. Under the blackened timbers of this ruin the lovely waters of the Allegash flow out, and turning northward run for some seventy miles by cliff and meadow, here glassy and there fierce with rapids, until they leap eighty feet to gain the lower level of the broad St. John's. We had pitched camp on the right bank, and taken many trout and built a fire of comfortable bigness, and were now, after supper, smoking pipes and hearing Dan relate how the outlet of these lakes had been through the Allegash and St. John's to the sea, till our colonel had built his dam and cut a

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canal across the low watershed, so as to turn all the logs down the Penobscot to chippy Bangor, in place of allowing them to travel on their own waters to the profit of the New Brunswickers. The cause of the colonel's flanking movement was a trick played by the provincials, with whom we had a treaty allowing our lumber on the St. John's waterslopes to take the natural way through British territory with no greater tax than was paid by the growths of Canadian woods. Soon afterward, however, the Provinces allowed a drawback upon lumber cut in their own forests, and thus discriminated against our product. Then got up the colonel in wrath and cut through the watershed with a broad canal, and, damming the outlets of the lakes, turned backward the waters which should have gone to the sea by the Allegash and St. John's, and so floated his tumbled forests to his own door at Bangor. Three dams he built, and three the Kanucks burned, but by this time there was not a pine worth felling; and thus the story is told to this day, to the colonel's great glory and pride.

Suddenly in the middle of it we heard the plash of paddles and the crush of a canoe on the sandbar. A moment later the hero of the tale walked up to our camp-fire, and, giving the logs a kick which started the blaze ten feet into the air, he slapped Dan on the back and presently set eyes on this writer.

"Wa'al," said the colonel, "if it ain't Mr. B——, I swan!"

"At your service, colonel," I replied, and passed the rye and a tumbler to his brown and ready hands. "Seen any ghosts lately, colonel?" said I, after the correct thing had been done in the refreshment line.

Whereupon the colonel pushed his moustache aside, and swallowing his whisky neat, replied,

"Not sence, and don't want to."

Upon this I urged him a little, until at last he said,

"Wa'al, Mr. B——, I don't mind ef I du tell *you* the story, but derned ef I was a-goin' to hev it over for that lawyer chap. Where's the whisky, Dan?"

And now this was the story which the colonel told as we lay around our camp-fire and killed "skeeters" and smoked beside the swift brown waters of the winding Allegash. There is no better place for a raconteur than just such a camp-fire circle, when the pleasant toils of the day are ended and the evening pipes are lighted. I can see now honest and handsome Dan's kindly face as he lay and listened, with Peter the unwashed saying "Gosh!" at regular intervals as he too heard and marveled.

"Baccy," says the wood-king presently, and stuffs with cavendish black and terrible a pipe of common clay, so short that you stared as the red gleam from its bowl flashed up under his nose at brief intervals like a revolving light. Of course we waited in silence till he had smoked a little, respecting the privilege of the pipe, as true smokers tacitly will do; for, as my reader may *not* know, the cigar suits well with talk, but the pipe is a more exacting mistress, and sulks if she do not receive a due share of attention; which tends to prove, if you insist on some practical conclusion, that the pipe will, for obvious reasons, be the last and impregnable privilege of male humanity.

Said the colonel: "There was lots of good timber piled into the furniter of that room. Fust come a bed like a three-acre lot. It had kinder masts for posts, and I guess you might hev camped two families on it and they wouldn't a heern one another talk. Then come a thing for clothes (call it a *kauss*, Mr. Van der Heyden said): its legs was a foot through, and 'twas four stories high. As to the cheers, after I got rid of Mr. Van, I tried them all round. They all on 'em hed kinder toes and straight backs—just to suit our minister's wife in meetin'-time to a T, but nobody else's back-jints that ever I seed. Bymeby I got one with arms, and findin' thet not so uncommon hard, I sot down by the fire and kinder speckilated on ghosts and sich. Tell *you* the result was encouragin', because bymeby

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I woke up feelin' chilly, and when I kinder come to, says I—'Ben asleep and the fire's got low.' So I poked it up a bit, and being orful sleepy, I turned in, not thinkin' no more of sperrits than of raspberry vinegar."

Here I broke in: "Did you undress, colonel?"

"Wa'al, I can't be partic'lar about thet. Wat come after kinder druv' out onsignificant trifles. Guess I didn't, though. I couldn't ha' lay very long when I feels somethin' a-drorin' over my face like a sorter cobwebby. Wa'al, I opened my eyes, and the fust thing I sor was a man a-standin' by the bed. There wa'n't no light, only a pretty fair chunk of fire, so I could jes' see he was a short feller and pretty middlin' stout. He had on a coat with big silver buttons, and a long vest all over posies and notions. Says I, 'Jerusha! but you're a queer 'un! Wat's yer name, anyhow?' for I wa'n't no more skeered than at this livin' minute. 'Wat's yer name?' sez I. 'Oh, don't keer to tell,' sez I, keepin' up the conversation mighty spry, because he didn't say a word, but shook his head. Sez I, 'You're a ghost.' Down goes his head solemn as a meetin'us, and quick as winkin' I jabs one thumb into the corner of my off eye and takes a sight on him agin. 'Jerusha!' sez I. 'Two on em! It's ginewine!' An' I did think the room was gettin' kinder chilly. With thet the feller sez nothin', but jest takes me by the wrist, with a grip like steel, and a hand—glory! wasn't it cold? Seein' he wanted me, I got up, and when he lets go I follers him toward the door, he every now and then a-turnin' aroun' and a-signin' to me to come along. In course I went. So he opened the door, and jest then the fire fizzes up a bit, and I sor his head. 'Jerusha!' sez I, for I swan his head wa'n't like nothin' ever I sot eyes on, but all kinder rough and gnarly; and ef he did have eyes and a mouth, I can't say I sor 'em. Then I pulled up. The thing was too darned orful to play 'Foller my Leader' with, and sez I, 'Mister, you want me?' Wa'al, he nods solemn 's ever, and I plucks up a bit and sez, 'Go ahead, then.'

"Wa'al, down stairs he went jest as soft as ef he had corns and tight boots, and I a-follerin' arter. Bimeby he takes a turn in the entry, and I outs with my match-box and strikes a light; and when one squenches I lights another, tell we comes in a minute or so into a darned big old kitchen with a chimney size of a tent, full of pot-hooks and sich. Then he goes over to the table, and there he picks up a rousin' big carvin'-knife, and sez I, 'Come now! none of thet, my friend,' for the matches was a gittin' orful low, and I didn't quite like the looks of things. Tell *you*, ef he didn't march right up to the corner and heave the lid off a little bar'l, and then he pokes the knife at me, handle fust; and sez I, I sez, 'Wat fur?' but the old cuss, he jest kinder looks down into the bar'l and drors his hand across the back of his neck. Wa'al, I takes the knife, feelin' it was safer in my hands then his'n, and speaks out at him. 'Wat on airth,' sez I, sputterin' a couple of matches to onst—sez I, 'Wat on airth do you want, anyhow?' At thet he turns to me kinder melancholy, and I gets a square sight on him. 'Jerusha!' says I, for he heaves open a sort of trap which might go for a month. 'Wa'al,' sez I, 'your head *is* curly;' and it was the darndest curliest head; and jest as I thought thet, I takes the hull thing in on a sudden. Sez I, 'Why, you've got a cabbage for a head, you hev;' but he kep' a-sawin' away at the back of it with his hand, and a kinder winkin' one eye at me betwixt the leaves.

"'Cut it off?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"'Not in airnest?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"Then I looks at the bar'l.

"'Sourkrout?' sez I.

"'Yaw,' sez he.

"So I shets my eyes and I gives a saw with the knife at the back of his neck. I hadn't a skercely touched the cussed thing when, kerchunk! it went splash right into the bar'l along'th a lot

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of other sich truck. 'Jerusha!' sez I, for the matches had burnt my fingers, and theer I was a-standin' in the kitchen alone, kinder chilly all over; and ef I ain't laid thet ghost for Van der Heyden, you may chuck me into the Allegash. Put on some logs, Dan: it's a-gittin' cold and the mist's a-risin'."

MARY ANN AND CHYNG LOO.

HOUSEKEEPING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

A LADY of the name of Mary Ann Mahoney had held us in bondage for the space of two months, and our domestic life had become grievously burdensome to us. She had found us depressed and helpless from the simultaneous arrival of company and the desertion of a colored individual whom we had leaned on, and who proved a broken reed in point of kitchen-work and a Goliath in temper.

"I done leave dis place," remarked this Ethiopian as she saw the first trunk brought in at the garden gate and landed in the porch. "I tole missis when I come yer dat I don't mean to stand ober de stove stewin' and bakin' and fryin' for company; and dat's a fact."

And so it proved, for she went as soon as we gave her her wages, and we had the house to ourselves.

It was then that Mary Ann entered triumphantly, bearing a bandbox with a broken lid and an immense bundle of clothes in a paper wrapping, which burst as soon as she got inside the kitchen door.

She had a hard face, and when she opened her mouth brought her small eyes together in a cunning, leering way that was intimidating. But I am bound to confess that she did not appear in her real character until we had shown her the weak side of ours: in fact, if we could have closed our eyes to the sinister expression of her countenance, and our ears to the grating falseness of her voice, we might have found her first words full of comfort.

"It's a purty-looking kitchen the blacky has left at her heels!" she remarked, sarcastically, as she took the first view of it. "Thim tins hasn't seen a rub this six months. Will yez look at the stove, that ought to be shinin' till ye could see yer face in it? Troth, she was a beauty, sure enough, and it'll take me two good weeks, scrubbing my fingers to the bone, before I get it clane and dacint."

We admired her spirit, and felt no fears for her strength. She was gigantic in stature and of great bone and muscle, but she did not use either in our service: she spared everything but her voice and our provisions and other property.

The constant noise she kept up in the kitchen for the first day or two persuaded us that great improvements were at work there, and every time one of us peeped in it was to find her exploring and bringing to light the delinquencies of her predecessor.

Hard biscuit and stale potatoes, burnt pans and torn towels, cups without handles and pitchers without spouts, she fished out and spread triumphantly before us.

"Do you see what robbery that nagur was carrying on?" she asked. "Sure, it's a wonder ye have a dish or a rag left. Bad luck to the plunderin' villain! Yez must have been fools to put up wid the likes of her."

This was toward the close of Mary Ann's second day, and her tone had something contemptuous in it, besides its cool familiarity: as yet she had done

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nothing to speak of on her own account. The dinner was not well cooked, and we were half starved before it was ready.

"It was the stove," she said: "ye might as well try to roast on the mantelpiece as in the oven." She was trying to find out what the "blacky" had done to it, but there was so much to be set right she couldn't do it all at once.

We submitted, hoping for amelioration as time went on, but hoping in vain; for the woman took to holding an awful iron spoon as a sort of sceptre, and at the faintest approach to a remonstrance would wave it round her with the threatening inquiry—

"Is it me yer asking to hurry up and do the work of two girls? Well, ye have a purty hard cheek, after the way I've slaved myself to help yez out of the mess the nagur left yez in! And this is me thanks! Sure, it's no more nor I expected."

At this we generally retired before the emphatic spoon, and Mary Ann would send us dinner half an hour later, with the explanation—

"Ye flustered me so, coming down on me wid yer abuse, that it's a wonder I was able to do a hand's turn, so it is."

We were very miserable and very helpless. San Francisco is a long distance to travel to on a visit to relatives, and it was scarcely fair to let kitchen troubles come between us and those who had achieved the journey for the sake of seeing us and enjoying our society for a few months. Mary Ann understood this, and the iron spoon triumphed and held us in wretched and silent subjection.

She was a pitiless woman, and wounded us in our tenderest weaknesses. Salmon was a favorite with our visitors, so she made it a point to serve it dry and burnt. Everything that was not raw was boiled to pieces: the grounds floated on the top of the coffee, and the tea was drawn before the table was set. If a dish chanced to be put away, so that it might be served cold, she invariably threw it out.

"Did I think yez wanted to pick it over after having yer fill of it wanst?" she would ask. "I had work enough claning up after yer nagur, widout filling my closets with stale victuals."

So she went on, every day developing some dreadful characteristic that increased our terror and our servitude.

Relentless, vindictive, contemptuous and impregnably obstinate, it only remained for her to reveal a new trait to complete our horror under the nightmare of her sway, and this came to light in the form of a taste for society.

She had been our implacable tyrant for a fortnight, when we discovered a person in a large velvet bonnet, a stella shawl, a scarlet merino dress and unlimited freckles, sharing a cup of tea with her somewhere between the hours of lunch and dinner. In addition to the freckles, this person's face was further embellished with a very red nose and some thin, sandy hair brought low over the forehead.

"Sit still, Mrs. McFetridge, ma'am," cried Mary Ann when the lady in question made a faint show of rising: then turning her head slightly, she explained: "It's a friend of mine from the very door wid me at home: she's tellin' me that there's neighbors of ours come in on the last steamer; so I'm goin' away down with her to see them when I put the dinner on the table for yez."

I discovered this announcement to be scarcely correct, as she did not wait to complete her arrangements, forgetting, in the excitement of her feelings at the prospect of greeting old friends, to add such little items as bread, butter, the sugar-bowl and water-pitcher to our meal.

After this, Mrs. McFetridge became our almost constant guest, and, being a person of great conversational power, could be heard very audibly in our dining-room at any hour in the day. Her own domestic arrangements must have been of the lightest nature or else woefully neglected: sometimes she essayed to assist Mary Ann, principally in shelling peas, but she never seemed to get much beyond chewing the pods and running her fingers through the heap as she discoursed. In the evening she

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always came in company with a fearfully tall young man, called Dennis—whose red hair was cut so close that the hat he wore on the back of his head rested on his ears—and his sister, who was so like him that it seemed almost a waste of material to have given them separate individualities.

This party had fine appetites, fresh from their voyage, and to cook for them must have taken much of Mary Ann's time and of our stores. We became stinted in everything but the echo of their enjoyment as it rose to our ears night after night from that seat of power, the kitchen. We were not disinterested enough to share this hilarity: in fact, we found it aggravating, and chafed under it until desperation brought courage, and we determined on remonstrance.

It was on the evening of a day of particular and varied trials. We had smelt cake baking, but when we asked for it, had been evaded with a sarcastic laugh and the inquiry,

"Is it cake? Where would I find time to make cake for a family like this, whin I'm driv' to my wits' end to get the bare work done up between-meals?"

Then we were told that all the milk was spilt, and it was too late to get more for the coffee: the cold roast had shrunk one half in size, and the pudding was burnt to a coal while Mary Ann was mysteriously employed in the store-closet.

All this and much more was crowned by Mary Ann's being seized with apparent paralysis just at the dinner-hour. This alarmed us all and called for action.

Just as the bell should have been rung she sank into a chair, and her head drooped on her bosom. Her eyes, turned up in her head, became dull and rayless as boiled oysters, and her words were muttered and indistinct.

"It's a wakeness," murmured Mary Ann. We tried to raise her, but she fell back in a limp mass, which frightened us, though she retained her calmness, and even smiled.

"I'll be all right in the mornin'," she said, but we were by no means reassured, and hung over her anxiously; for although she had enslaved and despoiled us, still she was a fellow-creature, and apparently in great danger. It seemed like apoplexy, for one moment she would slumber heavily and even snore, but the next she would rouse again and almost assert her old power.

"What's the matter wid yez?" she inquired with lofty dignity, and endeavoring to rise. "Did ye never see a lady overcome wid wakeness before? Thin, what do ye mane staring at me as if ye was frightened? Go and ate yer dinners, and lave me to entertain me company, for it's me birth-day I'm kaping."

At first we thought her raving, but she assured us of her sanity by staggering to the closet and bringing out a large cake from behind the flour-box, and following it with a custard, part of which she spilt in the effort.

This, then, was what we had smelt, and where the milk had gone; but when we said as much, and advanced to take possession, Mary Ann caught up her iron spoon and stood on the defensive. "If ye lave a hand on it, I'll have yer life!" she cried; and at the same moment the door opened to admit her guests, Mrs. McFetridge and that tall young man and woman.

At sight of them Mary Ann rallied again. "Troth, yer come in good time to purtect me from the haythens," she cried. "Sure, they would have tuck my life if ye'd not been here to do me justice, so they would."

Then she relapsed into softness and shed tears.

"Oh, Bridget McFetridge, if ye had the heart of a Christian woman in ye, ye'd get me a sup of whisky whin ye see me overcome by a wakeness like this," she cried.

A light flashed on us. We flew to the store-room and brought out the demijohn of Bourbon that day sent home. It was only a gallon one, but it was very clearly diminished in its contents.

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"Mary Ann, you are drunk!" we cried.

Mary Ann regarded us with a stupid stare and sank back into her seat.

"Oh, what shall we do with this wretched woman?" was our next thought. "How can we have such an intoxicated creature in the house?"

Mary Ann suddenly regained her feet with gleaming eyes.

"Drunk," she screamed shrilly: "did ye dare to call me drunk, ye mane Yankees, ye? Ye'll rue the words if ever ye live to see the inside of a justice's office, for it's there I'm goin' to take ye to make ye prove thim. Do ye know what a charackter is? Well, I have one that niver had a word agin it till now."

With that she made a sort of leap, seized the iron spoon, dashed at us wildly and sent us flying up stairs in cowardly haste. Listening at the dumb-waiter, we heard peals of crazy laughter, which afterward subsided into sighs and moans.

Then Mrs. McFetridge's voice was audible, imploring the wretched Mary Ann to take a drop of peppermint to warm her, and blaming the kitchen, the hard work and want of kindness and consideration in the household for the state to which she was reduced.

Mary Ann's month would be up next day, but at her own request she had been paid a day in advance, as she was to go shopping. What was our relief, then, when some time afterward Mrs. McFetridge appeared and remarked loftily,

"Miss Mahoney's goin' home wid me, ma'am. She's too wakely to hold her own wid thim that insults her now, but ye'll soon hear from her agin."

This sounded threatening, but still it brought a gleam of hope. Mary Ann was actually going: her dread rule was over, and we could afford to pay a good price for freedom.

It was not without difficulty that a dignified retreat was effected: part of the procession fell twice in crossing the kitchen floor, and knocked down tins in the process. At last, however, the door banged behind the retiring friends, and we ran down, frightened at what had passed, but yet conscious of an intense relief, to take a peep after them and lock up the lower part of the house. They were descending the hillside street with a swaying sort of motion, occasionally colliding and coming to a standstill. Mary Ann was little more than a huge bundle of blanket shawl, that discovered a constant tendency to lay itself out on the sidewalk, but Dennis and his feminine double were bearing gallantly up against it on either hand and thwarting the foolish desire.

All the next day we cleaned a little, and went into agonies of astonishment and indignation over the discoveries we made. Mary Ann and her friends had eaten the cake and custard (the Bourbon we had carried up stairs); and from the packages of tea, coffee, sugar and other available groceries we found stuffed away, ready tied up, we argued that they were accustomed to our supplies and regarded them favorably. Our excavations amid ruined cookery, broken crockery, dirty dish-towels, etc., were like bringing a buried city to light and being overwhelmed with the magnitude of the discoveries.

While we worked our spirits sank, and toward meal-time we were so depressed and hopeless as to listen with comparative calmness to the proposition of boarding till the effect of Mary Ann wore off our minds.

It was at this juncture that our youngest cousin from New York became at once a heroine and a ministering angel.

"I will go and get you a good girl," she said, confidently. "I have been watching one out of my bed-room window that must have a relation or friend wanting a place. I feel convinced of it, and I am going to try."

So she put on her bonnet and went out, and we, not daring to hope, were yet lifted above despair by her words of cheer. It was not long before she returned, bringing with her a short figure in a blue cotton night-shirt, worn over a pair of tight pants, a shaven head ornamented with a little cap and a

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long pigtail, a bare, yellow-colored face, with narrow eyes and a wide smile.

"This is Chyng Loo, cousin of Ah Sing," said our cousin, introducing.

"How do? how do?" remarked Chyng Loo affably, shaking hands with himself and smiling wider than ever.

A smell of stale oil, opium and sandal-wood always rose at the name of a Chinaman, and a vision of stewed rats accompanied it in our family mind. The fact is, we were prejudiced against the Celestials, and their ways were not pleasant in our sight. So we did not return the smile, and contented ourselves with an injured look at the deceiving cousin. She evidently felt able to sustain her case.

"Try him—that is all I ask," she said. "I've watched his cousin Ah Sing, and I'd rather eat his cooking than Mary Ann's: he is always washing his hands, and she never touched hers. Try him."

Still we hesitated.

"Show him the kitchen," some one suggested. It was a practical idea. The excavations had been given over for the preparation of a hasty meal, and the débris of the one mingled wildly with the fragments of the other. It was a scene to intimidate and confuse: it only made Chyng Loo grin and say—

"Welly good; me sabe washee dishes."

"Leave him here," said his patroness: "he can't do worse than Mary Ann Mahoney: maybe he'll do better."

We had not much faith, but there was a numbness which is generally supposed to be the calmness of despair stealing over us, and under its influence we brushed up the dining-room and sat down to sew.

There was no particular sound coming up from below—no dashing about of plates or dropping of tumblers. He did not follow Mary Ann's plan in that respect, nor were there any complaints. Perhaps he had not begun yet: yes, that must be it. He was slow, but then if he only did the work at all, and did it quietly, there would be a great advantage gained; so on the whole we felt relieved.

The dinner had been a very slight one, and as the consciousness of a motive-power below gave us courage, our appetites began to assert their existence: so we determined to go down and see the progress of affairs and the possibility of procuring tea.

A queer sound, like a sneeze set to music, reached us from the outer kitchen—

"Ki yi ke, he he yi."

Chyng Loo was singing the lays of his native land, rubbing for dear life at some clothes in a tub of warm suds out in the back kitchen. And well he might sing: if ever consciousness of duty well performed attunes the human heart to melody, then Chyng Loo's should be a rapturous song. The ceiling and the walls of that kitchen were the same as those we had left, but even they seemed fresher, and nothing else was at all the same. The oil-clothed floor, the pine tables, the iron stove and wooden chairs, all were scoured and polished to the highest degree of cleanliness, and the tins and cooking-pans, ranged in tidy order, reflected the general glow. What he had done when first left alone with the disheartening mass of dishes and towels and broken meats did not appear: only the result transpired, and a well-filled slop-keg stood ready to be carried out, while the rags and towels steamed before him; concerning all which he remarked simply,

"Me washee."

A reverence amounting to awe stole over us as we regarded this remarkable creature. He paused in his work and song.

"What you want me workee now?" he asked.

"Tea," we said, briefly, feeling confident that he was now equal to any emergency. He immediately washed his hands and set on the kettle: then he threw open the store-room door.

"You tellee how muchee, then me workee all right," he said.

So we pointed out the number and nature of the articles required, and went up stairs with a sense of peace and rejoicing.

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Not a sound broke the pleasant quiet that reigned until the dumb-waiter bumped up into its place, and Chyng Loo appeared almost simultaneously and began to set the table. What a different meal from any we had hitherto shared with our friends! How magical its preparation had been, compared tò Mary Ann's onslaught on the provisions and fuel! How we blessed that Bourbon which had brought about the climax and dislodged our Old Man of the Sea!

Still, we had our prejudices, and the Chinaman's pigtail, whether dangling behind him or wrapped round his clay-colored brow, like a queer coronet, was objectionable to us. So were his blue night-shirt and long finger-nails, and we could not repress a shudder when he brought his slits of eyes and cavern of mouth into full play in receiving directions for breakfast. Now, Mary Ann had been no beauty: in point of fact, she was rather hideous than otherwise; but then she was a Christian, and this creature was a heathen of the most heathenish kind. Not that Mary Ann's Christianity had been of a kind that shone in her life and acts: on the contrary, she had only used it in our case as a weapon of aggression, starting for early church and abandoning the breakfast half cooked, and adjourning from dish-washing to vespers, leaving the knives soaking in the pan till her return. Still, these were evils with which we were familiar, and we could not guess what unknown atrocities Chyng Loo might commit under the delusion that he was being pious. We had heard of Fo and Buddha, and, viewed in the light of a domestic institution, they did not seem attractive characters.

"I once knew a lady who left her home and friends and went to China as a missionary," said our cousin. Her thoughts evidently wandered like our own, but they came to a more practical conclusion. "Here we have one to Christianize without going so far or enduring so much," she suggested.

"Yes, but could we do it?"

It seemed doubtful, the dress and pigtail were so very heathenish; and when he carried the things below and began to sing over his work, the chant sounded like a fearful incantation over a savage rite.

Everything was in perfect order long before Mary Ann could have made up her mind to do her usual excuse for clearing up, and Chyng Loo came to take orders for breakfast.

Anything he did not quite understand would give him a brooding expression for a minute, and then he would brighten up and say,

"You makee, then me sabe;" which always proved strictly true, for in no case did he ever fail in anything after having been once shown the way to do it.

This extreme readiness to learn seemed rather encouraging, viewed in the higher light of Christian teaching, but we were not a family of born missionaries, and we needed a personal impetus to start us in the right way.

It came the next afternoon in the form of Miss Mahoney, and appeared at the kitchen door while Chyng Loo, at his own suggestion, was polishing the dining-room windows. We were taking an admiring circuit through our lower premises, congratulating each other on the blessed change, and giving expression to our sense of freedom, when the tones of our former tyrant were heard:

"I'm feeling aisier to-day, but I had an awful turn of it, ma'am, and if it hadn't been for the kindness of me friends, I don't know where I'd be this morning."

She smiled encouragingly at us, and taking off her shawl and bonnet, went on:

"I suppose yez felt lost widout me, and I told Dennis to come up and set yez mind aisy last night, but he's so backward, ye see, I couldn't start him. Niver mind: now I'm here I'll soon put the place in order and clane up everything. Troth, it shows plain enough that ye missed me."

As she said this the incorrigible creature actually took a survey of the apart-

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ment, and shook her head as she took out a big check apron and tied it around her waist.

At this alarming crisis the heroic young cousin interfered.

"Mary Ann," she said, quietly, "we have engaged a servant who suits us exactly. My cousin, your former mistress, paid you all she owed you. I am in charge of the matter at present, and, as I tell you, have no need of your services."

With an angry snort, Mary Ann wheeled round and confronted this bold speaker:

"And who are you, miss? and how dare ye meddle wid me that has lived wid the best in the land, and has charackters from them that could buy and sell ye?"

She advanced as she spoke, coming nearer the pin on which her iron spoon hung at every step: had she reached this sceptre, I fear we should have fallen before it, captives to her pitiless will; but Chyng Loo, slipping swiftly down the kitchen stairs, caught it and plunged it into a pot of boiling soup on the fire just before her outstretched hand reached it.

"Me smellee burn meat," he explained: "fire too muchee hot."

With glaring eyes and grinding teeth Mary Ann regarded this vision, uttering what was meant to be a sardonic laugh, but turned out an angry yell:

"This is worse than the nagur, and shows what yez are, and what ye were used to. Stop yer grinning, ye dirty haythen, or I'll give ye a crack wid my fist that'll settle ye." With angry haste she divested herself of her apron and put on her bonnet and shawl. "But bad as Ameriky is, there's law in it," she said, "and we'll see if the like of that monkey will come between a dacint, hard-working girl and her wages. Not that I'd demane myself living in the house wid ye, after having a crayture like a baste on two legs cooking the victuals ye put in yer mouth! No, I stuck by ye when the nagur left ye, and worked and slaved myself to help ye in yer trouble, but ye were not worth me thought; and now it's the law will bring ye to yer sinses, and show ye the insult ye put upon a respictable girl."

Here she burst into tears, and after sobbing violently for an instant, recovered, made a dash at Chyng Loo, who retreated in fear and expedition, and then, with a parting denunciation, swept out of the kitchen.

She kept her Parthian arrow for the sidewalk, from which she called back:

"Yer a purty set to turn a sick girl out of yer house, and bring in a haythen to chate her out of her wages!"

And that was the last we heard or saw of Miss Mahony, who evidently changed her mind about the legal process, and allowed Heaven and our own consciences to be her avengers.

A few days later, Chyng Loo, in the discharge of his domestic duties, was startled by the appearance of a tall, red-faced man, who demanded her bundles. They had been kept in readiness for delivery, and our Chinaman gladly produced them. Without a word the gigantic messenger departed, and on hearing of the incident we concluded that Dennis had got over his backwardness sufficiently to come for his injured friend's wardrobe.

Chyng Loo's domestic virtues increased rather than diminished. What he did not already know he discovered a wonderful aptitude and ambition in learning, but humbly and regretfully we were obliged to confess that the Christian faith was not among the items. When questioned as to his adherence to his own religion in preference to the higher light, when he so readily adopted all else American, his reply was—

"Mellikan cookee better China man. Mellikan pray no welly good: no makee Mellikan man good, then no good for China man."

This set us to recalling an old copybook maxim, "Example is better than precept," and made us conclude that when Chyng Loo was convinced by our life and actions that the faith we professed was a good one, he might, as in the case of our food and clothing, by degrees learn to substitute it for his own.

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Teaching in this way is more difficult and requires greater care and self-sacrifice than mere word-preaching, but then if you could see our kitchen you would think, apart from all higher considerations, that, in the language of California, *it pays.*

MARGARET HOSMER.

MARIE.

HAPPY and sad the thoughts seem,
  Finding expression in Marie's sweet face:
There stands she, dreaming her dream,
  Forgetful, dreamlike, of the time and the place.

Blossoms she holds in her hand—
  Brilliant carnations and lilies pure white:
Fain would you too understand
  What mem'ries these waken in Marie to-night?

Marie counts back but four years
  Into a past at the most only brief:
Sudden a vision appears—
  Herself and a lover, and consequent grief;

Crowded salon and a glare,
  Waltz-whirling figures and music and rush,
Making her ill; then the air
  Over them blowing, and perfume and hush.

Well she remembers that time,
  Standing with him in that beautiful spot—
He, a strong man in his prime;
  She, trusting him fully, content with her lot.

"See that carnation," said he,
  "Bend o'er the lily as though it would say,
'Loveliest, only to thee
  Is given my love—give me thy love, I pray.'"

Only one day after this
  Came the dire word, first rejected in scorn:
"He is untrue whom you kiss—
  'Twere better such love had never been born."

Crushed was the hope in her soul,
  Leaving a darkness, a burden—no more:
Old is that tale of love's dole
  When vows prove but lies—he faithless who swore.

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Faith in the God who is true,
 That was what saved her from selfish despair:
Thence consolation she drew:
"Christ, 'only to Thee,'" was her unceasing prayer.

Whence is her happiness now,
 Seeming to say, "You are done," to the Past?
See those carnations, and how
 She tears them in pieces and scatters them fast.

Lost is the sting of that pain—
 Come has a joy that is perfect and sure:
Marie's a loved one again,
 And knows beyond doubt that her lover is pure.

"Lilies, carnations, good-night!
 Solemn the thoughts you awake—no regrets:
Old things shall now pass from sight,
 For I'll be a bride ere to-morrow's sun sets."

K. A. S.

THE GREAT MONOPOLY.

AT the close of 1848 but little more than four years had elapsed since the construction of the first electric telegraph in the United States, yet in that brief space of time twelve thousand miles of wire had been strung, connecting all our principal cities, and competing lines were fighting for a new and undeveloped business. Shrewd men, however, saw that this rivalry, which destroyed profits, was an evil that could only be remedied by the amalgamation of opposition lines. Whether or not this could be accomplished was a question soon settled, for litigation between the owners of the Morse and Bain patents led to the consolidation of those companies, followed by the sale of a New England line for $5000 which had originally cost four times that amount.

These were the beginnings of that great course of absorption of weak lines by their stronger competitors which, carried on till 1866, resulted in one gigantic corporation transacting the business of the nation.

On the first of April, 1851, Sanford J. Smith, Isaac Butts, Freeman M. Edson and Samuel L. Selden, who had obtained exclusive right to use House's printing telegraph between Buffalo and St. Louis, organized themselves into a company, under the general telegraph law of New York, to finish a line which Smith and Butts were then constructing between those points. The capital stock was fixed at $360,000, divided into 3600 shares of $100, each member of the company taking 900 shares. Of the amount thus obtained, $180,000 were to be paid to Smith and Butts for the construction or purchase of a line from Buffalo to St. Louis *via* Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati, and the remaining $180,000 to Selden and Edson as royalty for the use of House's instruments and insulators.

They took the name of The New York and Mississippi Valley Printing Telegraph Company, and thus originated the greatest telegraph company in the world.

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Their line was constructed as far as Louisville *via* Dunkirk, N. Y., Erie, Pa., Cleveland, Columbus and Dayton, Ohio, Covington, Georgetown and Frankfort, Ky., with a branch to Lexington; and on the 30th of March, 1854, they acquired the Lake Erie Telegraph Company, whose lines extended from Buffalo to Detroit and from Cleveland to Pittsburg. On the 29th of April the Cleveland and Cincinnati, the Cincinnati and St. Louis, and the Ohio Telegraph Companies passed into their charge, to which they added a controlling interest in the New York and Erie, the Cleveland and Pittsburg, and the Cleveland and Zanesville Companies.

At this time H. S. Potter, Hiram Sibley and Isaac R. Elwood, of Rochester, were the largest stockholders, Potter being president of the company, and Elwood its secretary.

The following year (1855) they constructed lines between Detroit, Grafton, Chicago, Toledo and Cleveland, and in September obtained possession of the Erie and Michigan Company, whose wires, stretching from Buffalo to Milwaukee, had been erected by J. H. Wade and J. J. Speed, the pioneer builders of lines along the shores of our great lakes, who retained control of the company up to the time of consolidation.

On the 13th of February, 1856, the lines of the Ohio and Mississippi Company, covering the territory between St. Louis and Cincinnati, fell into their hands, and on the 4th of April the New York Legislature changed their name to THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY, which name the company has since borne.

The new corporation signalized its advent by absorbing the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and Louisville lines. This took place May 24th, and was followed July 17, 1857, by the acquisition of the Southern Michigan line.

Consolidation had now so far progressed that the business of the country was mainly divided between the American Telegraph Company, whose lines occupied the New England States and the South; the New York, Albany and Buffalo Electro-Magnetic Telegraph Company, stretching from the metropolis to Lake Erie; the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, with wires between Philadelphia and Pittsburg; the Western Union Telegraph Company, extending from Buffalo to Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee and St. Louis; the New Orleans and Ohio Telegraph Companies, which controlled the traffic from Cincinnati to New Orleans; and the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company, covering Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin. On the 10th of August, 1857, these companies entered into an alliance by which the United States was divided into six districts, and certain territory definitely assigned to each company. This friendly union of organizations heretofore engaged in rivalry promised to be of great value to the business interests of the country, as it placed the telegraph on a more secure footing, and while preventing the cut-throat competition which had heretofore characterized their endeavors to control the traffic, left each free to develop the trade in its allotted district. To them was added, May 29, 1858, the Montreal Telegraph Company, whose lines spread over Lower Canada. Under this agreement all became owners of the patent for the Hughes combination printing instrument, previously the property of the American Company, and an important agent in rapid transmission thus came into general use.

On the 22d of October, 1858, the American Telegraph Company proposed to the New England Union and New York and Washington Magnetic Companies to consolidate their respective interests: the proposition was finally accepted, and the three were merged into a new American Telegraph Company, which was chartered by the State of New Jersey March 23, 1859—Edward Cooper, Abraham S. Hewitt, Cyrus W. Field, Hiram O. Olden, Edward M. Archibald, Francis Morris, Robert W. Russell and James H. Purdy being named as corporators and the first board of directors.

This company, on the 12th of October, 1859, purchased from F. O. J.

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Smith his one-fourth share in the Morse patents and all his stocks in various telegraph companies, paying him therefor the sum of $300,000, and at the same time bought of S. F. B. Morse, Amos Kendall and the executors of Alfred Vail their interests in Morse's patents for $107,000 in stock of the company. By these purchases it became entire owner of the several patents issued to Mr. Morse, and had risen to be the most powerful telegraph organization in the country.

In this year the necessity for telegraphic communication with the Pacific Coast became so urgent that it was brought to the attention of Congress, and Mr. Edward Creighton, an experienced builder of lines, was instructed by the Western Union Company to examine the route to California *via* Fort Smith. Reporting adversely regarding it, he was then sent west from Memphis as far as Colorado, and again reported against the feasibility of the undertaking.

Congress, however, passed a bill in aid of the project, and the Secretary of the Treasury invited proposals for the construction of the line, which resulted in the contract being awarded, September 20th, to Hiram Sibley and others connected with the Western Union Company.

Mr. J. H. Wade, one of the originators of the enterprise, immediately started for San Francisco, where, upon conference with the officers of the California State Telegraph Company, he found them willing to extend their lines as far eastward as Salt Lake City, there to connect with those of the new company; and Mr. Creighton was again despatched on the 18th of November, 1860, this time to survey the route *via* Salt Lake City, from which duty he returned to New York April 12, 1861, with a favorable statement regarding it.

The company was organized April 17, 1862, and on the 4th of July the first pole was set. Pushing the work rapidly forward, Mr. Creighton had the pleasure of getting the line completed and communication with San Francisco established by October 24th of the same year.

The outbreak of the war, which for a time paralyzed business, had, of course, its effect on telegraphs, though they partially made up for the loss of commercial business by the increased number of social and other transient messages consequent on the excitement of the period. In some parts of the country the lines were immediately taken charge of by the State authorities, the governors placing them under superintendents of their own appointment. This was a military necessity, and throughout the whole war every line was under more or less direct supervision of the General or State Governments.

But as the war progressed business increased, and the telegraph sprang into renewed activity. Soon the lines became crowded with messages, and everything seemed prosperous. Stock increased in value, so that Western Union, the capital of which had been expanded by consolidations from the original $360,000 of the Mississippi Valley to over $10,000,000, the par value being $100 per share, was selling at $200, and on the 11th of May, 1864, a stock dividend of $100 per share was declared, which swelled the capital to $20,133,800.

Meanwhile, on the 25th of December, 1863, the New York, Albany and Buffalo Electro-Magnetic Company was absorbed by the Western Union, and this acquisition was succeeded on the 17th of March, 1864, by that of the Pacific line from Omaha to Salt Lake City, and on the 15th of April by that of the Atlantic and Ohio Company, whose lines reached from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. On August 8th the Alleghany Company was swallowed, and on the 29th of the same month the Ithaca Company underwent the same fate.

From May 1, 1864, to October 1, 1865, this company had acquired 3800 miles of wire by consolidation, together with 8600 miles by direct purchase, and on the latter date its capital had increased to $21,335,100. Bonds to the amount of $1,900,000 had also been

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issued, chiefly for the purchase of a majority of the stock of the California State Company, in order to obtain control of the business of the Pacific Coast, which was very lucrative and of great importance.

For the same period—

The gross receipts were,	$3,599,557.23
The working expenses, .	1,513,429.81
Leaving a profit of .	$2,086,127.42

During all this time, however, the American Company had not remained idle. Under able administration its lines had been put in good order and kept in that condition. All the business offered was transmitted promptly and reliably, its operators were well paid, and everything connected with the company worked smoothly. Stock rose to $175. Its employés, being treated with consideration, felt an interest in its success. In fact, the officers of the company seemed to take pleasure in making the official relations between capital and labor mutually agreeable; and to such an extent was this feeling manifested that they placed to the credit of managers of leading offices shares of stock, varying in number according to the importance of the office, the dividends on which were to be paid them as long as they remained in the employ of the company, and if at the expiration of five years they were still in the company's service, the certificates for the shares were to be handed over to them.

This company had been pursuing the same policy of consolidation as the Western Union, and had acquired possession of the Baltimore and Ohio, Cape Cod, Cape Cod Marine, Delaware and Hudson, East Tennessee, Long Island, Lynchburg and Abingdon, Philadelphia and Wilkesbarre, Richmond, Charlottesville and Staunton, Susquehanna, Troy and Canada Junction, and Vermont and Boston Companies. At the close of the war its management purchased the lines of the South-western and Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company, from Louisville to New Orleans, with branches to Austin and San Antonio, Texas—about 4800 miles of line—for which they paid $1,000,000. They also bought for $500,000 the Washington and New Orleans line, which was in a dilapidated condition, and would cost a great deal to rebuild. Putting forth earnest endeavors to keep their lines in good-working order, they expended during 1865 nearly $200,000 for repairs, and at the close of the year they owned nearly 40,000 miles of wire and employed nearly a thousand operators, with an aggregate of 1600 employés of all grades.

Their gross receipts for 1865 were, . .	$1,600,000
Expenditures, . . .	1,300,000
Leaving for dividends,	$300,000

But these two great companies did not yet have the field quite to themselves. Although in the beginning of 1864 the telegraph business of the country was mainly performed by them and their connections, there was a disunited and feeble opposition in the Inland, Independent and United States Companies, whose lines extended from Portland to Washington, Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and New York to Milwaukee. In the summer of 1864 these three companies were merged together, under the name of the United States Company, and then commenced an active rivalry for the business which up to that time had been practically monopolized by the American and Western Union.

By construction of new lines and purchase or consolidation of old ones the wires of this new corporation at the end of 1865 reached Portland, New York, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Milwaukee, Green Bay and La Crosse, thus nearly covering the territory of its older competitors; and an extension to the Pacific was projected. But the lines had been miserably constructed. Profit, not permanence, had been the aim of the builders, and though the wires of the company were numerous on the map, they were few for the transaction of business. Breaks, crosses and interruptions of every kind were

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the rule, and of three wires it was rare to find two that could be worked. In fact, the lines were a constant source of expense instead of profit: some of the poles were so weak as to be unable to bear more than two wires, so that when the third came to be added it necessitated their entire renewal, and it is said that more than a thousand miles of the wire used was of such poor quality that it could not be spliced without building a fire to anneal it.

But during the year 1865 the lines from Boston to Washington and from New York to Chicago were put in as good order as possible, and in August through circuits between those points went into operation. Shortly afterward New York and Cincinnati were brought into direct communication with each other. Hon. William Orton, who had just resigned the office of Commissioner of Internal Revenue, was called to the presidency of the company, and an energetic attempt was made to place its affairs on a solid foundation.

Notwithstanding these efforts, the receipts of the company for 1865 were only $668,422, whilst the expenses were $771,763—showing a loss of $103,341.

The effect of this competition had been to seriously injure the older lines, American stock selling January 1, 1866, at $120, and Western Union at $51; but this did not benefit the United States Company, and a careful examination of its condition satisfied President Orton that the only practicable way to prevent bankruptcy of the concern was to effect a consolidation with one of its competitors. Upon consultation with the officers of the Western Union such a course was decided on, and on the 1st of March, 1866, the United States lines were transferred to that company.

By this arrangement the Western Union rid itself of a dangerous competitor, and, extending the compass of its lines, paved the way for further absorption.

In the year 1864 the officers of this company becoming satisfied of the impossibility of working a cable from Ireland to Newfoundland, and knowing how great a necessity existed for telegraph communication between the United States and Europe, entered into an arrangement with Perry McDonald Collins, American commercial agent for the Amoor River, and ex-United States Consul at St. Petersburg, by which he transferred to them all the grants and privileges obtained by him from the Russian and British governments relating to the establishment of a telegraph line through British Columbia, Russian America and Asiatic Russia.

They then created $10,000,000 of special stock, designated as "Russian Extension Stock." Five hundred thousand dollars of this, fully paid up and subject to no further call, were issued to Collins in payment for his rights, and five hundred thousand more were placed at his disposal on the same conditions as for ordinary subscribers: he was also to receive $100,000 in cash for his services in securing the grants. The stockholders were then notified that they were entitled to subscribe for the "Extension" stock to half the amount of Western Union held by them, paying five per cent. at the time of subscription, and leaving the balance subject to call at the pleasure of the board of directors.

During the remainder of the year active preparations were made for the survey of the route and construction of the line. Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, who had built the lines between Washington and New Orleans, was appointed engineer-in-chief and placed in charge of the enterprise, and materials and supplies to an immense amount were purchased and shipped to the North-west coast, in order that all things might be ready for an energetic prosecution of the work when spring opened.

An examination of the coast as far north as Sitka satisfied Colonel Bulkley of the impracticability of that route, and in the early summer of 1867 a party was despatched, under command of Major Pope, to examine the interior. They reached a point some eight hundred miles north of New Westminster, spent the winter in camp, and in the

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spring of 1866 followed the Stekine River to the sea, reporting favorably on that route.

During the year four hundred miles of the line were constructed from New Westminster to Quesnal, and exploring parties landed on the Asiatic coast, which during the winter pretty thoroughly examined the Siberian portion of the route.

The year 1866 was spent in urging forward the work, but on the 27th of July the successful laying of the third Atlantic cable, coupled with the great feat of finding the cable of 1865, raising, splicing and finishing it to America, where both were put into operation, demonstrated that the Russian extension could not be profitably worked in the face of such competition. The exploring and working parties were therefore recalled, the vessels—of which the company had at one time twenty-four in service—were sold, and on the 25th of March, 1867, the company gave the General Government formal notice of the abandonment of the enterprise.

In the mean time, the American and Western Union Companies had entered into a negotiation to effect consolidation, which terminated by the lines of the American Company passing into the hands of the Western Union on the 1st of July, 1866, swelling the capital of this great corporation to $40,000,000.

The affairs of the company now needed the very highest skill in management, and the directors immediately divided its territory into three grand districts—the Eastern, to assume charge of which Thomas T. Eckert resigned the position of Assistant Secretary of War; the Central, over which was placed Anson Stager, who throughout the war had been in charge of the United States military telegraphs, and previously to that superintendent of the Mississippi Valley and Western Union lines; and the Southern, to which was assigned John Van Horne, well known through the South as an energetic and influential manager of telegraphs. James H. Wade was re-elected president, Hiram Sibley, William Orton and Norvin Green vice-presidents, and General Marshall Lefferts was put in charge of the bureau for the collection and dissemination of commercial news.

A rigid system of economy was immediately put into execution. Expenses of all kinds were reduced, save those for putting and keeping the lines in good order: these were thoroughly examined, repaired and reconstructed. The business of a city heretofore performed by the three companies, with as many different organizations, was now transacted by one set of employés, selected from the best of the different forces. Rules and regulations, hitherto loosely observed in the general scramble of competition, were now strictly enforced. Strenuous efforts were made to curtail the vast volume of free business and to rearrange contracts and agreements bearing onerously on the company. Every district superintendent was urged to economize expenses and increase working facilities by getting the lines and offices under his charge into better condition. Managers of offices were specially instructed that the prime object of telegraphy was despatch, and to that end to use every endeavor to have messages promptly transmitted over the wires, and those which were received as promptly delivered to their address.

Inefficient employés were removed, and their work distributed amongst others or their places filled with better men. Non-paying offices were speedily brought into the list of those returning a revenue, by changing the payment of the operator from a salary to a commission on the receipts. Everything possible was done to ensure celerity and security in the transmission of business, and all the safeguards which could be devised were thrown around the interests of customers.

Commercial news was gathered from the business centres of the world and distributed at a merely nominal charge to subscribers in all parts of the United States. Special facilities were accorded to the press for the transmission of intelligence. Longer through circuits were

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established to avoid delay at repeating stations. An eminent English electrician was employed to examine the lines, report on their condition and suggest means to improve their working. The various and discordant tariffs which had necessarily been adopted during the time of excessive competition were, as far as possible, readjusted and harmonized. Indeed, such was the magnitude of this branch of the reorganization that a special bureau had to be created for the purpose.

In 1867, Mr. Wade resigned the presidency, and was succeeded by Mr. Orton. On the 1st of June the lines of the California State Telegraph were absorbed, though the company had for some time owned a controlling interest in them: this was followed on the 1st of July by the lease of the Illinois and Mississippi Company's lines for $85,000 per annum, and on April 1, 1868, by the acquisition of the Chicago and Mississippi Company.

In May of that year the system was adopted of receiving messages for transmission at night and delivery next day, half rates being charged on twenty or more words. It was thought that this would lead to the use of the lines at night to a greater extent than had previously been the case, and thus increase the revenue; but the experiment was hardly a success, for the reason that no message was counted as containing less than twenty words, on which the company of course received the same toll as on a ten-word message sent during business hours. A modification of this rule has been made, so that now ten-word messages are transmitted between all stations east of the Mississippi River; and since the plan was amended, "red messages," as they are called, have greatly increased, forming at the present time a considerable item of the company's receipts.

On the 1st of October, 1869, the tariff bureau, which since its organization had been maturing a plan for entirely remodeling and reducing rates, issued a revised book of tariffs. Mr. Orton says the preparation of this new system consumed the labor of from three to five men for two years, and cost probably thirty thousand dollars; that on its going into effect an estimated reduction of sixteen per cent. in the rates was made throughout the entire country, and the receipts decreased forty thousand dollars the first month thereafter, whilst the increase in the number of messages transmitted, consequent on the reduction of tolls, and on the fact that each office is now furnished with a rate to every other office in the country, is about twelve per cent.

In the latter part of 1869 the operators employed by the Franklin Telegraph Company in New York struck for an increase of twenty-five per cent. on their salaries, which were generally less than those paid by the Western Union Company for the same kind of labor. In response to their demands the company offered an increase of fifteen per cent., which was refused, but the matter was finally compromised by their obtaining an addition of twenty per cent. on salaries of $1000 and upward, and fifteen per cent. on all under that sum.

The success of this combination was undoubtedly an impelling reason for the great strike which took place on the Western Union lines in January of the present year, its immediate cause being the action of the company's general agent at San Francisco in discharging two operators "for endeavoring to create dissatisfaction and make mischief, and because the force in the office was larger than was necessary to do the business." At the same time part of the salaries of these men was applied to increase those of the remaining operators. After the discharge of these two persons, a third was dismissed because he refused to work for the salary assigned him by the new schedule, although it was ten dollars more per month than he had ever received before.

At this point the remaining operators demanded the reinstatement of the three, and on Mr. Mumford refusing compliance, they all quit work, immediately

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telegraphing to the Eastern operators that salaries had been reduced and men discharged, and that they had struck, at the same time calling on the Telegraphers' Leagues to stand by them.

This was on the 1st of January. Following their lead, the Sacramento operators went out, and by the 4th a majority of the operators in the principal cities of the country had left their duties, uniting in a general demand, addressed to the executive officers of the company, for the reinstatement of the men dismissed at San Francisco and the resumption of the old schedule of salaries.

With this demand the company, on being informed by Mr. Mumford of the facts in the case, declined to comply, and proceeded to fill the places of the strikers with operators from the country towns, where they were relieved by persons of less ability, of whom there were plenty anxious to be employed. The superintendents of districts and managers of large offices, working steadily, had the satisfaction of knowing that the business offering was in general promptly despatched, in spite of the many reports to the contrary industriously scattered broadcast through the country by the strikers, to whom the newspapers seemed to have thrown open their columns.

Things went on in this manner until the 8th, when a majority of those who had quit work at Philadelphia returned to duty, their example being followed in a few days by nearly all of the strikers throughout the United States. As each man applied for reinstatement the company required of him a pledge to dissolve all connection with the League and to perform duty wherever ordered. By this action at the end of the contest the association was practically broken up and left powerless for a long while to come.

During the entire progress of the strike the officers of the company were in constant communication with the stockholders, who insisted that no surrender should be made, as they felt the gravity and importance of the crisis. On the one hand were prosperity, quiet and harmonious working if the company was successful; on the other, discord, jealousy, constant trouble and an endless succession of strikes as the result of a victory on the part of the operators. If their demands were granted, others would be made, and the company would soon be completely under their control.

Emerging from this contest victorious, the company seems disposed to entirely overlook the matter save in the case of a few ringleaders. Those who returned to duty were generally given their old places, and where any were put in minor situations it was because others had been found more capable. The fact of engaging in the affair has not militated against the promotion of men who have showed themselves worthy of advancement.

To-day, then, the Western Union Telegraph Company, colossal in its size, has more strength and vitality than ever. Between January 1, 1866, and July 1, 1869, 8000 miles of poles and 18,000 miles of wire were put up, and of the old lines 8000 miles of poles were entirely renewed, with 17,500 miles of wire. Since the latter date the work of construction and improvement has gone steadily forward, so that the company now owns 53,000 miles of line, with 105,000 miles of wire connecting 3500 stations, and has in its employ nearly 7000 persons. This vast reticulation covers the North American continent from Plaister Cove on the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Los Angelos in California, and from the Kishyox River fisheries, eight hundred miles north of New Westminster, British Columbia, to New Orleans. Within this compass is embraced every town of importance, and to each is accorded the facilities demanded by its necessities. In the larger cities special offices are provided for each business centre. Stock-brokers, oil-brokers, grain-merchants, cattle-dealers and the dry goods trade have wires devoted to their uses, and messages involving the largest transactions flash from one city to another, rarely with the occurrence of an error. The press, too, has its own arrangement,

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with rates so cheap that it received in one year for $90c,000 of our currency more matter than the entire telegraphic correspondence of Europe, which cost $8,000,000 in gold. With consummate skill the diverse interests of each part of the country are harmonized, and the constant adoption of measures for speed and reliability in the transmission of business has led to an annual increase of a million and a half of messages.

Owning or controlling nine-tenths of the total telegraph system on this continent, the company has not suffered to any serious extent from opposition developed since 1866. Indeed, at some offices the effect of competition has been to increase receipts, whilst few, if any, of the rival lines are earning a profit. The increase in the telegraph business of the country has been rapid beyond all expectation. Offices which in 1848 returned $500 as a total month's receipts, now render accounts for $50,000, and at Washington, the starting-point of the whole American system, where the revenue for the first week of April, 1845, was $1.55, it is now $100,000 yearly; and if all the press matter sent from that city were paid for there, the annual receipts would be swollen to over $200,000.

Alexander Jones, in his *Historical Sketch of the Electric Telegraph*, published in 1852, says: "Of one thing all may feel assured—that the electric telegraphs are yet in their infancy. The time will come when all the proceedings in Congress will be transmitted *in extenso* to all parts of the Union daily—when they will become the medium of communication for all letters of consequence passing between distant parts of the Union, instead of their slow transportation by mail. The time will come when New Orleans, the City of Mexico, San Francisco and Astoria on the Pacific will be in as constant, steady and daily communication with New York, as Albany, Philadelphia and Boston; and furthermore, the time must and will arrive, be it fifty or a hundred and fifty years hence, when great telegraph lines will unite all parts of the world in daily communication."

Less than twenty years have elapsed since this paragraph was written, and the prophecies contained in it are all accomplished facts. The leading papers of the country publish daily full reports of the proceedings of Congress; letters of consequence are now converted into telegrams, and the merchant, instead of waiting two months for his answer from San Francisco, receives it within six hours; New Orleans, San Francisco and Archangel are in constant communication with each other and the rest of the world; and every morning the inhabitants of those cities can peruse in their daily papers the record of the previous day's transactions at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

In the accomplishment of this wonderful result the "Great Monopoly" has had a potent agency. Commencing as one of the mass of disjointed and competing lines which at its inception filled the country, it has steadily kept one purpose in view—the benefit of the public—and its managers, finding that consolidation would have that effect by lessening the delays in repeating the business, undertook the task. How far they have succeeded is a matter of history, for to-day no company or nation owns or controls the same amount of wires. In obedience to the demands of business, it stretched its wires across the continent and brought the Pacific Coast into immediate fellowship with the Atlantic. Believing that overland communication with Europe could be established, it essayed to perform the feat, and persevered in spite of enormous obstacles until the success of cable communication left no prospect of financial remuneration. Its wires are ever ready at the call of science, to all the schemes of which a cordial co-operation is given.

From a fair and open competition it has nothing to fear. Of its own volition it has reduced rates, and proposes farther advance in the same path as the business of the country expands and proves that lower tariffs will be remu-

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nerative. Notwithstanding the discussion of the proposition to place all lines in the hands of the government, it has quietly kept on improving its own; so that they are now in finer condition than ever, whilst no country on the face of the earth is better served. Called the "Great Monopoly" by its enemies, it accepts the title as an apt designation. To it, more than to any other agency, is the country indebted for the rapid circulation of intelligence and the prompt transaction of business.

ABRAM P. EASTLAKE.

PRUSSIA THE GERMAN NATION.

ONE of Kaulbach's colossal frescos, ornamenting the exterior of the new picture-gallery of Munich, allegorizes the triumph of true Art over false. Under the conduct of Minerva, the artists and scholars, some bestriding Pegasus and the rest on the ground, are making a terrific row with a many-headed monstrosity called the Zopf. Thwacked and thumped on all sides with all manner of weapons—brushes, mahl-sticks, dictionaries, chisels—this Cerberus struggles to escape in every direction, but cannot, on account of the multiplicity of its heads. With frantic rage depicted in one of its hideous countenances, the blustering and gasconading audacity of a Homeric hero in another, and the whimpering, sneaking grimaces of a whipped Thersites in another, this ludicrously grotesque beast wriggles and wriggles, but cannot run away.

Such a hydra-headed nondescript is Germany among nations, for ever whipped with the scourge of all its neighbors, for ever writhing in a political *Ilias malorum*. While France has been so fused together by the fierce heat of battles that there is only one city on earth wherein a Frenchman wishes to live and die, the thirty-odd pocket principalities of Germany agree in few things more cordially than in tugging at the hated leash that binds them to Prussia—*i. e.*, into one nation. Every one of the fifty-odd millions who speak the great language of Luther is Germany. The *heart* of every one of them beats passionately for one and the same Fatherland; but, alas! the *head* of every one of these fifty-odd millions is the origin and perpetual dwelling-place of an absolutely perfect system of government, without the adoption of which the aforesaid Fatherland will necessarily and inevitably go, and daily and hourly is going, hopelessly to the dogs. This creates confusion.

The oldest preserved catchword of the language is one which designated the old German empire as a "chaos preserved by the grace of God" (*confusio divinitus conservata*). The fatal and inextinguishable fountain-head of this confusion is the old savage notion, centuries older than Tacitus, of "German freedom" (*germanische Freiheit*), as opposed to the modern national doctrine of "German unity" (*deutsche Einheit*). (The Germans have these two words, with a shade of difference in their meaning, though we translate both by *German*. Even Frederick the Great, though his was the broadest intellect that ever came up in Germany before Bismarck, used the phrase so fatal to that unhappy country; as, for instance, in a letter to the Princess Amalie, in 1788: "*Je vais faire le Don Quixote, ma chère sœur, et me battre pour soutenir les droits du corps germanique.*")

We in America can form no conception of the rancorous hatred felt by the lower classes, especially of South Germany, toward the Prussians, except

through comparison with our own unhappy South. I have seen lisping babes in Munich taught to revile King William and his great minister. "Whom ought little boys to learn to shoot?" the patriotic nurse would ask, and the little fellow would answer, "*Bithmarck und die Preuthen.*" In Frankfort, when it was occupied by the Prussians, the women in the streets equaled anything recorded of New Orleans in their flagrant and irritating insults to the soldiers. In Hanover the boys were taught to call their conquerors "cuckoos." I saw one once run after a Prussian officer having a Hanoverian lady on his arm, crying at his heels, "*Kuckuk mit 'nem Schmetterling*" (Cuckoo with a butterfly), till the officer lost all patience and pursued him with drawn sword into a crowd of his protectors. Some thirty one-acre duchies, grand-duchies, principalities, and what not, collecting taxes, keeping soldiers, issuing edicts and maintaining summer palaces and gorgeous retinues of liveried lackeys; and yet each separate people clinging to its little princeling with a devotion to which the hottest South-Carolinian State Sovereignty patriotism is as a pine-knot fire to one of Krupp's furnaces — there is hardly a more perverse spectacle in Europe.

This excess of weak servility is the natural offspring, by a purely natural metaphysical process, of this very excess of egotistical individualism which is so fatal to Germany. In speaking to the English ambassador on these matters, Bismarck once characterized this foible of his countrymen with trenchant sarcasm. "My lord," said he, "you do not know the Germans yet. I can assure you that if the people had enough money every one of them would have his king."

Another most singular and apparently paradoxical result of this intense personal individualism is found in the cosmopolitanism of the German mind. The Germans are an epitome and digest of all nations. Begin at Dantzic, and study your way through to Basle, if your lifetime sufficed, and you would never need to travel more. You would possess all that this present time has to offer, not only of exact and speculative science, but of human character. As Dr. J. J. Döllinger, of the University of Munich, has said, the Germans have written better on Shakespeare than the English, and better on Dante than the Italians. (But they have never produced a *Hamlet* or a *Divine Comedy*: neither can they.) The learned doctor also quotes a sentence from Count Cesare Balbo's *Life of Dante*: "These wonderful and conscientious Germans are, step by step, usurping to themselves all our learning."

But this very comprehensiveness or fluidity of character, which enables them, as it were, to pour themselves into the thoughts of all men, is fatal to them politically. Bismarck, with his usual acuteness of perception, but with more sadness of utterance than is his wont, declares that "the disposition of mind which causes men to grow enthusiastic in support of foreign nationalities, even when their own Fatherland suffers thereby, is a form of political disease which, alas! is found in Germany alone." The Germans of Austria number over nine millions, and they have again and again, by their splendid valor on the battlefield, subjugated every other nationality in that motley empire, and again and again abdicated to every other in politics. "Nowhere do things happen more wonderfully than in the world," says the Princess Elizabeth Charlotte of Orleans in one of her letters; and nowhere in the world more wonderfully than in Germany.

Of this species of moral abdication I shall give illustrations at considerable length. An interesting pamphlet, by Poinz, published a few years ago (*Staat oder Nationalität? Eine österreichische Studie.* Leipzig, 1867), gives a list of six hundred and seventy-four family names which were translated from German into Magyar, in Hungary, during the two years 1848 and 1849! It is chiefly the nobles and middle classes who affect this thing, the peasantry remaining in the ways of their fathers. For instance, Tolpy, Matray, Ballagi, Hun-

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salvi and Ipolzi, members of the Hungarian Academy, thought themselves unfit to enter its august portals until they had stripped themselves of the scraggy names, Schedel, Lutzenbacher, Bloch, Unsdorfer and Stummer. They often carry the egg-shells of their German origin still on their heads, as Szonntag, Weisz, Oszwald and Sulcz, for Sonntag, Weiss, Oswald and Schulze. Colonel Figyelmessy, who served with Garibaldi in his last campaign in Tyrol, was once well known in Pesth as Merks. So common is this thing that they have a verse about it, which may be rendered thus:

> " Ludosy call me here,
> In Prussia call me Kehl:
> Thus Maygar feathers grow
> From German sparrow's tail."

In Tyrol these silent conquests go on more stealthily, and the sweet accents of Italy are steadily creeping up the sunny valleys among its mountains. The old sanguinary battle-cry, *Morte ai Tedeschi!* is heard there no more, but the soft air of Italy, its beaming wine and its silvery-sounding patronymics, are more potent than the red-shirted legions. There is on the border a little village with the mighty name of Mezzo Tedescho Mezzo Lombardo (half German half Italian), but now it stands far out in the ocean of Italian waters. Honest Hans Wurst colonizes, with his numerous family, in the valley of the Adige, and straightway he installs himself in the ancient and honorable family of Calderini. And this translation of German names and German sympathies, strange to relate, received no check, but rather an acceleration, by the great German victory of Custozza. The Tyrolese seemed to say, with Cato, *Victrix causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

In Triest these conquests of the Italianissimi are more puzzling, for they are opposed to the interests of commerce, which are supposed always to follow the leadings of common sense. Venice was once ruler of the Adriatic, but it is Triest now that yearly woos and weds the stormy bride. Yet it is not alone the Italianissimi, but full-blooded Germans, as Baier, Müller and Sachse, who are for ever agitating for annexation to Italy. And this in the very face of the fact that when Bonaparte annexed that city to Italy, thus cutting it off from its natural base of supplies in Austria, its population quickly fell to nineteen thousand.

In the Slavonic provinces, which are the most degraded of all in Austria, and which are indebted to the German language for whatever little learning or civilization has come among them, the renegade Teutons have shown the same readiness to lend themselves to clannish uses. The great Bishop Strossmayer, who made such a gallant fight in the Eternal City against the dogma of Infallibility, and who makes no attempt to conceal his origin, is one of the most doughty champions of Panslavism in the Parliament of Croatia, wherein he tickles their ears with many honeyed phrases about the rights of the "Slavonian nation." A German member of the Parliament of Carniola has not only learnt their swinish idiom, but speaks it in preference to his own, although more than two-thirds of his audience are German, and do not understand him! If men will be more Catholic than the Pope himself, what wonder if they find themselves despised? In the province of Carinthia these Germans, who were out-Heroding Herod, got a deserved rebuke. They constructed an alphabet for the peasantry in their own tongue, which, never having had one before, they could no better understand than the German; and they thereupon sent a petition to their Parliament praying that the German might be adopted in the schools, instead of their own language. In Bohemia the Germans are mostly found in the cities, the Tchechs preferring to own land; and they are often strong enough to carry the municipal elections, if their leaders did not go over to the Tchechs and vote against their own unspeakably oppressed and pillaged countrymen.

Aside from this weakness of the universal Teutonic mind, how different has been the conduct of the Austrian government from that of Prussia!

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In all places, at all times and among all men, Prussia has consistently, industriously and persistently Germanized, but Austria has always lusted after the flesh-pots of Slavonia. Above all things else, and all other considerations whatever, Prussia has sought to add to herself German territory, but Austria has married, and conquered, and allied, and inherited to herself fourteen languages, and always anything rather than German. In the mixed provinces of that empire it has come to be regarded as axiomatic that to belong to the government party is to be Slavonic—to the opposition, German. It is a well-established fact that the single Slavonic province of Bohemia has, from first to last, furnished three-fourths of the officers of the empire. There are hundreds and hundreds of little towns in the mixed provinces of Austria where a little assistance from the government, such as Prussia gladly gives in her Polish province, would enable the Germans to maintain a German school, and save their children from becoming denationalized; but Austria never helps them. Instead of Germanizing, the government of that empire has garrisoned Hungary with German troops and German provinces with Hungarian, while the Venetians hummed their Garibaldi hymn around their little frozen campfires in far Galicia, and the Poles their *Boze cos Polsky* in the Quadrilateral. It has been, as Goethe says:

> " Herauf, herab, und quer und krumm,
> Durch allerlei Brimborium,
> Das Püpplein gekeutet und zugericht't,
> Wie's lehret manche wälsche Geschicht'."

Amid all this chaos and this liquescency, the one rising star of hope, the glory of all Germany's best and wisest friends, and the only nucleus of future union, has been Prussia. In all this sad and miserable history of unhappy Germany, running through dreary centuries of feuds, and jangling, and the wretched bickerings of princelings, there has come up no other name by which she might be redeemed.

We may confirm ourselves in this opinion by casting a glance at the successive political catchwords of that people. As far back as 1805, and even in the time of the great Frederick, everybody in Europe spoke of Prussia as "the natural ally of France." But to-day Prussia is the natural enemy of France, or *vice versâ*. The head and front of the foreign policy of the Bonapartes has ever been to split up Germany and play one part against the other. Hence in 1805 it was politic to build up Prussia as a foil against the Austro-German empire, but in 1870 the French sword has to be thrown into the other scale. As early as 1840, Louis Blanc wrote: "Germany becomes Prussian to-day, to become democratic to-morrow;" thus giving another illustration of Guizot's remark, that no great idea ever works its full effect in Europe till it passes through the French alembic and receives the Parisian trademark. For even Bismarck did not conceive the great mission and destiny of Prussia till 1848, and as late as 1866 Napoleon buttoned himself up in complacent neutrality, evidently not foreseeing what the great historian had foretold in 1840. But Sadowa spoke louder than Louis Blanc.

Another favorite Prussian catchword, lately heard, is that which designates that kingdom as "the greatest pure-German state." This is very potent as against the flagrantly un-German and mongrel Austria.

In 1841 the Thiers Cabinet made a formidable demonstration on the Rhine, and the people backed them up, declaring that Paris was "shut up in a Bastile." The Germans responded with the famous song beginning—

> "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein."

All this awakened more and more the modern national feeling of "German unity," which Prussia has sedulously fostered.

The ill-fated Frankfort Parliament of 1848 originated three catchwords, all of which brought fish to Prussian nets. One of them called the Austrians "Germany's children of grief" (*Deutschlands Schmerzenskinder*). The other two des-

ignated great parties or policies as "Great-German" and "Little-German." Prussia inherited the former, and it was gladly taken up by all her partisans in South Germany, while the petty principalities, having by their accursed janglings made the word "Particularism" odious for ever, and glad to have any policy which could by any possibility be called German at all, adopted the latter. "Great-German" is about equivalent to our "National Sovereignty," while "Little-German" has its approximate translation in "State Sovereignty." Americans, who know what it is worth and how much it costs to have a united country, will know where their sympathies should rest in the present instance. "Blood and iron" are terrible means wherewith to accomplish national unity, but it will not be forgotten that we employed them freely in maintaining our own in republican America. Prussia is simply doing, in the presence of watchful and jealous enemies, what has been wrought out on this continent undisturbed by anything except the Mexican *fiasco*, proceeding from the same Marplot. France fused itself into solidarity with "blood and iron" centuries ago; Spain has done it; England did it still earlier; and it is hard to discover any reason why Germany should not have been permitted to accomplish in peace the same result for itself.

Prussia has always used a more broadly German and catholic policy than Austria. One of the most notable features of Vienna journalism is the absurd violence with which every German who was born twenty miles away from that city is attacked as a "foreigner." The great Count von Beust, the most astute Premier, and the one who has given Austria the most splendid diplomatic triumphs since Metternich, was stigmatized as a "foreigner" because he came from Saxony. Prussia is never unwilling to be redeemed by any man of ability, especially if he is a German: Austria will accept almost any dotard born above the rank of a baron, especially if he is *not* a German. Austrian statesmen, like poets, are born, not made. What a world of bitter sarcasm there is in the words of poor Sommerfeld!—"I was in Austria, and had talents, but no protection." The looker-on in Vienna is strongly impressed with the fact that while the authorities have neglected to erect monuments to Beethoven or Mozart, whose names are known wherever music has power to tame the savage, they have erected one —the only one in the city raised in honor of a civilian—to Joseph Pessel. And who was Joseph Pessel? every reader asks in astonishment. Why, he invented the screw, to be sure, by which mighty vessels are propelled across the briny deep. Beethoven and Mozart did more than any other men who ever lived toward saving that city from the reputation of making the best meerschaums in existence, but then they were "foreigners," and Vienna does not know them. If Austria is anything, it is a nation of singers and lovers of good music, but as for maritime matters, it lacks only one port of being hermetically sealed up from the *oceanus dissociabilis*.

Prussia asks only these questions: Is he capable? Is he a German? Indeed, when the great University of Berlin was established, learned men were invited to professorships from nearly the whole civilized world. "Marshal Forward," Lebrecht von Blücher, was no Prussian, but a Mecklenburger. It was one of the few notable mistakes of Frederick the Great that he did not discern the merits of Blücher. Little did the blunt old soldier think, as he wrote on the back of a paper sent him by an obscure captain of cavalry, complaining of neglect, "Captain Blücher can take himself off to the devil," that he was slamming the door in the face of a man who would afterward save Prussia. Blücher did not re-enter the Prussian service till Frederick was dead.

Gneisenau, the real planner of Blücher's campaigns, was born in a Saxon barrack. Scharnhorst, the author of the best military system Europe ever saw, was a Hanoverian. Moltke, too, the greatest of living Prussian soldiers,

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distinguished scarcely less as the perfect master of seven languages than as the victor of Sadowa, is a Mecklenburger.

The House of Hapsburg, being descended on one side from the family of the Guises, is only half German, it is true, but it has shown even less appreciation of German talent than has the House of Bourbon or the wholly Italian family of the Bonapartes. It was Duke Bernhard von Weimar who added Alsace to France. The great marshals Saxe and Schomberg were Germans both; and the gallant Kleber, who was assassinated in Egypt, was an Austrian captain before he was a French general. Hausmann has done more than any other man to secure France against revolution. Meyerbeer, Kellerman, Weiss, Schölcher are illustrious names from Germany.

Even the wholly Slavonic Russia has done greatly more honor to German genius and learning than has the half Slavonic Austria. Kaufmann and Berg are among her most distinguished generals, and German professors are found in her universities by scores, in the most honored places.

In a word, then, all indications point to Prussia as the only rightful regenerator and conserver of those Teutonic forces which Austria and the petty princes have so prodigally wasted. To Prussian statesmen everything that is German is exceedingly precious, while every other German government practically co-operates with France in scattering, dissolving, dividing and frittering away the noblest inheritance of Europe. In their moral character and in the greatness of their simple earnestness the Germans are worth infinitely more than any other people on the Continent, but Prussia is alone "Great-German," and every one else is "Little-German," which is virtually not German at all. "I am a Prussian" (the first words of the national hymn) is to-day the proudest utterance in the language, and Germany will never be at its best till one tongue, and only one, is spoken from the Baltic to the Adriatic. Then, and not till then, will it have a government which will look well to it that no German child shall ever wander away and sink into the unfathomable abyss of practical *Unzusammengehörigkeit* for lack of an education in that language of which Leibnitz says, "at least it is honest."

IRENE.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

MY new neighbors had moved in, and my old ones were wondering who they could be.

The house the new neighbors had bought was situated directly opposite to mine. It was of brick, painted gray, with large rooms, high ceilings and wide, square windows. It was sufficiently homelike, notwithstanding its aristocratic style of architecture.

The new-comers had arrived after dark: no one had had a glimpse of them, but, as is sure to be the case in all places except large cities, everybody was already on the *qui vive* to learn their history.

On the second morning after their arrival I prepared to call on them. I thought it could not be too soon, as they had sent me a letter of introduction from an old schoolmate of mine, in which she asked me to be kind to them for her sake, adding that they were

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people of good standing and some means, but entire strangers to every one in our town. I was careful not to let the contents of this letter get abroad, but the fact of my having received it I could not conceal.

My ring was answered by a waiter-boy, who threw the hall door wide open, but did not offer to show me into the parlor. I handed him my card: he looked at it, but did not move.

"Take that to your mistress," I said, and he bolted, leaving me standing on the doorsill. "Well!" I thought, "a pretty beginning! But I think I shall take a seat, even if I have not been asked." It was well I did so, for certainly a half hour passed before I saw another soul. Of course I felt embarrassed, not knowing what to do. The hall was a scene of confusion, and so was every room of which I could get a glimpse through the half-open doors. Finally, a young woman came along, evidently on some errand, for she did not notice me at first, and so gave me a good opportunity of looking at her. I felt sure she could not be the lady of the house, for my friend had written that Mrs. Charlton was a middle-aged person with several children: indeed, I could hardly believe that this person was a lady. Being short and rather stout, her loose, ill-fitting dress gave her a very dowdyish appearance. She was not at all pretty: her complexion was dark and her hair and eyes were light.

On seeing me she expressed no surprise and made no excuse for her dress, but merely asked if "mother had not been down yet;" at the same time pushing open the parlor door.

"Come in," she continued, in a sweet voice that contrasted strangely with her appearance and manner. "Though this room doesn't look much better than the hall, you will be able to get a comfortable seat."

It did not, in fact, look much better, despite an elegant velvet carpet on the floor and rich furniture and pictures scattered in every direction. I seated myself in a large chair; then glanced round at my companion, who was busying herself with books and sheet music.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed, "when shall we ever get straight? With all the servants that are in this house, I should think the parlor might have been fixed by this time. But there's Billy, that never will learn any sense. Half these things belong up stairs, I do declare!"

She paused and looked around. I felt I ought to say something, but at such times we are apt to be unlucky in our remarks, as I was on this occasion.

"The trouble arises," I observed, "from want of system. The best plan when one moves is to unpack all the things in one room or hall, and as they are unpacked and dusted, have them carried to their proper places. Then they get distributed and arranged much more quickly, and the whole house does not get dusty and soiled."

In reply to this speech she said, curtly, "I should like to see any one systematic in this house!"

If she had meant to add anything more, she was prevented by the entrance of another lady. I rose, and, as my present companion took no notice of the new-comer, I stepped forward and introduced myself. Mrs. Charlton shook hands, saying, "Keep your seat, Mrs. Stone;" and when we had both sat down she turned to her daughter with the inquiry—

"What were you saying about system, Fannie?"

"I said no one liked it in this house."

"Fannie, I have always liked it, but I can't get you and Laura to practice it."

What was there in her voice that made it so fascinating? It was not so sweet as Fannie's, nor was it strong, like hers: it was low, melodious and plaintive—in the last respect alone suited to the style of her remarks. In appearance she was a ladylike person, small, with black hair and gray eyes. Her face wore an anxious expression. I sat looking at her, and wondered it did not occur to her to introduce Miss Fannie, and to offer some excuse for having kept me waiting. Neither

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thought, it was evident, had entered her mind, and she continued her conversation with her daughter:

"Fannie, I have begged you to keep house: I can't do it. I have my little children to look after."

"Yes, and they are all you care for: they are the most spoilt children I ever saw."

Could it be her own mother the girl was speaking to? I sat in a state of bewilderment. Yet the words did not sound as they would have done from other voices. They were uttered in a tone of indifference, not of harshness or ill-nature.

"Well, I know one thing: this parlor is not going to be fixed until I do it myself." With that Miss Fannie continued her work of quietly assorting books, and spoke no more, while Mrs. Charlton turned to me and began a conversation about our mutual friend, recalling to my mind many persons and times of "long ago;" and very pleasantly the next hour passed. She was quite a well-informed woman, had lived in various places and had seen much of society, but she was very visionary.

When I rose to take leave, I made some excuse for calling so soon, stating my desire to be of use and offering the aid of one or two servants in putting the house to rights.

Here Fannie spoke up (having followed us into the hall):

"Plenty of servants here."

"How is it, then, Fannie, we can get nothing done? I have wanted my curtains put up ever since I came. When I ask Billy, he says he's too busy; John is always off somewhere: Laura made him get out the carriage and take her to ride yesterday at the very time I wanted him to go in search of some milk for baby."

"Well," I said, trying to get away, "I live just opposite—there; and it will give me pleasure to do anything I can for you. Do not hesitate to send to me."

I shook hands with both mother and daughter, thinking I was off. Just as I got to the end of the front gallery, however, Mrs. Charlton asked,

"How long have you lived here?"

"Since the first month after my marriage—not quite fifteen years."

"Just what I have always told Mr. Charlton. I wanted a home where I could stay all the time. I ought to have one: I have plenty of money."

What could I say? I was in haste to get home: I had many things to do that forenoon, and the sun, as I felt but too sensibly, was already blazing overhead.

"Is Mr. Charlton in D——?" I asked.

"Oh dear! no. He never thinks how much trouble it is to me to move. Just as we were ready to start he took it into his head to go somewhere, and wanted me to wait. I couldn't: everything was packed, so I came without him." She laughed; of which I took advantage, laughed too, bowed, and walked quickly away.

That afternoon she sent her three youngest children over to see me under the charge of two nurses. The baby came first—a very fine boy, about three months old; soon afterward a girl of about five years, with a boy two years younger. They were all extremely fair, but oh so spoilt and passionate! Baby was asleep, so his nurse took her seat on the gallery and kept him quiet: I was sitting in the hall, near the front door, with my little visitors by me.

The girl was very talkative; said her name was "Missy;" that she liked her new home very much; that the children, as she styled her brothers, were very bad; and that sister Laura was going to whip them if they went into her room. Here her nurse, who was standing behind her chair, interrupted her by saying, "And you too." The little lady curled up her nose, and continued: "I tell you they never bother sis Laura like they do sis Fan."

"Hush, Missy," said the nurse: "you talk too much."

She jumped down and pushed the nurse out of the room, but instead of returning to her seat, began running about the hall, going finally into the dining-room, where she found a plate of little tea-cakes: she helped herself

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and brought one to her brother. When they had eaten these they went for more, and so continued until the last cake was finished.

Toward evening two young ladies came in, Louise and Emma Raiman, sisters of my next-door neighbor, and my own most intimate friends.

"Mrs. Stone," exclaimed Louise, "we come out of curiosity, as I may as well confess at once: we want to hear about our new neighbors. Of course, the whole town knows you called on them this morning."

"Yes," I answered, "I did, but I can't tell you much. I know there are two young ladies, so you will have an addition to society. I only saw one, however, and as she was in deshabille, I shall not decide upon her appearance."

"When would you advise us to call? —very soon?"

"Not for a few days: they are terribly upset as yet."

"Couldn't we assist them?" asked the impulsive Louise.

"No, no: you can do them no good. So soon as they are at all settled I will go with you to call. Henry can go at the same time—perhaps some others." We sat together on the front doorsteps and whiled away the last hours of a fine autumn evening with harmless gossip, the conversation wandering to divers topics, but always returning to those new neighbors, who were at present the chief objects of interest and curiosity. We had heard, in an indirect way, before the receipt of my friend's letter, that they were qualified to mix with the very best society our town afforded, and though we prided ourselves upon being exclusive, yet an addition could not be otherwise than welcome. But was this a real acquisition? All that I had seen only tended to puzzle me. They were odd people, that was clear—very odd.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY passed: the Charltons were not at church, and my conscience pricked me for not having offered them my pew.

On Tuesday evening I had arranged to call on them again, in company with Emma and Louise, my sober step-son, Henry Stone, and my mirth-loving cousin, Will Maury. I had seen Miss Fannie in the morning, and told her to expect company after tea. She and myself had become somewhat sociable, but of Miss Laura I had never had a glimpse, except from across the street.

When we entered the parlor she was seated at the piano looking over some songs, and never moved while my companions were presented to her sister, who then, after a very general introduction, turned away to talk to Henry Stone.

Laura seemed about nineteen, and was certainly a beautiful girl—tall and graceful, with golden hair, gray eyes and an exquisitely fair skin. Her features and form seemed moulded after the most regular pattern. Her dress was as perfect as her person—in the extreme of the fashion, but very elegant and becoming.

Fannie was much more negligently dressed than her sister, yet she too was not unattractive, despite her want of beauty. She talked vivaciously, sang charmingly and made herself generally entertaining. Laura, on the other hand, was stately and somewhat ceremonious. She had the singularly sweet voice which appeared to belong to the family, and which formed their fascination. She had also the same air of indifference on occasions when a more gracious manner would have been befitting. Mrs. Charlton did not make her appearance, and in answer to an inquiry whether she were well, Miss Laura only vouchsafed a careless "Oh yes."

An item of information which came out in regard to the family was that there were two other children, twin boys, about twelve years old.

We left early, and I invited the Misses Raiman into my house to partake of a cold collation.

"I declare, mother," said Henry Stone as we sat round the dining-table,

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"your friends are odd people. I never so much as heard what that pretty girl's name was. Miss Fannie is clever, and I am anticipating fine times this winter. We have agreed to wake up old D——."

"Not a difficult task if *you* learn to frolic," said Will Maury: "that fact will be sufficient for a sensation."

Henry did not answer directly, but continued in a light tone—

"She was telling me how many dashes she had the week before leaving her old home."

"Dashes!" exclaimed all the little party: "pray what are they?"

"Don't you know?"

"No indeed!"

"Guess!"

"Can't—give it up."

"Horseback rides."

All laughed but myself. I didn't like either the slang or the tone of the remarks, and soon turned the conversation to another topic. What had Miss Charlton said to lead Henry Stone to speak lightly of a lady?

Time passed: the Charltons had got comfortably settled at last, had rented a pew just in front of mine, and had received and returned the visits of many of our most respectable families. Mr. Charlton, however, did not arrive. I asked Fannie one morning, when she came to return some books, when she expected her father.

With a most indifferent look she replied,

"Don't know—when he is ready, I suppose, but it takes him a long time to get ready."

Christmas came, and on the following evening I had a party, given expressly for the Misses Charlton. I made every exertion to have it stylish, and they certainly contributed to that object by not coming till after eleven o'clock.

I was not very well pleased at this, and Henry, I saw, was still more put out. But then he had had two or three disappointments that day, the first being the non-arrival of his brother from college, on whose gayety he had counted for much of the amusement during the evening.

When the first dance was to begin Henry took out Fannie. He had been very attentive to her during the autumn, and this seemed a strong additional indication of a settled preference. I hinted as much to him after the dance.

"No, mother," he replied: "you are wrong this time. I hesitated myself, but gave her the precedence as the eldest."

"I am satisfied," I said, and went into the supper-room to see how the table looked. While there I heard some one walking in the side gallery. It was a cold night, and this gallery was on the north side of the house. I opened the glass door as the footsteps approached it, and beheld Laura Charlton and Will Maury.

"Come in, Will," I said. "I thought you had too much consideration to ask a young lady to walk in such a cold gallery."

He laughed, but she did not, and said,

"I am not afraid—I never take cold."

I went back to the parlors, where Emma Raiman told me they were trying to get up a dance of which no one knew the music but Laura Charlton.

"Where is she?" I asked.

"No one knows."

"Come here, Emma," I whispered: "go into the dining-room by yourself, and make Laura come in from the gallery: she has been absent too long."

She went, and returned with Laura, who very amiably played as long as she was asked to. Her execution was very brilliant. Will took a seat by me, and I scolded him for his thoughtlessness.

"Now, Cousin Katherine," he said, "don't blame me, when the lady was as willing as myself."

"Will, what is it to be—a flirtation or an engagement?"

"Heaven bless me if I know: she acknowledged that her heart was her own, but of her little hand I could ascertain nothing. I know one thing—she gets a bouquet every morning from

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Henry. She doesn't know who sends it, nor does the bearer."

"Who takes it?"

"Don't know! Henry thinks himself very sly, but I know this for a certainty. However, I am going to ride with her to-morrow, if the weather will permit." (The Charlton girls, in deference to me, had left off talking of "dashes.")

"I should think there were girls enough in the town," I said, "to make rivalry unnecessary."

"Well, you know Henry can't be in earnest: Irene Williams is still alive."

"Remember, she is Henry's ward, not his betrothed," I answered, somewhat sternly. "I have often asked you not to speak of her in this manner."

"I never do except to you, believe me; and I have not heard Henry mention her name for a long time. I wish Decatur would come."

"So do we all. I can't think what has detained him."

"One thing more, Cousin Katherine: is Emma Raiman going to marry Mr. Pennington?"

"I do not feel sure," I replied; and soon afterward supper was announced. Henry took in Laura—Will went alone.

After they had all got to dancing again, Mrs. Charlton came in. Of course I pressed her to take some refreshments. As she was eating she remarked:

"How comfortably you are situated! Your house has every convenience."

"Yes," I replied: "I am constantly having something done to add to the comfort of it, but it is well built, and worth all the improvements."

"Ah, your property is so well managed: you can get money as you want it. You don't know what it is to be put to constant trouble, not because you have not got it, but because you have no one to take care of it."

"Very true: I am spared many annoyances."

"Was your husband a good manager?"

"Yes, it was the same during his lifetime. He used to say, 'Always have your worldly affairs in order, so that when you come to die no earthly troubles may distract your thoughts from the great Hereafter.' He carried out his maxim, and left everything so arranged that I have never had the least embarrassment. I have realized the wish he expressed on his deathbed: 'Katherine, you will never know money-troubles, I trust.'"

"When my aunt died," returned Mrs. Charlton, "she left me her property, little thinking of the trouble and vexation I should have with it. If I say a word to Mr. Charlton about the management of it, he gets provoked and tells me to find an agent who will be my servant as well. I do not mean to affront him when I ask questions or complain of irregularities, but he seems always to think I do, and so things go on from year to year. And—and I have other troubles you don't know of, that fret me."

I felt sorry for her, but could not think her blameless. There was plainly a want of congeniality between herself and her husband. Of his whereabouts neither she nor the girls ever gave the slightest hint; and though they spoke of him frequently, it was always in a tone of supreme indifference.

The party broke up, and all went home apparently in high spirits. As to myself, I felt depressed. Never had I seen so much flirting carried on, and I lamented the change which these new people, with their ultra fashions, had brought into our little circle.

"They are extremists," said Will, with one of his comical looks.

CHAPTER III.

JUST after breakfast next morning, Emma Raiman came in to talk over the party.

"Tell me, Emma," I said, "what has come over Henry? Do you think he is really in love with Fannie Charlton?"

"Fannie Charlton, Miss Katherine!" (her familiar name for me): "you surely mean Laura?"

"No, Emma;" and I punched the fire to give energy, I suppose, to my words.

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"Well, here I have been thinking he was terribly in love with Laura, and you think it is Fannie! I begin to fear he will turn out a regular flirt."

"It will not be anything to his credit."

"Miss Katherine, do you know with whom he went home last night?"

"No."

"I can tell you. Mr. Pennington went home with me, but told me he had taken Fannie home first, and that when they got to Mrs. Charlton's gallery, Henry and Laura were sitting on the steps. It was more than half an hour after Henry had left your parlor, and Laura had gone out before him. I know, too, he sends her a bouquet every morning; so if you miss your hot-house flowers, you can guess where they go to."

I did not answer, for I hardly knew how to continue the conversation without betraying Will's confidence: as he and Emma were close friends, doubtless he had told her about the bouquets. It was my rule never to repeat gossip; hence I enjoyed the confidence of all my young associates—and I had many—and often I had the opportunity of giving advice and keeping the young people out of mischief.

After a short silence I asked how Henry sent bouquets so secretly.

"Some time ago, late one evening, I was sitting in our upper verandah. Mr. Stone was walking in your front garden: now and then he would stop and fasten up a vine, but he had the air of waiting for some one. After a while he went to the front corner of the garden, next to ours, where you know there is a large cedar tree. It seemed to me he just had time to walk round the tree and stroll back to the house. 'That's funny!' I thought. The next evening he was in there again, and I distinctly saw a small bouquet in his hand. Afterward I saw him there frequently; and one evening, when I had seen him walk toward the cedar tree with a bouquet, I hurried down stairs, called a servant to follow me, hastened here under the excuse of seeing you about some unimportant matter, and thus met Mr. Stone coming toward the house—without the bouquet. When I went home it was dark, and I could make no observation; but one day, when you and I were in the garden, and I knew Henry was not at home, I slipped round the tree—which stands close to our fence and completely overshadows the corner—and found a little shelf under a slanting plank, not visible from the street, yet so situated that a person passing could reach anything laid on the shelf. About the same time I began to notice pretty little bouquets at the Charltons': I teased Laura about them until one day she told me, in confidence, that she did not know from whom they came, and had as much curiosity on the point as I had. I found out, however, that their cook brought them to her, as she came from market; so, keeping a sharp lookout, I soon after saw the woman take them from the corner of your fence, and thus I discovered Mr. Henry Stone's secret."

"You must admit that your curiosity has been carried rather far," I remarked, settling it in my mind that it was she who had furnished Will Maury with his information.

"Not more so than, as a woman, I am privileged to carry it," was the reply.

A short silence followed. What I had just heard fell like a weight upon my heart. Yet I was not greatly surprised. For some days I had felt a presentiment that our intercourse with the Charltons would lead to something more than a mere intimate acquaintance. I could not discuss the subject with Emma, and, to avert any questions or conjectures, turned the conversation to her own concerns.

"What have you to tell me of Mr. Pennington?" I asked.

"I wish I could say 'Nothing;' but you may as well know that the last chapter but one in our engagement has been read."

"What will the finale be?—white lace and orange flowers?"

"No, indeed — willow and cypress perhaps."

"Why, Emma what is the matter?"

She got up, and as she tied on her bonnet, said, nervously,

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"I could not stand everything; so I told him the Christmas present he spoke of making me would not be acceptable, and— Oh, well! the long and short of it is that he goes with me to parties, and there his attentions end; but so soon as I can get something tangible that brother will listen to, I shall put an end to the affair for ever."

I could offer only the commonplace advice to do nothing rashly, but consider well before taking a decisive step. When she left me I returned to my room and thought over what I had heard. There was trouble ahead—of what nature precisely I could not feel sure, though I knew well the source whence it was to spring. Here were two young girls, one beautiful, both attractive, with the further advantages of money and position, striving by every device to captivate all the men around them. Should I call their conduct criminal many would pronounce me censorious. Yet the consequences were likely to prove bitter, and in anticipation were already so to myself.

Henry was only my step-son, but very dear to me for his father's sake. I had devoted my life to him. From the time of his leaving college—about five years after my marriage—almost every hour he could spare from his profession —the law—had been spent in my society. We had read together, making a systematic study of general literature. Thus I had learned to know him well: I knew his tastes and principles, and I felt convinced that if he were in earnest in his attentions to either of the Misses Charlton, success would not add to his happiness. Yet I could not bear to think he was trifling. It was beneath him — inconsistent with his character and dignified conduct.

I was interrupted by the entrance of the object of my thoughts.

"The train is in again," he said, "but Decatur is not aboard."

"Perhaps he has changed his mind and will not come home."

"He should at least have written, for he must have known we should be anxious." After a pause, he continued: "Mother, that masquerade party at the Charltons' comes off to-night, and I haven't a thing prepared."

"Why not stay at home?"

"I should have no objection," he answered promptly. "But what is the matter, mother? You look blue."

"I am thinking of last night and you young folks. I never saw so much flirting in my life."

"You can't blame me for any of it."

"How so? Who was it danced four times successively with Fannie Charlton?"

"Oh, she's the best dancer. But surely you don't censure a little flirting at a party?"

"I never was prudish, and I know young people like to frolic, but when a girl absents herself from a ball-room for over an hour in a dark gallery not open to the guests, it does not look well."

"Who did that?"

"Laura Charlton was the girl, but you need not know the gentleman's name."

"You disapprove of promenading?"

"No. After a dance it does very well, but I think it should take place only in a lighted gallery or hall. You danced four times with Fannie, and Mr. Pennington three times with Laura, during two of which his betrothed sat and looked on. You can excuse yourself by saying you are not engaged, but he cannot, and Emma Raiman is worth twenty such girls as the Charltons."

"I declare I had not thought so seriously of what passed. I was carried away by excitement, though I felt several times that something was wrong. But for nothing am I so sorry as for something you do not know — going home with Miss Laura and sitting on the front steps for half an hour."

"I knew it, but did not mention it, because I felt sure your conscience must tell you it was wrong."

"It happened thus: When we got to the steps she said, 'Oh, I am so tired!' I said, 'Well, let us rest;' and to my astonishment she took a seat on the steps. There was nothing for me to do but to sit down beside her."

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"I do not see that. But you are all alike, and it is useless to talk. Go to the masque party: I intend going myself."

"Only the gentlemen are to be disguised. They are to meet and go together."

"Can you not manage so that I can join them in the dress of a necromancer? Not more than one person besides yourself must know anything of it."

He undertook to gratify my whim—of which he did not suspect the object—and went out to make the necessary arrangements.

THE "PORCELLAN-FABRIK" AT MEISSEN.

WALT and Vult sat with me in the twilight, and out of its shadows I shaped a story of the past. My story, like a rainbow, rested one end on the earth, while the other melted away into Cloudland, for it was partly fact and partly fiction. It was formed to answer a question of one of those practical American boys, in anticipation of a day's trip to Meissen.

"Long ago," I said, "the gnomes of the Saxon mines kept guard over their treasures undisturbed. The peasant carried his pack with unconscious tread over the earth rich with veins of silver, where the very stones were agates or glowing crimson garnets. No prying geologist startled with his noisy hammer the revels of the gnomes and kobolds who lurked in the dark recesses of Lilienstein and the other mountain fastnesses of the land. But still these little sprites, strange to say, although not human, had quarrels of their own, and raised questions of privilege and stood up for precedence as if they had been men. It was odd, too, that they valued so highly the treasure of which they made no use.

"Well, one night a crowd of these queer little sprites went gliding about the subterranean ways and dark caverns till they were all gathered together in a brilliant underground saloon in Freiberg. Pillars of pure silver supported the silver-fretted dome; silver lace embroidered the dark earth and hung in shining tapestry on the walls; they rolled about masses of silver for balls, and kicked them about with shrill screams of delight and the kind of enjoyment a miser feels, I suppose, when he plunges his hands into the golden guineas. But the king of the revels, the Freiberg Head Centre, looked gloomy that night. He walked about sulkily, biting the amber stem of his meerschaum, with his hands in his pockets and his silver three-cornered crown set quite awry on his noble head. He had great possessions, but they did not bring him peace. A vast domain of silver veins and quartz and gold dust was still his own, but man had invaded his realm, and slowly and steadily the pickaxe and fearful thunderous blasts of powder were undermining his kingdom. No wonder he looked grimly about upon his guests, some of them happy, impecunious fellows who did not know how 'uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.'

"At last, when something like silence had fallen upon the queer company, and they stood gathered around their host with their pointed caps in hand, the king (whose name was Schnurr) called out:

"'Which of you has seen a fellow called Böttcher, who is going about rashly trying to pry into the secrets of earth and air?—an alchemist they call him, who tries to turn common things to gold.'

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"'I've seen him,' cried out a shrill voice near, 'but he's safe enough for a while. The king of Saxony has also a thirst for gold, and has shut him up in prison, so that he may take possession of all there is made. Ha! ha! hurrah for the justice of earthly kings!'

"'Who spoke then?' asked Schnurr in his harshest voice, at the same time clasping his crown with both hands, as if it were in danger of falling.

"'That was your royal highness' half-brother, which his name is Murr,' answered many voices.

"Now, an ancient feud had existed between these two brothers touching the property, and Murr had been banished from the court. His audacity in now appearing filled the king's cup of wrath to overflowing.

"'Away with him!' he cried: 'away with him! And lest we seem not compassionate, bury him only up to his neck in clay, and keep him there a prisoner for one year. We would respect the law against cruel and unjust punishments.'

"So poor Murr was hustled away, without even having time to get his pointed hat, and the gnome Head Centre recovered his spirits on account of his conscious integrity and justice.

"It happened that a certain barber was riding rapidly along a somewhat broken path one day, when his horse started, stumbled and fell. The object that startled him was poor Murr's head sticking plaintively up from the surrounding clay, but the barber saw it not. He was examining instead the hoof of his fallen horse, to which a white clay adhered.

"'Good! I have made a discovery!' shouted the fellow. 'Here is most excellent wig-powder!'

"The next day he went to the prison to powder nicely the wig of one of the prisoners, the self-same Böttcher, who was held in a sort of polite durance till he should find out golden secrets for his master. But that day, when the gentleman of science donned his wig, he found it heavier than a kingly crown. Surely it was not the weight of knowledge which bore so heavily on his brain. He sent for the barber.

"'What have you done to my wig?' he cried.

"'Powdered it, O excellent gold-maker,' the man humbly replied.

"'But this is no wig-powder,' said Böttcher: 'my head sinks under its weight.'

"So the barber explained, and the alchemist jumped for joy in spite of the weight of his wig. His great want in his work had been to get a particular kind of clay for his crucibles, and here it was, a fine white clay. He made crucibles of it, and then discovered that he could also make real porcelain: the white clay could be turned into gold by a new alchemy.

"So the busy workmen dug up the precious dust, and poor Murr was released from his earthly prison, and the kingdom of Saxony was enriched by the beautiful Saxon china, which is now celebrated throughout the world. It is a misnomer to call it Dresden china, however, as it is made in the 'Königliche Porcellan-Fabrik' at Meissen. Nothing but real china has ever been turned out in this manufactory, which we shall see to-morrow."

The heavy fog of the Indian summer hung over Dresden and blotted out the beautiful views of the sloping banks of the Elbe with its princely villas, when we started the next morning. But the sun, like a great cheery old giant, rose in his might and quaffed all the dissolved pearls of mist for his morning draught. Only a shred or two clung to the tops of the moutains, like torn fragments of lace, as we passed, and the sky grew beautifully blue without a cloud—a wonderful day for tearful, sullen November. We saw three or four pretty German villages, with their red-tiled roofs and handsome railway stations with gayly-ornamented ceilings in fresco: then came Meissen. The town is prettily situated on the Elbe, and has two remarkably fine bridges: indeed, every bridge in Germany which we have seen is "a thing of beauty and a joy for

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ever." On a precipitous rock above the town frowns the old castle where the Saxon princes once made their home, where later the manufactory of porcelain was established, which has now been removed to the other end of the town. Next to the old castle we caught a view of the splendid open-work spire of the Dom, the finest Gothic church in Saxony. It stood up in grand relief against the clear blue sky, pointing upward as with a wondrous and everlasting finger of stone to heaven. But the Dom did not draw us from our purpose, and we held our way steadily over the bridge—by the hotel of the "Three Roses;" through rough, narrow streets with no sidewalks, where we could hardly make our way for children and pack-women and carts; past ancient houses with stone niches at the door for statues which no longer adorned them, with old shields above, the Latin inscriptions thereon nearly obliterated by time; into the open market-place, where a statue held guard over a fountain, and aged buildings with pointed fronts and windows up to the very points stood round; past gay shop-windows, where the Dom, the town, the bridges, the Elbe, the quaint old houses were all reproduced in photographs for travelers to buy. We walked till we saw the long buildings and a cloud of smoke pouring up in fleecy billows to the sky —the "Porcellan-Fabrik" of Meissen.

We passed through a door which opened with a ring. The sound of the bell summoned a porter, who appeared at a window on the right. On hearing our object he showed us a large glass door on the left, which we entered, and found ourselves at once in the midst of treasures, some of which were worth their weight in gold. But we only cast a glance at the beautiful objects that surrounded us. To see Meissen china completed then was like reading the conclusion of a book before the introduction. Another American party was waiting with the same object—a tall, dark-eyed gentleman and three young ladies, who were evidently bent on acquiring knowledge. The polite guide led the way first to the great furnaces, where the coal lay about in tons, and opening the door of one showed us the mass of live coals which heated the ovens above. These fires are kept up for thirty-five hours at a time. No doubt after that length of time the furnaces need cleaning, if they are like the stoves here, which are choked with soot after a few weeks' use. There are three ovens, one above the other. In the upper the porcelain, just moulded, receives its first baking; then in a fiercer heat, a white heat, it is baked for the second time; and the third time after it receives the enamel. But the fire is never allowed to come in direct contact with the delicate material: every article is enclosed in a case of fire-brick. These cases we saw lying about in piles like coarse cheeses. The china shrinks considerably in the baking, so that a soup-tureen which had just been moulded from the plastic clay looked at least two sizes larger than its baked brother, though the guide assured us that they had been originally of the same dimensions. Of course it frequently happens that the most beautiful articles, on which the greatest care has been bestowed, are cracked in the fire. We saw one, an exquisite figure of a mailed youth stepping into a boat, which had been ruined in this way.

"I have made six of those, and only two have been perfect," said the guide in answer to our regrets.

"And can you not use the clay again?" I asked.

"Only for fire-brick," he answered, "as it has received one baking."

He showed us some of the dry clay, and I imagine it must certainly have been quite heavy on Herr Böttcher's wig; but it looked very white and pure. On my remarking this, he said,

"You have purer in America. I have seen specimens of your clay, and it contains less sand than this."

"Very well," I said, jestingly. "I shall see into all your methods, all your little artistic secrets, and then go back to America and set up a manufactory of my own."

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"It is all open to you, madame," he said, smiling. "I know of one manufactory in America. We have had a letter from Georgia, and as they style themselves the 'Southern Porcelain Manufactory,' we conjecture that there are others, though we do not know them."

"I think there must be one in or near Philadelphia," said the dark-eyed gentleman, "as I was shown two vases at the Japanese Palace and told that they were made in Philadelphia."

The guide expressed himself somewhat surprised at this, and I, finding myself lamentably ignorant on the subject of American manufactures, was obliged to be silent.

We now went into a very warm room, where some men were kneading and rolling the clay dough about for the purpose of forcing out the air-bubbles. It looked like bread, and the boards on which it was worked like moulding-boards. In this room we saw the wheel of the potter, which must still be like that mentioned in the Bible. At this wheel a young man turned off saucers with great rapidity. A mass of plastic clay was made to revolve by means of a small wheel which he turned with his foot. It whirled about a while; he inserted his thumb in the rounding mass; it broadened out, and in a couple more revolutions there was a saucer, which he deftly cut from the mass with a cord. This saucer must afterward be put on a mould, as it is not perfectly true. The plates were made in somewhat the same manner, but were stamped into shape. The articles look dingy and dull—nothing like the clear, almost transparent porcelain they become when refined by fire.

In the next room were the ornamental moulds of every kind in which the plastic clay is pressed. Here were the chubby shepherdesses and gallant shepherds whom we all know, leaning in graceful and negligé positions with fanciful costumes—little coquettish hats, bright ribbons and flowers; but the heads were in one mould, or rather two, the tapering arm in another, the little hand in another: all must be cast separately, then all joined carefully together before the baking. Every little flower is made alone. In another room we saw a number of women, young and old, at this pretty work, making roses and lilies. What charming employment it seemed! They formed every leaf with their fingers, and placed the completed flowers in rows before them on a board. We noticed an old woman, whose hands shook with age, as busy as the rest. Her work was cutting out an open-work plate, and we wondered how those trembling hands could be so true. The ornaments of each article require a great number of moulds, and of course great skill and delicacy of touch. The guide obligingly turned out a baby head from the soft clay and gave it to little Walt, who, having carried it in his pocket a while, found on examination that the marks of the cloth were impressed on its plastic brow, and pressure had given it a snub nose and pouting lips, to say nothing of a deep hole in the chin made by a button; so that this remembrance of Meissen is somewhat marred in its general effect.

We were admiring the delicate frozen lace which decorated the dress of a flower-girl, when the guide directed our attention to the mode of making it. A pleasant-looking young girl took a fine camel's-hair brush and dipped it into some semi-fluid clay. Only a tiny drop adhered, and this she transferred to the skirt she was decorating. It clung there like a small bead: then another and another were added, till the delicate network was formed. It is raised from the material, and can be made to hang in folds quite apart, as in the beautiful lace veil which is to be seen at the Japanese Palace. The bouquets of china flowers are also worthy of notice. Roses, dahlias, lilies, wild flowers, ferns, fruit—every production of Nature—are made as perfect as possible in form and color, but the coloring belongs to another department.

All the china, with one exception, is baked three times before it receives any color. The exception is the favorite blue ware, which has its pattern put on

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after only one baking. The design for the bottom of the plate is pricked through a paper: fine charcoal dust is sifted through this, leaving an outline to be covered with the pigment, which is cobalt. It looked like black, but the action of the heat brings it out a bright blue. A young man was drawing with a paint brush in the most rapid manner the figures round the edge of the plate. They represented radishes and onions. The guide said this pattern was a great favorite. After being baked the figures of this blue ware seem to drip and melt into one another like the colors of a tapestry carpet.

The fine liquid enamel in which every article is dipped gives it at once a whiter and clearer complexion, which the fire hardens and refines. The gilding is a dark fluid, and looks very dull even after the action of the fire, but after the polishing by agate it comes out refined gold. The agates are set like a brush in a handle.

Then came the glow and glory of coloring to these white wraiths. In the last room the finishing beauty is given. Here the rose takes its blush, and from the same substance as the belle's blushes; here the hair of Titian's Venus takes its gold and the undulatory life-tints that crown the whole figure with youth and beauty; here Raphael's cherubs glow with their upturned seraphic eyes; here the Madonna's pure, sweet, tender face looks out benignly as she bears the royal Child, so human, so divine; here Correggio's Magdalen lights up with her sunshiny hair and gleaming neck and arms a shady picture, and —shall we say it?—a shady life. She hardly looks repentant to our mind. She is not wan or pale; her eyes are not red with weeping; but the tints are incomparable, and well imitated in china. Most of the celebrated pictures in the Dresden gallery are here reproduced. To describe them would be like giving a catalogue. The workers here must be real artists. They have a small copy of the picture before them, and paint from it. One young man was resting from his beautiful work and reading a volume of German poetry. As we passed, the guide showed us a service made for the king of Bavaria. It was simply decorated with a band of dark blue and gold, the royal cypher and crown in gold in the centre.

A somewhat curious design was displayed in cups and saucers, wherein the cup was a rose unfolded, and the saucer green leaves. We saw one before it was baked, in which the rose looked very sickly indeed, but after being subjected to the fire it glowed beautifully, as who would not?

All the rooms were bright and full of sunshine, with flowers, the inevitable window flowers that one sees everywhere in Germany. In one room a lovely fuchsia half filled the window and hung full of scarlet blossoms: in others the windows were festooned with green ivy. At one we looked out and saw a funeral procession taking its silent way through the green paths. The hearse was covered with a black velvet pall heavily wrought with gold, but flowers, the better broidery of Nature, hid it all. Such a wealth of flowers one seldom sees—in crosses, in crowns, in garlands, in every form. The mourners went before and after also, carrying flowers and green waving palm branches.

So we saw how the porcelain was made at Meissen; and after taking a long look at the grand old Gothic church, we started on our homeward way.

HELEN W. PIERSON.

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ON THE ENGLISH HUSTINGS.

YOU would have thought that the destiny of that empire upon which, we are assured, "the sun never sets," hung trembling on the fiat of Barnley-by-the-Bridge. The three political parties of Barnley were boiling over with excitement and patriotic hatred of each other; the great men of Barnley had been for weeks zealously engaged in "explaining their position," and calling upon their fellow-citizens to stand bravely by those eternal principles which had so far made the name of Briton a terror to the world, and to abandon which would be to make every true Briton hang his head in shame. Everybody, down to the town-paupers themselves, was ranged in the ranks of one party or the other; and everybody had got so flustered and fidgety over the matter that, to save the empire, everybody left his business for the while to take care of itself.

As, in our "one-horse shay," we entered the little, ancient, smoky manufacturing town, and rumbled along a jagged street flanked on either side by rickety houses with foundations of an uncertain tenure, we were at every step solemnly impressed with the awful importance of the crisis. The fences and walls seemed to have been converted into a mosaic of varicolored paper; there were huge placards in red and white and deep Tory blue containing pathetic appeals to the free and independent electors of Barnley, of which the most eloquent and clinching passages were distinguished by the largest of type and an overwhelming platoon of fat exclamation points. Here, in deep blue, was the address of Sir Launcelot Pyke, the Tory candidate, who earnestly assured "this noble constituency" that upon them, the electors of Barnley, depended the fate of that ancient constitution which was the proud birth-right of Englishmen, and that upon their shoulders rested the sacred bulwarks of British liberty. Would they keep those shoulders to that glorious burden, or would they withdraw them and listen with unblushing cheek to the crash with which those bulwarks would then be shattered to pieces? Posted close to the side of this was the address of Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, who assured the "noble constituency" that he should be proud to represent them in Parliament, and that he would be neither the minion of a clique nor the destroyer of their ancient customs. Adjoining this was the placard of Samuel Slimby, Esquire, who asked the "noble constituency" whether they would be ruled by a pampered aristocracy and a despotic Church; whether they were willing to throw the last penny of their earnings into the lap of luxury; whether they preferred to have the finger of scorn for ever pointed at their abject slavery, or whether, like true freemen, they would arise and crush the favorites of privilege and the hirelings of power? Interspersed with these were smaller placards, containing, in huge letters, pithy exhortations and mysterious warnings: "Plump for Pyke!" "Who is the working man's friend? Slimby!" "Men of Barnley! Fitzhoneycombe voted against widening the Barnley gutters! Plump for Slimby, the people's advocate!" "Throne, Altar, Constitution and Pyke!" "Progress, Intellect and Fitzhoneycombe!" "Slimby and Liberty!"

It was the evening before the election, and the "noble constituency" were out in full force. Some were gathered in little knots around a pompous canvasser, who was engaged in zealously diluting, with rare ingenuity, the address of his candidate; others were engaged in reading the placards, which had by this time become wellnigh illegible through the repeated applications of expostulatory mud. Here and there occurred little passages at fists, this be-

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ing a favorite method, with some of the free and independent electors, of displaying their patriotic ardor. But noisiest and jolliest of all were the taverns—the only three in the town, and these standing almost in a little bunch together—which served as the headquarters of the candidates. There were buzzing crowds about the doors; there was the confused hubbub of many sterling British voices within; there was the hot going to and fro of red-faced, puffing committee-men; there were loud cheering and hoarse haranguing; there were excited calls for this man and the other, marshaling of the constituent forces and hooting and bantering of the rival combatants over the way. There was heavy work to be done that night, for the "nomination" and "show of hands" would take place on the morrow; and, as appearances go a long way, even with your sturdy and world-defying Briton, each party was resolved to do its best to make the most formidable display.

As luck would have it, we stumbled plump into the midst of the Tory camp. We must go somewhere, and, as I have said before, all three of the taverns were occupied as committee-rooms for the three contending factions; so we took the last in despair, and found ourselves of a sudden surrounded by the gallant champions of the Altar, the Throne and Sir Launcelot Pyke. We had hardly got inside the door when we became the victims of a slight but embarrassing misunderstanding. It so happened that a particularly enthusiastic canvasser—a little man, with his coat buttoned up to his chin, and a voice which was of a painfully feminine treble—went in just before us. He had been drumming up some new recruits, and we had somehow got sandwiched at the door between these and their leader.

"'Ere they are!" shouted he, in a high treble, "two of Lord Fitzhoneycombe's tenants, my boys! They've come up to pledge for Sir Launcelot, and 'll vote right, and *no* mistake!"

We were forthwith surrounded, grasped by our hands, affectionately asked to "take a tip of oold Guinness," and dragged cordially up to a table. Here, with a large book before him, sat a burly old gentleman with a shining bald pate and huge old-fashioned spectacles—a monster red handkerchief in one hand and an unclipped quill in the other: a fine old crusted Tory, every inch of him, from the top of his cranium to the waterproof soles of his boots: whose solid countenance bespoke a sturdy hatred of everything new: this was the recording secretary of the Pyke committee.

"What's your names?" said he, holding his quill ready for action and looking at us over his spectacles.

"But, sir," I began, "we are not—"

"*Not?* What! are ye playing a game on us?"

"By no means, sir; but we have no—"

"Votes? Then what are ye doin' 'ere?"

"Why, sir, we are Americans, and—"

"Amerikins! What the deuce are ye doin' 'ere then?"

The little canvasser—who, not seeing his men behind him, had bustled out in search of them—now bustled back again and relieved us:

"Why, what are ye about, Muster Mousey? *Them* ain't the men: *these* be the men."

Having thus escaped being counted as glorious converts to Sir Launcelot Pyke, we were permitted to depart in peace in search of the landlord. That fiery-faced personage soon appeared: he had been giving a quiet treat to some half-converted sons of Erin in the back kitchen, and learning our wishes, forthwith conducted us to one of those emphatically Tory chambers which you are so certain to fall on in provincial England. 'Twas long before we got to sleep amid all that clatter and cheering, calling, stamping and shouting; and when, wearied with my jaunt, I did doze off, my dreams were troubled by visions of irate baronets and howling mobs of English radicals.

Barnley-by-the-Bridge, what with the coalition between Nature's fog and the chimney smoke of industry, was lead

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color when we rose on the memorable morning of "nomination"-day. It was one of those old English towns which, till within a few years, had lived unknown to the encroachment of new things, unattacked as yet by inventors and their evil works, and happy in the preservation of its primitiveness and its contempt for everything which had not descended from the Barnley of three centuries ago. Its antique Toryism peeped out in every possible way—in its old tumble-down houses, with visible exterior beams; its irregular streets, with their narrow and woefully worn sidewalks; its massive old oaken furniture and faded damask draperies; its population rooted in the old ways, and thinking it as wicked to form opinions for themselves as to miss the service at the parish church on a Sunday. But modern society had at last forced its way in upon the indignant little town: a rascal of a manufacturer had discovered that Barnley offered a fine opening for the fabrication of stuffs; factories had risen to cast their perpetual smoky gloom over the once virgin air of Barnley; and forthwith around about the factories there grew up a host of little cottages, where congregated finally a formidable community of work-people employed in them. Alas for Barnley! Its fine old Toryism began to yield; the sleek-faced parson grew fidgety and blue in the face, and *almost* uttered an oath; the parish church seemed to grow pale, and sank at least a foot in the ground; for with the new Barnleyites came new ideas: there were actually some big, brutal fellows who sneered at the parson and talked disrespectfully of Church and State. Barnley was no longer a unit for the Altar and the Throne: divided against itself, it had already sadly fallen.

We hastily finished the unexceptionable chops and heathenish coffee which mine host of the Blue Lion set before us, and issued forth into the street. It was crammed and jammed already with the free and independent electors, not to speak of that other and by no means unimportant section of the "noble constituency"—the women of Barnley. The patriotism of the women of Barnley had evidently been stirred to its profoundest depths; for here they were, scattered everywhere in the crowd, flourishing great red, brawny arms above the mass of heads, and giving a climax of energy to their political enthusiasm by the shrill feminine falsetto of their tongues. While the men marched hither and thither, getting into line for the various processions, and silently working into marching order, their better halves kept up a running fire with their own sex in the opposite party—reproachful, indignant and expostulatory: "For shame on ye, Biddy Magoon, to let your Tim go wid them nasty Tawries!" "Arrah now, Madge, you know not whose yer friends!" "Hooray for yon sweet Lord Fitzhoneycombe!" "Would you turn out the good parson, you ould red head?" "Doon with the haristocrisy!—we poor folk maun live, faith!"

The boys of Barnley were zealously doing their part to out-Babel the Babel of the women. Some were strutting about, with hobbledehoy importance, bearing paper banners on which were inscribed the names, mottoes or principles of the combatants; some were perched in the trees and "chaffing" the other side; some were singing the popular ballads of the day; some were imitating their elders by retiring beyond the limits of the crowd and asserting the patriotism of their favorites by the good old British custom of "ordeal by battle."

Busiest of the busy were the managers of the candidates. Here, at the Blue Lion, little Simeon Snug, parish clerk these five-and-twenty years, was hotly and breathlessly helping the more sedate but equally energetic Mousey in the marshaling of the friends of the Altar and the Throne; his chief, the parson, being at this moment closeted up stairs with the great Sir Launcelot himself. Over opposite, at the Yellow Unicorn, the committee of Lord Fitzhoneycombe, led by a pompous pock-marked lawyer from London, was working with equal

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spirit; while next door—said next door being a new tavern, yclept "The Figure of Liberty," "a pitiable, godless radical nest," as the parson was wont compassionately to call it—the wide-awake adherents of Slimby, friend of the people, were packing close their platoons, consisting mainly of the knotty-armed people of the factory.

Of a sudden the constitutionally firm voice of Mousey was heard above the din, and a moment after the lieutenants of the other two parties were heard in tones of equal strength. There was a hush through the crowd: we did not hear a word any of the lieutenants said, but at every sentence the party of each began vociferously to cheer. Presently the light dawned on us: the processions were ready, and only awaited the appearance of the candidates to take up their march. In another moment there was a deafening roar of applause; women's arms lifted and shivering above the crowd; handkerchiefs and colors waving everywhere; the whistling of boys, such as you hear in the top gallery of the theatre when the curtain is long in ascending; shillalahs flying and hats popping about hither and thither. The candidates were showing themselves. On the balconies of the three inns, surrounded by a number of gentlemen in dress suits and glossy hats, stood, bareheaded and bowing energetically on this side and that, the three heroes of the day. After a moment's enjoyment of the ovation, the lips of all three began to move; their bodies commenced swaying to and fro; their wristband-enveloped hands chopped up and down; the impressive machinery of stump eloquence was set in motion. But the crowd *would* yell: the "noble constituency" were in such ecstasy at the mere sight of their heroes that they could not spare time to listen to them. Simultaneously the faultlessly-dressed gentlemen who stood behind the candidates—their "supporters"—pressed forward on the balcony and began to wag their hands, palms downward, up and down, as if to pat the popular lion into quietness: they shook their heads and frowned, and tried to speak, the candidates standing smilingly by, as if to say they *could* not deny the good fellows who were going to vote for them anything; but all the exertions of the "supporters" were in vain. Then there was a long consultation between the various committee-men: one of Sir Launcelot's committee-men wriggled through the crowd to one of Lord Algernon's committee-men, and forthwith their bald heads fell together, and one grasped the other by the arm, and their fat countenances assumed a deeply contemplative expression; then these two abruptly started off and began to wriggle through the crowd together toward Mr. Slimby's committee-men; then Sir Launcelot's committee-man grasped one arm, and Lord Algernon's committee-man the other arm, of one of Mr. Slimby's committee-men, and three bald heads went together in consultation. The result of these proceedings was, that the candidates abandoned their idea of addressing their "friends," restored their hats to their heads, and made ready to proceed, at the front of their several processions, to

THE HUSTINGS.

PRESENTLY they appeared in the street, each clinging to the arm of two now literal "supporters" on either side, and took their places in the van.

If you have ever witnessed one of those unique scenes, a grand horse-race, you will probably have some idea of the English "hustings." The hustings booth and the "grand stand" of a race-course are as like as two peas. The former is an extempore wooden structure, covered on three sides, the fourth side being entirely open. This building is divided into three compartments, the central one being very narrow, the other two broad enough to hold, each, perhaps a hundred persons. These compartments are provided with graded wooden steps, so that the hindermost occupants may see over the heads of the foremost. The booth is raised some ten feet above the ground. Just below

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the compartments I have described is a little narrow gallery running the whole length of the structure: this is for the gentlemen of the press, who are to spread broadcast the memorable proceedings of the day. The narrow central compartment is supplied with a chair and table, and is designed for his worship the mayor, who is to read Queen's proclamations, preserve order, read the Riot Act if needful, and receive and officially declare the votes. The several compartments on either side are for the candidates and their supporters. Now this hustings booth is so built—if it is possible to find a space to so build it—that the masses of the people may gather in front of it in the shape of an amphitheatre. It stands at the foot of a sloping hill at Barnley; so the people, gathering on the slope, look over each other's heads square into the booth, and of many thousands one man may see as well as another.

By good fortune, we, being strangers and foreigners, secured two of the little white tickets which were the passports to Mr. Samuel Slimby's side of the hustings; so on toward the ground we tided with the rest, being much jostled and justly anxious about our hats, and sometimes feeling the unpleasantly soft and damp sensation which the bits of mud thrown by the other parties produced upon our cheeks and noses. Those who couldn't go, leaned out of the odd-gabled houses as we passed, and cheered, groaned or hissed as each candidate, whirling on to his fate, rolled by. When we reached the hustings, we had a terrific struggle to reach the places to which our tickets entitled us; but by dint of pushing and scrambling, and taking advantage of the little sudden currents which flowed toward the door, we at last got in, and found ourselves in envied proximity to a live candidate for Parliament, in the person of Samuel Slimby, Esquire. While we had been thus intently bent on reaching our privileged stand, the great tides and counter-tides of the "noble constituency" had been surging, from every direction and in great rough human billows, up on the sloping hill before the hustings. When we reached our standpoint, the hill was as thickly planted with human faces as a Breton field with buckwheat: there seemed to be not an inch of room for even one human nose more; still, on they came, surging up from this street and that, this alley and that, discharging themselves, a shirt-sleeved, bare-armed, face-smirched human flood, into the midst of the already gathered multitude, bearing banners, singing songs, getting up fights on the wing, bursting with fine old English ardor, and bound, evidently, every man and woman of them, to do at least that day's work well, if lungs and fists and mother wit could do it.

"The finest force of brute votes in Europe!" as an eminent Englishman said of a Tory procession on another occasion. There must have been nearly twenty thousand of these sterling Britons, all told, in plain sight when we took our first glance at them from the hustings. The candidates had no sooner appeared at the rail of their compartments than a noise which might have ascended from the veriest pandemonium arose. Each man's party had been ranged by their marshals on the side where his compartment was. Here, just in front of us was a solid, compact mass of the Slimbyites; there opposite were the partisans of Sir Launcelot Pyke; between, was the crowd that hallooed for my Lord Fitzhoneycombe. Slimby had no sooner shown his face and doffed his hat than his crowd clapped frantically; and on his side of the hustings were thousands of rough, smeared hands in vigorous motion above the heads—a great shivering sea of them; while from the opposite parties there proceeded the most singular counter-echo of groans you ever heard, resembling more than anything else the distressed, low moaning of the sea wind—a perfect din of it. *Vice versâ* occurred when the great Tory baronet displayed his portly form and classically British features; and again when the puny little Lord Fitzhoneycombe, with soft yellow locks and not the smallest suspicion of

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a beard, became distinct in the centre of his circle of friends. The candidates—as was the courtly custom, which happily had not yet died out in Barnley—bowed grandly to each other, and then commenced bobbing up and down to the people. The several compartments were soon filled to overflowing by the adherents of the respective candidates: these were in a very excited state, and by waving their hats or clapping their hands gave the cue to the crowd below to cheer or applaud. Now a placard containing some rough but telling sarcasm on one of the honorable gentlemen would be hoisted in the midst of one of the parties below, at which said party would roar with high glee; whereupon his party would make a rush to the very centre of the offending phalanx and open a vigorous assault for the possession of the obnoxious paper. The honorable gentlemen did not, however, get off so easily as this; for they were greeted with homely ironies outspoken from every side; and even the live lord who exhibited himself on the occasion found himself pelted by such articles, suggestive of his extreme youth, as infantile bibs, cardboard cradles and dolls. The appearance of a body of stout, round-bodied, red-faced policemen, who marched about with a mechanical strut and set vigorously to work to clear out all the small boys and factory-girls from the front of the crowd, and then ranged themselves in a stiff line below the hustings, was a premonition that the more earnest proceedings of the day were about to begin; and it was not long before his worship the mayor—a little weazened man, with a blue-red face and frizzly gray whiskers—made his appearance in the narrow little compartment reserved for him, "hem"-ing nervously in his flurry, and arranging with great care the heavy gold chain (the emblem of his dignity) which hung about his shoulders. He was followed by the town clerk and other officials, who had the Don't-dare-to-speak-to-me air so frequently encountered in the local authorities of England; and these proceeded to arrange certain books and papers on the table, after which they pompously made way for the mayor. That functionary, after repeatedly rapping with a small mallet for his "fellow-citizens" to "come to order"—after causing a huge placard to be displayed, on which the word *Silence* was written in the most positive of black ink—after taking up a huge parchment and attempting to read it to the electors, and repeating several times, without making himself in the least heard, the name of his gracious sovereign, "Victoria Regina," with which said parchment began—gave up the attempt in despair, and turning to the town clerk mumbled it rapidly over under that gentleman's nose. This formality over, the mayor took the opportunity to shake hands with the candidates on either side of him, and then with each of the candidate's proposers and seconders; after which came

THE NOMINATION.

ORDER having been restored, Mr. Simeon Snug, parish clerk, appeared at the rail of the hustings, his hat doffed, and after nervously brushing up his hair with his hand, addressed the constituency. He begged to propose Sir Launcelot Pyke as a fit person to represent Barnley in Parliament. [Cheers from the Pykeites—sea-moan from the rest]. He need not tell them who Sir Launcelot was—they knew him as well as he did. He had long knelt at the Altar of Barnley: he had long been the staunchest friend that Barnley had [interruption—cheers and counter-groans]. Who were his opponents? He would not say that the noble lord whom he saw near him was young—too young to sit in Parliament ["Send him home to his mother!" from the Pykeites]; neither would he urge that the noble lord was weak in the top story ["Pitch him out the window!"]; neither would he charge the noble lord with being a deserter from the Altar of his fathers, and from the Throne which had given his fathers their rank and title; neither would he indulge in any personalities regarding

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the other candidate ["Pitch in, old Scratchfist!"]. He would simply leave it to them to say whether he was or was not a reptile who had slidden into Barnley to sap its life and to cover them with shame and ruin: they must determine whether he was or was not a growling demagogue, who might be fit to represent the nests of iniquity in London, but who would find that Barnley was deaf to his serpentlike seductions [uproar].

This nomination having been seconded by a burly farmer, Mr. Bibby proposed Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, a bright young flower of that English aristocracy which was the pride of every Briton ["Oh, you be blowed!" from the Slimby side]. He had yet to learn that youth was a crime [deafening applause from the Fitzhoneycombeites]. He had yet to learn the parish clerk's claims to being a judge of intellect. He must not judge other people by himself [cheers and groans]. A great man had called the Tory party a "stupid" party ["Arrah, and so it is," from a voice of Erin]. Well, he did not hesitate to say, and he said it boldly, Sir Launcelot Pyke was the very best representative that that party could have found ["Hit him agin, old Bib!"]. As to deserting the Altar, he would not say that that was a libel on the noble lord, but he *would* say it was a slander. He repelled such insinuations with the unutterable scorn which they deserved [cheers].

The proposer of Samuel Slimby, Esquire—an editor with unkempt hair and an excessively dirty collar—"came up to the scratch" with surprising promptitude. He rolled up his sleeves as if about to take a round with the assembled multitude in general, leaned far over the rail, and let forth his long-pent feelings in a torrent of words. He proposed Samuel Slimby—Oh, my fellow-citizens, because Samuel Slimby was a friend of the people [long-continued din—cheers and howls responding to each other]. Oh, my fellow-citizens, would you any longer permit Sir Launcelot Pyke, who was swelled out and fattened—he meant no allusion to Sir Launcelot's person—on the toil of the people, to go on gorging for ever? What was that Altar, oh, my fellow-citizens, which he pretended to stand by? He would not exaggerate —he would put it mildly—it was—was it not?—rickety? ["Give it a tip, Inkfinger!"]. What was the Throne which he professed to sustain? Oh, my fellow-citizens, he loved our gracious Queen; but a Throne which stood on the necks of the people was a feather lying over the crater of a Vesuvius-like volcano [stupendous applause]. As for the noble lord, he for one would be delighted to have him represent Barnley [cheers from the Fitzhoneycombeites]—at the county school [Fitzhoneycombeites suddenly quiet—laughter from the rest]. He entreated them to sound the alarum of liberty—to go to the poll in a solid phalanx of freedom—to crush the tyrant—to shake from them for ever the shackles of slavery, and to "plump," one and all, for the immortal Slimby [uproar long drawn out].

It was now the turn of the candidates themselves; and just as Slimby's proposer gave indications of winding up—that moment which is always so terrible for the speaker who is coming next—I saw Sir Launcelot depositing his hat and overcoat on the arm of one of his friends, and furtively taking a stout constitutional draught of brandy from a straw flask behind the back of another. Sir Launcelot was a capital specimen of your genuine fine old English country gentleman—a regular blustering, crusted-port-drinking, great-oath-taking, fox-hunting, wide-acred squire. In his very person he typified the man of influence and property. He had an influential-looking mansion perched on the top of the high hill above Barnley, which seemed to send down an irresistibly influential frown upon the town. His shining bald pate was influential-looking; his goggle eyes beamed influence: he had influential leonine side-whiskers; influential blue coat and watch-seals; an influential strut; an influential way of bringing his eyes to bear on you and of speaking to you. His manner was such that you were

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forced to regard his "And how are you to-day, sir?" as a surprising condescension, for which you ought to be profoundly thankful, and of which you might very properly boast to all your acquaintances. Sir Launcelot has not the slightest misgiving as to his position or importance. He enjoys a self-conceit which is perfectly noiseless and no less sublime. He rests in "the calmness of profound conviction." He is better than all the rest of these people: there is no doubt about it at all: the idea of discussing the fact does not enter his head. He would look on a man who presumed to dispute that he was the first man in the county in blank and speechless amazement—would perhaps smile pityingly on him, and point out to the police the probability of the poor fellow's being out of his head—mayhap suggest an insane asylum. As far from his mind was the possibility that Barnley might not send him to Parliament. He didn't even take the trouble to look at Mousey's figures representing the result of the last week's canvass. He simply took it for granted that Barnley would go as she only *could* go—for him. He thought it a great condescension that he should even show himself on the hustings: he had only done it at the urgent solicitation of his committee. These people before him were only so many "brute votes," ready to "plump" him into the Parliamentary seat, which he should assume as much as a matter of course as it was for the sun to rise on his acres of wheat and for that wheat to grow. He would as soon have expected to see the sun stand still, and to find sunflowers growing where he planted wheat-seed, as to imagine Barnley rejecting *him*. As he took his place at the rail of the hustings, and waited for the perfectly natural enthusiasm with which his supporters greeted him, he was as lofty and serene as if he had been Jove looking from high Olympus on the human worms of the pigmy earth. When his phlegmy voice sounded and a momentary silence fell on the multitude, he took it as the most ordinary tribute to his unapproachable importance. He had but one word to say ["Say it quick, then, and be done, ye old puffer!" from the Slimby phalanx]. He had, he repeated, but one word to say. As member of Parliament for Barnley, which of course he should be ["Don't laugh till the plum's in your mouth!"]—of course, hem! he should be—he would strive to defend the old Constitution, the Altar and the Throne from the assaults of their scandalous — scandalous enemies. That, he believed, was what he was going to Parliament for ["You ain't goin' at all, at all!"]. Sir Launcelot was absolutely struck dumb at the disrespectful way in which he was interrupted. It seemed like a horrid dream. He turned first to his friends, then to the mayor, for an explanation, and then, with one of those fine old oaths which have the genuine ring of eighteenth-century squiredom, declared that by all that was holy and damnable he wouldn't say another word. He put on his hat with a shove, retreated to the rear of the compartment, and gave himself up to indignant and profane contemplation.

Next came Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe, who, having never before "appeared in public on the stage," grew very red in the face, stammered a few words of a committed speech which had been furnished by his family lawyer, and drew back pale and frightened as soon as the crowd began to "chaff" him.

This beardless scion of "our old nobility" having thus ignominiously subsided, Samuel Slimby, Esquire—a thin man with sharp features, hair painfully *dragged* back from his forehead, and spectacles, essayed to address his fellow-citizens; but the noise was now so utterly ungovernable that the honorable gentleman could not make himself heard, and the reporters were fain to stretch their cadaverous faces up into his to catch the all-important words which fell from his lips; and he soon contented himself with confining his remarks to their appreciative attention. Finally, the crowd knew, by seeing Mr. Slimby resume his hat, that he had

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done; and now came the crisis of the day, and the multitude knit themselves together in tighter serried ranks than ever, and awaited the mayor's order for the "show of hands." His worship, having once more caused to be displayed the great placard enjoining "Silence," proceeded to call upon all those who voted for Sir Launcelot Pyke to hold up their hands. Instantly that whole portion of the multitude which was ranged below and around Sir Launcelot's husting became a thick forest of uplifted hands; and really a magnificent sight it was. There were large hands and small, masculine and feminine: the bare arms of the women betrayed them, and they were widely strewn in the crowd. These thousands of hands remained high in air till the mayor, passing from one end of the hustings to the other, had formed an idea of their numbers. Then returning to his little central box, the magistrate ordered in turn the "show of hands" for Lord Fitzhoneycombe and for Mr. Slimby. He again passed around, and having returned again to his place, waited till the cheering, hooting and laughing stopped, in order to announce the result. When it became apparent to the comprehension of the "brute voters" or "noble constituency"—whichever you prefer—that the mayor's decision was about to be pronounced, a long, dead, deep, breathless calm succeeded the uproar: then the mayor stepped forward, and in a distinct voice, which did his power of lungs the highest credit, said: "I decide that the show of hands has been in favor of Sir Launcelot Pyke, and that he is therefore elected member of Parliament for Barnley." Not that he was so really and substantially, you understand, for the "show of hands" is only a formality; and while it is legally and formally the election, and, unless disputed, so passes, yet if disputed the actual election takes place by polling the votes on the succeeding day. So, when the mayor declared as related, Mr. Bibby, his lordship's proposer, at once called out, "Mr. Mayor, I demand a poll on behalf of Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe." And Mr. Slimby's editorial supporter performed a similar service for him. But this was done amid a perfect whirlwind of noise and confusion which had inspired the popular adherents of the different parties. Sir Launcelot's supporters were frantic with delight, and cheered and cheered again; while the others, crestfallen, groaned and "chaffed" them, screamed out rough ironies at the mayor, and indulged their spite by the free use of mud and other less yielding missiles. The formality of demanding the poll over, the mayor and the several candidates left the hustings, and the great crowd began gradually to disperse its several ways. As the honorable gentlemen mingled with the people, they were subjected to sundry indignities: Lord Fitzhoneycombe's hat was shoved down over his eyes, Mr. Slimby became a target for the practical jokes of hostile groups, and Sir Launcelot was vastly scandalized by a rush which gave him an unwonted impetus and dreadfully disturbed his lofty dignity. Yet it was, on the whole, a good-natured crowd—rough and brusque, but not malicious: it kept its temper remarkably well; and, astonishing to say, no bones were broken nor eyes blackened on that exciting day. The next morning the polling began; but as it was much like the polling which takes place in New York or Philadelphia, except that the voters declare their choice instead of depositing ballots, it need not be more particularly described. Suffice it to say, that at the close of the day, Sir Launcelot Pyke might have been found sitting in his dimly-lighted study, gazing abstractedly at the genealogical map of his ancestors and speechless with amazement, for the faithful Snug had just tremblingly brought him the result of the poll, which stated that Lord Algernon Fitzhoneycombe had been returned, by a handsome majority, as member of Parliament for the borough of Barnley. GEORGE M. TOWLE.

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BLOOD WILL TELL.

THIS trite saying, used so frequently with a disregard of its true import, received an application new to me in the strange experiences of a friend, of which he has lately given me the details. It shall be told as nearly as possible in his own words. As we sat smoking in the calm summer evening, catching last glimpses of the distant hilltops before the dusky mantle had drawn itself over them, Richard Eustace spoke as follows.

A very curious incident befell me in Germany: perhaps I am too mild in using the term curious—I might rather say terrible—for it was full of horror, and left an effect on my nerves for months afterward.

I was traveling for pleasure, and had stopped for a few days' sojourn at an ancient town which boasted of a small university. Here I became acquainted with a young student named Gustave Heindl. The first time I saw him I was struck with a peculiar expression in his face, which was singularly attractive, and at the same time singularly suggestive of repulsiveness. When I was introduced to him these impressions seized me yet more powerfully, and moved me with a deep desire to know him intimately. I had not conversed with him many minutes before the image of Margrave in Bulwer's *Strange Story* was brought vividly before me—not so much by his conversation or actions as by a certain atmosphere which seemed to pervade his presence.

He had a pale face, full of vivacity, yet indicative of a deep, or at least a persistent, thinker. His forehead was high and intelligent, his eyes open and frank, yet full of unrevealed meditation, while his motions were quick and teeming with vitality. But with all this there was something lacking: as one gazed at him there was an undefinable vacancy manifest — a want that could not be expressed. It was not made known in his modes of expression, nor in his reasoning, nor yet in his daily life. He was free-hearted and open-pursed: he would give his last farthing to a beggar, and he was the most agreeable of companions.

To detail the progress of our acquaintance would be wearisome and useless. It will suffice to say that I remained for several weeks in the town where he resided, enjoying his daily and almost hourly society, and holding long discussions with him on abstract subjects, which, so far as the weal or woe of the world was concerned, might as well be buried in oblivion.

He was an unmitigated skeptic, and in saying this I use the word advisedly. In its generally-accepted sense *skeptic* means the most credulous of all mortals. In rejecting one thing the ordinary skeptic will generally, in order to maintain his position, fall back upon half a dozen absurdities infinitely more ridiculous and unreasonable than what he condemns as unworthy the serious consideration of an enlightened mind. But Gustave Heindl was a skeptic through and through: he did not believe in anything.

"Certainly man has no soul," he would say. "If he has, where does he get it? *When* does he get it? What is it? Where does it come from? Has a babe in its embryo state a soul? And when the perfect form of a human being comes into the world dead, has it a soul, or *had* it one? Or, if it is born alive and perishes within an hour after breathing the air, has it a spirit to fly away to heaven—or hell? I don't believe it—you don't believe it. But you have been taught that it is so, and you think it your duty to proclaim the absurdity."

I listened to him as he enlarged on this theme, which was his favorite one, and which he enforced with all his in-

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genuity. But I was too lazy to undertake to convert him, and indeed I was always too late with my answer to his sophisms, for it only came after studying over them in solitude.

One day, Heindl and myself, and Hubert Clarke, a young American who was attending the university, happened to meet in a saloon. Clarke was a pale, slight young fellow, of tender health and a sensitive nature. He held an American newspaper in his hand, which contained an article giving a report of a horse-race, and I saw the exploits of a celebrated horse recounted in large letters.

"Just as I expected," I exclaimed: "blood will tell!"

"Ah! what was that you said?" asked Heindl, eagerly.

"I said the race had turned out as I expected," I replied.

"No, no—the latter part of your remark: what was that?"

"'Blood will tell,'" I repeated.

Heindl bowed his head as if in deep thought. "That's a good expression," he said. "You Americans do once in a while say something worth treasuring up. Yes, 'blood *will* tell,' and in a far deeper sense than you ever imagined. My friends, you do not comprehend the true import of those words. I have a theory that is well expressed by them. I don't very often mention the subject, but if you will come in with me and take a lunch, I will explain what I mean. What say you?"

Clarke left the decision to me, and I assented without hesitation, being in just the mood to listen to one of Heindl's strange harangues—to partake of lager and logic.

"My theory," he said when we were all seated, "may surprise you a little, but I have given the subject a great deal of attention, and have arrived at my conclusions after due deliberation. Your remark, 'blood will tell,' is the whole thing in a nutshell. It *is* true that blood will tell—that peculiarities are transmitted from one generation to another—that the blood of fathers and mothers carries into sons and daughters qualities of good or evil. This fact is a recognized one, and has been so for ages. Nobody now requires to have it demonstrated.

"But there is a different application of the saying. We have all heard of the young lady who caused a vein in her arm to be opened, that the blood might be conveyed from her healthy body into that of her dying lover. And we know that the experiment was a success. The young man grew strong and lived. Now, if he partook of the young lady's strength by the commingling of their blood, why should he not also partake of her other qualities? Why should he not become more refined, more gentle, more delicate in his nature, more acute in his perceptions, more constant and truthful than he was before? I believe that blood is the motive-power of our nature—the animus from which springs our daily life. Blood permeates every nook and corner of a human being's organism. It is life and sustenance, giving or taking away health and strength according as it is pure or impure, abundant or scanty, healthful or full of disease. Why should not blood also be generous and ignoble, brave and cowardly, frank and deceptive, truthful and false? It *is*: it is all these things and many more.

"But how can this theory be proved? Plainly in but one way, the way all great truths are proved—by experiment. Blood must be conveyed from one individual to another, and the two must be widely diverse in character and temperament. But here an obstacle presents itself. A small quantity of blood passing from one being to another would create so slight a change as not to be perceptible, or, if perceptible, to be readily ascribed to a hundred different influences. It cannot be done by mingling the blood of human beings, for to take from a man or a woman a sufficient quantity to test the matter satisfactorily would produce death.

"But in my mind I have resolved the question. If my theory be true, it will apply as well to animals as to human beings. Why not, therefore, open a

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vein in a horse and convey his blood by a tube into the life-current of a man? You start. The proposition may be unprecedented, but it is feasible. You, for instance, Eustace, are plain, blunt and honest. If you had any evil intentions toward a fellow-creature, you would attack him openly on a fair field. An excellent test would be to infuse into your veins the blood of a serpent. If after that you became crafty, cunning, stealthy, lurking and merciless, my theory would be established. And you, Clarke, are retiring, modest and sensitive, and the reverse of combative. Now, if the blood of a bull could be sent coursing through your veins and arteries, and you should thereby be transformed into an aggressive, obtuse, infuriate ruffian, that would also establish my theory.

"Is it plain to you? You both comprehend me, I see. Well, what do you think of it?"

Clarke's face plainly expressed disgust, but I was simply amused.

"It is all very fine," I replied, "but there are certain difficulties in the way which I am afraid you have not considered."

"What are they?" he asked, sharply.

"In the first place, the blood corpuscles of different animals vary greatly in size and shape, and will not readily mingle."

"Yes," said Clarke, "and if you introduce air into the veins, the result will be death."

Heindl looked at us with a smile of pitying contempt. "I see that neither of you gives me much credit for knowledge or foresight," he said. "Don't you suppose I have provided against these things?"

"How have you provided against them?" I asked.

"I should be a fool to tell you. The secret is mine, and must remain mine alone until actual experiment shall enable me to announce the grand discovery to the world. Then the credit will be mine for having performed a great service in the cause of science. I shall not permit others to anticipate me and rob me of the renown which I shall surely gain.

"But still there are only three of us here, and I don't mind giving you, in confidence, an outline of the process by which I hope to accomplish my end. It shall be only an outline, and perhaps not even that—rather an illustration, which will suffice to show that I know what I am about. We will suppose the thoracic aorta, that grand canal of the human system through which the blood pours downward, to be exposed to view. Let an incision be made in it to which a tube is fitted tightly. Now let the force with which the blood leaves the aorta be accurately measured by a delicate meter. Beneath this let another incision be made, and let the aorta be compressed between the two with a strong silken thread. Into the lower incision fit another tube, and have attached to it a combined air-and-force pump, by means of which any fluid may be driven into the aorta without allowing a particle of air to enter. The preparations are now complete. Have the blood of the animal ready, take accurate measurement of the force with which the blood leaves the upper incision, and inject the animal's blood into the lower incision with exactly the same force. Downward it would go, branching off into the different arteries and diffusing itself through all the tissues of the body. A part of it would return through the veins to the heart, and finally some of the animal corpuscles would pass through the upper incision made in the aorta. Thus a complete circuit would be established. You can readily see that the difference in the size, shape or character of the corpuscles would offer a very slight obstacle, if any, to the experiment.

"But I have told you enough. The minutiæ of the operation must remain known to myself alone. I have not told you *how* the thing is to be done: I have only supposed a case which is a tolerably fair illustration of my ideas of proceeding in the matter. But even this is said in strictest confidence, and must not be breathed to a living ear."

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He ceased speaking, and rising, walked to the window and blew curling puffs of blue smoke over his shoulder.

"But there is one greater difficulty than any I have mentioned," I remarked—"the fact, namely, that no voluntary subject could be found on whom to perform the operation."

"There could not! And why, I should like to know?" Heindl's face was flushed and a momentary gleam of passion shot across it. "I don't think it so very improbable," he remarked in a more quiet tone. "Any one who is as devoted to the cause of science as I am would willingly take part in an operation to prove my theory. Or perhaps, if I can't find anybody who will do it willingly, I may find it convenient to use force to accomplish my purpose. For it *is* my purpose—yes, the great purpose of my life. I mean to demonstrate to the world the truth of what I have been telling you, and that before many days are past."

His eyes flashed, and his face was more animated than I had ever seen it before. Enthusiasm beamed forth from every lineament, and yet—what shall I say?—there was the old vacancy, that lack of something essential, the apparent absence of the one thing needful to complete his human nature. I gazed at him earnestly, and at that moment his oft-repeated arguments to prove that human beings were soulless came to me, and I suddenly thought, "Has *he* no soul?" The idea was a startling one, though not altogether new. The theory has more than once been advanced that human beings sometimes lose their souls, and thereafter go about the world the embodiment of gayety, their animal life strengthened, their perceptions rendered more keen, but their inner human nature destroyed. I never believed this, and always treated such talk as idle speculation and the fanciful creation of minds experimenting on themselves. For some human beings seem to delight in playing with their mental faculties, and twist and distort them in various and grotesque shapes, even as a chemist mixes strange compounds, and sometimes lays a train for his own destruction.

Heindl must have detected in my countenance some glimmering of my thoughts, for he suddenly assumed a light manner and changed the subject of our conversation.

Clarke seemed glad enough to talk about something else, and was evidently relieved when Heindl, a short time after, took his departure.

"By Heavens! That was horrible, wasn't it?" he said.

"What?" I asked.

"Why, Heindl's talk about the transmission of blood. He's half crazy on the subject. He looked at us at one time as if he meant to waylay us and put his theory into actual practice."

"Nonsense!" I exclaimed, amused at Clarke's nervous alarm. He walked rapidly and spoke in quick accents.

"I tell you, Eustace," he persisted, "that Heindl is a dangerous fellow. There's something about him I don't like. He has no more soul than—"

"Than what!" I exclaimed, startled at Clarke's echo of my own thoughts, and turning around and staring him in the face. He looked up in surprise. I was confused and rather chagrined at having made the exclamation, and said, "Excuse me. No more soul than—something, you were going to say."

"It don't matter," said Clarke, lightly; and then he added with energy, "Than he believes he has!"

We parted soon after—Clarke to return to his studies, and I to saunter about in a fit of listless indolence. I had no cares to disturb me, and I delighted to wander through the old town, filled with the relics of bygone days.

After that, Clarke and myself were often thrown into the society of Heindl, who seldom lost an opportunity to expatiate on the theory with which he had horrified us. The subject was never started by me, but Heindl always managed to bring it into the conversation, and as he was a good talker, he invested it with an attractiveness approaching fascination. Clarke and I rarely alluded to it when not in Heindl's

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company. The mention of it always agitated Clarke, and we came to a tacit understanding to let it drop.

As is usual when the mind dwells on a particular subject, and does not relieve itself by communication with another mind, I began to have secret fancies and dim forebodings. Terrible notions shot across my brain, and I found myself watching Heindl very much as one does an expected assailant. I imagined that he looked at Clarke and myself with hungry eyes, like a vulture on a dying animal. His face seemed to say that he coveted us to try his experiment upon—that he would willingly sacrifice us to test the validity of the idea which had taken possession of him. I soon came to regard him with a feeling akin to fear, for he constantly sought our society, and endeavored to impress us with the sublimity of science and the duty of men to become devotees to it, to the extent of sacrificing health, pleasure, religion, the common duties of life, and even life itself. Consequently I dreaded to see him coming, although there was still a remnant of the old fascination about him.

Whether or not Clarke shared in these feelings I do not know. Neither his conduct nor his words indicated that he did. Unlike myself, he seemed to be growing fond of Heindl's society, and sought rather than avoided him. I learned afterward that this was owing to the devilish ingenuity with which Heindl adapted himself to Clarke's nature and disposition.

I was, however, not one to allow a vague uncertainty to trouble me to any great extent, and so the circumstances I have mentioned did not prey upon my mind, but served only as a slight variation to the rather monotonous and altogether aimless life I was leading in the quiet little town.

One day I was going through the streets when a shower came on. It rained violently, and the only dwelling near at hand which I felt privileged to enter was the one where Heindl boarded. Into this I hastened. I nearly knocked down a boy who stepped in at the door at the same time as myself. He carried a box under his arm, and inquired for Mr. Heindl. The landlady directed him to the room, and thither he proceeded, I following.

Heindl spoke to the boy first, not seeing me. "Have you got it?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes," replied the urchin; "and he's an ugly creature—more than six feet long, and with the most beautiful fangs—"

"Oh, shut up!—that is, never mind," said Heindl quickly, taking the box from the boy's hands and thrusting it under the bed. My coming in was apparently the cause of his sudden action. He stepped forward. "Good-afternoon, Eustace," he said: "you got wet, didn't you?"

"A little," I replied.

The boy had left in obedience to a gesture from Heindl, and the latter appeared somewhat confused and agitated. The box so hastily concealed was about a foot wide and deep by two feet long, and had several holes bored in the sides. I felt a curiosity to know what it contained, but refrained from putting questions. Heindl appeared preoccupied, and I felt more like an intruder than a welcome visitor. But the shower was not of long duration, and I soon took my departure.

I mused long on the singular-looking box that had attracted my attention. The boy's words had suggested its contents. "Six feet long and has beautiful fangs." To what could this refer but a serpent? And what could Heindl want a serpent for? Could it be to put into execution the murderous experiment he had proposed? This question came into my mind with startling distinctness, and for a moment my heart beat wildly. But after reflection I laughed away my nervous feeling and went home to dinner.

It was about five o'clock when I rose from the simple German meal and repaired to my room to indulge in a siesta. I had been up late the night before, and was thoroughly tired. So, sitting where

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I could look out of the window, I leaned back in an easy-chair, lit a cigar and laid a book in my lap. It was an old volume of ghost stories, full of frightful legends and terrifying illustrations. I read a few pages, the slight excitement barely sufficing to keep me awake, when suddenly the figure of Heindl appeared in the room near the door. He carried the mysterious box under his arm. I sprang from my chair.

"Good Heavens! Where did you come from?" I exclaimed.

"Came from my boarding-house," he said, gayly. "What makes you look so surprised?"

"I did not hear you ascend the stairs."

"No? You must have been absorbed with your book. Let me see." He took the volume and looked at it. "Ah, ghost-stories! Yes, you were so interested that you didn't hear me. Well, how goes it?"

"All right," I replied. "Will you have a seat?"

Before sitting down he closed the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket and took a deliberate glance around the room. At any other time I should have regarded such conduct as singular, but the ghost-stories or something else had benumbed my faculties, and I only looked on with a sort of lazy interest, having reseated myself.

Heindl took a chair, sat down directly before me and gazed steadily into my eyes. There was a wonderful power in his glance, and I felt a subtle magnetism from him diffusing itself throughout my system. I leaned back indolently, conscious of nothing but a passive submission to his will.

"Please to arise," he said.

The sound of his voice broke the spell. I sprang from my seat and demanded what he wanted.

But with the quickness of a cat he whisked a coil of rope, which he had carried concealed, about my legs, and drawing it tight and grasping me by the shoulders, he had me at an advantage. I attempted to seize him by the throat, but he gave the rope a pull, and, pushing me with his other hand, threw me to the floor. I struggled and kicked and endeavored to free myself, but my efforts were vain. My feet were bound together: my assailant had his knee on my breast and was grasping both my arms. All I could do was to squirm slightly, roll my head about and call for help. These things I did with a good will, but I was powerless in his toils, and my voice failed to bring assistance.

Heindl all this time was very cool, and looked into my face composedly, as if awaiting quietness on my part. This soon came. I became exhausted and ceased struggling. Then he drew another rope from his pocket and pinioned my arms securely behind me.

"This is all necessary, you know," he said, "for you must remain perfectly quiet during the experiment. Your nerves might be a little shaky, or your resolution fail you at a critical moment, and then all would be lost."

"What do you mean?"

"Not but that you would *mean* to carry out your part all right," he continued, paying no heed to my question; "but even I must admit that the situation will be a very trying one—one that might cause the stoutest heart to fail just at the most interesting point."

I could only stare around in a sort of dumb dread as he went on tying me more securely, arranging the position of my chair to suit him, and drawing a table up to my side.

Then he took his penknife, and ripping up both my coat and shirt sleeves, secured them at the shoulder, leaving my whole arm bare. A horrible suspicion of what was coming now resolved itself into a dread conviction. It was speedily confirmed by his bringing the mysterious box from a corner where he had laid it and placing it on the table. I could see patches of cotton through the holes in it, and I imagined what lay coiled within the warm folds.

Heindl looked scrutinizingly into my face and felt my pulse.

"Rather high," he muttered. "The blood would flow *from* him instead of *into* him." He took a small vial from

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his pocket, emptied the contents on his handkerchief and pressed that article to my nose. A powerful though not disagreeable odor instantly overwhelmed my keener senses, and a languid feeling stole over me. I was now incapable of excitement, although I was perfectly conscious of all that was going on, and longed for power to burst my bonds and flee from the spot. But it was *only* a longing—a dim, uncertain desire, unaccompanied by the semblance of ambition to make an effort.

"All is well now, I think," said Heindl in a low tone, still talking to himself. "Now, Eustace"—he spoke to me—"don't struggle, for it will be useless. And the more composed you are the sooner it will be over."

He was apparently satisfied with my condition, and now turned to the box. As he opened it he glanced around once more at me. He need not have done so, for the blood which I felt starting from my heart stopped and gurgled back, rendered sluggish by the perfume he had caused me to breathe. He opened the box and carefully drew forth a few handsful of cotton. Then he lifted IT out—the horrible serpent, coiled up in a clammy, inactive mass. He laid it on the table. It stretched its head out, turned it slowly, first one way and then another, opened its mouth and displayed its forked tongue, contemplated me with a fiendish stare out of its little bead-like, black eyes, and lay there occasionally throwing into different parts of its body a slight undulating motion. It gave no evidence of having other than peaceful intentions, and was either gorged with food or under the influence of some charm.

Heindl clasped a metal collar, held together by a powerful spring, around the reptile's body near its head, and screwed a short chain attached to the collar to the table. He fastened its other extremity in a similar manner. An India-rubber tube, attached to a curious contrivance, was next brought forth, and this he secured by means of a circular clasp to the body of the serpent. Thus the animal might writhe about to a limited extent, but it could not escape, and the elastic tube would establish a communication between its body and mine.

"Eustace," said Heindl, "can you hear me speak?"

I bowed my head.

"Can you understand me fully?"

I again assented.

"That's good. You see you are powerless to resist me, and I have at last a chance to try my long wished-for experiment. This tube will convey the fluid from the serpent's body into your own. After a sufficient amount has thus been transferred, I shall remove all traces of my work and leave you. Then I shall watch you day by day, and note whether there be any change in your disposition and manner of life. My theory— But hark! Is some one coming? Yes, I hear footsteps—I must hasten."

At that moment an exceedingly strange sensation came over me. I seemed to be passing from one state of feeling to another. A confused ringing sounded in my ears. Heindl shouted:

"First you, then the other!"

He brought the tube in contact with my bare skin; his eyes sparkled with a malignant delight; a thrill of horror ran through me; a cold knife was thrust into my arm; there was a sharp pain, when—crash! I thought it was the serpent's box falling from the table, but—

I found myself sitting bolt upright in my chair, rubbing my eyes, and waking from a horrible dream. My book lay on the floor where it had slid from my lap, and I stared around in confusion. Great was my relief when I found that I was safe and sound—no serpent, no Heindl; the worst thing that had happened to me being that my imagination had run away with me in my slumbers.

Eustace paused.

"And so it was only a dream!" I exclaimed.

"Only a dream," he echoed.

"Upon my word," I said, laughing, "that's raising one's excitement to a

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pretty high pitch, to be let down so suddenly."

"Ah, but that is not all."

"Not all?"

"No, the dream was followed by something real."

"Of which it was the precursor?"

"You shall judge." And Eustace again proceeded as follows.

Although but a dream, you must admit that it was one calculated to leave one's nerves in rather a shaky condition. I did not recover myself in a second nor a minute, but pinched myself, stamped upon the floor and walked across the room before I could laugh at myself with any degree of assurance. Finally, I picked up my cigar, lit it again and sat down by the window, meditatively. I did not resume my reading: I wished to ruminate.

I was studying over my dream, a thousand thoughts coursing through my brain in wild confusion, when I was suddenly startled into bounding from my chair by the sight of Heindl walking briskly up the street with a box under his arm. This was no dream. There he was, in real flesh and blood, coming directly toward my boarding-house. To say that I was dismayed would be but faintly to express the truth. I dodged back from the window, that he might not see me, and stepped to the door at the head of the stairs to listen.

Presently, the well-known voice inquired of the landlady if Mr. Eustace was in. She thought he was, but wouldn't be sure. Would Mr. Heindl walk up to his room and see?

At these words I hastily concealed myself in a small closet. I did not wish to meet Heindl then: I was in no frame of mind to entertain him or listen to his theorizing. And then the box! It was the same box I had seen the boy take to his room—the same one I had seen in my dream. It was a peculiar-looking box, and its identity was unmistakable. I cannot deny that I regarded it with a sort of superstitious awe. Perhaps my dream was a warning. If so, I must keep out of his way.

So I remained quiet in my place of concealment while Heindl entered the room. He called me by name. Receiving no answer, he laid the box on a table and looked around the apartment. He uttered an exclamation of impatience at not finding me, and then stopped to consider. He whistled softly to himself.

"It must be the other one first," he murmured, "though it is rather early. I'll leave the box here and come back."

He took the box from the table, set it on the floor in one corner, and started toward the stairs. But he immediately changed his mind, and hastening back took the box under his arm and departed. I heard him descend the stairs, and then, looking out of the window, beheld him going along the street in the direction from which he had come.

It was the work of a second to form a plan to follow him and watch his movements. My mind was active now, and all my perceptions on the alert. My strange dream, and the exact duplication of its beginning following so closely upon it, aroused me into quick thought and prompt action.

I threw on an old cloak, donned a slouch hat and a pair of false whiskers—articles which I always had on hand for masquerades and little private expeditions where an *incog.* was desirable—and sallied forth into the street. I hurried in the direction Heindl had taken, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him a short distance ahead. He walked rapidly, turning up first one street and then another, till he came to Clarke's boarding-house. Here he stopped and rang the bell. I was promenading on the opposite side of the street, and saw the servant admit him. Clarke occupied a front room, and as the windows were raised, I could see him seated at his desk studying. Heindl went in smiling, with outstretched hands and with pleasant words on his lips. Clarke appeared glad to see him.

After a short talk they left the room, and coming out at the front door proceeded together down the street, Heindl

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still carrying the box under his arm. I followed them. They laughed and chatted with the utmost gayety, and seemed more like two brothers than a conspirator and his victim.

It was growing dark, and lights began to appear in different quarters. The pair I was following betook themselves to a billiard-room, which was already brilliantly lighted up, and taking off their coats began to play. Heindl placed the box, with his coat laid on it, under the table on which they played. I took a seat among the spectators, who were numerous, and watched the progress of the game. The players in the room were all full of spirit and animation, Heindl and Clarke seeming to enjoy themselves as much as any.

It was a late hour when they ceased playing. Heindl carefully took up his box, and both of them went again into the street, I following as before. I was thoughtful enough to keep so far in the rear as not to excite their suspicions.

This time they took a course that lay out of their usual beats, and were soon on a road that led to the outskirts of the town. Still I followed, and still they went on, until we ceased to meet passers-by. We gradually entered more quiet neighborhoods, until finally no sound disturbed the stillness of the night save the echo of our own footsteps.

At last, Heindl and Clarke turned into a field, and approached a long, low, dark-looking building by the side of a deep, swift-running river. Good Heavens! what could they want there? It was a slaughter-house! My heart thumped violently against my ribs as I crept nearer to them. They opened the door and went in. Some cattle moved and lowed as they entered. I could hear their feet tramp on the plank floor, and their patient voices salute their nocturnal visitors in tones of mild astonishment. Then a light appeared, and I could see that Heindl carried a small dark-lantern. He closed the door, but did not take the trouble to fasten it, and I immediately took my station at a window where I could observe everything that went on inside.

The lantern was set down and turned up to a full head. A dim light was thus cast about, throwing ghostly shadows among the rafters overhead, dimly illuminating the dingy walls, and making the beasts, moving impatiently in their stalls, and the human beings, moving stealthily about, look like goblins or night spirits preparing for their revels. Clarke's face was bright with excitement, while Heindl's glowed with the same malignant joy I had seen in my dream.

The two went into one of the stalls and led forth a large ox by a rope fastened to his horns. They soothed the animal by patting him and uttering encouraging words, and led him to a distant portion of the room, between two stout posts. They dropped the end of the rope through a hole in the floor, and then Heindl said:

"Let us now agree just how to proceed. First, I am to go below and draw the ox's head to the floor and secure it fast. You are to remain here, with this end of the rope in your hands, to help me if he struggles too hard. After he is fastened I will return, and then we will get out his snakeship. You mustn't be squeamish about handling him, for all depends on promptness. Grasp him firmly about the neck and he cannot harm you. I will operate with the knife and the tube, and force the fluid from the snake into the ox. Then the snake must be boxed up again, and the ox led out and conveyed to the woods yonder. I know a secret spot where he will not be seen. We will come day after day and observe him. Don't you see what a glorious test it will be?"

"Yes, I see," replied Clarke, pale to the very lips.

"Don't it thrill your soul with joy?" demanded Heindl, fiercely: "isn't it grand beyond measure?"

"Yes, yes!" assented Clarke.

"But," whispered Heindl, loudly and harshly, "wouldn't it be infinitely more glorious if either the snake or the bull *were a man?*"

He smiled at Clarke with an eager, impish leer as the latter stood shivering,

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and then hastened away with a wild laugh. He went to the other end of the room and disappeared through a back door.

I now turned my attention to the ox, who was glancing about with apprehension and with wild-looking eyes. He smelt mischief, and pawed the floor and blew great puffs of wind from his nostrils. Suddenly there was a noise below, and the rope began to tighten. The animal moved and tried to free himself. He endeavored to toss his head, but it was held fast. He scrambled and struggled with his feet, and looked up with piteous rage as his head was drawn resistlessly to the floor. Despite his struggles, he was soon powerless, and after a few impotent plunges ceased making efforts to extricate himself. But his eyes rolled fearfully, and told of latent strength, that, when once exerted, would make havoc and consternation round about. Heindl had done his work without needing Clarke's assistance, and I now watched for his return. Several minutes elapsed without his appearing. I wondered at his prolonged absence, and also began to think that my long tramp was to turn out a fool's errand; for if Heindl's intentions related only to the serpent and the ox, as his conversation with Clarke indicated, then my fears would be proven to be groundless. I even smiled to myself as I thought how much trouble I had taken on account of a simple dream, only to find myself the victim of a disordered fancy and a morbid dread of something that existed only in my own mind.

Then came a desire to witness the strange experiment of Heindl, and I regretted that I had concealed myself in the closet, as he might have intended only to invite me to accompany him and Clarke on their midnight expedition. All I could do, however, was to observe what I could from the point where I had stationed myself, as to enter would involve the necessity of explaining my presence, to do which in a satisfactory manner would be very difficult.

In the midst of these thoughts I was rather startled at seeing a figure moving stealthily toward Clarke from a direction different from that in which Heindl had disappeared. The figure crouched on its hands and knees and moved with the utmost caution.

Clarke was standing with one foot on the box containing the serpent, watching the bull. He was patiently awaiting Heindl's return.

I looked closely at the moving figure. It approached a spot where the rays from the lantern fell. My heart bounded nearly to my throat as I recognized Heindl, crawling along the floor, holding a rope between his teeth, and his eyes fastened on Clarke with a hungry glare! This was a new phase of the affair. What was going to happen? This question, which I asked mentally, received a speedy answer.

Heindl had reached a point about a yard from Clarke, and there he paused. He took the rope from his teeth, adjusted it in his hands, and sprang upon Clarke noiselessly, dextrously, with the agility of a panther. In a second Clarke was borne to the floor and the rope passed around his body. He was taken so entirely by surprise that he was at first pliant and manageable. But he soon recovered himself, and struggled desperately. He was neither athletic nor strong, and proved no match for the cat-like quickness and muscular force of his antagonist. The latter knew his own strength and that of his victim, and was cool, watchful and calculating throughout the struggle. He spoke in interrupted ejaculations, as follows:

"Ha! you thought I was a fool, did you? You thought I was going to take all this pains for—for an old ox and a snake. No: it was only a trap to bring you out here, that I might use you—*use* you in the glorious cause of Science. It's all you're fit for. Your work will be done when my theory is tested. It is enough for one man. I shall bind you so that you will be powerless, and then the blood of the ox shall be sent flowing through your veins. Only let me get

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you fast, and I'll fix you. Don't make me hurt you. I could kill you in a second if I chose, but I want you. It may be the best chance I shall ever have. Ah, you grow weaker! You'll be all right by the time this little squabble is over. Then you will have to be an instrument in my hands. O Science! what is too worthy to be sacrificed for thee?"

I saw that Clarke was being overpowered, and that I must no longer remain a mere spectator of the scene. I left my perch, opened the door as quietly as possible and entered. I approached the struggling pair. Clarke was about giving up in despair, while Heindl's face wore a demoniacally triumphant expression. He had his victim by the throat, and held him with his clawlike fingers, gazing into his face to note how long it would be safe thus to compress his windpipe.

"Villain! wretch!" I cried as I sprang on him and planted first a blow on the side of his head, then another between his eyes, followed by others delivered at random. Heindl's surprise was something ludicrous. He looked wild and scared, and thoroughly puzzled. But I gave him no time to express his feelings, whatever they were, but followed up my attack lustily.

Clarke, finding himself free from the grasp of his adversary, rose to a sitting posture, collected his scattered wits and finally sprang to his feet.

"Ah, you treacherous villain!" he exclaimed, and made for Heindl. "Your arrival is a godsend," he said to me, "but where you dropped from I cannot imagine."

"Never mind," I said. "We have work before us. Look at this wretch."

Heindl had been forced to his knees, and was at bay, with eyes of fire and frothy mouth. There was a momentary lull in the battle, but danger was near. Heindl made a dive for us, screaming savagely. Clarke and I at the same time rushed to grapple him. In the struggle that ensued we overturned the box. The cover flew in one direction, the cotton rolled out in another, and from its folds tumbled the coils of a large, dangerous-looking snake.

At the same instant the ox, rendered frantic by the scene before him, made a mighty effort and broke from his fastenings. He stood irresolute, not knowing at first how to take advantage of his freedom.

It was a fearful scene. Three human beings engaged in a conflict perhaps for life, and close by them, in full liberty, an enraged ox and a deadly reptile! The united efforts of Clarke and myself soon subdued Heindl. We bound him firmly, so that he could do us no injury. I never saw human eyes look so like balls of fire as his did when he was secured beyond hope of escape. He ceased struggling, and panted, his chest rising and falling like the swell of an ocean, and his breath coming in hot puffs. Not a word did he utter.

Suddenly a motion from the ox startled us, and we looked around. Ah! there was another battle at hand.

The ox was standing in a defiant attitude, glaring at some object on the floor. That object was the serpent. It had coiled itself up and reared its head to strike, its mouth wide open, its forked tongue waving, and its gleaming eyes shooting malignant glances.

All three of us turned our attention to this new phase of affairs. The ox trembled, but did not retreat. The serpent evidently contemplated an attack: his neck was arched and elastic as a hoop of steel.

Suddenly both the ox and the snake darted at each other. The snake's head shot like lightning for the ox's breast, and the deadly fang was inserted. At the same moment the sharp hoofs of the ox were planted on the folds of the reptile, cutting them in gashes and almost severing the body in parts. The snake, having struck, was ready to retreat, but the ox was mad with pain, and stamped on his enemy and endeavored to pierce him with his horns. The reptile wriggled and twisted, but could not escape. He was cut and mangled and wounded to the death. He soon lay nearly motionless, his

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body quivering here and there, but beyond that no sign of life.

Then the ox relinquished his efforts. He stood and glared at his vanquished enemy, his nostrils smoking and his eyes dilated. But even as he stood his body tipped to one side and he staggered. A mortal pain seized him, and he threw up his head and moaned in anguish. The part which had been bitten began to swell: the deadly poison was doing its work. For a moment the animal rushed blindly to and fro, and we were obliged to retreat to a place of safety. Finally he stumbled, fell, and lay on one side panting. His great sides heaved, and mighty convulsions racked the giant frame. His eyes rapidly grew dim, his convulsions less violent, until finally, stretching out his legs with a spasmodic effort, his whole body gave a slight quiver, and he lay stretched out in the rigidity of death. Both were stone dead—the serpent and the ox.

A long interval of silence followed the tragedy. No one spoke until Heindl said, in a harsh voice, "Well, it was a good joke, wasn't it?"

His voice startled us. It sounded strange and unnatural. There was a light in his eyes, too, that we had never observed before.

Clarke and I looked at each other significantly. The man was a lunatic. There was no doubt of it.

"He's crazy," I said.

"You lie!" shouted Heindl. "They have told me that before, but they are all liars!" He looked the embodiment of fury.

To leave him bound in the slaughter-house was out of the question, and we dared not set him at liberty. Nothing remained but to march him home between us.

But as we approached him he made a desperate lunge and burst the cords with which he was bound. With almost incredible quickness he sprang for the box out of which the serpent had rolled, and which evidently contained something else. He seized it, sprang through an open window and ran rapidly toward the river. We left the dead ox and serpent, and gave chase. But he reached the bank before we did, and with a yell of defiance threw the box far out into the swollen stream.

"You shall not know my secret!" he hissed as we came up to him.

He had thrown his invention for the experiment, whatever it was, where it could not be recovered. We paid no attention to this, however, but secured him as quickly as possible. He gave us some trouble by trying to break away, but we were well on our guard. We took him to my room and there kept him all night. In the morning he was in a high fever, from which he did not recover for weeks. When he did recover he was a raging, incurable lunatic. He was placed in an asylum, where he remains probably to this day, unless he is dead.

He had friends, and from them I learned that he had been always a dreamer, dealing in abstractions and giving utterance to the wildest of theories and sentiments.

The hypothesis concerning blood was by no means new with him. Years before, when he was almost a boy, he had talked about it and studied over it. And once he had been found in his room with a serpent, actually endeavoring to try the experiment on himself!

Eustace paused and looked at me fixedly for a moment. He seemed to be in doubt as to whether or not to continue. Was it possible that I anticipated his thoughts? Yes, I knew what was coming — our conclusions were similar and simultaneous.

"Do you know," he said, "that it has been a serious question with me whether Heindl had not been successful in that early attempt—whether he had not actually succeeded in *infusing into his own veins the blood of a serpent*. Might not that be an explanation of his idiosyncrasies of character — of the strange mixture of human and inhuman, of man and brute, that manifested itself in his actions, that lurked beneath his every word and movement?"

O. S. ADAMS.

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MEXICAN REMINISCENCES.

II.

THE first thing done by the powers that were, after the departure of the army, was to authorize the foreign residents to play the part (or rather to act it: it was play to the natives) of police, as they could not otherwise guarantee their safety or that of the well-disposed. This the foreigners effectually did, each nationality forming itself into a distinct organization and patrolling its own especial beat. It was amusing, and sometimes a little annoying, to be challenged at almost every corner, as you walked the streets at night, by vigilant sentries with various tongues, particularly when you did not understand their vernacular, and heard the preliminary click of a musket-lock whilst you hesitated what to reply. A gruff voice and that click have disturbing effects upon one's self-possession and promptness. But, in spite of momentary throbbings, it was a great comfort to feel that there was no peril from rats while such grimalkins were about. A better-guarded town after dark never permitted its inhabitants to sleep in peace. The very remembrance of their security at that epoch must make Mexican householders sigh for foreign domination. As to the government itself, it had been very anxious to retain a portion of the troops and sit upon their bayonets, as the best if not the only means of sitting at all. General Arista, the Secretary of War, had visited the legation and preferred an earnest request for a few thousand Yankees to keep the peace, but the prayer could not be granted. The refusal probably awakened even more unpleasant sensations than those which the poor warrior had been made to feel by the objectionable proceedings of General Taylor in the beginning of the war. He was a pleasant-spoken gentleman, was Señor Arista, and not the least of a Mexican in his aspect, which was rather that of a highly-developed Scotchman, with his brawny person and illuminated hair. At times his tones would be quite pathetic as he spoke of the past and the future. Him, also, it was my fortune to meet in exile abroad when his native land had become an uncomfortable abode for himself and his hopes; which did not, of course, increase the cheerfulness of his conversation or carriage.

If the streets of the city were made safe, it was not the case with the roads in the country. Outside the walls it was necessary to go well protected, and robberies and murders were of frequent occurrence. Scarcely a diligence arrived from any quarter that had not its story of brigands. A friend who went to Puebla on business, and wished to return at once, could find no seat in the first vehicle that was to start. He offered, therefore, to buy the place of any proprietor disposed to sell, and succeeded by paying double price, to the great trial of his temper. But he had his revenge. The diligence in which the extortioner traveled the next day was stopped, and he himself terribly pummeled because he had not enough "plunder" to satisfy the party. It was a well-understood thing that wayfarers were beaten in proportion to their emptiness, so that they generally provided themselves against evil chances by filling their pockets with conciliatory cash. As to resistance, it was rarely attempted, and only the pluckiest foreigners took arms. These their fellow-passengers would regard with consternation, as the robbers were generally too numerous to be defeated, and gave no quarter after a fight. On two occasions only did the present deponent come into proximity to them. The first was when the commission was on the road to Queretaro, where the Mexican govern-

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ment had established itself after the capture of the capital. The journey occupied five days, though it might be performed almost in five hours by rail. A strong escort of dragoons, whose horses were to be cared for, was a decided drag, although very comforting companionship—putting life and mettle into our courage, if not into the wheels of our coach. The commander was Colonel William Polk, brother of the President, who had given up the very pleasant mission to Naples to enjoy the frolic of a campaign, and also, doubtless, to show that he was quite as willing to serve his country with a real sword as with a diplomatic rapier—that absurd appendage to the toggery of an agent whose especial duty it is to "bear a temperate will and keep the peace." By the way, it is told of one of his successors at the Neapolitan court that he appeared there on one occasion with his weapon on the right instead of the left side of his diplomatic body, and on being jocosely asked by old Bomba, who was as waggish as wicked, why he had so disposed it, replied, with exemplary readiness, that it was to show how unwilling he was to draw. Colonel Polk was not altogether satisfied that he had done a wise thing in the exchange, as he had enjoyed no opportunity of gaining any particular distinction in the war, and did not think the pleasure of escorting the commission quite equal to that of doing the same kind office for Vesuvian dames. Every morning he would send some of the troop in advance to scour the road and see to the breakfast, which was rarely, either in quantity or quality, a delight to traveling stomachs. The last day before reaching Queretaro the pioneers were suddenly beheld galloping back at full speed toward their comrades, to whom they said something which caused an immediate start of the whole of them, with preparations that indicated business. Information was soon communicated that the advance had been attacked by numerous brigands, and had with difficulty escaped. The troop was occupied for some time in trying to catch the rascals, but to no purpose; and the march was at last resumed. Scarcely half an hour afterward the diligence drove up, with its passengers in miserable plight. They had been stopped at the very place where the dragoons were assailed, and been unluggaged and unpursed without mercy. Amongst them was the agent of the Rothschilds, who gave a pathetic account of the devastations of the band, and who was just left with a shirt to his back, but no change either of currency or linen. The *devalised* sufferers attached themselves to our party, which arrived without further interruption at the stone-hurling town where it was to abide until such time as the treaty was signed. Its security was increased by a troop of native lancers which met it on its approach, and which perhaps did good service by preventing the uncivil and uncivilized population of the place from receiving it with the welcome which they were said to give to strangers—that of showers of stones. We were certainly not received with cheers, however, any more than with lapidation, as we paraded through the streets amid scowling and scurvy throngs to our appointed residence at indigenous expense.

One incident on the road has now a melancholy interest. The third day of travel a horseman rode toward us, whose shocking bad hat and general accoutrement gave abundant proof of severe work. Pulling bridle at the coach-window, he was immediately recognized by one of us as Lieutenant Henry A. Wise, of the navy. His story was soon told, but it has been so graphically and elaborately narrated in his delightful book, *Los Gringos*, that it need not be repeated here. He was a great addition, for pleasanter society than his was not often to be found. Such unflagging spirits and such a rollicking humor, as well as sturdy frame, ought to have given him a long lease of life, but last summer he was borne to the grave at Boston after long and cruel sufferings. He was buried there, near the tomb of his father-in-law, Edward Everett, instead of in his native Virginia, whose secession he

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earnestly opposed, in spite of the big name which he bore.

The second occasion had more serious results, and threw a dark cloud over almost my pleasantest week in Mexico. The wealthiest family in the place was that of Señora Aquero, the mother of the then young lady who is now wife of the real ruler of Spain—that distinguished fighter, revolter and lawmaker, whose name of Prim is a fine exemplification of *lucus a non*. A new country-seat having been purchased by the señora, it was necessary to have a benediction thereof, which warranted a housewarming on the grandest scale. Lots of the loveliest of one sex and of the "swellest" of the other were invited for a week's frolic at the hacienda; and frolic they certainly did. Early in the morning a scamper across country on spirited little steeds; then the first breakfast of chocolate and biscuit; then Blindman's Buff, Pussy wants a Corner and other such exhilarations; then a brief repose and the luxurious *almuerzo;* then music and dancing in the saloon; then talking and flirting and driving and promenading until the *Lucullusian* banquet; and then, climax of felicity, an unpretentious ball to as late an hour as exhausted Nature would permit. So the fun went on, growing faster and more furious every day; the last one arriving with that lamentable celerity which causes pleasure to resemble snowflakes in the river and other such momentary matters. "Papa," said a little fellow not long ago, "I never get any sleep at all: the moment I put my head on the pillow it comes morning right off." *Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus;* and accordingly horses and vehicles for the return made their appearance one day at the great gate. Amongst them was an omnibus, in which about a dozen of the darkest-eyed damsels took seats, inducing this writer to do the same and entrust his quadruped to a servant. For some time we proceeded as merrily as the great grief of past happiness would allow; but "*Madre de Dios!* what is that?" was all at once shrieked in feminine chorus. Shots and belligerent shouts were heard not far behind. The men jumped from the conveyances, pistol in hand, and rushed in the direction of the sounds. Soon was seen the majordomo of the hacienda spurring to meet us and crying at the top of his voice, "Go back, gentlemen, go back! hurry off the ladies! There's a whole army of the demons;" and riding to me, he said, "Oh, señor, they've killed your servant and stolen your horse!" The shock was grievous, for the poor fellow was all that was recommendable; but we had to return to the ladies without delay, their loud screams on being left alone, joined to the adjurations of the intendant, making an irresistible recall. Such a scene as they presented! Some running about, some wringing their hands, others on their knees, telling their beads and invoking every saint in heaven. Quieting them as soon as possible, we drove on with such rapidity that the pursuers gave up the chase, and we got home without further mischief. The next day I informed the Minister of Foreign Affairs of what had occurred. He sent a force to bring back the corpse of the murdered man, which was found where he was shot. In about a month afterward my stolen horse was recovered and sent to me, with official compliments. How he was obtained I never knew. Mexico was and is a country in which if you ask no questions you will be told no lies—at least in regard to the subject of inquiry; and the less inquisitive you are about governmental operations the less your mind will be disturbed. *Cosas de España* are not a whit more mysterious than those of its quondam colony, though it is to be hoped they are less equivocal. The blue blood of hidalgoism has been so discolored in its American currents that the señores in whose veins it may there be mingled with polluting streams no longer feel the despotism of nobility. For them the maxim *noblesse oblige* may be full of sound and magnificent fury, but it doesn't signify much. A good deal better for me would it have been if the robbers had been suffered to keep my

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steed. Such tricks were taught him in the brigand school that he was almost unmanageable on his return; and at last he laid me low on the Alameda before the eyes of numerous damsels, whose sympathetic exclamations were more compensatory for a broken arm than a wounded spirit. A Yankee chargé "spilt" in the presence of assembled Mexico was a sorrowful sight—a national as well as individual disgrace. It was almost worth while, however, to be injured and confined to the house, to experience the kindness which the accident called forth. The coy and hard to please became, as usual, ministering angels, and almost every family which the victim had visited deemed it imperative to make constant inquiries, with such apparent earnestness as might have induced any one to lay flattering unctions to his soul. "The señor and señora and señoritas kiss your hand, sir, place themselves at your disposal, and hope you are improving," was the untiring message, to which, of course, multitudinous hand-kisses and protestations were as untiringly returned, with grateful assurances of progress in every material and moral respect. What a blessing is chloroform and a skillful surgeon! Thanks to both, my arm was set and bandaged without my knowing anything about it, pleasant dreams being the substitute for the pain of the operation.

A gay and pleasant spot was that same Alameda, with the splendid promenade of which it was the portal. Every family that had a carriage, every individual who had a horse, was there every afternoon throughout the dry half of the year — the cooler six months, when scarcely a drop of rain falls. In summer the fierceness of the evening showers kept people pretty much in-doors after three o'clock, though it was hardly matter of regret, as their refreshing influence made the ensuing morns as delicious as mortal man ever enjoyed. Few were the families that did not rejoice in an equipage, whatever the needs of their domestic economy. Dinners, and even dresses, could much better be dispensed with. The superfluous was there pre-eminently the necessary, and ruffles were far more desired than shirts. It would have been comical to perceive the emptiness of many of the stomachs which were gently agitated by fashionable locomotion on the public drive, or covered by scintillating satin lace; but what was to be done? *Quand tout le monde a tort, tout le monde a raison,* says Voltaire; and it is certainly more reasonable to follow the way of the world in a carriage than with chignons and Grecian bends—full bottomed wigs and fuller-bottomed bustles—which render the sex that was formed for sweet, attractive grace a sort of *monstrum horrendum,* both *informe et ingens.* Would that disfigurement were not among women's rights, for it may be branded as one of the worst of men's wrongs. Far better permit the weakest-minded of them to vote than to make themselves objects of masculine terror. What right *can* they have to interfere with our privilege of admiration and our share of the room and the street? They must abandon their privileges, their duties and their needs before they can obtain their "rights;" and that would be paying pretty dear for the whistle. The only rights they should stickle for are those which result from the marriage-rite, of which the fruition depends mainly on themselves. So abundant are these, and so important, that they ought to satisfy the most vaulting ambition—*fortunatas nimium.* It is better, surely, to reign at home than serve in the streets—to be able to exclaim, "Here is my throne—let kings come bow to it," than to solicit the unsavory suffrages of a sovereign crowd. Heavens! if women should become candidates and representatives, what mournful desecration of the divinity that hedges them! What worse fate can befall them than to be common, hackneyed in the eyes of men? Just think, too, mesdames, of being suddenly arrested in the very whirlwind of oratorical frenzy by a message from "the other house," that Master Tommy is

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yelling for immediate nourishment, or perhaps by the advent in arms of the young gentleman himself, who couldn't and wouldn't wait. Visions of blushes, spare the aching sight: ye unborn screamings, crowd not on the ear! And then the perils and torments for the other sex! How desperate they will ever be to set their fervid faces against the female foe! how often they will be fooled by the fair "benders" to the top of their bent!—how constantly they will address the memberesses instead of Mr. Speaker!—*how perpetually they will be pairing off with them!*—how recklessly they will entangle their honesty, their patriotism, their principles in the meshes of Nereian hair! Old Dryden tells but a sober and solemn truth when he ejaculates—

> "Religion, state affairs, whate'er the theme—
> It ends in women still."

One single Kate Kearny will be a plague on both their houses. A mere glance from her eye will demolish all the eloquence of Senator Sumner himself. It will make a meddle and muddle of every debate and every law—drive the heads of reverend seniors right down into their hearts, and turn those of irreverent juveniles hopelessly awry. If Eve could bring death into the world and all our woe—if Helen could set all Greece in a blaze and fire the great town of Troy—if Lucretia could bring Roman monarchy with hideous ruin and combustion down, and Virginia hurl the Triumvirate heels overhead—if Cleopatra could do what *she* did, Anna Boleyn do what *she* did, and all the others (their name is legion) do what *they* did—what chance for the power and wisdom of even model republicans in Congress or council assembled! Depend upon it, ladies, you wouldn't be allowed to remain there long. Necessity has no law: the agonized cry of "Let us have peace!" would drown all the protests of chivalry, and you would be Miltonically driven from the celestial spheres so disorganized by your infernal charms. Be warned, therefore, in time, and scorn the temptations of Miss Anthony; always bearing in mind the wise words of Ion's mistress:

> "'Tis never woman's part,
> Out of her fond misgivings, to perplex
> The fortunes of the man to whom she cleaves;"

and still less to bring chaos into those of "the generality of mankind in general."

After the drive, the dinner or the chocolate, and then the play. Prettier sight than the feminine display at the chief theatre it would be difficult to imagine, especially when a fashionable matron and numerous daughters would at last get fairly seated in their box and begin shaking fans at their acquaintance, who of course would return the convulsive greeting with multitudinous interest, there being no selfish partitions to impede the performance.

Society in Mexico received a great impulse from the American occupation. It became quite active and genial, the best houses being opened to foreigners in a way that delighted as well as surprised them. Castilian customs and traditions could not resist the go-aheadism of the victorious Nort' Americano: they were bowled over by that ten-striking roller with such reckless vigor that it was impossible to set them fairly up again. Balls and parties almost rivaled the theatre in attraction, and a man about town was generally quite sure of a pleasant termination of the dullest day. For very pleasant people are the best people of Mexico—the men courteous and intelligent, the women charming and affable and bright. Education, to be sure, was not very profound or multifarious—indeed, the bliss of ignorance was a species of enjoyment that was decidedly in esteem—but its place was so often and so agreeably supplied by native sprightliness and fascinating ways that the folly of wisdom was often brought into fullest relief. No thought of women's rights ever bothered their brains. Satisfied with queening it over the men, they had no wish to descend from their social thrones to be hustled in the dirty thoroughfares of political life. One can fancy the amazed and amazing "Hay-

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soos!" which would start from their lips on being informed that some of their hyperborean sisters were eager to "sport it in a manly mien," and "pronounce," either peacefully or belligerently, in favor of contending candidates.

One masculine propensity, however, the Mexican ladies unquestionably had, and that not the most delectable for either the eye or the nose. By their brothers and husbands they had been smoked into smoking, and even a formal visit would be aided by the influence of tobacco. How many pretty hands have been indelibly stained by the poison of the cigarito! how many fragrant breaths been perverted by the infection of even the *puro!* Poor things! they were almost compelled to puff in mere self-defence—to inhale and emit their own superfine smoke in order to keep off the offensiveness of general fumigation. In the very theatre the pitites were so constantly at work with the weed that the clouds might be seen curling into the boxes in a way that would tempt the most refined to rejoice in counteracting mists; and often at the doors of a ball-room crowded with dancers might be seen cavaliers engaged in the double delight of offering to beauty the incense of both admiration and puffs. Sunbeams may pass through pollutions unpolluted, but the very beamiest of the sex, even Sorosisites themselves, have never attained to that splendid unpollutability, so that neither the aroma of femininity nor the perfume of toilettes could defy such contaminating contact.

In no other respect, however, than that of smoking could the señoritas be called *fast*. They would chat and flirt and dance and sing with perfect freedom, but such a perversion of petticoatry as a Girl of the Period was unknown. That superb superiority to public opinion, that defiant disdain of social conventionalities, which characterize the dashing damsels of our upper ten, would have excited their astonishment, almost their awe. Rarely were they to be encountered on foot in the streets, and then only with modest mantles and discreet duennas. A sudden vision of Broadway at noontide would have revealed to them a phase of female existence never dreamt of in their philosophy. Their geniality was the result of ingenuousness and unpretentious desire to please, with an almost childish willingness to be amused. What pleasure was communicated to a whole party of them one morning by a history of Medusa and her horrid head, of which they had never heard! and sorry is this witness to state that an account of General Washington was also listened to as an interesting and instructive novelty! Music was their passion and their forte, and a vocalist, flutist or fiddler would be welcomed at almost any hour. At the balls there was usually a preliminary concert. Some of the singers would have been applauded in Paris itself. As to dancing, he was a strong biped who could tire them in waltz or polka, or whatever might be most whirlwindy and protracted. Then, too, the philosophical equanimity with which they would go through the monotonous Spanish dance reflected the greatest credit on their dispositions. The trials of housekeeping could hardly have put them to a severer test.

There were some foreign families who did their share of entertainment, and some of the diplomats were sufficiently hospitable. The rooms of the French minister were opened every week to natives and strangers. Great Britain was represented only by a chargé-d'affaires in the absence of the plenipo; and a pleasant representative he was. His attaché was the present English envoy at Washington, then a thoroughly "good fellow," and not so staid and reserved as time and promotion have made him.

What a pleasant word is that same word — promotion! What a different feeling of his position is enjoyed by him who is sure of the future from that of the four-year appointee! Young gentlemen who are ambitious of diplomatic honors may be counseled in the most friendly spirit to abandon all wish for them until American diplomacy is made

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a regular career, and invested with rights as well as with duties; which latter will be better performed under the influence of the former than they can ever be under that of ephemeral favoritism. The expectation of getting into clover is more inspiring than that of being turned out to grass, and more likely to keep a man in condition. What a failure was even so able and excellent a gentleman as Reverdy Johnson! What a difference between his harangues and the speechlings of Sir Henry Bulwer, who had so well learnt the lesson of diplomatic discretion by appropriate experience—always saying the right thing in the right way, and eschewing fine frenzies as carefully as he did our national dishes, for he had a sensitive digestion, which he was more anxious to keep in good humor than even the Foreign Office itself! So long as we send representatives abroad who have been representatives at home in conventions and legislatures and Congress, and who have been stumping all their lives in States and counties and towns, we have no right to complain of their oratorical ecstasies when they get a fair chance at a foreign audience. They have no idea that prudence is the best part of ambassadorial eloquence: their tongues have never been tied with red tape: the Douglass is once more upon his native heath, and a Highland fling is the inevitable result. Antecedents are not to be trifled with, and if you hitch a hunter to your coach, you must take the consequences when he hears the horn. According to the Talleyrandic definition, the model diplomat is a gentleman who knows how to hold his tongue in many languages — *un homme comme il faut qui sait se taire en plusieurs langues*. Mr. Motley has shown himself a man of that mould, and being the historian of William the Silent, seemed doubly qualified to be the agent of Ulysses the Taciturn.

The great ball-going period was Christmas week. Many of the chief families then opened their mansions every night to the largest crowds they could collect, calling the entertainments *posadas*, or "inns." The sun might always have been admitted as an additional guest before the finale of the fun, but the windows were kept too discreetly shut to permit his appearance. He took his revenge, however, by looking dazzlingly upon the revelers as they emerged into the streets, and shaming them with the clearest proof of his being up and doing as they were going to bed.

Some idea of the omnibusism which warranted the epithet given to these Christmas frolics may be got from an incident of which a couple of diplomatic dancers were the heroes, or rather victims. A lady wished them to be present at one of the fêtes of an opulent friend whom they did not know, and begged them to meet her at the residence of the same to be presented in due form. Accordingly, they repaired at the proper time to a palatial edifice, where lights and fiddles were making night pleasant. In the ante-chambers was a congregation of youths, one of whom approached and asked for their tickets.

"Tickets? Why, we're the chargé of This and the secretary of That," replied the astonished officials, "who have been requested by Señora Such-a-one to be here at this hour, by arrangement with the lady of the house. Please take up our names."

"Very sorry, indeed, gentlemen, but we have strict orders to admit no one without a ticket, for last night so many *grosseiros* intruded themselves that we were stationed here to stop any one who hasn't his invitation to show."

Expostulation, remonstrance, appeals were all in vain, and the disgusted couple turned their backs upon the inhospitable inn and kicked its dust from their indignant feet. They separated at a corner, where the brightest of moons seemed to be so enjoying their discomfiture that its only male occupant might almost have been descried with twirling thumb on his nose. One of them hastened at once to hide his mortification between his sheets; but before it could be put to sleep a thundering rap

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shook the portal and a vehicle drove into the *patio*.

"Señora M——," whispered a servant at his door, "has sent her carriage for your worship, with a thousand apologies for the mistake, and an earnest request that you will return to the posada."

"Say that I've gone to bed and am fast asleep, so that you don't like to disturb me;" and some such answer being given, the carriage rumbled off. How could the unlucky man re-dress himself after midnight to reappear at a place where his feelings had been so torn, and face the sniggerings of some, the condolence of others and the remorseful excuses of the mistress? He wondered, however, how she had got wind of the affair so soon, and whether his companion had been more compliant with her wishes than himself. The mystery was explained the next day by that gentleman himself. As he was going home he had met a gentleman who was related to the hostess, and who, being aware that he was to be introduced, expressed astonishment at the rencontre. Being informed of the cause, he flew into a fury, and insisted upon the other turning back and accompanying him to the ball. This was done, and as soon as possible the señora was apprised of the unwitting insult she had inflicted, which she at once hastened to repair.

Those were pleasant days, but, like poor Count Rudolfo, *quei di non troro più*. The Dantean doctrine, however, that there is no greater grief than memory of bliss in time of misery, is not always true. The mind's eye *will* look back, and as it rests upon green spots basking in sunshine, the brightness thereof is reflected on surrounding gloom, and for the moment all again is light. And if that same eye, when compassed round with darkness, could only be tutored into constant gazing at the beamy past, it might at length almost succeed in renewing the glory and the freshness of the dream. It is a better way, at all events, of taking up arms against a sea of troubles than brandishing broomsticks at billows, like Sydney Smith's immortal dame; who, mayhap, was prompted to the experiment by that confusing metaphor of the Avonian bard.

A FRIENDS' MEETING.

I KNOW all about that meeting. I have sat there First Days and Fourth Days, and appointed meetings, in summer and winter, spring and fall, rain and shine. And that is why I write about it.

This is a changing world (not an original idea of mine), and as I grow older I find but few things I can speak with any certainty about. Some things that once seemed realities are certainly shams now. But dear old Lower Rightland Meeting has never changed, and this little remembrance of it is written not with the expectation of interesting the general reader, but in the hope that it may come home to some who have been "placed among Friends," and maybe in the midst of business and noise bring a grateful sense of the old quiet and stillness associated with some little country meeting of Friends.

Lower Rightland Meeting-house can claim more antiquity than many fine old steepled churches, for it has stood far into its second century, and still stands in good order, square and unadorned even to ugliness, its great timbers seeming sound to the core. Its green yard lies level around it, fenced on one side and corner with an old-fashioned shed, divided for the horses

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to stand each in his own niche, where he was welcome to stamp, back or neigh, or do as well-behaved horses, used to Friends' meetings, generally do —quietly ruminate for an hour or two. On warm days the shed was left mostly unoccupied, the horses being tied under the grateful shade of the trees, where they stamped and whisked and bit lazily at the flies.

The old stove, used until within a very few years, was of rough wrought iron, marked with the maker's long-forgotten name and a date somewhere early in the seventeen hundreds. It was wrought in the early days of stove manufacturing, one might know, while wood was plenty, and notions of air-tights and gas-consumers, if working in men's brains, must have been in a very crude state. First, a goodly quantity of shavings and light-wood was carefully put in close to the door; then the great square box crammed with hard wood in sticks that no modern stove could hold: the match was touched to the shavings, the door shut, and we younger ones listened. The turmoil began with a crackling and snapping that grew slowly but surely to a mighty roar; and then how the fire brought out all kinds of rushes and howls from the old iron monster! It blazed away in perfect fury at being so suddenly heated; then, as it spent itself, it would begin to whimper, and at last go to sleep; and, alas! with its sleep the cold would stealthily creep in and close round us, until we dared not doze, fearing it might be the drowsiness which precedes freezing. Sometimes a pair of very squeaky boots, with tiptoeing efforts to go still, would approach old Ironsides and wake him up with a harrowing creak of door hinges and a fresh supply of fuel.

No paint has ever covered the plain bare wood-work inside the house, but age has darkened and beautified it, and brought out the grain and knots and stains, until it is quite a study. The knots were an especial boon to us children: they were pictures. I could point out now a wounded soldier raised and resting on one arm. To others it was only a small knot with a dark stain spreading away from it on one side, but to me it was a vivid picture, although, like other great pictures, it must be viewed from a proper distance. On the shutters dividing the L from the main house there was an owl, a large dark knot, with two light ones in it for eyes, and the grain of the wood forming the body: Wilson, I thought, had no better owl among his pictures.

The fire and knots, and now and then a tiny mouse—who, attracted by the warmth, and thinking from the stillness there was no one there, would come out of some unexpected crevice (being lean, as church mice run) and frisk a while, all in meeting looking solemn and unconscious of the visitor—were the only outward distractions of the winter season. But spring, summer and autumn had each its aids to draw the young mind away from inward waiting.

The first warm spring day brought out the wasps—from where was a puzzle; but there they were, great, blundering, black, slim-waisted things. Quite harmless they were: they seemed to know the place and their place. Still, when after a great deal of tumbling down, and flying up against the glass again, the one you were watching got fairly started on his wings and struck a bee-line for you, you must dodge.

But the summer sees the meeting-house in its glory. The grass is so green, the locust trees are so shady, the birds sing and talk so incessantly, and all droning and humming things do so congregate there, that it is a luxury to go early and walk down through the burial-ground, now seldom used, but full of green mounds, many of them sunken and the occupants forgotten; but a pleasant place, nevertheless, in which to lay away these mortal garments when done with. The long trails of periwinkle run green and shining over the graves, and to gather great bunches of the pale purple, half-mourning flowers was one of the spring pleasures. How eloquent the birds some-

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times were during the silent meetings! No human sound would break the stillness, save now and then a passing carriage, but robin, cat-bird and thrush sang praises after their manner, and quails called and answered through hot summer mornings. Once a hen strayed with her peeping family into the yard from some neighboring farm, and, clucking her way along, mounted the rough stone steps and peeped in, but hurried down again with a prolonged cackle of astonishment, and maybe apology; upon which a little nephew of five years, looking me slyly in the face, remarked in a stage whisper that the hen was preaching.

The old house has galleries, but the space overhead from gallery to gallery has long been covered with boards, for purposes of warmth and snugness, the dozen persons who attended regularly being almost lost on the lower floor. Traditions of times when the whole house was filled are still extant, but in my time, and my father's before me, on only two or three occasions have the boards been taken up and the galleries occupied. Once a noted preacher from "our old home" appointed a meeting there, and I, but a little child, looked almost with awe to see people seated in those unknown regions, which had been a source of wonder and speculation to me so long; and the remembrance of the stately English Friend, as he came in with a bunch of meadow-pride in his hand that made a scarlet gleam in the house, is as fresh with me now as his flowers were then.

The other occasions on which the house was filled were funerals; for there are many old families in the neighborhood whose sons and daughters, although long since fallen away from the faith of their fathers, still wish to be carried to their graves from the old house and after the customs of Friends. So the hard seats would fill up with relatives and neighbors, the coffin would be placed on the plain table kept for the purpose, and after a long, solemn silence some exercised Friend would exhort the assembly; a reference to the occasion would be made, but seldom with any praise or exalting of the dead; another silence, and the simple service would be over, and the dust would be returned to the dust.

But small as the meeting has been for years, there has seemed (Friends think) to be a providential care that it should not entirely die out: as members died or families removed, others came; so the little scattered handful still meet on First Day and at mid-week meeting, after the old rules. Traveling ministers, who used to appoint meetings, almost invariably preached of the "two or three gathered together," etc. And well there might be only two or three, for the good Friends would attend the larger meetings on First Day, and appoint Monday (or Second Day) forenoon for little Lower Rightland, and all the hard riding o'er hill and dale to give notice could only collect a few zealous meeting-goers on that morning sacred to discomfort and soap-suds. The ministering Friends came from all parts of the land, and we could always tell Western from Eastern visitors at the first sound of their voices. The Eastern meetings were generally small, and although ministers from such meetings might sing-song — or, to use a more modern term, intone—they never reached the powerful, full-voiced efforts of their Western brethren, who were used to addressing large bodies of people, often out of doors. One woman I remember, with a strong and sweet voice, who would sing passage after passage from the Word, almost like recitative in operas.

Sometimes Lower Rightland can boast a minister of its own for a few years: one may settle within its limits, and then the silent meetings are unfrequent, and the little congregation gains here and there one, and flourishes.

Among its dearest remembrances will long be the memory of one of these who spent the last years of his life in its neighborhood; and well may his memory be kept green among his friends. With a cultivated, logical mind and unusual memory, joined to intense relig-

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ious feeling and tinged with a poetical imagination, he would have been distinguished as a preacher in any denomination; but he cast his lot with the simple people called Quakers, and walked faithfully with them, humble and unknown save among them until his Lord called, and he gladly entered that land he had so often described as though he had trodden the streets thereof.

Let the morning be ever so beautiful, the birds ever so exultant and noisy, when, after long silence, that tall, frail form stood before us, his head needing only the crown of leaves to look strongly like Dante's, and the first sound of his voice be heard, feeble at first, but as he proceeded growing fuller and deeper until it rang, all other sounds and thoughts were hushed. When the text was, "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God than a dweller in the tents of wickedness," you saw and felt all the wild freedom of the Arab tent-life: simoon and desert sand passed before you; there gleamed a glimpse of the Holy temple, a building with foundation and immovable,—all rather suggested than told in a few grand words. The wonderful visions and images of Daniel and Isaiah and the Apocalypse were among his favorite themes, and, handled by him, lost their vague and mystical character, becoming indeed the word of God and lessons of instruction. It seemed almost wrong that such satisfying and eloquent sermons should have been heard by so few. All lamentation and denunciation seemed excluded from his thoughts: his call seemed to be, "Arise and shine, for thy light hath come, and the glory of the Lord hath arisen upon thee;" and in weakness of flesh, but such willingness of spirit, he seemed almost to stand on the Mount of Vision, and to see and tell of the glory and nearness and desirableness of heaven, and the love and mercy of the Lord. Yes, keep his memory green, for not oftener than once in a generation falls such a one to the lot of any body of worshipers.

Elia says, "Love the early Quakers;" and the later ones too, say I. They have stood in the front ranks of all reforms. Every peculiarity of dress and address was at some time a needed testimony against some prevailing sin. And we who feel no call to follow the old customs can respect and admire those who do, and dread to see them cast aside as the innovating spirit of the age leads.

Farewell! Let us shake hands and break up the meeting.

TO ATLANTIC CITY BY WAY OF ——

WELL, it took two trips to get there, in neither of which did I set out for it. The first was by way of Freehold, by one of the multifarious Jersey railroads, at six o'clock on a January morning! I had some business to transact in relation to a property situated, as it proved, at the southern jumping-off place of that delightsome ribbon of sand yclept "Long Beach."

It was desirable that I should visit the property.

This settled, the first thing was to find it. Accordingly, having been first informed that it was at Long *Branch*, I went to Freehold to locate it by the records there.

A few minutes' examination showed me that I had located nothing but a mistake, and that the place was near the lower end of the coast. I came home again to take a fresh departure, having now got my true bearings, as I supposed.

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After resting about six months, to recruit after the feat of getting to Walnut street wharf at such an unearthly time of day, I took a fresh departure.

Some consultations, in the mean time, with the *Gazetteer* and the *Atlas*, had shown me that my sandbank was in Ocean county, the county-seat whereof was a town bearing the euphonious title of "Tom's River."

This time, warned by harsh experience, I didn't start so early, but stepped on the train at a Christian hour on a summer morning, to search along the line of the Raritan and Delaware Bay Railroad for Tom's River.

I confess I had some misgivings, after the train started, whether I should not find another mistake and land at the Delaware Bay end of the route; but at last the conductor roared something which sounded like "Manchester;" and this being the name on my ticket, I got out with my impedimenta: viz., a valise and a ten-year-old boy, the latter taken along to prevent him from getting into mischief at home during my absence.

Manchester is an interesting town, or was at that time.

It consisted of a long platform alongside the track; I think two frame houses; a road crossing the track and leading from somewhere to Tom's River; two fences; a patch of scrubby woods; an ocean of sand; a down-pouring flood of the hottest kind of sunshine; and a Jersey wagon, with two rugged Jersey ponies, to take us to Tom's River, if the three of us who wished to go would pay the fare of a full load. As it is one of the strong points of my character never to be headed off by the question of expense—when somebody else is going to pay it—we were soon under way.

On arriving at the town, I immediately went, in my sandy condition, to the clerk's office to look up my sandbank. . . .

There was no use in getting angry: it was not the clerk's fault, and I had to set Willie an example of dignified composure; *but* that sandbank had been removed into Gloucester county, and Tom's River was of no use, after all!

As my errand was to see the property, it was manifestly desirable that I should start for it as soon as possible, lest it might be shifted to some other county before I could reach it.

The question was, How? There was no public conveyance by land, and Tom's River ran in the wrong direction.

The question was solved by finding a person going down to Manahawkin, who agreed to take me and my impedimenta there that afternoon, and the next day to Tuckerton, the nearest known point to my destination.

After dinner a small Rockaway wagon, meant to carry two, with a brisk, alive-looking horse and driver, came up, and we started off—driver and I on the seat, Willie and valise on the floor, scattered promiscuously among our legs.

I know it is the proper thing, on such occasions, for the intelligent traveler to open conversation with the driver and pump him remorselessly; but unfortunately I have a gift of silence at such times, and indeed at all times when I have nothing particular to say. Besides, when traveling through a new country I am more disposed to look at it than to chatter.

Being, however, professionally a respecter of precedents, I did my best to be proper on this occasion.

I did not succeed very well: the driver, though he answered my questions and remarks civilly and intelligently, confined himself pretty much to answers, and to postponing, on various pretexts, the realization of a wild hope Willie had indulged of being allowed to drive.

I started a great many subjects I did not understand, and asked a multitude of questions concerning matters I cared nothing about, that I might not have to reproach myself in after life with any failure in the proprieties; but I had small success until, as we drew near to Manahawkin (I spell by sound: the orthography of small towns on the Jersey coast is somewhat loose), I caught the first glimpse of Barnegat Bay stretching along the sky-line.

It sent a thrill through me, as the first

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sight of blue water always does, and I talked "boat" to him.

This loosened his tongue, and we got along swimmingly.

My knowledge in nautical matters is entirely theoretical, and therefore perfectly accurate and thorough. So we kept up a steady stream of talk about sailing and surf-riding, and the merits of various ways of rigging and building boats, until we reached the village.

I talked so learnedly, and kept all the sea-terms I could remember in such brisk motion, that I am persuaded my young friend is in doubt to this day whether the stranger he drove to Manahawkin was not some old sea-dog in disguise.

It was nearly dark when we arrived at the quaint, old-fashioned tavern.

Having rather vague information as to the exact locality and boundaries of my sandbank, I made a few inquiries of some of the villagers who had lounged over to the tavern-porch to smoke and while away the time.

I found that they knew a good deal about it, and were immediately seized with the idea that I had the property for sale. I could not disabuse them of this notion, and was treated to a great deal of information as to who wanted it most in Tuckerton, and what they would give for it, and how much it was worth. The last two items I discovered, when I reached Tuckerton, to have undergone considerable diminution.

I learned, however, that a man about two miles out in the country could tell me all about the property, having been one of certain trustees appointed to make partition of a larger tract of which this was part.

Convinced that my perplexities were at an end, I made arrangements to be driven over to this person's early in the morning, before starting for Tuckerton. Willie had also made private arrangements with the stout landlord, who had taken a fancy to him, for the loan of a saddle-horse.

I had some doubts as to whether he and his horse—which was a mare—would reach their destination together, as his knowledge of riding, like mine in nautical matters, was theoretical only. But I knew he was not afraid of anything but Latin, and the little mare was warranted not to be given to having misunderstandings with her riders; so I left him to his own devices, while resolving to keep an eye on him.

We were off by five o'clock. It was a glorious morning—the sky clear, the air dewy and cool and the mosquitos reported as farther down, except perhaps "a chance few" ín a huckleberry swamp which lay on the road to my solver of difficulties. It was arranged, however, that they were not to be very lively so early in the morning.

We in the wagon trotted quietly along: Willie followed, mostly at a walk, but breaking, at intervals, into spasmodic bursts of cantering to catch up. He had received the impression, common to theoretical riders on their first attempts at *trotting*, that the little mare was extremely rough!

When we got fairly upon the causeway that led through the swamp, *I* received an impression that Jersey ideas of few and lively, as applied to mosquitos, differed materially from my own.

The air was thick with the singing pests, and they charged on us in hordes.

The driver bore it stoically, but my town cuticle was not tough enough for this.

They were entirely ignorant of the laws of civilized warfare, for though I kept a white handkerchief waving as a flag of truce all the way through, their attacks were not suspended for a moment.

When we had left the enemy behind, and I could turn my attention to something besides my own sufferings, I looked around for Willie, who should, about that time, have been coming up at a canter.

Not seeing him, I stopped and called him—rather mildly, for fear the mosquitos might hear and come out of their entrenchments after me—but received no answer.

Going back nearly half a mile, I found him anxiously looking for me,

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while engaged in a controversy with the mare, who was making idiotic attempts to back herself off the causeway into three feet deep of black swamp-water. She had succumbed to the mosquitos, and wanted to go home; but, plucky to the last, the boy kept her head determinedly the other way, and she was trying to effect a compromise.

Mounting her myself, I persuaded her, after a brief argument, of the necessity of going forward, and we reached our destination without further interruption.

My solver of difficulties proved to be the wrong man! It was somebody else, of the same name, living in a remote part of the State, who had acted in the matter!

Another mistake, and that fearful swamp to go through again!

This time I put the driver on horseback, took Willie into the wagon with me, and, driving as John Gilpin rode, ran the gauntlet back to the tavern without serious loss of blood.

The drive, afterward, to Tuckerton was pleasant enough.

We stopped a short time to rest and water our horse, and then set out to find the tax-collector, with whom I had to settle some delinquent taxes. By a natural sequence of events in this trip of mistakes, he proved to be *not* the collector: his term had just expired, and his accounts had been handed over to his successor, who lived some three miles off in another direction.

I determined to have that collector or sacrifice the landlord's horse in the chase, and make my client pay for him. My naturally amiable and much enduring temper had given way, and I was wroth. I smiled therefore, benignantly on the driver, and placidly requested him to drive on.

It was as hot as—as South Jersey; and we rejoiced exceedingly as we came in sight of a patch of woodland, which promised shade.

As we entered it jubilantly, we undoubtedly found the shade: we also found something else which was not promised—the green fly.

This thing, ironically called a *fly*, is a monster about the size and shape of a "yellow-jacket;" green as a dragon and bloodthirsty as a leech: he has the faculty of persistence to a degree that would be invaluable if he would only exercise it in keeping out of the way; he is utterly obtuse to hints that he is not wanted; there is no "shoo"-ing him; he won't let go until he is knocked off or pulled off; he will draw blood from the toughest hide of horse or ox; and if he can't find room on the horse, he will settle on the harness and try to draw blood from that.

Through much tribulation we drove up to the collector's house: it was a pretty cottage, embowered in trees, looking delightfully cool and quiet, but with every door and window stopped by mosquito-bars.

This time the collector *was* the collector, but he was somewhere "out on the place," and had to be sent for.

Coming out of the house, I found Willie, with a stout stick in his hand, trying to be all around, under and over the horse at once, in fierce battle with the flies. It tasked the efforts of both of us to keep the number down sufficiently to give each one a fair chance for his drop of blood.

After settling with the collector, and learning that the property had *not* been sold for the taxes, on which point a fear had haunted me all along, we drove back as fast as possible to Tuckerton.

I found it a very pretty town, when I had time to look at it: it contained two elements in which Manchester was deficient — viz., houses and trees. The houses were generally clean, fresh and comfortable-looking, and the trees were numerous.

But if the interest in my business was lively at Manahawkin, it was, so to speak, ferocious in Tuckerton. Despite my protestations, it was settled that I had the property for sale, and I heard of any number of persons who wanted to buy my sandbank or portions of it. One would buy to keep somebody else from buying, and a third to forestall both the others.

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I think there would have been some lively bidding if I could have put it up at auction on the spot.

As my visit to Tuckerton was for the express purpose of going over to the "Beach" and taking a personal survey of the premises, I made inquiry as to passage, and to my dismay and the intense disgust of Willie—whose crowning ambition was to see the ocean—was informed that no passage could be had. Nobody had any boat larger than a skiff, the wind was high and promised to remain so, and they would not risk their boats in the rough water. If I would stay a day or two longer, Captain Ase Horner would be there with his sloop, which was warranted to stand any sea the bay could get up.

I could not wait for Captain Ase's sloop, however, and concluded to come home the next day.

I had my choice between a stage-ride of some nineteen miles to a railroad station, or a voyage down Barnegat Bay to Atlantic City in a chicken-boat, which was to start at six o'clock the next morning. As I had served an apprenticeship to stage-riding, had never sailed in a chicken-boat, and had never seen Atlantic City, I decided upon the latter plan, much to Willie's delight.

Prompt to the hour, next morning, we were on board the boat. I was agreeably disappointed in her. Instead of the clumsy market-tub I had expected, I found a large, roomy, sharp-bowed boat, cat-rigged, with an immense mainsail, and looking, altogether, as if she meant business.

She lay in the narrow creek leading from Tuckerton to the bay, with her cargo of chicken-coops full of live-stock snugly stowed away amidships, but leaving plenty of room for skipper, crew and passengers. The crew consisted of the skipper's son, and the passengers of myself, Willie and a lady of the "Irish help" persuasion, who was going to Atlantic City—I suppose to torment some unhappy housekeeper there.

The creek was too narrow for sailing, even if there had been any wind, and as crooked as the little old street in Paris which Pynnshurst tells about. There was no earthly reason, that I could see, why it should be so crooked, for the whole country was as level as a billiard-table, without the semblance of a hill to give an excuse for winding.

We poled laboriously along until near the bay, where the stream widened: then we caught the sea-breeze blowing fresh and strong, and soon shot out into the bay, where we found the breeze, by this time quite stiff, blowing north, directly in the teeth of our course.

The boat's head was laid close to the wind, and she showed what was in her gloriously. Close-hauled as she was, she thrashed along like a race-horse, obeying every touch of the helm as a well-trained horse obeys the rein. As the skipper said, in answer to a remark in praise of her qualities, she could "do anything but talk."

I forgot all perplexities and rebuffs in this new and exhilarating experience of travel.

I forgot also for a while that we should have to beat the whole way down.

Just now it was all enjoyment. I stood at the bow beside the mast, while Willie sat near the stern trailing a fishing-line through the water. He had provided himself with tackle before we started, in the wild expectation of bringing home a mess of sea-bass or porgies: I don't think he would have been surprised if he had hooked a porpoise.

He had been so engrossed in preparing his tackle that he had forgotten all about bait. His distress was sore, but a bright idea struck me: I twitched a feather from a hen's tail (taking a mean advantage of her captivity), stuck it on the hook and told him to try it.

He did try it, faithfully. He kept that feather skipping along the water for nearly the whole of the seven hours we were on the passage, without finding a solitary fish fool enough to come near it. He came to the conclusion that sea fish don't care for artificial flies.

We had not made many of our long tacks before I found that the speed of

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the boat was seriously diminished. She was dragging laboriously along as if tired.

The skipper said the water was shallow. Upon looking over the side I saw no reason to doubt the assertion, for the boat's bilge was evidently smoothing out the soft mud at the bottom.

We ploughed along in this way for several miles, the skipper trying various experimental tacks in search of deeper water, until, seeing a larger boat than his own some distance off, he discovered that he was out of the channel, such as it was. We changed our course promptly, heading for the other boat, and in about five minutes made another discovery. The boat was wedged fast in a mudbank!

There was nothing for it but to push her off again and try back, and we went at it, the two boatmen with the setting-poles and I with a piece of board. It was some time before we could stir her: the poles *would* bend and spring; but at last, giving my genius full play, I fixed the end of my board firmly on the bottom, well under the boat's quarter, got the men posted, with their poles, on the opposite side of the bow, gave the word and with a dextrous wrench of my board, made successful by Willie's herculean strength, we twisted her scientifically out of her muddy bed and were afloat again.

There is a small Sargasso Sea in Barnegat Bay. They call it "Grassy Bay." The bottom and the top thereof are extremely near each other. At low tide, I believe the bottom is uppermost. At other times the space between is filled up with long grass, which streams gracefully along the surface of the water, but is not conducive to the speed of boats passing through it.

Somewhere about the middle of this Sargasso Sea, as we were sliding deliberately through it, our crew suddenly sang out, "There's a shirk!"

As I had heard such alarms before, when the shark turned out to be a sturgeon, I looked forward, in the direction in which he was pointing, rather listlessly. But sure enough, moving slowly across the bow, not ten feet off, I saw the high triangular dorsal fin. While I was debating with myself the propriety of trying a pistol shot at the base of the fin, the shark suddenly humped his back, made a dart forward, threw his long flexible tail into the air with a vicious slash, and disappeared. Judging from what I saw of him, he must have been nearly eight feet long. How he found water deep enough to get out of sight in I don't understand.

We left Grassy Bay at last, and for the rest of the voyage had deep water. Our boat, released from the drag, let out her full speed again, and went along, now on this tack, now on that, her sharp nose feeling for the wind on either side, rising and falling on the tiny billows, throwing inboard diamond showers of spray-drops, helm down, sail sheeted well home, the lee gunwale-board half under water (rather to the discomposure of the lady passenger), Willie, skipper and I on the weather gunwale acting as outriggers.

At about one o'clock we ran into a small inlet, the sail was lowered, and we were at the journey's end. That is, the boat was; for there was a good mile of waste sand for her passengers to travel over before reaching the "City by the Sea."

Dusty, sun-burned and tired, we prospected around for some time before we found a resting-place. After dinner, having a little time to spare, we went down to the beach—Willie to make his first acquaintance with the ocean, I to renew one long interrupted.

I could not help wishing that the city was a little nearer to the sea, or that there was less sand between them. I never saw so much sand together in all my life. It was deep in the street, it was in the gardens, over the fences, heaped up into drifts like snow, and as white, glaring insufferably in the sunlight; but when we stood upon the beach the old thrill came over me in full power. There was the long reach of tawny sand, solid as a stone floor, stretching interminably along, fringed with the pounding breakers, the long lines of surf

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rushing up in broken columns, and beyond, with the white caps flashing all over it, the vastness of the sea.

There is something appalling to me in this vastness, and in the thought of the multitudinous life concealed within it. There is such an enormous quantity of both, and such a very minute quantity of me in comparison.

Willie was completely sobered and subdued—a wonderful thing for him. He wandered off alone down the beach, every faculty absorbed in the immensity before him. I would give something to know what thoughts were at work in his ten-year-old brain, as he paced slowly down, his little slim form growing smaller and smaller in the distance.

He was heading straight for Cape May, and, for anything I know, would have walked on till he got there, if the glamour on my own spirit had not been broken by the recollection of train-time. After a long chase — for I could not make him hear me — I brought him back, we took the train for the Quaker City, and in good time reached home, without having caught a glimpse of the place I had made the journey expressly to see.

A. G. Penn.

FORBIDDEN.

When skies are starless, yet when day is done,
  When odors of the freshened sward are sweeter,
When light is dreamy round the sunken sun,
  At limit of the grassy lane I meet her.

She steals a pearly hand across the gate:
  My own its timid touch an instant flatters:
Below the glooming leaves we linger late,
  And gossip of a thousand airy matters.

I gladden that the hay is stored with luck;
  I smile to hear the pumpkin-bed is turning;
I mourn the lameness of her speckled duck;
  I marvel at the triumphs of her churning.

From cow to cabbage, and from horse to hen,
  I treat bucolics with my rustic charmer:
At heart the most unpastoral of men,
  Converted by this dainty little farmer.

And yet if one soft syllable I chance,
  As late below the glooming leaves we linger,
The pretty veto sparkles in her glance,
  And cautions in her white uplifted finger.

O happy tryst at blossom-time of stars!
  O moments when the glad blood thrills and quickens!
O all-inviolable gateway-bars!
  O Vesta of the milking-pails and chickens!

Edgar Fawcett.

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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.

SIR HARRY'S RETURN.

SIR HARRY received the grandly-worded and indignant letter which had been written at the club, and Cousin George hesitated as to that other letter which his friend was to dictate for him. Consequently it became necessary that Sir Harry should leave London before the matter was settled. In truth, the old baronet liked the grandly-worded and indignant letter. It was almost such a letter as a Hotspur should write on such an occasion. There was an admission of pecuniary weakness which did not quite become a Hotspur, but otherwise the letter was a good letter. Before he left London he took the letter with him to Mr. Boltby, and on his way thither could not refrain from counting up all the good things which would befall him and his if only this young man might be reclaimed and recast in a mould such as should fit the heir of the Hotspurs. He had been very bad—so bad that when Sir Harry counted up his sins they seemed to be as black as night. And then, as he thought of them, the father would declare to himself that he would not imperil his daughter by trusting her to one who had shown himself to be so evil. But again another mode of looking at it all would come upon him. The kind of vice of which George had been undoubtedly guilty was very distasteful to Sir Harry: it had been ignoble and ungentlemanlike vice. He had been a liar, and not only a gambler, but a professional gambler. He had not simply got into debt, but he had got into debt in a fashion that was fraudulent; so at least Sir Harry thought. And yet need it be said that this reprobate was beyond the reach of all forgiveness? Had not men before him done as bad, and yet were brought back within the pale of decent life? In this still vacillating mood of mind Sir Harry reached his lawyer's. Mr. Boltby did not vacillate at all. When he was shown the letter he merely smiled.

"I don't think it is a bad letter," said Sir Harry.

"Words mean so little, Sir Harry," said Mr. Boltby, "and come so cheap."

Sir Harry turned the letter over in his hand and frowned: he did not quite like to be told even by his confidential lawyer that he was mistaken. Unconsciously he was telling himself that after all George Hotspur had been born a gentleman, and that therefore underlying all the young man's vileness and villainy there must be a substratum of noble soil of which the lawyer perhaps knew nothing. Mr. Boltby saw that his client was doubting, and having given much trouble to the matter, and not being afraid of Sir Harry, he determined to speak his mind freely.

"Sir Harry," he said, "in this matter I must tell you what I really think."

"Certainly."

"I am sorry to have to speak ill of one bearing your name, and were not the matter urgent as it is, I should probably repress something of my opinion. As it is, I do not dare to do so. You could not in all London find a man less fit to be the husband of Miss Hotspur than her cousin."

"He is a gentleman—by birth," said Sir Harry.

"He is an unprincipled blackguard by education, and the more blackguard because of his birth: there is nothing too bad for him to do, and very little so bad but what he has done it. He is a gambler, a swindler, and, as I believe, a forger and a card-sharper. He has lived upon the wages of the woman he has professed to love. He has shown

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himself to be utterly spiritless, abominable and vile. If my clerk in the next room were to slap his face, I do not believe that he would resent it." Sir Harry frowned and moved his feet rapidly on the floor. "In my thorough respect and regard for you, Sir Harry," continued Mr. Boltby, "I have undertaken a work which I would not have done for above two or three other men in the world besides yourself. I am bound to tell you the result, which is this—that I would sooner give my own girl to the sweeper at the crossing than to George Hotspur."

Sir Harry's brow was very black. Perhaps he had not quite known his lawyer. Perhaps it was that he had less power of endurance than he had himself thought in regard to the mention of his own family affairs. "Of course," he said, "I am greatly indebted to you, Mr. Boltby, for the trouble you have taken."

"I only hope it may be of service to you."

"It has been of service. What may be the result in regard to this unfortunate young man, I cannot yet say. He has refused our offer—I must say as I think—honorably."

"It means nothing."

"How nothing, Mr. Boltby?"

"No man accepts such a bargain at first. He is playing his hand against yours, Sir Harry, and he knows that he has got a very good card in his own. It was not to be supposed that he would give in at once. In besieging a town the surest way is to starve the garrison. Wait a while and he will give in. When a town has within its walls such vultures as will now settle upon him, it cannot stand out very long. I shall hear more of him before many days are over."

"You think, then, that I may return to Humblethwaite."

"Certainly, Sir Harry; but I hope, Sir Harry, that you will return with the settled conviction on your mind that this young man must not on any consideration be allowed to enter your family."

The lawyer meant well, but he overdid his work. Sir Harry got up and shook hands with him and thanked him, but left the room with some sense of offence. He had come to Mr. Boltby for information, and he had received it. But he was not quite sure that he had intended that Mr. Boltby should advise him touching his management of his own daughter. Mr. Boltby, he thought, had gone a little beyond his tether. Sir Harry acknowledged to himself that he had learned a great deal about his cousin, and it was for him to judge after that whether he would receive his cousin at Humblethwaite. Mr. Boltby should not have spoken about the crossing sweeper. And then Sir Harry was not quite sure that he liked that idea of setting vultures upon a man, and Sir Harry remembered something of his old lore as a hunting man. It is astonishing what blood will do in bringing a horse through mud at the end of a long day. Mr. Boltby probably did not understand how much, at the very last, might be expected from breeding. When Sir Harry left Mr. Boltby's chambers he was almost better-minded toward Cousin George than he had been when he entered them; and in this frame of mind, both for and against the young man, he returned to Humblethwaite. It must not be supposed, however, that as the result of the whole he was prepared to yield. He knew, beyond all doubt, that his cousin was thoroughly a bad subject—a worthless, and, as he believed, an irredeemable scamp; but yet he thought of what might happen if he were to yield!

Things were very sombre when he reached Humblethwaite. Of course his wife could not refrain from questions.

"It is very bad," he said—"as bad as can be."

"He has gambled?"

"Gambled! If that were all! You had better not ask about it: he is a disgrace to the family."

"Then there can be no hope for Emily?"

"No hope! Why should there not be hope? All her life need not depend

on her fancy for a man of whom, after all, she has not seen so very much. She must get over it. Other girls have had to do the same."

"She is not like other girls, Harry."

"How not like them?"

"I think she is more persistent: she has set her heart upon loving this young man, and she will love him."

"Then she must."

"She will break her heart," said Lady Elizabeth.

"She will break mine, I know," said Sir Harry.

When he met his daughter he had embraced her, and she had kissed him and asked after his welfare; but he felt at once that she was different from what she used to be—different not only as regarded herself, but different also in her manner. There came upon him a sad, ponderous conviction that the sunlight had gone out from their joint lives, that all pleasant things were over for both of them, and that as for him it would be well for him that he should die. He could not be happy if there were discord between him and his child; and there must be discord. The man had been invited with a price to take himself off, and had not been sufficiently ignoble to accept the offer. How could he avoid the discord, and bring back the warmth of the sun into his house? Then he remembered those terribly forcible epithets which Mr. Boltby had spoken. "He is an unprincipled blackguard; and the worse blackguard because of his birth." The words had made Sir Harry angry, but he believed them to be true. If there were to be any yielding he would not yield as yet; but that living in his house without sunshine was very grievous to him. "She will kill me," he said to himself, "if she goes on like this."

And yet it was hard to say of what it was that he complained. Days went by, and his daughter said nothing and did nothing of which he could complain. It was simply this—that the sunshine was no longer bright within his halls. Days went by, and George Hotspur's name had never been spoken by Emily in the hearing of her father or mother. Such duties as there were for her to do were done. The active duties of a girl in her position are very few. It was her custom of a morning to spread butter on a bit of toast for her father to eat. This she still did, and brought it to him as was her wont, but she did not bring it with her old manner. It was a thing still done—simply because not to do it would be an omission to be remarked. "Never mind it," said her father the fourth or fifth morning after his return, "I'd sooner do it for myself." She did not say a word, but on the next morning the little ceremony, which had once been so full of pleasant affection, was discontinued. She had certain hours of reading, and these were prolonged rather than abandoned. But both her father and mother perceived that her books were changed; her Italian was given up, and she took to works of religion—sermons, treatises and long commentaries.

"It will kill me," said Sir Harry to his wife.

"I am afraid it will kill her," said Lady Elizabeth. "Do you see how her color has gone, and she eats so little!"

"She walks every day."

"Yes, and comes in so tired. And she goes to church every Wednesday and Friday at Hesket. I'm sure she is not fit for it in such weather as this."

"She has the carriage."

"No, she walks."

Then Sir Harry gave orders that his daughter should always have the carriage on Wednesdays and Fridays. But Emily, when her mother told her this, insisted that she would sooner walk.

But what did the carriage or no carriage on Wednesday signify? The trouble was deeper than that. It was so deep that both father and mother felt that something must be done or the trouble would become too heavy for their backs. Ten days passed, and nothing was heard either from Mr. Boltby or from Cousin George. Sir Harry hardly knew what it was that he expected to hear, but it seemed that he did expect something. He was nervous at the hour of post, and

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was aware himself that he was existing on from day to day with the idea of soon doing some special thing—he knew not what, but something that might put an end to the frightful condition of estrangement between him and his child in which he was now living. It told even upon his duty among his tenants. It told upon his farm. It told upon almost every workman in the parish. He had no heart for doing anything. It did not seem certain to him that he could continue to live in his own house. He could not bring himself to order that this wood should be cut or that those projected cottages should be built. Everything was at a standstill; and it was clear to him that Emily knew that all this had come from her rash love for her cousin George. She never now came and stood at his elbow in his own room or leaned upon his shoulder: she never now asked him questions, or brought him out from his papers to decide questions in the garden, or rather to allow himself to be ruled by her decisions. There were greetings between them morning and evening, and questions were asked and answered formally, but there was no conversation.

"What have I done that I should be punished in this way?" said Sir Harry to himself.

If he was prompt to think himself hardly used, so also was his daughter. In considering the matter in her own mind, she had found it to be her duty to obey her father in her outward conduct, founding her convictions in this matter upon precedent and upon the general convictions of the world. In the matter of bestowing herself upon a suitor a girl is held to be subject to her parents. So much she knew, or believed that she knew, and therefore she would obey. She had read and heard of girls who would correspond with their lovers clandestinely, would run away with their lovers, would marry their lovers as it were behind their fathers' backs. No act of this kind would she do. She had something within her which would make it dreadful to her ever to have to admit that she had been personally wrong—some mixture of pride and principle which was strong enough to keep her steadfast in her promised obedience. She would do nothing that could be thrown in her teeth, nothing that could be called unfeminine, indelicate or undutiful. But she had high ideas of what was due to herself, and conceived that she would be wronged by her father should her father take advantage of her sense of duty to crush her heart. She had her own rights and her own privileges, with which grievous and cruel interference would be made should her father, because he was her father, rob her of the only thing which was sweet to her taste or desirable in her esteem. Because she was his heiress he had no right to make her his slave. But even should he do so, she had in her own hands a certain security. The bondage of a slave no doubt he might allot to her, but not the task-work. Because she would cling to her duty and keep the promise which she had made to him, it would be in his power to prevent the marriage upon which she had set her heart; but it was not within his power or within his privilege as a father to force upon her any other marriage. She would never help him with her hand in that adjustment of his property of which he thought so much, unless he would help her in her love. And in the mean time sunshine should be banished from the house—such sunshine as had shone round her head. She did not so esteem herself as to suppose that because she was sad therefore her father and mother would be wretched, but she did feel herself bound to contribute to the house in general all the wretchedness which might come from her own want of sunlight. She suffered under a terrible feeling of ill-usage. Why was she, because she was a girl and an heiress, to be debarred from her own happiness? If she were willing to risk herself, why should others interfere? And if the life and conduct of her cousin were in truth so bad as they were represented—which she did

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not in the least believe—why had he been allowed to come within her reach? It was not only that he was young, clever, handsome and in every way attractive, but that, in addition to all this, he was a Hotspur and would some day be the head of the Hotspurs. Her father had known well enough that her family pride was equal to his own. Was it not natural that when a man so endowed had come in her way, she should learn to love him? And when she had loved him, was it not right that she should cling to her love?

Her father would fain treat her like a beast of burden kept in the stables for a purpose, or like a dog, whose obedience and affections might be transferred from one master to another for a price. She would obey her father, but her father should be made to understand that hers was not the nature of a beast of burden or of a dog. She was a Hotspur as thoroughly as was he. And then they brought men there to her, selected suitors, whom she despised. What did they think of her when imagining that she would take a husband not of her own choosing? What must be their idea of love, and of marriage duty, and of that close intercourse of man and wife? To her feeling a woman should not marry at all unless she could so love a man as to acknowledge to herself that she was imperatively required to sacrifice all that belonged to her for his welfare and good. Such was her love for George Hotspur, let him be what he might. They told her that he was bad and that he would drag her into the mud. She was willing to be dragged into the mud, or, at any rate, to make her own struggle during the dragging as to whether he should drag her in or she should drag him out.

And then they brought men to her, walking-sticks—Lord Alfred and young Mr. Thoresby — and insulted her by supposing of her that she would marry a man simply because he was brought there as a fitting husband. She would be dutiful and obedient as a daughter, according to her idea of duty and of principle, but she would let them know that she had an identity of her own, and that she was not to be moulded like a piece of clay.

No doubt she was hard upon her father. No doubt she was in very truth disobedient and disrespectful. It was not that she should have married any Lord Alfred that was brought to her, but that she should have struggled to accommodate her spirit to her father's spirit. But she was a Hotspur, and though she could be generous, she could not yield. And then the hold of a child upon the father is so much stronger than that of the father on the child! Our eyes are set in our face, and are always turned forward. The glances that we cast back are but occasional.

And so the sunshine was banished from the house of Humblethwaite, and the days were as black as the night.

CHAPTER XVII.

"LET US TRY."

THINGS went on thus at Humblethwaite for three weeks, and Sir Harry began to feel that he could endure it no longer. He had expected to have heard again from Mr. Boltby, but no letter had come. Mr. Boltby had suggested to him something of starving out the town, and he had expected to be informed before this whether the town were starved out or not. He had received an indignant and grandiloquent letter from his cousin, of which as yet he had taken no notice. He had taken no notice of the letter, although it had been written to decline a proposal of very great moment made by himself. He felt that in these circumstances Mr. Boltby ought to have written to him. He ought to have been told what was being done. And yet he had left Mr. Boltby with a feeling which made it distasteful to him to ask further questions from the lawyer on the subject. Altogether, his position was one as disagreeable and painful as it well could be.

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But at last, in regard to his own private life with his daughter, he could bear it no longer. The tenderness of his heart was too much for his pride, and he broke down in his resolution to be stern and silent with her till all this should have passed by them. She was so much more to him than he was to her. She was his all in all, whereas Cousin George was hers. He was the happier, at any rate, in this, that he would never be forced to despise where he loved.

"Emily," he said to her at last, "why is it that you are so changed to me?"

"Papa!"

"Are you not changed? Do you not know that everything about the house is changed?"

"Yes, papa."

"And why is it so? I do not keep away from you. You used to come to me every day. You never come near me now."

She hesitated for a moment with her eyes turned to the ground, and then as she answered him she looked him full in the face: "It is because I am always thinking of my cousin George."

"But why should that keep us apart, Emily? I wish that it were not so, but why should that keep us apart?"

"Because you are thinking of him too, and think so differently. You hate him, but I love him."

"I do not hate him. It is not that I hate him. I hate his vices."

"So do I."

"I know that he is not a fit man for you to marry. I have not been able to tell you the things that I know of him."

"I do not wish to be told."

"But you might believe me when I assure you that they are of a nature to make you change your feelings toward him. At this very moment he is attached to—to—another person."

Emily Hotspur blushed up to her brows, and her cheeks and forehead were suffused with blood, but her mouth was set as firm as a rock; and then came that curl over her eye which her father had so dearly loved when she was a child, but which was now held by him to be so dangerous. She was not going to be talked out of her love in that way. Of course there had been things—were things—of which she knew nothing and desired to know nothing. Though she herself was as pure as the driven snow, she did not require to be told that there were impurities in the world. If it was meant to be insinuated that he was untrue to her, she simply disbelieved it. But what if he were? His untruth would not justify hers. And untruth was impossible to her. She loved him, and had told him so. Let him be ever so false, it was for her to bring him back to truth or to spend herself in the endeavor. Her father did not understand her at all when he talked to her after this fashion. But she said nothing. Her father was alluding to a matter on which she could say nothing.

"If I could explain to you the way in which he has raised money for his daily needs, you would feel that he had degraded himself beneath your notice."

"He cannot degrade himself beneath my notice—not now. It is too late."

"But, Emily, do you mean to say, then, that, let you set your affections where you might—however wrongly, on however base an object—your mamma and I ought to yield to them, merely because they are so set?"

"He is your heir, papa."

"No, you are my heir. But I will not argue upon that. Grant that he were my heir, even though every acre that is mine must go to feed his wickedness the very moment that I die, would that be a reason for giving my child to him also? Do you think that you are no more to me than the acres, or the house, or the empty title? They are all nothing to my love for you."

"Papa!"

"I do not think that you have known it. Nay, darling, I have hardly known it myself. All other anxieties have ceased with me, now that I have come to know what it really is to be anxious for you. Do you think that I would not abandon any consideration as to wealth

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or family for your happiness? It has come to that with me, Emily, that they are nothing to me now—nothing. You are everything."

"Dear papa!" And now once again she leant upon his shoulder.

"When I tell you of the young man's life, you will not listen to me. You regard it simply as groundless opposition."

"No, papa, not groundless — only useless."

"But am I not bound to see that my girl be not united to a man who would disgrace her, misuse her, drag her into the dirt"—that idea of dragging George out was strong in Emily's mind as she listened to this—"make her wretched and contemptible, and degrade her? Surely this is a father's duty; and my child should not turn from me, and almost refuse to speak to me because I do it as best I can."

"I do not turn from you, papa."

"Has my darling been to me as she used to be?"

"Look here, papa: you know what it is I have promised you."

"I do, dearest."

"I will keep my promise. I will never marry him till you consent. Even though I were to see him every day for ten years, I would not do so when I had given my word."

"I am sure of it, Emily."

"But let us try, you and I and mamma together. If you will do that, oh I will be so good to you! Let us see if we cannot make him good. I will never ask to marry him till you yourself are satisfied that he has reformed." She looked into his face imploringly, and she saw that he was vacillating. And yet he was a strong man, not given in ordinary things to much doubt. "Papa, let us understand each other and be friends. If we do not trust each other, who can trust any one?"

"I do trust you."

"I shall never care for any one else."

"Do not say that, my child. You are too young to know your own heart. These are wounds which time will cure. Others have suffered as you are suffering, and yet have become happy wives and mothers."

"Papa, I shall never change. I think I love him more because he is—so weak. Like a poor child that is a cripple, he wants more love than those who are strong. I shall never change. And look here, papa: I know it is my duty to obey you by not marrying without your consent. But it can never be my duty to marry any one because you or mamma ask me. You will agree to that, papa?"

"I should never think of pressing any one on you."

"That is what I mean. And so we do understand each other. Nothing can teach me not to think of him, and to love him, and to pray for him. As long as I live I shall do so. Nothing you can find out about him will alter me in that. Pray, pray do not go on finding out bad things. Find out something good, and then you will begin to love him."

"But if there is nothing good?" Sir Harry, as he said this, remembered the indignant refusal of his offer which was at that moment in his pocket, and confessed to himself that he had no right to say that nothing good could be found in Cousin George.

"Do not say that, papa. How can you say that of any one? Remember, he has our name, and he must some day be the head of our family."

"It will not be long first," said Sir Harry, mournfully.

"Many, many, many years, I hope. For his sake, as well as ours, I pray that it may be so. But still it is natural to suppose that the day will come."

"Of course it will come."

"Must it not be right, then, to make him fit for it when it comes? It can't be your great duty to think of him as it is mine, but still it must be a duty to you too. I will not excuse his life, papa, but have there not been temptations, such great temptations? And then, other men are excused for doing what he has done. Let us try together, papa. Say that you will try."

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It was clear to Sir Harry through it all that she knew nothing as yet of the nature of the man's offences. When she spoke of temptation not resisted, she was still thinking of commonplace extravagance, of the ordinary pleasures of fast young men, of race-courses, and betting, perhaps, and of tailors' bills. That lie which he had told about Goodwood she had, as it were, thrown behind her, so that she should not be forced to look at it. But Sir Harry knew him to be steeped in dirty lies up to the lip—one who cheated tradesmen on system, a gambler who looked out for victims, a creature so mean that he could take a woman's money! Mr. Boltby had called him a swindler, a card-sharper and a cur; and Sir Harry, though he was inclined at the present moment to be angry with Mr. Boltby, had never known the lawyer to be wrong. And this was the man for whom his daughter was pleading with all the young enthusiasm of her nature—was pleading, not as for a cousin, but in order that he might at last be welcomed to that house as her lover, her husband, the one human being chosen out from all the world to be the recipient of the good things of which she had the bestowal! The man was so foul in the estimation of Sir Harry that it was a stain to be in his presence; and this was the man whom he as a father was implored to help to save, in order that at some future time his daughter might become the reprobate's wife!

"Papa, say that you will help me," repeated Emily, clinging to him and looking up into his face.

He could not say that he would help her, and yet he longed to say some word that might comfort her: "You have been greatly shaken by all this, dearest."

"Shaken! Yes, in one sense I have been shaken. I don't know quite what you mean. I shall never be shaken in the other way."

"You have been distressed."

"Yes, distressed."

"Yes, indeed, so have we all," he continued. "I think it will be best to leave this for a while."

"For how long, papa?"

"We need not quite fix that. I was thinking of going to Naples for the winter." He was silent, waiting for her approbation, but she expressed none. "It is not long since you said how much you would like to spend a winter in Naples."

She still paused, but it was but for a moment: "At that time, papa, I was not engaged." Did she mean to tell him that because of this fatal promise which she had made she never meant to stir from her home till she should be allowed to go with that wretch as her husband—that because of this promise, which could never be fulfilled, everything should come to an end with her? "Papa," she said, "that would not be the way to try to save him—to go away and leave him among those who prey upon him—unless, indeed, he might go too."

"What! with us?"

"With you and mamma. Why not? You know what I have promised. You can trust me."

"It is a thing absolutely not to be thought of," he said; and then he left her. What was he to do? He could take her abroad, no doubt, but were he to do so in her present humor, she would of course relapse into that cold, silent, unloving, undutiful obedience which had been so distressing to him. She had made a great request to him, and he had not absolutely refused it. But the more he thought of it the more distasteful did it become to him. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. And the stain of this pitch was so very black! He could pay money, if that would soothe her. He could pay money, even if the man should not accept the offer made to him, should she demand it of him. And if the man would reform himself, and come out through the fire really purified, might it not be possible that at some long future time Emily should become his wife? Or if some sort of half promise such as this were made to Emily, would not that soften her for the time, and induce her to go abroad with a spirit capable

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of satisfaction, if not of pleasure? If this could be brought about, then time might do the rest. It would have been a delight to him to see his daughter married early, even though his own home might have been made desolate; but now he would be content if he thought he could look forward to some future settlement in life that might become her rank and fortune.

Emily, when her father left her, was aware that she had received no reply to her request which she was entitled to regard as encouraging; but she thought that she had broken the ice, and that her father would by degrees become accustomed to her plan. If she could only get him to say that he would watch over the unhappy one, she herself would not be unhappy. It was not to be expected that she should be allowed to give her own aid at first to the work, but she had her scheme. His debts must be paid, and an income provided for him. And duties too must be given to him. Why should he not live at Scarrowby and manage the property there? And then at length he would be welcomed to Humblethwaite, when her own work might begin. Neither for him nor for her must there be any living again in London until this task should have been completed. That any trouble could be too great, any outlay of money too vast, for so divine a purpose, did not occur to her. Was not this man the heir to her father's title? and was he not the owner of her own heart?

Then she knelt down and prayed that the Almighty Father would accomplish this good work for her; and yet not for her, but for him; not that she might be happy in her love, but that he might be as a brand saved from the burning, not only hereafter, but here also in the sight of men. Alas, dearest! no: not so could it be done! Not at thy instance, though thy prayers be as pure as the songs of angels; but certainly at his, if only he could be taught to know that the treasure so desirable in thy sight, so inestimable to thee, were a boon worthy of his acceptance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOOD ADVICE.

Two or three days after the little request made by Cousin George to Mrs. Morton the Allinghams came suddenly to town. George received a note from Lady Allingham addressed to him at his club:

"We are going through to the Draytons in Hampshire. It is a new freak. Four or five horses are to be sold, and Gustavus thinks of buying the lot. If you are in town, come to us. You must not think that we are slack about you because Gustavus would have nothing to do with the money. He will be at home to-morrow till eleven. I shall not go out till two. We leave on Thursday.

"Yours, A. A."

This letter he received on the Wednesday. Up to that hour he had done nothing since his interview with Mr. Hart, nor during those few days did he hear from that gentleman, or from Captain Stubber, or from Mr. Boltby. He had written to Sir Harry refusing Sir Harry's generous offer, and subsequently to that had made up his mind to accept it, and had asked, as the reader knows, for Mrs. Morton's assistance. But the making up of George Hotspur's mind was nothing. It was unmade again that day after dinner, as he thought of all the glories of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby combined. Any one knowing him would have been sure that he would do nothing till he should be further driven. Now there had come upon the scene in London one who could drive him.

He went to the earl's house just at eleven, not wishing to seem to avoid the earl, but still desirous of seeing as little of his friend on that occasion as possible. He found Lord Allingham standing in his wife's morning-room. "How are you, old fellow? How do things go with the heiress?" He was in excellent humor, and said nothing about the refused request. "I must be off. You do what my lady advises: you may be sure that she knows a deal

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more about it than you or I." Then he went, wishing George success in his usual friendly, genial way, which, as George knew, meant very little.

With Lady Allingham the case was different. She was in earnest about it. It was to her a matter of real moment that this great heiress should marry one of her own set, and a man who wanted money so badly as did poor George. And she liked work of that kind. George's matrimonial prospects were more interesting to her than her husband's stables. She was very soon in the thick of it all, asking questions and finding out how the land lay. She knew that George would lie, but that was to be expected from a man in his position. She knew also that she could with fair accuracy extract the truth from his lies.

"Pay all your debts and give you five hundred pounds a year for his life?"

"The lawyer has offered that," said George, sadly.

"Then you may be sure," continued Lady Allingham, "that the young lady is in earnest. You have not accepted it?"

"Oh dear! no. I wrote to Sir Harry quite angrily. I told him I wanted my cousin's hand."

"And what next?"

"I have heard nothing further from anybody."

Lady Allingham sat and thought. "Are these people in London bothering you?" George explained that he had been bothered a good deal, but not for the last four or five days. "Can they put you in prison or anything of that kind?"

George was not quite sure whether they might or might not have some such power. He had a dreadful weight on his mind of which he could say nothing to Lady Allingham. Even she would be repelled from him were she to know of that evening's work between him and Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. He said at last that he did not think they could arrest him, but that he was not quite sure.

"You must do something to let her know that you are as much in earnest as she is."

"Exactly."

"It is no use writing, because she wouldn't get your letters."

"She wouldn't have a chance."

"And if I understand her she would not do anything secretly."

"I am afraid not," said George.

"You will live, perhaps, to be glad that it is so. When girls come out to meet their lovers clandestinely before marriage, they get so fond of the excitement that they sometimes go on doing it afterward."

"She is as—as—as sure to go the right side of the post as any girl in the world."

"No doubt. So much the better for you. When those girls do catch the disease they always have it very badly. They mean only to have one affair, and naturally want to make the most of it. Well, now, what I would do is this. Run down to Humblethwaite."

"To Humblethwaite?"

"Yes. I don't suppose you are going to be afraid of anybody. Knock at the door and send your card to Sir Harry. Drive into the stable-yard, so that everybody about the place may know that you are there, and then ask to see the baronet."

"He wouldn't see me."

"Then ask to see Lady Elizabeth."

"She wouldn't be allowed to see me."

"Then leave a letter, and say that you'll wait for an answer. Write to Miss Hotspur whatever you like to say in the way of a love-letter, and put it under cover to Sir Harry—open."

"She'll never get it."

"I don't suppose she will. Not but what she may—only that isn't the first object. But this will come of it. She'll know that you've been there. That can't be kept from her. You may be sure that she was very firm in sticking to you when he offered to pay all that money to get rid of you. She'll remain firm if she's made to know that you are the same. Don't let her love die out for want of notice."

"I won't."

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"If they take her abroad, go after them. Stick to it, and you'll wear them out if she helps you. And if she knows that you are sticking to it, she'll do the same for honor. When she begins to be a little pale, and to walk out at nights, and to cough in the morning, they'll be tired out and send for Dr. George Hotspur. That's the way it will go if you play your game well."

Cousin George was lost in admiration at the wisdom and generalship of this great counselor, and promised implicit obedience. The countess went on to explain that it might be expedient to postpone this movement for a week or two: "You should leave just a little interval, because you cannot always be doing something. For some days after his return her father won't cease to abuse you, which will keep you well in her mind. When those men begin to attack you again, so as to make London too hot, then run down to Humblethwaite. Don't hide your light under a bushel. Let the people down there know all about it."

George Hotspur swore eternal gratitude and implicit obedience, and went back to his club.

Mr. Hart and. Captain Stubber did not give him much rest. From Mr. Boltby he received no further communication. For the present Mr. Boltby thought it well to leave him in the hands of Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber. Mr. Boltby, indeed, did not as yet know all Mr. Bullbean's story, although certain hints had reached him which had, as he thought, justified him in adding the title of card-sharper to those other titles with which he had decorated his client's cousin's name. Had he known the entire Walker story, he would probably have thought that Cousin George might have been bought at a considerably cheaper price than that fixed in the baronet's offer, which was still in force. But then Mr. Hart had his little doubts also and his difficulties. He too could perceive that were he to make this last little work of Captain Hotspur's common property in the market, it might so far sink Captain Hotspur's condition and value in the world that nobody would think it worth his while to pay Captain Hotspur's debts. At present there was a proposition from an old gentleman possessed of enormous wealth to pay "all Captain Hotspur's debts." Three months ago Mr. Hart would willingly have sold every scrap of the captain's paper in his possession for the half of the sum inscribed on it. The whole sum was now promised, and would undoubtedly be paid if the captain could be worked upon to do as Mr. Boltby desired. But if the gentlemen employed on this delicate business were to blow upon the captain too severely, Mr. Boltby would have no such absolute necessity to purchase the captain. The captain would sink to zero, and not need purchasing. Mr. Walker must have back his money, or so much of it as Mr. Hart might permit him to take. That probably might be managed, and the captain must be thoroughly frightened, and must be made to write the letter which Mr. Boltby desired. Mr. Hart understood his work very well—so, it is hoped, does the reader.

Captain Stubber was in these days a thorn in our hero's side, but Mr. Hart was a scourge of scorpions. Mr. Hart never ceased to talk of Mr. Walker, and of the determination of Walker and Bullbean to go before a magistrate if restitution were not made. Cousin George of course denied the foul play, but admitted that he would repay the money if he had it There should be no difficulty about the money, Mr. Hart assured him, if he would only write that letter to Mr. Boltby. In fact, if he would write that letter to Mr. Boltby, he should be made "shquare all round." So Mr. Hart was pleased to express himself. But if this were not done, and done at once, Mr. Hart swore by his God that Captain "Oshspur" should be sold up, root and branch, without another day's mercy. The choice was between five hundred pounds a year in any of the capitals of Europe, and that without a debt—or penal servitude. That was the pleasant form in which

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Mr. Hart put the matter to his young friend.

Cousin George drank a good deal of curaçoa and doubted between Lady Allingham and Mr. Hart. He knew that he had not told everything to the countess. Excellent as was her scheme, perfect as was her wisdom, her advice was so far more dangerous than the Jew's, that it was given somewhat in the dark. The Jew knew pretty well everything. The Jew was interested, of course, and therefore his advice must also be regarded with suspicion. At last, when Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber between them had made London too hot to hold him, he started for Humblethwaite; not without leaving a note for "dear Mr. Hart," in which he explained that he was going to Westmoreland with a purpose that would, he trusted, very speedily enable him to pay every shilling that he owed.

"Yesh," said Mr. Hart, "and if he ain't quick he shall come back with a 'andcuff on."

Captain Hotspur could not very well escape Mr. Hart. He started by the night-train for Penrith, and before doing so prepared a short letter for Miss Hotspur, which, as instructed, he put open under an envelope addressed to the baronet. There should be nothing clandestine, nothing dishonorable. Oh dear! no. He quite taught himself to believe that he would have hated anything dishonorable or clandestine. His letter was as follows:

"Dearest Emily: After what has passed between us, I cannot bear not to attempt to see you or to write to you. So I shall go down and take this letter with me. Of course I shall not take any steps of which Sir Harry might disapprove. I wrote to him two or three weeks ago, telling him what I proposed, and I thought that he would have answered me. As I have not heard from him, I shall take this with me to Humblethwaite, and shall hope, though I do not know whether I may dare to expect, to see the girl I love better than all the world. Always your own,

"George Hotspur."

Even this was not composed by himself, for Cousin George, though he could often talk well—or at least sufficiently well for the purposes which he had on hand—was not good with his pen on such an occasion as this. Lady Allingham had sent him by post a rough copy of what he had better say, and he had copied her ladyship's words verbatim. There is no matter of doubt at all but that on all such subjects an average woman can write a better letter than an average man; and Cousin George was therefore right to obtain assistance from his female friends.

He slept at Penrith till nearly noon, then breakfasted and started with post-horses for Humblethwaite. He felt that everybody knew what he was about, and was almost ashamed of being seen. Nevertheless he obeyed his instructions. He had himself driven up through the lodges and across the park into the large stable-yard of the Hall. Lady Allingham had quite understood that more people must see and hear him in this way than if he merely rang at the front door and were from thence dismissed. The grooms and the coachman saw him, as did also three or four of the maids, who were in the habit of watching to see that the grooms and coachman did their work. He had brought with him a traveling-bag—not expecting to be asked to stay and dine, but thinking it well to be prepared. This, however, he left in the fly as he walked round to the hall door. The footman was already there when he appeared, as word had gone through the house that Mr. George had arrived. Was Sir Harry at home? Yes, Sir Harry was at home; and then George found himself in a small parlor, or book-room, or subsidiary library, which he had very rarely known to be used. But there was a fire in the room, and he stood before it, twiddling his hat.

In a quarter of an hour the door was opened, and the servant came in with a tray and wine and sandwiches. George felt it to be an inappropriate welcome, but still, after a fashion, it was a welcome.

"Is Sir Harry in the house?" he asked.

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"Yes, Mr. Hotspur."

"Does he know that I am here?"

"Yes, Mr. Hotspur, I think he does."

Then it occurred to Cousin George that perhaps he might bribe the servant, and he put his hand into his pocket. But before he had communicated the two half-crowns, it struck him that there was no possible request which he could make to the man in reference to which a bribe would be serviceable.

"Just ask them to look to the horses," he said: "I don't know whether they were taken out."

"The horses is feeding, Mr. Hotspur," said the man.

Every word the man spoke was gravely spoken, and George understood perfectly that he was held to have done a very wicked thing in coming to Humblethwaite. Nevertheless, there was a decanter full of sherry, which, as far as it went, was an emblem of kindness. Nobody should say that he was unwilling to accept kindness at his cousin's hands, and he helped himself liberally. Before he was interrupted again he had filled his glass four times.

But in truth it needed something to support him. For a whole hour after the servant's disappearance he was left alone. There were books in the room, hundreds of them, but in such circumstances who could read? Certainly not Cousin George, to whom books at no time gave much comfort. Twice and thrice he stepped toward the bell, intending to ring it and ask again for Sir Harry, but twice and thrice he paused. In his position he was bound not to give offence to Sir Harry. At last the door was opened, and, with silent step and grave demeanor and solemn countenance, Lady Elizabeth walked into the room. "We are very sorry that you should have been kept so long waiting, Captain Hotspur," she said.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, THE REALIST.

ONE of Rembrandt's pictures represents an anatomical demonstrator, who has just cut open the trunk of a corpse and exhibits its entrails to a class of young but grave-looking men. The spectator feels himself at once attracted and repelled by the picture. After he has long contemplated it he averts his gaze and draws a breath of relief.

Such is the impression produced on reading and laying down Gustave Flaubert's last novel. We question whether a work like *L'Éducation Sentimentale* has ever been written out of France. Many readers will probably add, "No, Heaven forbid!" But it is exactly because we need not apprehend that American authors will go too far in realistic delineations that it is safe to explain what invests books like Flaubert's with their peculiar value and painful fascination. It is of no consequence that this value and fascination are those of an anatomical lesson. Anatomy belongs to art: no artist has been the worse for a visit to the dissecting-room. Something may therefore be even learnt from an author who prepares the soul like a corpse, exposes and strips it with ruthless hand, dissects it with the sharp knife, and subjects its most delicate tissues to the microscope. The anatomist cannot teach us to create living beings, but we may learn from him all about the bones, muscles and nerves, without which nothing human can exist. This of itself repays the trouble.

There are among our novelists many men of talents who have studied and read much, and who think too highly of their calling not to strive conscientiously to produce sterling works. Indeed, novels

are constantly written which command respect, sympathy, and even admiration for the depth of their thoughts, the elevation of their sentiments, and by a style formed after the best models of the world's literature—works which display every advantage that results from talent, cultivation and industry. One thing is, however, always wanting in most novels: they fail to convince. We perceive distinctly that the events related have happened only in the brain of the author: with the described scenes and characters immediately before our face, the author's physiognomy is never entirely lost out of sight. A cultivated, thoughtful writer, though he should never have been outside of his four walls, is certainly a more competent and trustworthy personage than a dozen Parisian society men and women, Bohemians or lorettes—not to mention the difference in moral worth. But the novel is not meant to exhibit the inner being of any *one* individual, be he ever so profound; nor is its object to treat of *one* thesis alone, were it the quintessence of sublunary wisdom. The modern novel's mission is to do what the drama is no longer capable of doing on its narrow boards—to hold the mirror up to Nature, to reflect to the century and the time their own images. Our novelists generally hold up the mirror to their own persons, not to Nature. They are lyrists who want to get rid of a tormenting mood by a poem, or professors who desire to proclaim the results of their studies. Hence it comes that such authors, though often the most modest of men, strike us almost invariably as insufferably pretentious. One totally ignores the world around him: another sees in it nothing save the proof of some pet theory. Instead of painting men and things, they give us their conceptions of them. They are Pantheists, and all their heroes, bourgeois and varlets speak the language of Coleridge or Spinosa.

A Frenchman, a Parisian, would never think of disguising his realism. Life bears down too powerfully upon the eye and brain of a Parisian novelist, is too variegated, too closely interwoven, for him to note one thing and to ignore another. Where existence, a heaving sea, rolls in such mighty waves, the poet cannot isolate himself. His senses would be blunted indeed if they failed to find this fullness of living types more interesting than the pale creatures of his own brain. Who would like to be left on the strand, who could resist being drawn into the tempting current, when he might see, hear and explain all? But as none may walk with impunity under palm trees, so none may swim unharmed in the stream of life. Those who approach too closely lose their sense of relations, their consciousness of distances. There is danger that their attention will be absorbed by the superficial to the neglect of more substantial things. Those whom the world encircles in its continual whirl must beware of turning giddy, and not accept the saying of the witches, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," or the beautiful and homely, the good and the bad, will appear to them undistinguishably mixed. These are some of the dangers which menace the realist. The nearer he draws, the closer he examines, the more impartially he endeavors to be impressed, the greater are the optical illusions to which he is liable.

Gustave Flaubert, since Balzac the most remarkable novelist in France, is at the same time the most resolute, reckless and pitiless realist. In 1857 he published his first novel, *Madame Bovary*, the history of an adulteress, which at once established his reputation. It is written as a physician would make out a sick report, without any perceptible sympathy with the sufferer, and only for the sake of the scientific interest. The observer, cool, patient and curious, notes every symptom, every change, utterly callous whether for good or ill. All he cares for is that the origin and development of the pathological process should be made perfectly clear, and he never thinks of quarreling with Nature for those manifestations which people call disease. The readers of this pathological treatise could therefore hardly have been

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surprised when they heard that its author had formerly practiced medicine. As if anxious to show that in him, the inquirer into Nature, all things inspire only a purely objective interest, he undertook in his second work, *Salammbo*, to describe ancient Carthage with precisely the same detailed, dispassionate precision which he had displayed in describing Madame Bovary and her life in the small Normandy town.

Flaubert composes very slowly. He has just published his third work, *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, which relates the story of a young man named Frédéric Moreau. The hero is already nineteen years old when we make his acquaintance. Of his infancy and boyhood nothing more is said than that he lost his father early; that he was reared at Nogent, a small provincial town, by his mother; and that he received his schooling at the Lyceum of Sens. The mother is not described as sentimental. Not to prejudice the future career of her son, for whom she entertains ambitious views, she "did not like to hear the government censured in her presence." Nor are any sentimental influences to be traced back to the Lyceum. But Frédéric had early intoxicated himself with the poets of love and the passions, and considered his life already a failure at eighteen. "I could have achieved something with a woman that loved me. . . . Why do you laugh? Love is the food, and, as it were, the atmosphere of genius. Extraordinary emotions of the mind produce great results. But I refrain from seeking her whom I miss. Were I to discover her now, she would spurn me. I belong to the disinherited, and shall descend to the grave with a treasure either of glass or diamonds—I know not which." The story of this unhappy genius hinges chiefly on his love-affairs, and it is they that educate him. Represented at the outset of his life as an inquisitively-sensual and clumsily-bashful youth, we leave him a worn-out, satiated man in the fifties. The closing chapter of the novel relates a conversation between Frédéric and Deslauriers, a former schoolmate. If the main object of Frédéric's life was love, that of Deslauriers was power and distinction. Surveying the past with the eyes of altered men, both discover that their lives have been failures. Here are the reasons why:

"Perhaps for not having kept in the straight line?" said Frédéric.

"That may apply in your case," answered his friend. "I, on the contrary, have sinned by an excess of straightness, and paid no attention to thousands of subordinate things which are mightier than all. I had too much logic—you had too much feeling."

Feeling? Let us substitute the word sentiment for it. We can here learn the difference between these two. In one of those rare passages in which the author expresses his own opinions in two words, he calls his hero "the man of all weaknesses." In Frédéric the feeling is decidedly weak. Sensibility is the exact opposite of strength of feeling. Frédéric is a proof that excess of feeling destroys all force of character. His sensibility does not arise from any delicacy of mind, but from a nervous excitability: he is not soft-hearted, but weak-hearted. He succumbs to every impression, yet none retains a hold on him; he entertains an exalted opinion of his own excellence, but is capable of any meanness; he can even be magnanimous when a momentary nervous excitement carries him away. In a troubled period, amidst a disaffected society, which feels the ground tremble under its feet and finds no God in the heavens above; which sentimentalizes with the skeptical poets and looks to optimistic world-regenerators for the reign of Proletarianism and the emancipation of the flesh; which discovers daily new rights, but scouts old duties; which dreams of an unlimited capacity for enjoyment, while it is incapable of any; which, disgusted with reality, flies to romance, and expects from it a solution of the great problems that oppress the Present,—such a period and such a society must give birth not only to many real men bearing a near resemblance to Frédéric Moreau, but to that ideal type — that

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compound of naïve egotism and affected martyrdom.

The hero of Flaubert's novel occupies therefore the same relation to the favorite characters of French romanticism as Don Quixote does to the heroes of knightly poetry. With historical gravity and circumstantial accuracy, as though it involved the most vital affairs, Flaubert relates Frédéric's various amours. Frédéric, it is true, calls the love with which he is inspired by Madame Arnoux, the virtuous wife and mother whom he fails to corrupt, his principal love, "his *grande passion.*" But this great love does not prevent him from living with Rosanette, the lorette, from promising marriage to the alluring Louise, his neighbor, or from becoming first the lover and then the betrothed of Madame Dambreuse, the heartless fine lady. And all these love-affairs are simultaneous. That we may not suppose the author to feel something like an idealizing weakness for any one among his female characters, he takes special care to inform us that even the most virtuous of them are frail. Louise, the girl betrayed by Frédéric, marries his friend Deslauriers, and subsequently runs away with an actor. Madame Arnoux, with whose modesty and virtue we deeply sympathize, must at last, when a woman with white hairs, pay her former tempter an equivocal visit, from which she comes out pure only because Frédéric, "as much from prudence as from a reluctance to lower his ideal," prefers to turn on his heel and to roll up a cigarette.

The scene of the story is laid in Paris and in Frédéric's native town: the period extends from the year 1840 to 1868. We are not for a moment disconnected with the public events of the time, with the social and political life of France and her capital. Love-adventures in Paris have not exactly the character of idyls, in which two souls entirely forget the outside world. The women whom Frédéric loves are wives, lorettes and daughters. The realist cannot ignore their husbands, fathers, lovers and friends. These men sustain other relations—of love, business, friendship—into which we are also initiated. Thus the number of those whose nearer or remoter acquaintance we make becomes almost endless. All classes of society, which know each other and are thrown into close contact in Paris, are introduced to our notice: the whole nation acts the part of a chorus. All that takes place during the period is grouped together in the frame. When the realist therefore tells us love-stories dating from the year 1840 to 1868, we hear also of the Guizot ministry, the radical opposition, the Protectionists, the Socialists, the February revolution, Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Cavaignac, the July battles, the 2d of December, etc. Whatever comes within the scope of Frédéric Moreau's horizon is mentioned, and, if possible, described. And this is always done with the same unvarying, indifferent impartiality. The author takes the part of the virtuous woman against the dissolute girl as little as he takes that of the Revolution against Order, or that of Order against the Revolution. He observes, he describes both—keenly, but unsympathetically. He belongs to no party: no catchword attracts him, no enthusiasm blinds him. He knows the men of order and law, the supporters of the *status quo*, the expectant flatterers of power; the banker who only lives for his millions; the dandified viscount of the Faubourg St. Germain; the aspiring public prosecutor: there are egotists, hypocrites, cowards, intriguers and roués. On the other side, the description of the men of Liberty is neither better nor worse. Deslauriers, the democrat, who wants to rise at all hazards, becomes a delegate of the Republic, then a prefect of the Empire, and is finally disgraced on the ground of his over-zealous Imperialism. For this reason he laments his "straightness." Senecal, the Socialist, finds himself in 1848 deceived in his hopes of the Proletarians, and hunts down the republicans in the capacity of police agent on the 2d of December. Another, Citizen Regimbart, spends his life in the cafés and waits for the return of 1793: his wife has to work to pay

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for his absinthe. Arnoux, the irrepressible publisher of "*L'Art Industriale*," Mecænas of the fine arts, speculator in houses, manufacturer of porcelain, fights on the 24th of February at the barricades, and tries afterward to escape financial ruin by dealing in the pictures of saints and in consecrated tapers. The only honest republican—nay, the only honest man in the novel—is the clerk called Dubardier, a young fellow of genuine enthusiasm, disinterested, brave, honorable, but of limited mental capacities: he alone comes to a tragic end. The accuracy with which all these characters are sketched is truly admirable. A glistening chandelier, an elm swayed in the breeze, a cynical journalist,—all are objects entitled to the same faithful description from the realist, and all possess for him the same small human interest. The realist also devotes the same pains to a description of a masked ball at the house of a lorette, a race at the Champ de Mars, or the funeral of the millionaire Dambreuse, as to the description of the plundering of the Tuileries or a session of the "Club de l'Intelligence."

But this is exactly the rock on which the realist is wrecked. What does it mean when we say that the poet shall hold the mirror up to Nature? What mirror is capable of reproducing Nature? And what Nature is capable of being so reproduced?

Reality is endless in time and space: manifestation follows manifestation, and how can such a picture be framed? The task would be a hopeless one, even if the mirror which is to reflect Nature were an inanimate body, like a surface of glass or metal, on which things leave their impression as they pass. In their unlimitability, in their chaotic confusion, in their unsteady flight, how could they leave behind them a distinct picture? Things paint themselves not on an inanimate surface, but in the living spirit of the poet; and this living spirit, after it has passively received the impressions, forms them actively into a durable picture. It forms and arranges them into a picture, not by trying to portray all objects, but by retaining among them the essential, the important, the enduring, the necessary: in one word, it gives the law instead of the accident, the truth instead of the reality, but—for it is the poet and not the philosopher—the law in the form of the accident, the truth in the garb of the reality.

In vain, therefore, the poet wants to persuade us that he only feels, not creates—only gives back Nature without any additions from himself. By giving back Nature he creates—he creates with greater or less consciousness: naïvely or reflectively he lets his own *I* appear or hides it, and is subjective or objective; but it is always he who gives shape to the material furnished by the outer world, and it is he who always does this in drawing an ideal picture of the real world. Hence, it were false to represent the difference between the realistic and the idealistic schools as though the former gave us the real and the latter the ideal. Both elements necessarily enter into poetic composition, and these definitions apply only to the differences of the relations between the one and the other. Every poet is at one and the same time an idealist and a realist, but it is a great poet alone who can be as much the one as the other. Only the poet in whom idealism and realism perfectly balance each other is true: untrue is not merely he who, instead of reflecting Nature, describes his own conceptions of her, but also he who gives the things themselves without their essence.

The realist fancies that to describe Nature truthfully she must be suffered to describe herself. This is a fatal error. Nature does not describe herself. To paint a landscape the artist must select a stand-point and transfer the scene to his canvas, not as it is, but as it appears to him from this stand-point. To give a faithful picture of a tree he cannot walk round the tree and place its front by the side of its rear, nor attempt to number the leaves; nor may he take a telescope to discover whether houses stand on the mountain whose blue ridges are visible between the

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tree's spreading branches. The things themselves are not to be copied. The sunny and the weather side of a tree, placed side by side, will not produce a greater truth, but a monstrosity which has no existence. To reproduce Nature she must be reproduced as she appears to the eye. The near is near, large, distinct: the far is distant, small and indistinct. It is of no avail to say that the distant mountain is in reality larger than the tree near by. This is actually the fact, but it only becomes truth to the sight by reference to the laws of perspective. The eye cannot be in two places at once. He who, for the sake of being correct, should represent the distant as distinctly as the near would sin against Nature, for he would represent the distant as he does *not* see it.

What applies to the landscape painter applies equally to all those who undertake "to hold the mirror up to Nature." No artist can produce with the telescope or microscope: he must obey the laws of perspective. But the law by which the physical world alone is seen is an ideal one, a necessity existing only in the human eye or mind. The ideal is the sole means to a knowledge of the real. The ideal introduces order into the confusion of manifestations, renders the great great, the little little, connects the disjointed and limits the unlimited. As the significance of the verse depends by no means alone on the mere outer harmony to the ear, but on the inner, because it compels the poet to utter only the suitable, the important and the really necessary, so the ideal is not what some seem to suppose—a toilette secret, a beautifying lotion, by which the poet hides the wrinkles and blotches of reality—but the miraculous fountain which strengthens his eye and opens to him the spirit and truth of Nature. By the ideal the poet is freed of dim-sightedness and disorder, freed from blind chance and lawless caprice; and thus freedom and law are inseparable.

As the idealism which leaves the foundation of the real world degenerates into an airy phantasm, so the realism which does not spiritualize the reality sinks into gross materialism. The author of *Madame Bovary* and *L'Éducation Sentimentale* appears to us especially interesting as a perfect type of the materialistic poet.

In keen observation of Nature, Flaubert can hardly be surpassed: not the most delicate difference in color, taste, warmth or electric tension escapes him. He is by no means merely a painter of Nature: he is a chemist, an anatomist, a physiologist, and subjects to his analysis, to his microscope, not only physical, but psychical creation. He sees everywhere atoms—no organisms, no interior spontaneousness. He treats the living soul exactly as he treats the dead body. In the storm of the Revolution he traces only the explosion of imprisoned steam: in the first love of a young girl only the sinister impulse of sensual desire. This leveling of the pressure and the impulse, the impulse and the sentiment, the sentiment and the conscious act, is in reality nothing else than a want of moral perspective. Stones, plants, furniture, works of art, human hearts,—all appear to the author the same, and he therefore describes each of them with precisely the same degree of care, fidelity and indifference. There is nothing omitted, nothing neglected, nothing left undescribed. But the mirror which is there held up to Nature has no focus: the picture it reflects has no conclusion. Where will the realist find a limit if the ideal does not fix one for his guidance? And while the whole remains unfinished, the several parts lack connection and proportion. It is the spirit that connects and unites things, that assigns a place to each. Flaubert, with all his accuracy of detail, is therefore incapable of inspiring us with the conviction that the whole is the truth.

It would be strange if the style of the realists did not correspond with their world. And, indeed, just as their world is dissolved into atoms, so their style lacks the "spiritual bonds." Flaubert's style is in details always keen, incisive, clear, rich in coloring, plastic, over-

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flowing with sensuality, rich in substantives and adjectives, which constitute the material of the language—but, as a whole, monotonous, cold and inarticulate. And as the poet finds no limit to his realism in what he says, so there is no end to the form in which he says it. As all realism, because it is real, must be named and described, this must of course be done in the most real of expressions. The poet aims to give realities, not abstractions. Could he, instead of the names of things, introduce the things themselves, it would be better still. But since he is obliged to content himself with names, they should at the least be genuine, fitting, real. He has therefore no use for any name that indicates the thing remotely, that beautifies or veils it. Nay, the plainer, the coarser, the nakeder the word, the nearer it brings him to the thing itself. Thus the most naked word will almost let us grasp it with our hands. A word is not the thing itself, but its ideal picture. The picture vainly seeks to equal the reality: the gulf between them is unbridgable. Since each picture runs, as it were, after the reality, without actually coming up with it, we are constantly reminded of the incompleteness of the picture. In its vain attempts to be real it is ineffective, while, if it remained in its ideal sphere, it might be true, and consequently effective.

In refined society it is not customary to speak of things which an unrefined society will mention without hesitation. When the poet, who belongs to a refined society and addresses it, speaks to it such things as he would say to unrefined hearers, he is immoral. The poet vainly assumes that to describe the reality he is obliged to be truthful: nobody believes in such a truthfulness. The poet cannot ignore the mental state of his hearers or his own. The child of a more refined world, he must know that when he describes the unveiled reality, something more than the picture of this reality is awakened in the mind—namely, the reflection that it is not customary to speak this reality. Nudity is not immoral in itself. The first men were not ashamed so long as they remained unconscious of their nudity. Not until they knew their nudity did clothes become a commandment of morality to them. If nudity is not to be immoral in a dressed age, it must not remind man of the brute condition whence he has emerged. The nudity of the Venus of Milo is not immoral, because it corresponds with man's inner idealization of his outer form, and awakens in him no brutish instincts. But the realist, who represents the real nudity, not its ideal, is immoral, because he addresses a society which has emerged from a brute condition as though it still remained in it. In vain appeals the realist to his right of objectivity. The genuine article does not substitute whims for general truths, fancies for objects. But an objectivity which pretends that the entire spiritual and moral refinement of man is nothing save a fancy is a mere mask. Flaubert, it is true, neither praises vice nor condemns virtue, but, on the other hand, he condemns vice as little as he praises virtue. He does not represent evil as good, does not call the good good, or the bad bad, but acts as if he did not understand what these expressions meant. Such indifference is untrue, for it is inhuman. Flaubert wants to let things speak for themselves, which is impossible. He is a man, and thinks as a man: as a man he must call good good and bad bad, otherwise he places himself beyond the pale of human truth, which no man has a right to do.

In fact, the realist deceives only himself with his objectivity. He fancies himself without party, yet takes the part of sensuality against the spirit, of chance against law, of destiny against freedom. He manifests no sympathy for his creations: he suffers Madame Bovary, Salammbo, and Frédéric Moreau to become the unresisting prey of circumstances and their nerves; but it is not mere chance that makes his characters such suffering, receptive beings, utterly incapable of self-help: it proves his own inability to create different ones. He is himself a poetical Frédéric Moreau of exceedingly delicate sensuality,

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but a man who cannot rise above the reproduction of this sensuality. If he were to persuade us successfully that there are no characters but such as he paints in the real world, he would still leave unsolved the riddle why quite different beings haunt our imagination —beings who seem to us all the more interesting on account of their activity, power and independence. He wants to give us the full reality, while we feel it to be only half the truth—that his world is merely a world of a lower degree, and that only the weakness of his vision keeps him from seeing a higher world. Thus this realism, destitute of the ideal, is subjectively contracted, and therefore as untrue as the idealism which rejects reality. This one caricatures Nature, that one cripples her. The one invents misconceptions which are untenable—the other dissects corpses, thinking thus to learn the secret of life.

W. P. Morras.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE general and spontaneous feeling in favor of Prussia evinced by our people from the outset of the war seems to rest, consciously or unconsciously, on the following grounds:

1st. A deep-seated dislike to the French emperor, arising partly from the general character of his rule, but more especially from his conduct toward ourselves during the rebellion.

2d. A recollection of the opposite conduct of the Prussian government at the same crisis, of the friendly sentiment toward us displayed by the North German people during the struggle, and of their readiness at its close to invest a considerable capital in our national securities.

3d. The apparent or presumed fact that the declaration of war was an act of unprovoked aggression on the part of France.

4th. The less questionable fact that the war, on the part of Germany, involved the defence and establishment of national unity—a principle for which, as we have ourselves learned, no sacrifice is too costly.

5th. A conviction that the preponderance to which France has always aspired, and which she has so often exercised, in the affairs of Europe, ought to terminate, and that, if this preponderance should exist anywhere, Central Europe is its proper seat.

6th. The belief that, as this is a struggle between races as well as nations, civilization will be advanced by the triumph of the Teuton over the Gaul.

Of these reasons, the first and second, while they explain and perhaps justify the common sentiment, do not, it must be admitted, touch the merits of the case; while the third involves questions of fact which history alone will be able to decide. The fourth seems to us both powerful and irrefragable; and the fifth equally so, if it points only to the preservation of a legitimate balance of power.

The last point—that of the natural superiority of the Teutonic over the Celtic race, and the consequent advantages for the world to be anticipated from the triumph of the former—is, we think, a very dubious one. Carried to its extreme, such a notion would lead us to look with favor, or at least with tranquil indifference, on the extermination of one branch of the human family by another. This is a view which may seem to find confirmation in the past or prospective fate of certain races, but it is opposed by the deepest instinct of

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humanity, which bids us, if there be any tendency of the kind in nature, not to aid, but to oppose it. History, too—at least modern European history—shows us civilization advancing not through the complete subjugation or destruction of one race by another, but through the mutual opposition and conflict of races, their alternate gains and losses, and their gradual blending or assimilation. It will not be denied that France has often been in the van of progress, and it is certain that, for good or for evil, she has generally in past times been the leader or the model of other nations. Whatever her faults and weaknesses — which we of the Anglo-Saxon race are not apt to judge leniently—she cannot fall from her high estate without leaving a gap which will be felt in after times. On the other hand, a towering Germany, with a prostrate Austria on one side and a prostrate France on another, will be a spectacle of which the world, despite all prophets, has yet to learn the real significance.

One of the most touching anecdotes of the horrible war now desolating France is that of a Sister of Charity at Reischshoffen. She was following in the rear of the retreating French forces. All at once she heard a cry—that of a soldier just shot and writhing on the ground. Running to him, she ministered as well as circumstances allowed, and was about making the sign of the cross on his brow when a cannon-ball struck her and carried off both her legs. She fell dying upon the body of the wounded soldier. Surely there is a sort of heroism about this which so elevates our nature as to make us almost forgive the crime which gave it opportunity of display.

A French writer states that soon after the Crimean war he was traveling in a car which was crowded with these holy women. One of them was so young and pretty that he took her to be a novice, until he spied the cross of the Legion of Honor on her breast, and discovered she had lost an arm. Contriving to engage her in conversation, she told him that after the battle of the Alma she heard the groans of a wounded man, whom, on approaching, she found to be a Russian officer. She wished to bind his wounds, but he said it was useless. "Then," said she, "I put the crucifix to his lips, but the unhappy man put it away softly, and with a mournful smile, kissed—" "What did he kiss?" asked the other. "My hand," replied the little Sister, blushing as she narrated the heinous fact. The ruling passion is strong in death; though perhaps the poor moribund may have thought that the hand of charity was a still better memento of Him who died for all than His counterfeit presentment in ivory or wood.

Among the wounded at Woerth was captain the Duc de Grammont, brother of the late Minister of Foreign Affairs. About to undergo amputation of the arm, he was directed by the surgeon to inhale chloroform. A priest who was near, of more piety than perspicacity, objected on the ground that God intended pain for man's benefit, and that it was wrong to avoid it. "Why, good father," said the wounded man, "you must be mistaken; for when the Deity himself performed the first operation, that of taking a rib from Adam's side, he threw him into a deep sleep." The wit, if not the logic, of the hero reduced the poor père to silence, and the anæsthetic was allowed to do its pleasant, even if improper, work. The argument of the priest might have some plausibility in regard to sufferings in the order of nature, such as child-birth, where, perhaps, the pain is physically useful; but cutting off arms is not in the ordinary or normal course of providence. That same illustration from the history of our first parents was once made use of by Sydney Smith, who said that preachers generally supposed sin could only be extracted in the way the woman was taken from the man, by inducing previous slumber. This was by way of retort for the fault found with his pulpit practice; for, no matter where he was, his fun was as irrepressible as the great conflict which has disenthralled the descendants of Ham.

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A Strasbourg story says that whilst some French officers were at table in a café they were joined by a stranger who said he was the friend of a captain in a certain regiment. Conversation went on unrestrained until the colonel of the said regiment "happened in." The stranger was introduced to him in the way he had introduced himself. There was no captain in the regiment of the name mentioned, but the colonel held his peace, and allowed the talk to proceed. At length rising and asking the stranger to follow him for a private chat, he took him into a by-street, drew a pistol and shot him dead. The individual was a Prussian spy.

A father in Paris, who is a chef de bureau and decorated, takes his son to the office of enrollment to have him inscribed. "What age?" asks the employé after writing his name. "Seventeen, less three months." "Oh, then it's impossible—not old enough." "Impossible! impossible!" murmurs the father. "Well, then," he exclaims, "put down forty-three years: I'll take his place." A youth must be full seventeen for service; and as Godfrey Cavaignac, the son of the illustrious general, and the boy who once made so much stir by refusing to receive a prize at school from the Imperial hand, has just attained that age, he went to the front the other day, his mother not restraining him this time, as she did at the school, but accompanying him to the railroad. Spartan parents are not wanting in Paris, in spite of its proclaimed degeneracy. Even the eminent philosopher, M. Vacherot, maugre his sixty years, has dedicated himself and his grandson *à la patrie*, and both are in arms; whilst Professor Duvernoy, of the Conservatoire, sends his three sons. It is to be hoped that Clésinger, the distinguished sculptor, who has donned the cap of a cuirassier, heavy as it is for fifty-seven years, will not soon be brought to the condition in which a statue will be thought of for himself; and that the eminent artists of the Opera, whose voices are now for war in the most practical way, will not be permanently silenced by the enemy's balls. The population of Paris, says Edmond About, which previously had only nerve, is now trying to get muscle by all kinds of gymnastic exercises as well as those of the drill. Paris has also, says the same irrepressible epigrammatist, made an immense step in politics, by not occupying itself with politics at all. Even pleasure, the great business of the Parisian, is no longer in vogue, and showy toilettes are nowhere to be seen. *On vit à Paris, on végète ailleurs*, is not the dictum of the day. Everybody is saving instead of spending. Poverty is so much a fashion that a man is no longer afraid to invite a few friends to share a dish of beef and potatoes instead of pheasants "truffés de rondelles de mérinos." To think of Paris believing in a dinner without truffles, and in female beauty without a dress of a thousand francs! There is clearly a soul of good in all things evil; and lucky will be the war for the Parisians if it enables them to extract the jewel from the front of the ugly and venomous toad. But, alas! past adversities, with all their sweet uses, are so soon forgot amid present pleasure that the visitant next year to the gay capital will find that Paris is all itself again, and probably more so; so that it may be feared there is not much ground for M. About's boast, that "we shall emerge from this crisis better than we were when we entered it, and France will gain in elevation without having lost anything in surface." Isn't it Coleridge who says that experience is like the stern-light of a ship? and doesn't experience itself teach us that it is no match for hope?

One of the most exciting Parisian sights just now must be the incessant arrival of phalanxes of volunteers from the different towns and provinces—Normans, and Bearnese, and Vendeans, and Bretons. Five hundred of the latter arrived at once a short time since, "with grave and resolute aspect—no song or shout or brag, but with the firm, intrepid carriage of wills of iron in bodies of granite." At the head of them marched the Breton firemen, and among

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them was the drum-major of Montfort, whose seventy-three years have not weakened his rappel. These multifarious and multitudinous volunteers of all occupations from all parts of France must offer picturesque contrasts and glorious confusions of cockades and hats, and wonderful shakos and rustic breeches and brilliant belts. A painter must come to the conclusion that it is an ill wind indeed which blows no one good, as he consigns to his portfolio sketches and studies of costumes and color and look and form such as he never dared hope to have concentrated for his pencil. The combination in its way must almost rival that which artists enjoyed when the Louvre was the receptacle of all the masterpieces of art—the most pardonable to the æsthetic mind of all the flat burglaries of the great robber.

The scene of the present struggle may be called the battlefield *par excellence*, or rather *par infamie*, of the world. Its rivers have always run blood; its hills have perpetually echoed the roar of strife; its plains have been constantly covered by hosts of dying and dead. There Cæsar crushed the Cimbrians and the Suevi; there the legions of Augustus were annihilated by Arminius; there the hordes of Attila suffered no grass to grow where they passed; there Charlemagne did most of the terrible work which built up the empire that crumbled at his death; there Charles V. hurled his warriors to fruitless destruction against the walls of Metz, the virgin town that has never been clasped in the rude embrace of a foe; there Wallenstein, and Tilly, and Gustavus Adolphus, and Condé, and Turenne, and Marlborough, and Villars, and Eugene graved deep their gory names; there young France fleshed its maiden sword, and made immortal the memory of Dumouriez, Hoche and Moreau; there the First Napoleon worked some of his greatest miracles; and there the last one is going down, unwept and unhonored, if not unsung, to the bloodiest grave that ever received a beaten bully—effacing in a few weeks of murderous ineptitude all grateful recollection of the material benefits his rule had conferred upon France. What a moral may not be pointed by his fate!—what a tale may not be adorned by the vicissitudes of his career! Even that of his uncle was hardly so marvelous, true as it may be that had the nephew not possessed the avuncular shoulder for a springing-board, he would never have been able to vault so high and so potently, until at last his ambition o'erleaped itself. If the Arab proverb be correct, that courage is like steel, which is brightened by attrition and rusts in idleness, then may this terrible locality of strife be called the chief whetstone of valor.

. . . Thus far had gone our *ana* when the telegraph announced the capture of Napoleon—caught in a Sedan chair near the very confines of his empire. What a lame and impotent conclusion!—so different from the crowning of the edifice so often promised! *Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum nesciet.* Nothing so little becomes his political life as the end of it. Never was the Scripture prophecy of the destruction by the sword of those who take it more strikingly exemplified—never the absurdity of preferring the uncertain better to the certain good. He was great, he wanted to be greater, *et le voilà*. His amazement at his fall can only be equaled by that of the Prussian monarch at his rapid triumph. King Wilhelm may well tremble at his own prosperity, which is well known to be more dangerous than its opposite to all but the strongest heads. It seems but yesterday that the writer beheld his Imperial Majesty in all his glory at a ball in the Tuileries, blazing in the splendor of full military uniform—which, by the way, was not more becoming to his body than congenial to his mind, although he seems to have thought that *nom*, as well as *noblesse*, *oblige*, and to have determined in consequence to be a Napoleon in his very buttons. He was a soldier, however, by aspiration, not by inspiration like his illustrious predecessor, and has met the fate which every cobbler must experience who doesn't

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stick to his last. As a general rule, he was very calm, but he was certainly not so on the occasion alluded to. A whole crowd of Yankees of both genders was to be introduced by a minister who was as green as any of his compatriots, and whose rush at him when he appeared, and familiar seizure of his arm, might have discomposed the nerves of Diogenes. The presentation was pretty much like that by which Sir William Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother, mortally offended his countrymen at Naples, when he said to old Bomba, "Your Majesty, Lady Elinor Butler and the rest of the English," Lady Elinor's being the only title in the lot. The only American presented by his Excellency John Y. Mason was a tremendously tall judge, to whom the emperor was obliged to look up in a most neck-stretching style. Upham, methinks, was the name of the lofty lawyer, and he certainly was the *up*pest of 'em all. His Majesty, not liking to be looked down upon by law, any more than to be elbowed by diplomacy, made the conversation brief enough for the very soul of wit. He disappeared, and the empress came in. How beautiful she looked! and what a beautiful dress! She was treated worse than the emperor. Somebody had blundered. There she stood for some minutes facing the universal Yankee nation, who made no sign. At length, supposing, in her modesty, she had been gazed at enough, and preferring doubtless the music in the ball-room to the silence of the hall of reception, she made a universal curtsey to the spectators, who unanimously responded, without a word on either side having been said.

One rather odd coincidence was the circumstance of neither of the Imperial pair being believed to be more legitimate domestically than politically. The Dutch paternity of Louis was not more generally believed than was the English paternity of Eugénie, Lord Clarendon being credited, if the word be permissible, with the relationship. The liaison between him, when British minister at Madrid, and the beautiful countess, was a matter of unquestioned notoriety. "In this connection," an anecdote was told the writer by a reliable informant which runs as follows: Soon after the engagement of the couple, Napoleon gave a supper to Mother Montijo and daughter. Whilst at table a note was handed him, which he opened and read, and then quickly gave to the dame. She read it composedly, and returned it with the remark, *Sire, les dates ne correspondent pas.* It was an anonymous communication, informing him that he was about to become the son-in-law of the Secretary of Foreign Affairs of perfidious Albion. The lady's remark was intended to convey the idea that she could prove a satisfactory alibi. *Par nobile.* The poor petted prince is worse off than either of his putative parents, for the Legitimates asserted, and still assert, that he is the child of neither of them, and therefore destitute of any sort of legitimacy. 'Spect he growed. It matters little just now for the tranquil infant, as his chance of ever mounting the throne is too infinitesimal even for calumny. In the interest of morals the fall of Napoleon is cause of congratulation. If a sovereign's great example forms a people, he has assuredly done much to deform the French. His contempt of appearances even was almost as cynical as that of Napoleon I. is represented to have been by his valet, Constant, and Josephine's attendant, Mademoiselle d'Avrillon. And then his relatives, Plon-plon, Mathilde, Murat! *Quelle canaille!* The Tuileries, when they are all out of it, will be like the Augean stable after its cleansing, especially if the respectable Orleanists should occupy it again. Who can dare now to cast the horoscope of France? But to follow the Bigelowian advice: "Don't never prophesy unless ye know." Chaos would seem likely to come again. But we need not despair, for out of chaos came this beautiful world, and the same Being who called it into existence is still as potent to convert darkness into effulgence as when He first said, Let there be light, and there was light.

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PARIS, August, 1870.

DEAR GOSSIP: In these days of dread and swift events the office of a letter-writer becomes an obsolete one. The scenes now passing on European soil require to be photographed by the flash of the telegraphic lightning, for they do not remain unchanged long enough to be sketched by the slow pencil of a postal correspondent. As I write I cannot but ask myself, What may not have happened ere these lines reach their destination? what monarch (emperor, king or sovereign mob) will reign in Paris when American hands unfold this sheet which I shall fold in the France of the Second Empire? Paris is to-day a seething witches' caldron, and no one knows what horrible shape may not arise from out the depths thereof.

The war has demoralized most things: it has made the Parisian theatres unusually stupid, as most of them rely on patriotic songs for their attractiveness, and the ordinary allurements of new pieces and good performers are neglected. The revival of Ponsard's stupid play, *Le Lion Amoureux*, at the Théâtre Français, has been quite successful, owing to the lines in the second act:

> "Ces héros, muscadins, bravant les carabines,
> Battaient des Prussiens et non des jacobines,"

which Bressant declaims superbly amid thunders of applause. The entire speech, in defiance of dramatic effect, is usually encored; so the republican Humbert is forced to return and astound Madame Tallien and her guests a second time with his eloquence, thus turning the whole scene into an absurdity. The Grand Opéra relies for attractions on patriotic songs, and *La Muette de Portici* is played merely to fill out the programme respectably. The Gymnase still delays the production of the promised new play, *L'Honnête Homme*, fearing probably, from the unpopularity of M. Thiers, that honest men are at a discount in France just now. The Vaudeville continues to present *L'Héritage de Mons. Plumet* (a most charming comedy), in conjunction with the veteran tenor, Roger, whose splendid voice and noble method are called upon to give due effect to the music, to which have been set the verses of De Musset's "Le Rhin Allemand." The rage for patriotic songs has thus had one good effect, at least for strangers, who are now enabled to listen once more to this fine artist, one of the greatest living representatives of the past glories of the Grand Opéra. The Opéra Comique has produced a new opera by Flotow, entitled *L'Ombre*, the music whereof is delicious, though inferior as a whole to the composer's chef-d'œuvre, *Martha*. But nothing so fresh, so original and so vivacious as its melodies has been heard for a long time, and but for two drawbacks its success as a contribution to the operatic stage, not only of Paris but of the world in general, would be assured. These defects are the weakness and want of dramatic force in the libretto and the absence of a chorus. An opera without a chorus is like a picture without a background; and I cannot but think that M. de Flotow has made a great mistake in the present experiment. L'Ambigu has just brought out *Le Gladiateur de Ravenne*, a translation or adaptation of Halm's play of that name, which was produced by Janauschek in America, and in which she played the heroine Thusnelda so superbly. The Variétés, repainted, cleaned and generally freshened up during its annual vacation, has reopened its doors with the opera of *Les Brigands*, one of Offenbach's latest and most amusing productions, and not to be confounded with Verdi's opera of the same name, so lately played at L'Athénée.

And now shall I, a woman, close a letter written from Paris without touching on that topic at once so feminine and so Parisian—dress? Battles may be lost and won, thrones emptied and refilled, nations blotted out of existence, but the serene goddess Fashion goes on her way untroubled, if not rejoicing, and finds in victories or defeats only new titles for a color or a trimming, a new shape for a bonnet, a new outline for a robe. Of her it might have been written—

> "Round her thrones totter, dynasties dissolve:
> The soil *she* guards alone escapes the earthquake!"

And so, whether MacMahon be victorious or defeated, whether the French march to Berlin or the Prussians enter Paris, here are some facts that will remain unaltered by the fortunes of war. Overskirts are to be worn looped at the sides and very full behind, while short basques and flowing sleeves have taken the place of the round waists and close coat-sleeves we have worn so long. Round hats are very high, and are loaded with trimmings, feathers, flowers and lace, but the ugly peaked Alpine shape is entirely discarded, and indeed never was adopted, by the Parisian fashionables. It is said that very long sashes, formed of four yards of

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wide ribbon simply tied in a bow behind, are to be worn instead of the short-looped bows which were in vogue during the past season. I regret to state that the skirts of street costumes are being made much longer, and already one meets with elegantly-dressed ladies sweeping the pavement with the hems of their dainty garments. Bonnets are decidedly larger, and resemble in shape inverted wash-basins flattened down at the ears of the wearer: they are very high in front, and are trimmed with flowers. In jewelry, earrings are rather shorter and are of the oddest patterns it is possible to imagine. The following is a list of some of the articles with which a fashionable lady may, if she pleases, decorate her ears: Enameled crawfish, gold padlocks, cuckoo-clocks, keys, reading-lamps (with the shade in white enamel), jointed dolls, thermometers, astral lamps, gold nutcrackers, enameled oyster-shells, ships under full sail, and gold snails with pearly shells on their backs. Such are some of the novelties in the way of earrings which adorn the windows of the jewelers in the Palais Royal and in the Rue de la Paix.

Doubtless the present conflict will furnish Parisian dyers and modistes with attractive titles for their wares, but sometimes an over-haste in the christening brings misfortune to the baptizer. During the occupation of Mexico by the French army a new and beautiful shade of yellow was discovered, which was named by its inventor "Jaune de Mexique." But scarcely had the brilliant novelty, in the shape of plumes, ribbons and silks, made its appearance in the shop windows, when the disastrous termination of the Mexican expedition took place, followed hard by the death of the unfortunate Maximilian, and the beauteous "Mexican yellow" disappeared with marvelous suddenness, and was seen no more.

We read in the French theatrical papers that recently at the Théâtre de la Batterie in New York—a theatre which it appears is much frequented by the French residents of that city, though the performances are given in English—the audience, one evening recently, clamored loudly for the Marseillaise, and on being informed that none of the corps dramatique could sing it, consoled themselves by singing it "with indescribable enthusiasm." Now where *is* the Théâtre de la Batterie? Is there any such theatre in New York? or does it (as I shrewdly suspect) only owe its existence to that marvelously creative organ, the brain of a French journalist?

L. H. H.

The characteristic scenes of an English election at the present day are depicted in an article in our present number. A reminiscence sent us by a correspondent who has seen many men and cities will show how the same thing, with a difference, was managed before the first Reform Bill:

"On the accession of William IV., Parliament was dissolved, and I was kindly invited by an English friend to accompany him to the town of Taunton, in Somersetshire, where he was a candidate, to see the fun of an election. A day and a half's posting over perfect roads, through a delicious country, in the good old ante-steam times, was a much more enjoyable trip than the locomotive rush of contemporary travel; and it was with real regret that I left the carriage at our journey's end. Who ever felt sorry at abandoning even the best-trained and most especial car? The friends of my friend were on the watch for his advent, and gave him a reception which must have warmed the cockles of his heart. There were three candidates, and two were to be chosen. Mr. L—— was a Whig, an old general named Peachy was the Tory, and a London banker, a youth of more dollars than sense, was Independent—so much so, indeed, that in his opening stammer he told his hoped-for constituents that, if elected, he would always steer between right and wrong. He had got so confused when he seized the rhetorical helm that in his bewilderment he dashed through the first antithetical strait he could descry. The election lasted for nearly two weeks, although there were but five hundred votes to be polled. This was owing, of course, to the way in which the incorruptibles held back for a rise in plumpers and splits. The right of suffrage was then a more valuable right than it is at present, when the voting must be done in two days, for no less than twenty-one thousand

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pounds sterling were the results thereof to the worthy 'pot-wallopers' of Taunton. Mr. L—— spent five thousand, the banker ten, and the general six. The two former were elected, whilst the old warrior got nothing for his money and his pains except an amount of chaff which might have tried the patience of a saint, if not of a candidate. Oratory not being his forte, he was always saluted as General Speechy, and the philosophical turn of his mind may be estimated from the fact of his telling his supporters, when bidding them a mournful adieu, that as his defeat could not be helped, he supposed it couldn't have been prevented. As Mr. L—— was the favorite of the more entertaining classes in and around the borough, he was diurnally dined and fêted—a good deal more to my delight than his. Pleasanter and more genial hospitality it would be difficult to imagine, especially that of the rich farmers of the neighborhood, among whom my Americanism seemed to be an extra spur to kindness."

From Taunton our friend proceeded to the parsonage of Combes Fleury, which he justly characterizes as "the pleasantest place, at that time, in England, for the parson was Sydney Smith. The reverend wit had been in Taunton during the election, and invited us to pay him a visit. We remained a few days—*giorni d'orrore e di contento*, like the famous day of the operatic Semiramis, for soon after arriving I contrived to perpetrate a piece of verdantism for which I got a series of comic castigations that nearly drove me wild with laughter and terror. Our host, unluckily, said something funny, very much like a joke I had heard in my native land, and all unconsciously I exclaimed, under the influence of patriotism or the devil, 'Dear me, Mr. Smith! that's just what Mr. D—— said.' I need not attempt a description of the look which repaid this delirious sally; but it produced some of those sensations which no one wants to experience more than once. Among the rest of the party it caused an explosion in which I didn't feel the least inclination to join. 'And pray, my young friend, who *is* Mr. D——?' was the bland inquiry, in a tone that added fearful vigor to the mirthful chorus. Summoning all my courage, I informed him that Mr. D—— was a man of great celebrity and humor, and I am afraid I even intimated some surprise that his reputation hadn't reached Combes Fleury. The information produced its effect, for the monster, after his very next jest, turned suddenly round upon me and added, with a profound salute, 'As Mr. D——, the celebrated American humorist, would say' —and, as the phrase goes, I never heard the last of it. It was 'nuts' for him—he, the world-renowned wag—to be told by an imberbis Yankee that he had been anticipated in his waggery by a Transatlantic joker. But he liked me all the better for it; and if he did torment me almost out of my senses, it was with such overflowing kindness that had I stayed a little longer I should fully have appreciated the fun myself. Nothing could exceed his benevolent geniality and the enjoyment he seemed to feel in the enjoyment of others. He laughed exuberantly, not so much from delight in his own wit as from sympathy with the delight of his audience, feeling, as it were, all the consciousness of a good action when he had set the table in a roar."

The Emperor Napoleon III. seems not to have searched the Scriptures in his youth; otherwise he might have been expected to remember the passage in Luke which puts the question, "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?"

. . . Till further notice, good Americans, when they die, will go to Berlin, where also exiled French poets will hang up their harps Unter den Linden.

. . . King William speaks much of the aid he has received from Heaven, but says not a word about Von Moltke. This is piety and etiquette.

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The New Timothy. By Wm. M. Baker, author of "Inside," "Oak-Mot," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Baker may be described as an American George MacDonald. Not that he is an imitator of that writer. *The New Timothy* is of genuine home growth, as distinctly American as *Robert Falconer* is distinctly Scotch. But this is a difference which implies a resemblance, and there are other and closer points of similarity between the two works. They are alike in spirit and purpose, in their merits and their defects. Each is a sermon in the guise—we can hardly call it the disguise—of a novel. Each relies for its interest to the general reader on its humor and delineation of oddities. Each exhibits a lack of invention and of constructive faculty, an intentness of moral aim, and a disregard or ignorance of artistic canons. Fun and religion, in about equal proportions, constitute the elements of each. Even in matters of detail the stories are somewhat alike. The hero in each is a converter of souls — a regularly ordained one in Mr. Baker's book, a self-ordained one in Mr. MacDonald's. Each hero has a skeptical friend, who would fain believe, but cannot. In each book the hero and his friend love the same woman. The parallel might be extended, but it has been carried sufficiently far to show that the two authors look at the world from nearly the same point of view, gather their materials from like sources, and work them up in much the same manner.

The scene of *The New Timothy* is laid in a Western slave State before abolition had been talked of, or even dreamed of—at least in that locality. When General Likens, the patriarchal slaveholder, dies, his widow remembers a curious indication of a waning intellect exhibited shortly before his departure. She thus relates it: "I shudder to tell even you. It never happened to the general, in full at least, till after that awful night Uncle Simeon raved—you remember it—about blood and burnin'. It wouldn't then, only the general's understanding had grown weak-like in that matter before. I know you won't breathe it to a soul. It would kill me dead if I thought people dreamed of a syllable of it. It would blacken the general's name for ever, because people couldn't understand he was out o' his head when he thought it, as I could. It was part of the disease that killed him—he was so perfectly sensible 'cept in that. An' it act'ly reconciled me to his death some, I'd all the time such a deathly terror he might let it out; you see it was *growin'* on him. He thought slavery — the ownin' our own black ones—was a wrong thing, almost a sin!" added Mrs. General Likens, her lips to John's ear, and in accents of horror. "It's weighed on my mind dreadful! He was *crazy*, an' couldn't help it, you know." Slavery is portrayed by Mr. Baker under its most favorable aspect, but evidently not with the view of reopening an obsolete discussion. Pastoral labors and struggles furnish the staple of the work, and life on the plantation supplies only one of the incidental pictures. Another is drawn from the wild life of a set of reckless, lawless, blasphemous hunters, who fear neither God, man nor panther, till the accidental dexterity of the young minister in heading off and despatching a bear suggests, by some process rather vaguely indicated, a notion of the existence of the Deity and of the propriety of going to meeting on Sundays. To this group Brown Bob Long, the best-drawn character in the book, had originally belonged; but he is already converted at the opening of the story, and by way of keeping off temptation in idle hours has devoted himself to the solitary study of the Greek New Testament and the Hebrew Bible. His introduction to the reader and to the very commonplace hero—Rev. Charles Wall — on General Likens' front piazza will serve as a specimen of the author's manner:

"According to the invariable custom of the country, Mr. Long rides up to the front fence and halts, without the least intimation that he intends to get off. General Likens rises and calls to him to ''Light!' standing on the front step of the piazza. Mr. Long retains his seat, and the general walks out to the fence, pipe in mouth, and repeats the request: all according to the ritual of that

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region. 'Ah, thank you,' says Mr. Long, and drawing one foot out of the stirrup, seats himself more comfortably sideways in the saddle for a talk. General Likens is familiar with established usage, and, leaning against the fence, the topics of health on both sides; then the state of the weather, past, present and to come; then the crops past, the prospect of crops to come. Then, in due order, the general again says, ''Light, won't you?' Mr. Long replies, with some hesitation, 'Ah, thank you: I'll come in an' get a gourd of water.' A long rifle in his hand, some eighty feet of rope hanging in a coil upon the horn of his saddle, a tangle of powder-horn and shot-pouches about his breast, and a spur on each heel considerably larger than a dollar, make the getting off rather a labor than otherwise, especially as the temperament of Bobasheela, the pony, renders his standing still for an instant an impossibility.

"The young minister is undecided a moment as they approach the piazza; but he remembers Cranmer at the stake, and cheerfully holds out his right hand to martyrdom. The squeeze wherewith it is grasped and held produces in the face of the sufferer a singular conflict of serious pain therefrom, with that real pleasure wherewith one instinctively greets a thorough, healthy, wholesome human being. Mr. Long is manifestly glad to see him, and shows it. Mr. Long prefers keeping upon his head his exceedingly slouched wool hat, but seats himself on a hide-bottomed chair, tilts it back against a pillar of the piazza, and then goes through the established topics in their established order with Mr. Wall. That gentleman and all his uncle's family are well. Mr. Long has brought all his family with him in his saddle, as he informs the young minister, and, yes, *he* is well. The weather has been, is now, promises to continue, pleasant: both are agreed upon that point. Mr. Wall pleads ignorance of the crops about Hoppleton—is, in fact, profoundly indifferent upon the subject, and listens to Mr. Long's opinions in the matter without being at all able to restate those opinions when he has finished. The existence of, or necessity for, crops has never as yet fairly entered his mind. Crops were not at all a subject of thought in the Seminary.

"The established topics being exhausted in their due order, Mr. Long produces a knife eight inches in length from his right breeches pocket, a bar of tobacco from the left, and supplies himself with an immensely large quid, previously offering the same to his friend. He then works the hind legs of his chair forward, that it may tilt in a larger angle with the pillar, settles himself in it, and considers himself at home. Mr. Wall is anxious to be cordial and sociable, and is dragging his mind for something to say. General Likens has long ago surrendered the business of entertaining and drawing out his guests to his wife, but she is performing that duty just now upon a fairer visitor in the back premises.

"'Well, an' what's the good word with you?' their host therefore asks at last, this being the next question in order according to the rubric of society in that section.

"'Nothin', well, nothin',' is the reply. 'I'm told Bill Meggar's ribs I bruk 'er gettin' well. He *would* hev it, you know!' added Mr. Long, appealingly. 'Devil helping them, they might have coaxed me into takin' that whisky; that is, if the good Lord had forsaken me—prehaps. But as to *makin'* me drink, pourin' it down, you see, it ain't to be did!' and Mr. Long is again silent.

"'Started early?' tries the general again.

"'Not very; almost daybreak—had only the fifteen miles to ride,' is the reply.

"'Don't see that fat buck,' says the general.

"'Not shot yet,' replies Mr. Long, carelessly. ''Fraid it might spile before he got home; not do it till the last moment.'

"'Indians would say you'd rubbed end of your rifle with med'cine; deer seem to swarm so about it,' says the general.

"'Don't find much honey there to speak of,' says Mr. Long, taking up his rifle instinctively from the baluster against which he has leaned it, and laying it across his knees with a caressing motion.

"'Remember what Jacob said to his father the day he brought the old man that kid-meat he had fixed up for ven'son?' asks the general, with his pipe-stem between his teeth.

"'"The Lord thy God brought it me,"' says Mr. Long, promptly, as if he had just laid the Bible aside from reading that passage. 'But then, you know, he lied,' adds Mr. Long. The general nods, reflectively.

"'I wouldn't dare to say anything of that sort about *my* hunting,' says the hunter, in a lower voice and with downcast eyes. 'Only

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I do know one thing—my shootin' 'll do better to tie to than it did before, you know, and by a long sight.'

"The general considers this statement as he smokes.

"'Never a single drop, say, since then?' he asks at last, regarding his swarthy guest with new interest—with an anxious curiosity even.

"The hunter shakes his head with a smile.

"'Nor a piece of pasteboard, say? Not once?'

"Another shake of the head in negation.

"'Nor a quarter race?'

"Another shake still more decided.

"'How about that swearing? nary oath?'

"Mr. Long's smile vanishes, leaving a troubled look.

"'No, general, but mighty nigh onst, I tell you,' he says. 'It was Bobasheela yonder: he laid down with me in Boggy Creek, one cold mornin' I was after a deer—it fairly started a cuss before I knew it, but it didn't reach my mouth. No, sir!'

"The general takes his pipe from his mouth, and looks at his visitor yet more anxiously as he asks, 'Nor—nothin' else?'

"Mr. Long understands the delicate question perfectly. With a frank smile over the whole of his face he shakes his head in the negative decidedly, and the general resumes his pipe with profound satisfaction. 'You will excuse my askin'?' he says after further consideration.

"'Certainly, an' more than welcome,' replies the hunter promptly, and with a glad face.

"Mr. Wall is desirous to break the silence that ensues. His field of thought for the last few years yields him not, however, a single grain for the occasion.

"'Religion is a most an excellent thing,' the general announces, therefore, after further reflection along the same line. 'To guide a man, say,' he explains.

"'Yes, general,' is the reply: 'but specially to hold in a man. It's its *holdin'-in* power strikes me most. It's wonderful!' says the hunter, with emphasis. 'There's no gettin' round the fact; it must be—God!'"

Mr. Baker's humor is not so broad as to awaken hearty laughter. He can sketch a humorous character, but he cannot paint a humorous scene. Herein he differs from MacDonald, whose forte lies in the ludicrous juxtaposition and interaction of peculiar characters. But *The New Timothy*, as we have already intimated, has a flavor of the soil, and may be recommended to those who regard a genuinely American book as a rarity.

Books Received.

The Rob Roy on the Jordan, Nile, Red Sea, Gennesareth, etc.: A Canoe Cruise in Palestine and Egypt and the Waters of Damascus. By J. Macgregor, M. A. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Crown 8vo., pp. 464.

Grammar of the Choctaw Language. By the Rev. Cyrus Byington. Edited from the Original MSS. in the Library of the American Philosophical Society by D. G. Brinton, M. D. Philadelphia: McCalla & Stavely. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 56.

As Regards Protoplasm, in Relation to Professor Huxley's Essay on the Physical Basis of Life. By James H. Sterling, F. R. C. S. and LL.D., Edin. New Haven: C. C. Chatfield & Co. Pamphlet, 16mo. pp. 71.

The Nation: The Foundations of Civil Order and Political Life in the United States. By E. Mulford. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Crown 8vo. pp. xiv., 418.

Contributions to a Grammar of the Muskokee Language. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. Philadelphia: McCalla & Stavely. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 9.

The National Legend of the Chahta-Muskokee Tribes. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. Morrisiana, N. Y. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 13.

The Feminine Soul: Its Nature and Attributes. By Elizabeth Strutt. Boston: H. H. & T. W. Carter. 16mo. pp. 199.

The Ancient Phonetic Alphabet of Yucatan. By D. G. Brinton, M. D. New York: J. Sabin & Sons. Pamphlet, 8vo, pp. 8.

The Writings of Anne Isabella Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 425.

Man and Wife. By Wilkie Collins. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 239.

Free Russia. By William Hepworth Dixon. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 359.

Kilmeny. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 136.

Robert Falconer. By George MacDonald, LL.D. Boston: Loring. 12mo. pp. 524.

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"My uncle followed his words with a brightening face, and when they grew particularly mixed, he would exclaim, softly, 'It is a great gift! a great gift!'"

[The Victim of Dreams. Page 474.

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

NOVEMBER, 1870.

CRACKERS.

THE Cracker into a knowledge of whose origin, rise, progress, character and domestic economy I am about to admit the reader is not made of flour and water curiously commingled, but of the dust of the earth. It belongs in fact to the genus Homo, though, from the effects of long generations of ignorance, neglect, degradation and poverty, it has developed few of the higher qualities of the race to which it belongs. This being inhabits the Southern States under various names and designations. In Virginia he is known as the "mean white" or "poor white," and among the negroes as "poor white trash." In North Carolina he flourishes under the title of "Conch." In South Carolina he is called a "Low-downer." In Georgia and Florida we salute him with the crisp and significant appellation of "Cracker." But in all these localities, and under all these names, he is, with slight differences, the same being.

The term "Cracker" is an abbreviation of "Corn-cracker"—a name most applicable to the subject of our sketch, the chief article of whose diet is the useful maize.

The Cracker is the production of an oligarchy. Hence, he does not exist in the Middle States, but is confined almost exclusively to the southern portion of our country. I am afraid, in these days, to say how many I have found under the sheltering wings of New England; for I have remarked how the Yankees resent such impertinences, and I have an uncle in the custom-house. On the other hand, as it is the fashion, now-a-days, to abuse our Southern brethren, I shall follow the stream, and treat only of the Cracker as he appears in the flowery land of Dixie.

I have said he is the product of an oligarchy. Such a form of government existed in the South until the end of the late war. The lands were owned, mainly, by the lordly planter, to whom his obedient vassals rendered due and humble service; in return for which they received such shelter, food and clothing as he deemed suitable to their condition. With the negro to do their work, these aristocratic gentlemen came to look upon manual labor as the essential prerogative—the divine right, so to speak—of their African dependants, and bitterly resented the insolence of any men with white skins who dared to come among them to earn their bread as their common progenitor did in the beginning. Not that, in the cities, the mechanic or artisan was held in small esteem for plying deftly his useful trade.

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He was too generally needed to be treated with scant consideration. Besides, the city is usually more democratic than the country. It was upon the poor agriculturist who owned a few acres of pine land and tilled it for his daily bread; who built the log hut in which he and his family dwelt; who manfully in the cornfield or skillfully in the forest dug or hunted for his support, —it was upon him that the lordly landholder, and even the besotted and pagan negro, looked down with scorn and detestation. He worked in the field—his wife and children worked beside him! This was enough. He was a pariah, an outcast, a being unworthy of mention except to point to him as an instance of how low *white* human nature could fall!

There was, in former times, no public-school system in the South. The before-mentioned land and slave owner, with his usual nicety of discrimination, called free schools "charity schools." He would have no education for his children unless he paid the very highest price for it. Was education cheap? Then it was low. Did it cost so many hundreds or thousands per year? Send the children at once. So the young gentlemen went to the universities, the young ladies to Madame Chugachick's; and all was well.

The negro, of course, needed no education. His future was safe, for his master was bound to support him. What knowledge he possessed was quite sufficient for him in his limited circle of powers and responsibilities. Then as for the Cracker! What! establish schools for him!—for that poor, tangle-haired, dirty, drunken— "Why, he's a mere laborer, a peasant, sir!—works in the cornfield with a cultivator and a hoe! I've seen him pulling the gopher himself, harnessed to it like a d—— jackass, sir!" Schools for him, indeed! Preposterous!

Of course it was preposterous. So the poor man's children grew up, knowing but two things—that life was a struggle more or less long against cold and hunger; and that it behooved them to bestir themselves with the rifle and the axe or the plough and the hoe, if they would not have their backs bare and their stomachs empty.

Hence, I say, the Cracker is the production of an oligarchy. To give a brief description of his place of abode, his character and acquirements, and to add a few remarks as to his future, will be the purpose of the present article.

Although, as before mentioned, he inhabits all the Southern States, it is in Florida, in the judgment of the writer, that he appears to most advantage. The North Carolina "Conch" is unquestionably the lowest specimen of the race known. He has absolutely no virtues, and is dirtier, if possible, than the negro. But he is not so lazy. Nothing under the sun can be so lazy as a North Carolina "nigger." But the Florida Cracker comes nearest to that perfect specimen of laziness, and is in all respects a fair representative of his kind. He is usually an emigrant from Georgia—often coming from near the Tennessee line. Thence, with his slender stock of household goods, and by no means slender stock of children, he journeys, sometimes on foot, sometimes by wagon, to the "Land of Flowers." He hopes there to find land more plentiful, planters fewer—his own degradation therefore not so extreme. So he strikes for the interior; and finding a quiet spot near enough to a settlement to ensure him the advantage of trade and whisky, far enough from it to secure to him that separation from the aristocratic world which he so desires, he pitches his humble tent and takes up his abode.

It may interest the reader to know something of the country in which the Cracker emigrant sets up his tabernacle. Fancy to yourself, then, a vast plain stretching from the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Along its northern side runs the lovely St. Mary's; its eastern border is watered by the magnificent Wilaka (now called the St. John's —one of the few rivers in the United States which run north); on the south lies that region of solitude, that land

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of the unknown, the Everglades, from among whose leafy retreats the Seminole for years bade defiance to the power of the government.

Over this immense tract of country, previous to the late war, settlements were few and far between. There were great forests floored with a carpet of rich grass, over which roamed at will herds of cattle wild as any on the Pampas, though every beast bore the mark of its owner. There were great, gloomy, almost impenetrable swamps, called "bay-galls"—the haunt of the deer, the bear and the catamount; and beautiful lakes, whose placid surfaces had never been swept by aught but the wing of the water-fowl whose nests lined the shores. Here grew the fig, the wild orange and the plum, and, wherever man's hand chose to sow the seed, there flourished the lime, the peach and the banana.

But although Nature had been prodigal in her favors, man had ignored their existence, and much of this fertile tract was the dwelling of "the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air" alone; save that here and there some poor wanderer had established himself and his family in a fertile spot, under the shelter of a hut built by his own hands.

To build a hut is, for the Cracker, a work of the utmost importance, for until it is completed wife and girls must remain "farmed out" among the neighbors — if neighbors there be — or else must, with him and the boys, rough it in the woods as best they can. For himself, he does not mind camping out. Many a night has he spent at the foot of a tree in the depths of the forest, and thought it no hardship; but for the women and children he and his sturdy boys must bestir themselves. The weaker ones must be housed, the land fenced and planted; and if all be done quickly and well, he may hope to reap the fruits of his industry ere the winter sets in.

So to work he goes. The neighboring swamp supplies him with the smooth and spongy cypress, which he and the boys quickly fell and strip of its bark. Some of the trees they fashion into shingles; some they split into thin slabs for the construction of the chimney: the larger ones are rolled or carried to the spot selected for his future home. There, perhaps with the assistance of a neighbor or two, he raises the walls of his humble dwelling, enshrines his Lares and Penates, and begins his life anew.

The construction of his house is simple. The logs are notched and laid one upon another in the form of a square, and on a foundation of piles, elevating the lower floor of the dwelling two or three feet above the ground. This protects from snakes, and affords a resting-place for such live stock as may choose to make it their home. Here the invariable cur lurks with inimical designs against ankles. The walls are raised to no lordly height: one story and a loft will meet the aspirations of the builder. So in a very short space of time they are raised; the roof is on and shingled; the door is cut and hung; the floor of rough boards is laid; a rude wooden shutter closes the square aperture which does duty as a window, and —the house is complete.

But where is the chimney? and what is this wide aperture in the gable-end, close to the ground? This, from the clay flooring inside, is evidently intended for a fireplace—but the chimney? That is the Cracker's *chef-d'œuvre*. It is built outside of the house, resting against the gable-end; and upon it he spends much time and care and labor. It is built with a broad base resting upon the ground, and is innocent of bricks or mortar. Alternate layers of stiff, tenacious clay and the slabs before mentioned rise, in a pyramidal form, from the ground to some distance above the fireplace. This distance of course varies with the amount of scientific knowledge possessed by the builder. The requisite shape to afford a draught having been obtained, the chimney is narrowed no more, but rises, with this diminished aperture, to a height of three or four feet above the peak of the roof. The hot sun without and a judicious fire within soon bake and harden the whole mass; and having lined and plastered his fireplace with clay, the

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Cracker has completed his great work of art. A floor of loose planks is now laid in the loft: a rude ladder affords communication with it; and family and household goods are established at once within their new home.

Still, our friend's labors are incomplete until a well is dug. This is a simple matter. He selects a convenient spot, digs a square hole, which he lines with boards; and rarely has he to go deeper than six or seven feet ere there bubbles out upon him the purest, coolest and freshest of water. If he is uncommonly prudent, he sinks his well deep, to guard against a long spell of dry weather; but ordinarily he is content with getting a sufficiency of water for present use. Sometimes he does not even trouble himself to line the well, but digs a hole and sinks a barrel therein; which, so long as it is full, supplies him and his family with as much of the precious fluid as they require.

For the Cracker does not waste water. He scorns it as a beverage when corn whisky can be had, and has no use for it for purposes of ablution. It serves to cook his hog-and-hominy, and the women and the chickens must have water; so he digs a well, and has done with it. Then he turns to his farming. The solemn pine forest resounds with the ring of his sturdy axe, and piles upon piles of the necessary fence-rails are soon lying at convenient distances around a spot which he has marked for his own. Anon they are laid upon each other in that graceful though rude and somewhat tortuous form vulgarly known as the snake fence; and his field is enclosed.

But this field is already occupied. Pine trees, lordly possessors of the soil, rear aloft their leafy crowns, murmuring in the passing breeze, and shaking, with every murmur, loads of fragrance on every side. Erect in their quiet dignity, they seem to look with wonder and amusement at the proceedings of puny man beneath them. But they occupy that soil where must grow the corn that "strengtheneth the heart" of the invader and his horde of dependants, and they must die. Not by the sharp, decisive stroke of the woodman of more northern latitudes, which, cutting to their very hearts, soon lays them prostrate. The Cracker neither has the time nor cares to take the trouble to cut down these huge monsters, clear the ground of their fallen trunks, hew them into firewood and pile them up for use. No: he simply cuts with his axe a narrow ring around their trunks—a thin, scarcely noticeable cut—but it goes to the life of the noble tree, and it dies; not suddenly, but slowly, by the lingering process of starvation. Thus the Cracker makes his "deadenin'."

Then comes the gopher-plough and the planting. The light, sandy soil needs not the heavy ploughshare of the North. A man can draw the "gopher," and a boy can guide it. Still, the Cracker, if he has a horse or mule, or can borrow one, is not so fond of work as to deprive the animal of the pleasure of dragging the plough. It is only when compelled that he resorts to first principles. Then the seed goes into the ground and is covered up; and father and sons rest from their labors for a season, and anticipate their fruits by a small blow-out at the nearest "doggery."

If time permits, however, after enclosing one field he will enclose and plant another. For he is shrewd enough in his way, and understands well the pecuniary aggrandizement which results from the process of "adding field to field." But he rarely ventures too deep into this hazardous speculation — not knowing, at first, whether he may not have squatted on somebody else's land; or whether, under a change of circumstances, he may not feel inclined to "make tracks" in another direction.

He always owns pigs, if it be only two or three. "Hog-and-hominy" is his *sine qua non*—his manna in the wilderness. Without it he is nothing. Nor is it wonderful that he sets so high a value on his porcine dependant, when we consider that it supplies him with the animal food so essential to the labor-

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ing man, and at the same time costs nothing for its support. The woods which surround the Cracker's dwelling-place supply acorns and mast in abundance; and no sooner has the family squatted than the hog, with its true Arab propensity for wandering, seeks the leafy recesses, there to hunt for its necessary food; for if the animal belongs to a Cracker there is no escape from the alternative, "Root, hog, or die!"

If our friend the Cracker sojourn long in one spot, the neighboring woods are soon full of pigs bearing his mark, and he has but to choose the best for his luxurious table. He scornfully passes by the small game, such as doves and partridges, with which the forest swarms. They are, in his estimation, "poor truck." I had once occasion to pass the night at the hut of one of the best specimens of his race—Jim Berkely by name — who, in his anxiety to do the honors in a proper way, was preparing to regale me on a savory dish of fried bacon and grits, when his little boy asked me if I liked "pa'tridges."

"That ar Jake'll never make a man, cap'n," said Jim. "He don't take kindly to hog-an'-hominy, nohow, but ketches them no-'count birds and eats 'em. Yes, sir, he does!"

Jim was quite surprised to learn that I also preferred "them no-'count birds," and immediately ordered some of the "brats" to "fix 'em" for me. But he remarked, in a melancholy way, that he "was sorry the dog-goned cuss had sed 'birds' to me, as he would ha' liked to treat me in good shape; and their hog warn't tu be beat!"

Of the value placed by these people upon their pigs I once had sad experience. I had, in the course of my progress through their country, pitched my camp in the close vicinity of a "deadenin'" belonging to a widow with the un-Cracker-like appellation of Kelly. It is needless to say how soon Mrs. Kelly's pigs scented out the good things which were daily prepared for consumption in said camp. Having acquired full information on this point, they almost overran us, giving us no peace by night or day. The opprobious epithets which Moses, my cook, lavished upon them; the awful oaths which he swore when a troop would charge into the camp right through the centre of his array of pots and kettles; the cunning devices which he contrived to keep his provisions from their prying snouts, and his disgust and chagrin at finding his most secret hiding-places discovered;—these must be imagined, they cannot be described. For a time, Piggy reigned supreme. But one day, at sunset, as I was returning from the field, and had just reined up in front of the camp, I spied, with horror and indignation, a long, lean, slab-sided hog deliberately entering the door of my tent. My tent! I, "the cap'n," the chief, the lord of all! Had it been G——'s or E——'s tent, I should not, perhaps, have been so indignant; but mine! It was too much! As the devil is always at hand to get one into a scrape, so in this case. I found my double-barreled gun lying across my saddle, and without hesitation gave Master Piggy both barrels. A doleful squeak, a succession of shrill yells, and he was no more! I had satisfied my revenge with his heart's blood. But, alas! "he being dead yet spake;" for hardly had I finished my evening meal and filled my pipe with fragrant Stamboul, when to me appeared the indignant and grief-stricken Kelly. I had slain "her boar—her best boar—the best boar in all her flock! She wouldn't ha' lost that thar boar—no, not for Gineral Jackson himself!" And from lamentations the way was easy to denunciations, and the angry widow belabored me with fiery Cracker objurgations until I was ready to gird up my loins and flee. Suddenly G—— bethought him to ask her what she thought "her boar" was worth.

"She couldn't say just what he *was* worth. The boar war jist the best boar," etc., etc., until I finally gave her a five-dollar gold-piece (I am speaking of ancient times), and begged her to oblige me by going over to her house and firing away what ammunition she had

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left from that safe distance. She went away grumbling and dissatisfied, although she had probably not had so much money in her possession for years, for these people trade mostly by barter. So afraid was she that another of her pigs would be sacrificed that she gathered them in from the woods and penned them up during the whole of our stay, though I suspect that the "co'n" they ate must have made her heart bleed.

The indifference felt by the Cracker for the food with which Nature supplies him in the teeming forests around his home, and his persistent affection for his chosen diet, are the most striking peculiarities of the race. Although generally a good shot, and capable, when his favorite food is not to be had, of supplying its place, without any trouble, with deer from the swamp, yet it is seldom he eats venison when pork is within reach. As for 'possum, coon, wild turkeys, bear or partridges, he rarely shoots them for himself; but when the season is slack (that is, when the crops are in and he has little to do), he will hunt with remarkable skill and success for any who may choose to employ him.

In the winter of 1858–9, I was engaged in prosecuting a trigonometrical survey across the peninsula of Florida. Busily occupied in the field from before sunrise each day until after sunset, I thought it cheaper, if not so amusing, to employ a man to bring me venison, as well as the necessary chickens, beef and mutton. He kept me fully supplied, hunting once a week for deer, while his boys trapped partridges. I paid him, at his own request, in salt pork and hard-tack (the latter food the Cracker is intensely fond of), and supplied him with powder, shot and tobacco. This made my venison, which was always in prime order, cost me about four cents a pound. The boys charged, in the same circulating medium, about three cents apiece for partridges. As for turkeys, Moses attended to that part of the business with my Sharpe's rifle. He never had to go more than half a mile from camp without finding and bagging one. As my readers may suppose, we lived on the fat of the land. Perhaps in these days of grinding taxation, when it is scarcely legal for a baby to be born without a revenue stamp attached to it, it may be of interest to know the prices paid for the articles consumed at my mess-table during our sojourn in the land of the Cracker.

I paid for beef four cents a pound; mutton, five cents; eggs, six cents a dozen; chickens, one dollar a dozen; venison, four cents a pound; partridges, thirty-eight cents a dozen; milk, four cents a quart; butter, twelve cents a pound; a soft-shell turtle weighing about ten pounds, a dollar. There were four of us in mess, and our mess-bill, with all the above articles in plenty on our table, averaged about eight dollars each per month.

Another peculiarity of the Florida Cracker, when I knew him, was his indifference to money — I mean actual money, not its equivalent. He wanted "kind" when he traded, and he traded as sharply as any Yankee. He would do business with you for hay or oats or "co'n" or pork or "bumblebee whisky," or, best of all, hard-tack. If you were not possessed of either of the above articles, he would trade with you for money, but he evidently did not know much about that. He felt that he was treading on strange ground, and scarcely knew how to keep his feet. In fact, he had no use for money. Barter served all his purposes. When trading for cash he would at one time put the most exorbitant price upon an article, and at another ask a sum so ridiculously small as to impress the uninitiated with the belief that he was "chaffing."

In elucidation of this peculiarity, I may mention an incident that occurred to one of my officers during our survey. In carrying our line toward the Gulf of Mexico it was necessary to cut long avenues through the woods to form the sides of the triangles whose dimensions we were to determine. In the course of the cutting an avenue would sometimes strike cultivated land, and the impassive negroes would gravely march

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through a corn or potato field, chopping down trees and "flooring" crops in rather an alarming manner. Sometimes the avenue would shave a man's house, and shade trees would have to be sacrificed. Sometimes, but rarely, an orchard would be ravaged. It is needless to say that for all damage thus done to property the government unhesitatingly paid; and paid as it does not often do—in cash. This fact did not, however, seem to be known to our Cracker friends who sojourned in the county of Starke. One day it happened that the line struck a "deadenin'" belonging to an agriculturist of that fertile tract, and went first through his cornfield (the corn being about three feet high), and then through a large and thrifty patch of sweet potatoes. The avenue was fifty feet wide—the trees fell on all sides. What with the trampling of the negroes and the falling of the trees, it may be readily surmised that there were not many corn or potato plants left uninjured through the length and breadth of that avenue.

In the midst of the devastation the officer in charge (a stalwart Kentuckian, now an able and eloquent clergyman) was sitting on the fence smoking and calmly surveying the havoc, when to him rode up a youth, bare as to the feet and legs, sunburnt as to the hair, but irate and determined as to the countenance.

"See hyar, stranger," said he, "this hyar won't do!"

"Won't it?" said Y——, imperturbably. "Well, if it isn't straight, it's B——'s fault, for he lined it."

"I don't know nothin' 'bout lines, 'cept mam allers sez she hez hern; but this hyar cuttin' through folks's deadenin' an' smashin' thar co'n an' taters—hit won't do, an' we're a-goin' tu stop hit!"

"Who are?"

"Why, dad an' the neighbors, an'—an'—an' me." (Here he swelled out and looked important.) "Dad's gone tu rise the neighbors now, an' sent me over hyar to tell you men to make tracks 'fore wuss comes of hit."

While the boy was speaking quite a commotion was observed at the house, which stood about a quarter of a mile off, and several long, lean, sunburnt fellows, each with his rifle or double-barreled gun across his horse, rode up to the porch. Soon one of them detached himself from the crowd and rode slowly and with dignity toward the scene of destruction. As he came near, the youngster said,

"That's dad. Now, then, you'll see, stranger!"

As soon as the horseman arrived within speaking distance he reined up his horse, and in a cool but earnest manner began his parley:

"Say, cap'n—"

"Well?" from Y——.

"This thing mus' stop—hit reely mus', stranger. Me an' the neighbors hez determined tu stop hit, an' we mean to do hit."

"Why," said Y——, "you don't mean to resist the United States government, do you?"

"D——n the United States goverment, stranger!" said the indignant Cracker. "What do I keer for the United States goverment when my co'n an' tater-patch is consarned? Hit ain't no right—hit ain't—fur goverment tu cum thru our deadenin', a-killin' of the crops an' a-loadin' of the field wif light'ud, an' a-givin' of us work fur a month to cum, an' not payin' us a durn cent. I'm a peaceable man, cap'n, but right is right, d——n it!"

A light suddenly illumined the hitherto blank countenance of Y——. In a surprised and indignant tone of voice he inquired who had said that the United States did not pay for damages done to crops.

"Who? Why, Jim Darton" (a pot-house politician of that neighborhood), "an'—an'— Why, cap'n! you don't mean to say you *do* pay?" queried the Cracker, quite confused in his elocution.

"Do? of course we do! And Jim Darton's a liar; and you may tell him so, with my compliments."

"Stranger," said the Cracker, riding close up to Y—— and speaking in a

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slow and impressive manner, "do—you —tell—me—that—you—intend—payin' —me—for—my—co'n—an'—taters—damaged—by—this hyar line?"

"Certainly, I do."

"An' fur the labor hit'll be for me an' the brats to cut an' roll them trees outen the deadenin'?"

For answer, Y—— coolly pointed to where the negroes, having finished felling in the two fields, were now cutting the logs into cordwood lengths and piling them outside of the fences (our invariable custom).

"W-a'a-l!" muttered the Cracker—"a-pilin' of 'em up for me! An' you'll pay fur the damage?"

"Certainly. I'll pay you now, if you'll set a price on it," said Y——: "of course if the price is reasonable."

"Cap'n," said the Cracker, dismounting, "you're a man arter my own heart! Give us your han', hoss! Cash down, eh?"

"Well, now," said Y——, after the hand-shaking had been duly performed, "what should you think the damage to your crop is worth?"

"Dad" stroked his chin gravely. Apparently an idea found it difficult to come through the top-dressing of dirt, bristles and tobacco-juice on his unshaven cheeks, for he transferred his attentions to his head.

"Wa'al, now, cap'n," said he, reflectively, "you see thar's a pow'ful heap o' damage done! Thar's hills o' co'n an' rows o' taters—no, I mean hills o' taters an' rows o' co'n—completely mommoxed an' not wuth a durn. Thar's the trouble o' splittin' all that thar wood. Wa'al, it's hard tu say."

"Name your price," said Y——.

"Wa'al, now," hesitating, "don't be close-fisted about it, cap'n. Say now—*should you think fifty cents was too much?*"

Had it been any one of the party except Y—— to whom this exorbitant charge was made, a roar of laughter that would have ended in a fight with the irate Cracker would unquestionably have followed this estimate of damages. Even the imperturbable Y—— confessed to me in confidence that he had never before been so tried. He kept his countenance, however, and calmly replied—

"Well, no! I shouldn't think that a dollar was too much. But, as we are anxious that the people should be satisfied, I'll give you a couple of dollars and call it square."

So saying, he handed four half dollars to the astonished man.

"By the Lord, stranger!" said that worthy when he had satisfied himself that this munificence was real, "you're a right bower—a full of aces, by gum! Cum down to the pen—it's no use, I won't take no denial—cum rite down an' take a drink of old wum-juice wif me an' the neighbors. An' you, Jake, ride your critter down thar, and take mine wif you. Me'n' the stranger'll foot it."

So down Y—— had to go, and then and there imbibe villainous new whisky with some ten or a dozen of thin, sunburnt, tobacco-stained, reckless-looking fellows, who welcomed him most heartily after hearing "dad's" story, and who would have as coolly shot him in two minutes if they had been satisfied in their minds that he intended to trample on their rights.

As they parted, "dad" addressed Y——.

"Stranger," said he, "every man in Starke county's yer friend; an' if you want help enny time, let Ben Padgett know. An' if enny man ever sez in my hearin' that the United States ain't the best of rulin's, that man's a-goin' tu git his head bruk, or my sinners" (stretching out an arm where the muscles looked like ropes, and I've no doubt felt like iron)—"or my sinners has lost thar cunnin'."

The Cracker's language, a faint idea of which may be gathered from the foregoing anecdotes, is of peculiar construction. He always "reckons;" calls the earth "the yeath," and ears "years;" utterly disregards the *r* in corn, and adds the letter *h* to the pronoun "it." His father is his "dad," his mother his "mam." A friend is usually addressed

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as "hoss." A turkey is a "tuckey;" a hornet, a "ho'net." For our friend drops his *r*'s as an Englishman his *h*'s, and puts them in where, according to popular prejudice, they do not belong. A worm is a "wum;" a flask is a "tickler." To go over a hill is to go "over the top;" a stone, whether small or great, is a "rock;" and women are generally spoken of as "heifers." To these peculiarities of pronunciation and nomenclature add a sort of lazy drawl, and you may obtain some sort of a notion of the Cracker mode of speech.

The Cracker is independent in his ideas of dress or costume. A felt hat of a nondescript color, but once probably white, a cotton shirt innocent of plaited bosom, starch or washing, and a pair of homespun or "hickory" trousers stuck into his boots, or, more generally, rolled up about half a foot above low-quartered brogans, and showing an expanse of dirty ankle, complete the attire of the man. The woman wears a homespun gown: I cannot positively aver that she does not wear anything else, but, to the best of my knowledge and belief, *she does not*. Children wear anything or—nothing.

In fact, children among the Crackers have but a poor chance. Nature has her will with them in so far as a disregard of the appliances of art is concerned, but she does not, after all, seem to be so good a mother as some of our modern philosophers would have us suppose. Only the hardiest of the children survive. And no wonder. So soon as the infant has teeth to chew (if he does not die before they come), he is fed with fat pork and greasy, leaden biscuit. In truth, there is little else to feed him on, and often not enough of them. The poor baby is thus early familiar with the pangs of hunger. To be sure, hunger is a natural emotion, but one not easy to get accustomed to. As a consequence of this difficulty the Cracker child eats dirt to satisfy the continual cravings of his stomach. This unsatisfactory diet gives him a whitewashy complexion, and a pleading, wistful look about the eyes (which seem to have lost whatever light they once had). Their irregularities of feeding make Cracker children almost uniformly pot-bellied. Thus, if they live to manhood, it is owing more to the original strength of their constitutions than to the effects of Nature's nursing or any hygienic precautions taken by their parents. If they do live, they grow to be thin, wiry, strong and enduring men, with a strong appetite for loafing, fighting, courting the girls and drinking whisky.

The best proof I can adduce that they make good fighting men is the fact that they composed the mass of the Confederate army in the late rebellion. What kind of fighters they are let those say who met them on the Peninsula, at Antietam and Gettysburg, at Chantilly and Chattanooga.

The Cracker possesses the virtue of hospitality in a large degree. He will turn himself and his wife out of the single four-poster to give it to his transient guest with such genuine, whole-souled generosity, and will press him to accept it with such an air of deep anxiety, that doubts as to cleanliness of sheets and hesitation from fear of the *cimex lectularius* vanish at once; and one feels one's self obliged to sacrifice one's personal feelings on the great altar of true courtesy and genuine hospitality.

He is, above all things, fond of a dance. Let him get a nigger fiddler and plenty of baldface whisky, and give forth the news that he expects his friends, and men and girls will come from a circuit of twenty miles. And how he dances! I can give no idea of it unless some of my readers have seen a fisherman's hop on the coast of Maine. In that case they will be able to form some conception of the style and character of a Cracker dance. Such shuffling and double shuffling, such pigeon wings, such tortuous and devious windings as are there executed, truly entitle the favorite measures to the Swivellerian appellation of "the mazy." In my opinion a man must get drunk in order to bear himself properly through such

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a performance. No sober man could master it.

But what a contempt the Cracker has for the "rudimans!" When I was last a sojourner in the Land of Flowers a Cracker who could read and write was considered an extraordinary creature—a kind of woolly horse or two-headed calf. I once came across a plantation, near the centre of the peninsula of Florida, belonging to a man who was worth, at the lowest calculation, thirty thousand dollars. He had twenty negroes, made a good crop of cotton, dabbled in sugar and indigo, and was growing richer every year. He had four sons and two daughters. The family dressed exactly as when "dad" had first settled, lived in the same one-storied, one-roomed log hut, were "hail-fellow-well-met" with their poorer neighbors, as they had always been, and not a soul of them could even read. The old man's accounts with his factors were managed by a Minorcan who dwelt hard by, and was considered to be a miracle of learning; and for once, I believe, the agent did full justice to his employer. When asked if he would not have preferred that his children should be acquainted with the useful arts of reading, writing and arithmetical calculation, he would proudly point to his fruitful fields and his fat and docile negroes, and say:

"I cum hyar, stranger, wif a few hogs, some hoeing tools, an' the ole woman an' George; an' we've done pooty peart 'thout any o' your readin' an' writin' an' cipherin'. When I'm gone the brats'll be so much ahead o'me; an' if they can't git along 'thout readin' an' writin', why, d——n em! they ort to starve!"

This was by no means an isolated case. There were many Crackers as ignorant, though few so rich. But we may now hope for better things. Although the poor Cracker was dragged into the war against his will, he yet fought so as to gain for his bravery the admiration of the civilized world. The victim of those political Ishmaelites who, with naught to lose but everything to gain in the struggle, thrust aside the counsel of the intelligent and sober-thinking men of the South, and plunged the country into a bloody war, the poor white man bore himself as bravely on the field as his aristocratic officers. How much of misery that war brought to him and his, who will ever know? How many a cabin in the lonely woods was the scene of patient waiting, long struggles with gaunt poverty and agonizing suspense—until the fatal news came, tardily, but all too soon, that told the suffering family that their former protector was to be theirs no more! Who can tell the agony of desolation that has been the lot of many a poor, friendless woman, widowed by the cruel hand of war, whose sole dependence for food for the hungry mouths around her was the labor of her own toil-hardened hands? The mounds that crowd the cemeteries North and South, under which sleep so many thousands of Confederate dead, could tell sad histories enough to fill a volume.

But these dark days will pass away. Although Peace, on her return, brought not "healing on her wings," yet, when once the old rancor of bitterness has worn away on one side, and the contemptible desire on the other to tread down and degrade a fallen enemy has passed, then we shall see a new era.

The general diffusion of cheap education over the South will be the principal agent in effecting a change; contact with enterprising and intelligent men from the North will assist; and the removal of the old stigma, the mark of degradation imposed upon the Cracker by the old slaveholding rule, will complete the change. He will awake from his old lethargy of apathy and ignorance. Ambition will be aroused when he sees how superior in the agricultural art are his new neighbors (for I presuppose emigration from the North). Self-reliance, honest pride and independence will come when he sees men of his own color, yet of respectability and greatly superior knowledge and resources, working in their fields, not only without degradation, but with the high respect of all. New heart to work, and hence new life, will be given to him. He will

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work with eagerness: he will send his children to school; they in their turn will impart knowledge to their offspring. Ignorance and brutishness, poverty and laziness will flee the land, and the next generation will know of the Cracker of former days only what history shall tell them. In his place will arise an intelligent, energetic, self-reliant race of hardy workmen, who will till their lands in peace and contentment—a race of laborers proud of the product of their hands, whose sons may lead armies or sit in legislative halls — whose proudest boast will be that they are intelligent freemen whose exertions have caused "the wilderness to blossom like the rose."

In a word, the oligarchy has been destroyed, and all its creatures must follow it into oblivion. The Cracker will disappear, and "the place that knoweth him now shall know him henceforth no more for ever." J. S. BRADFORD.

ELK COUNTY.

FROM the land of the elk and the pine tree,
Of hemlock and whitewood and maple,
You ask me to write you a lyric
Shall thrill with the cries of the forest,
And flow like the sap of the maple—
The rich yellow blood of the maple,
That hath such a wild lusty sweetness,
Such a taste of the wilderness in it.
And surely 'twere pleasant to summon
The days which so lately have vanished,
The friends who were part of their pleasure.
Right cheery for me in the city,
Right cheery to think of the sunsets
We watched from the crest of the hill-top,
Alone on the stumps in the clearing,
And saw the grand slopes of the mountains,
Our own hills, our loved Alleghanies,
Grow hazy and drowsy and solemn,
Cloaked each with the shade of his neighbor,
Like rigid old Puritans scorning
The passion and riot of color,
Of yellow and purple and scarlet,
Which haunt the gay court of the sunset,
Where Eve, like a wild Cinderella,
Awaits the gray fairy of twilight.
—Sweet, ever, to think of the forests,
Their cool woody fragrance delicious—
To think of the fires that we builded
To baffle those terrible pungies;
To think how we wandered, bewildered
With wood-dreams and delicate fancies
Unknown to the life of the city.
To tread but those cushioning mosses;

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To lie, almost float, on the fern-beds;
To feel the crisp crush of the foot on
The mouldering logs of the windfall,—
Were things to be held in remembrance.
Dost recall how we lingered to listen
The call of the wood-robin's bugle,
Or bent the witch-hopple to guide us,
As one folds the page he is reading,
And felt, as we peered through the stillness,
Through armies and legions of tree-trunks,
Such solemn and brooding sensations
As told of the birth of religions,
As whispered how men grow to Druids
When the fly-wheel of work is arrested,
And they live but the life of the forest?
Ay, here in the face of the woodman,
You see how the woods have been preaching
As he leans on the logs of his cabin
To watch the prim city-folk coming
O'er the chips, and the twigs, and the stubble
Through the fire-scarred stumps, and the hemlocks
His axe hath so ruthlessly girdled.
Ay, he too has learned in the forest,
One half of him Nimrod and slayer,
Unsparing, enduring and tireless,
In wait for the deer at the salt-lick;
Yet one stronger half of his nature,
This rough and bold out-of-doors nature,
Hath touches of sadness upon it,
And is grown to the ways of the forest,
Till wildness and softness together
Are one with the sap of his being.

Right pleasant it were, friend and lady,
To tell you some tale of the woodland,
To hear the faint voice of tradition,
Of childish and simple conceptions,
And find in their half-spoken meanings
Some thought all the nations have muttered
With the parable tongues of their childhood.
But, alas for the tale and the writer!
The land has no story to tell us—
No voice save the Clarion's waters,
No song save the murm'rous confusion
Of winds gone astray in the pine-tops,
Or the roar of the rain on the hemlocks;-
No record, no sign, not a word of
The lords of the axe and the rifle
Who camped by the smooth Alleghany
And blazed the first tree on the mountain.
Yet here, even here in the forest,
The soul-calming deep of the forest,
Where cat-birds are noisy and dauntless,
And deft little miserly squirrels

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Are hoarding the beech nuts for winter;
Where rattlesnakes charm, and the hoot-owl
By night sounds his murderous bagpipe—
Yes, here in the last home of Nature,
Where the greenness that swells o'er the hillock
Is pink with the blossoming laurel,
The wants of the city still haunt us,
When busy blue axes are ringing,
And totter the kings of the mountain.
Ah, well you recall, I can fancy,
The morn we looked down on the valley
That bears the proud name of the battle,
Itself a fair field for the winning—
Recall, too, the frank speech which told us
Who felled the first tree in the valley
Where now the red heifers are browsing,
And reapers are slinging their cradles,
And fat grow the stacks with the harvest.
Canst see, too, the dam and the mill-pond,
The trees in the dark amber water,
Where thousands of pine logs are tethered,
With maple and black birch and cherry?
Canst hear, as I hear, the gay hum of
The bright whizzing saw in the steam-mill,
Its up-and-down old-fashioned neighbor
Singing, "Go it!" and "Go it!" and "Go it!"
As it whirrs through the heart of the pine-tree,
And spouts out the saw-dust, and filleth
The air with its resinous odors?
Ay, gnaw at them morning and evening,
Thou hungry old dog of a saw-mill!
The planks you are shaping so deftly
Shall ring with the tramp of the raftsmen,
Shall drift on the shallow Ohio,
Shall build thy fair homes, Cincinnati,
Shall see the gay steamers go by them,
Shall float on the broad Mississippi,
Shall floor the rough cabins of Kansas.

And here is a tale for the poet—
A story of Saxon endurance,
A story of work and completion,
A legend of rough-handed labor,
As wild as the runes of the fiords.

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THE VICTIMS OF DREAMS.

MY friend Bessie Haines had no mother, but her father was such a very large man that I remember thinking, when I was quite a child, that a kind Providence had intended to make up her loss in that way. She and I did not live in the same city, but managed to keep up a lively friendship through the medium of correspondence and half-yearly visits.

I was a complete orphan, and my uncle, with whom I lived, was her father's attached friend. She had a very happy home, and I was glad to enjoy it with her, particularly when my uncle accompanied me, for then her father and he became absorbed in each other, and left us to our own devices—not very evil ones, but too childish and trifling to claim the sympathy of such very grave men as they were.

We had both become tall, womanly girls, but Uncle Pennyman and Mr. Haines called us children, and treated us as such; and Bessie was just writing to me about her father's telling her she must begin to think of serious things, when my uncle remarked to me that the time was approaching when I should prepare myself to assume the duties and responsibilities of a rational female. Just as if we had waited to be told this, when in fact Bessie and I had been consulting about our bonnets and dresses in the most grave and mature manner for years past, and arranging our future on plans that for variety and agreeability could not have been surpassed had we been brought up on the *Arabian Nights* and Moore's *Poems*, instead of Baxter's *Saint's Rest* and Pollok's *Course of Time*.

"There are several questions of vital importance that have been growing daily stronger in my mind," said my uncle Pennyman. "My friend Thomas Haines has a gift in clearing points and expounding meanings; so that I feel it to be for my mind's edifying and my soul's profit to go to him for counsel."

I was delighted to hear this. I wanted to see Bessie, and I blessed the bond that united these good brothers in Israel and drew us together so often. Mr. Haines was good at texts, and my uncle was wonderfully expert at dreams. Mr. Haines was a great dreamer, and my uncle constantly stumbled over passages needing elucidation. So we lived in harmonious intercourse, and Bessie and I talked of all our plans and delights while they got themselves entangled in obscurities with a commentary under each arm.

It would have appeared, from Mr. Haines' dreams, that Bessie's mother had been a most fussy and bothering lady, though I was told by the housekeeper, who knew her well, that she was the mildest and most timid of little wives while living.

According to these visions, she was constantly troubled in her spiritual state on the greatest variety of small subjects; and my expert uncle, in expounding her communications, was always able to draw from them strong religious lessons, and to administer much strengthening comfort to his friend the dreamer.

"I was hoping papa would soon have a vision," said Bessie when we were settled together all comfortably, and she had told me how glad she was to see me again. "Mrs. Tanner said last week that she was sure he was going to have another, because the spire which he felt he was directed in his last dream to put on the little chapel was all complete, and the missionary outfit which he had believed himself called upon to provide was ready and gone to the South Seas, and he naturally looked for more work. When he said last week, 'Bessie, I have sent for Brother Pennyman concerning a visitation in the night,' I was so glad, for, Winnie dear—would you believe it?—I have been dreaming too,

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and I want you to tell me if I have read my dream aright."

Now, this was the most wonderful thing that Bessie Haines could have told me—the most startling and least to be expected altogether; for if ever there was a wide-awake girl, it was she.

I suppose my perfectly frank stare said as much, for she blushed a little, and continued with a very suspicious flutter, which I had learnt, in the case of young engaged persons I knew, to look on as a bad symptom:

"I do not mean dreaming with my eyes shut, you know, but having deep, serious thoughts, unlike the gay fancies that have held me captive all my life."

"Dress trimmings and poetry?" I suggested.

"Yes, yes—all the useless, perishable fancies of thoughtless youth," she replied.

This sounded more like an Essay on Vanity than Bessie Haines, and I really was astonished, and had nothing to say for a little while, during which she, being full of her subject, went on:

"I can scarcely trace the beginning of the — the awakening, shall I call it?"

"You called it a dream before."

"Yes, dear Winnie, but it is so hard to know how to classify new emotions, and this is such a peculiar one that it seems nameless. You know papa feels bound, ever since that water-dream he had, to go down to the Mariners' Chapel on Sunday afternoon, and I used to read solemn poetry when it was too warm or too cold to go with him. Well, about two months ago it was fearfully warm, and papa had come home a fortnight earlier from the shore, on account of a suspicion he had that he had dreamed something and had forgotten it as soon as he awoke. This indistinct warning made him think we had better go home at all events, and home we came the first week in September, to the roasting, dusty city. But I did not then know that I was perhaps drawn back for a purpose; and oh, dear Winnie, there may be something in papa's visions, after all."

"He has had a good many of them," I said.

"So he has," assented Bessie; "and I was inclined to be impatient at this one, since it brought me home in the heat, and the house seemed so lonely, because Mrs. Tanner was still in the country with her married daughter."

"She having received no spectral warning," I hinted.

"Oh dear! no. Mrs. Tanner never dreams: she's opposed to it. Well, the first Sunday was so warm that I took up *Solemn Thoughts in Verse* instead of the Mariners'; and after I had read eight pages, it really seemed as if I had better have tried the heat out of doors, it was getting so gloomy within. So I got up and dressed, meaning to walk out and meet papa, and return with him. I don't know whether it was the *Solemn Thoughts* that confused me, or whether I was not paying attention, but I actually lost my way by turning at the wrong corner, and so came down Barton street toward a little chapel that I had often noticed before. Two dreadfully red-faced and short-haired little boys were at the entrance by the small iron gate. They had disagreed about something, I suppose, just as I came up, and they instantly began to fight, with the wickedest determination visible in their freckled little faces. At first, they kicked at each other, and growled out some awful words without the least sense, but with a great deal of profanity in them, and then they laid down their little books and tracts, and apparently tried to pull each other's head off. Of course it made me quite wretched to see them hurt each other in that shocking way, and so I interfered and tried to reconcile them, but the naughty little souls must have had a certain amount of kicking and scratching on hand to dispose of, for they united in bestowing it all on me the moment I came between them.

"I was just trying to save my dress and lace sacque from their boots and claws, when a reverend gentleman appeared at the door, and the bad boys became sneaking cowards at sight of

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him. I picked up their little tracts, while he tried to apologize for them; and it was so sad, Winnie, to think that those dear children had not profited by their lessons: one was called 'Love One Another,' and the other, 'Be Meek and Lowly.'

"While we were talking a lady joined us, and I went into the school at their invitation.

"Winnie, do you know anything practical about Sunday-school?"

"I went to one, and was for years in the class of an elderly maiden lady who urged us all to learn Scripture and hymns. I was so expert and high in favor that I could repeat forty verses at a time as glibly as a parrot."

"But I don't quite mean that sort of thing," said Bessie. "I mean a real, earnest teaching-place, where children are gathered in and told all about Christ's love and mercy—where they are softened and won to better thoughts and kinder actions, and their poor little minds filled with shining truth, instead of street dirt and abuse."

"I never thought about it before, but such an institution could not help being a popular one, and a very useful one too," I confessed.

"Oh, I am so glad, so very glad, that you approve, dear, for I am engaged in that work; and I did not want to write it to you, for somehow it seemed so strange for such a thoughtless, silly girl as I have been to attempt such a serious thing."

"As teaching in a Sunday-school?"

"Yes, in a sort of mission school for little scholars of the lower classes. Miss Mary Pepper and I have at this time nearly two hundred boys and girls of all ages, and some of them are very interesting and lovable, while others are—"

"Like the two gladiators who introduced you to the scene?"

"Yes. I am afraid there are quite a number of that kind; but, Winnie, you must like Miss Mary Pepper. Oh, she is one of the most excellent women I ever knew, so truly, so nobly, so devotedly good. You cannot imagine what a comfort it is to me to be with her—to feel that I am under her influence, and may learn from her to be a little like her."

"Miss Mary Pepper?" I repeated: "then she is a young lady?"

"No — not young: indeed, she is rather elderly."

"An old maid," I remarked, coldly. "She is pretty and sweet, though faded, I suppose."

"Why, no—not to look at: her nature is beautiful, but her manner and figure are rather — rather unprepossessing at first."

"A stiff, hard, straight-laced old maid," I said, contemptuously. "Well, really, I cannot see the fascination—"

Bessie's face flushed painfully: "I confess that dear Miss Pepper's person is not so beautiful as her nature, but, Winnie, it is the cause of doing good and trying to be good that draws us together so closely; and of course I do not love her as I love you, my dear, precious first friend."

These last words were full of balm, for of course it was the sting of jealousy that had made my heart resent the venerable Pepper's powerful influence over my dear Bessie. Being once assured that it was a second-rate power, and that I still held my supremacy, I entered into the Sunday-school question like a second Raikes, and volunteered to help, and try to learn the way to the young hearts that beat under the pugilistic exterior of the juveniles of Canon lane, where the mission chapel was.

Then, having become one on this serious subject, we began to wonder what Mr. Haines' dream might portend this time, and prepare our minds for the verse from the prophecies over which dear Uncle Pennyman had made his latest stumble.

"Mrs. Tanner thinks it was something about a journey, and she is quite out of sorts on the subject: for, as she says, the house can't be shut up without worriment, and as to staying in it alone, she really has not got the nerve."

"I do not think that Uncle Pennyman will interpret it that way, because he

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cannot go too, as he is at present very deep in the minor prophets, and has fallen out of humor with all the commentaries."

"I am so glad!" said Bessie, placidly —"so glad, I mean, that we need not go: I think every one must find his life-work at home."

I stared a little at this, because I knew that only a few months before Bessie Haines had wanted very much to find style and fashion abroad; but I remembered the Sunday-school, and tried to be as serious and convinced as I could; and to that end I talked a good deal of church interests, and the prophecies, and *Light in Obscurity*, a new work which had utterly confused me at the first chapter, but which I had read through to Uncle Pennyman one warm July day when he stayed at home to keep Tom's birth-day.

That reminds me: I have not mentioned Tom, but as he was away at college, and Bessie never seemed to like to talk of him—I'm sure I can't see why—it is quite natural that he slipped out of my memory.

He was a ward of Uncle Pennyman, who called him his son, and indeed had adopted him formally.

How two such opposite people ever came to love each other as they did, I never can explain. It was not a natural, commonplace affection: it was a strong, deep, earnest love, as firm in the hearts of both as the life that caused their throbbings.

Tom was wild and full of frolic: if there is a graver word than gravity, it should be used to describe Uncle Pennyman's demeanor. Tom was quick and restless by nature, but his good sense and determination to make a niche for himself in life, and fill it respectably, had toned down his exuberant spirits into active energy; while Uncle Pennyman's naturally slow tendencies had become aggravated by the ponderous character of his pursuits and tastes: all hurry was obnoxious to him, and he firmly believed that haste was another name for sin. Yet the solemn, slow old man loved the busy, merry young one, and neither saw any fault or failing in the other.

There was no earthly relationship between Thomas Gray Pennyman and me, and yet I was always spoken of as his sister by my dear, worrying old uncle. Tom did not seem to like it, and I knew I did not.

People often said to me, "What a splendid brother you have, Miss Pennyman! but what a pity that all these handsome brothers have to be given up to stronger ties!"

How utterly silly! I never had any patience with such nonsense.

There was not much comfort in talking to Bessie about him. I'm sure I do not know why, but I suppose she saw that I avoided the subject; so I was really quite surprised when she said to me, laughing and looking a little mischievous—

"Mr. Tom is to join us by and by, your uncle says. I hope we may be able to make it pleasant for him. I believe he likes Mrs. Tanner: he used to like her buns when he was a boy, and I hope he has not forgotten the fancy."

Tom coming to visit the Haines! Such a thing had never happened before, and must mean something now. I began to feel quite uneasy, though I really could not have explained why.

We never had much of my uncle's or Mr. Haines' society except in the evening: they spent the day going about together and worrying texts of Scripture with other good old men, before whom Mr. Haines liked to show off uncle's Bible knowledge. They took some pious excursions in company, and had a solemnly festive time, I have no doubt, for they always came in looking perfectly satisfied with the result of their day.

It generally took some time to hear the dream and find its proper interpretation. While it was pending the expounder generally gave out his puzzling verses, and then both pondered a good while before they arrived at their conclusions and made them known.

Both the dream and the text must

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have been of an unusually difficult nature this time, for a whole week went by without either transpiring; and although Bessie and I watched for some allusions to them in our morning and evening family worship, at which the two good men officiated alternately, yet not a hint could we gain until one night at the end of the week it seemed from Uncle Pennyman's prayer that the matter in some wise referred to Bessie, since Divine guidance was sought under many rhetorical forms for the welfare, future and temporal, of "the young handmaiden, the daughter of thy servant, who would fain know thy will concerning her."

"Bessie," said I that night, when we got up stairs, "I think I have found out what your father's last dream was: I solemnly believe that he means to send you out as a missionary."

Now I thought I had said something calculated to make Bessie turn pale and gasp, but I could scarcely believe it when I looked up, expecting to find her almost fainting, and saw her pensively, but by no means alarmedly, shaking her head.

"I am not devoted enough, Winnie, love," she remarked. "I have not the grand self-abnegating spirit necessary for such a work. No; mine is a home field."

If I had not known about the young warriors of Canon lane, I should have thought her demented: as it was, I could scarcely wait for the next day, which was Sunday, to be introduced to the scene which had already produced such a marked change in her character and tastes.

It transpired during breakfast that Uncle Pennyman's peace had been disturbed by a verse in the book of Nahum, that talked about the lions and lionesses, and their whelps and prey, in what appeared to him a mysterious manner. Mr. Haines, who was a dear, good man, elaborated it so that we all felt as if we had made a visit to the Zoological Gardens, and afterward been carried into Babylonish captivity. My uncle followed his words with a brightening face, and when they grew particularly mixed and long-syllabled, he would exclaim softly,

"It is a great gift! a great gift!" and seem really overcome with the magnitude of his friend's powers.

I never saw any harm in Uncle Pennyman's texts: they never worried any one but himself; though I must confess that verse about Ephraim being a cake not turned affected us a little. But that was because he had the ague, and Mr. Haines was attending some kind of convention; and what with the chills, and that unexplained cake of Ephraim's, we were kept a little uncomfortable for a time.

But Mr. Haines' visions were perplexing: no one could tell where their signification might point; and this sending for Tom (of course he would never have thought of coming if he had not been sent for) made me quite uneasy.

I began to fear that this would be the first time I had ever gone to see Bessie without enjoying the visit; and as we walked along to Canon Lane Chapel together, her manner was so absent and fluttered that I really did not know what to do.

"It is a delightful and meritorious thing to be pious, no doubt," I said to myself, "but it has not improved the manner of my dear Bessie: on the contrary, I should say it has entirely shaken her nerves, and given her palpitation of the heart."

When we reached the chapel we found quite a number and variety of youths already collected around the door, and when we went into a large and airy room, well lighted and filled with seats, a goodly selection awaited us there.

A lady stood on a small platform with a bell in her hand: she had a large, bony figure, and a long, bony face, and turned her eyes toward us without changing their expression into any beam of recognition, as she used her voice without any softening tone or tender cadence whatever:

"Miss Haines, good-afternoon. Mary Bryan, where's your brother? John Mott, you have dropped your tract.

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Miss Pennyman, glad to see you. Sarah Harper, give your sister a seat."

Bessie had pushed me on her attention between the monotonous sentences she jerked out at her scholars, and she gave me five words just like the rest, and dropped me off again.

Bessie seemed to become calmer after she had looked around the room once in a hasty, fluttered way, and placing a chair for me, she threw herself energetically into her philanthropic work.

I never knew before what a serious thing it was to be a Sunday-school teacher, or how varied the requirements for such duty were. Thirst seemed to be a prevailing agony among the scholars, and it seized its victims as an epidemic does — without warning. They would just reach their seats and drop into them listlessly, or gain them by energetic contest with some previous intruder, and after an empty stare around them would be taken with a sudden pang, expressed in writhing, shaking the right hand wildly and gasping, "Teacher, I want a drink! I want a drink!"

Then they were subject to a terrible vacillation on the subject of their hats: they would almost consign them to the care of a monitor appointed to hang them on the pegs made and provided, when a sense of their preciousness would suddenly present itself to their minds, and they would rescue them wildly, and throw themselves on the defensive while they sat upon or otherwise protected the contested article of dress.

There were six windows with broad sills in the room, and every child seemed beset with a passionate desire to leave its seat and lodge itself in a surreptitious manner on one of these perches, as if they had been posts of honor.

Whether bits of bright tin, glass bottle-stoppers, ends of twine, broken sticks and marbles were accessions to biblical instruction, or were only so considered by the pupils themselves, did not transpire, but poor Bessie seemed to find them stumbling-blocks in her path, and Miss Pepper had no sooner confiscated one lot than another appeared in circulation and broke the story of Joseph's coat into a parenthetical narrative:

"Israel loved Joseph so much that as a particular proof of his parental regard (James Moore, stop putting that stick in your brother's eye) he prepared a variegated garment known as a 'coat of many colors.' (John Mink, take that marble out of your throat, or you'll swallow it.) The bestowal of this beautiful gift (Mary Dunn, put your ticket away, and, Sally Harris, let her hair alone) awakened feelings akin to envy and bitterness in (Jane Sloper must not borrow her cousin's bonnet in Sunday-school) the bosoms of his perverted brethren. (Hugh Fraley will leave those strings at home, and, William Grove, stop climbing over the bench.) Alas! what sorrow can evil and disobedient sons, too little conscious (Dicky Taylor, bring that insect to me) of the sacrifices and prayerful struggles of their venerable parents (no, Henry, not another drink), call down upon their already care-burdened minds!"

Of course I felt sure that Miss Pepper was in earnest and meant to do good, but I suspected that she had not what my uncle called "a gift" with children, and I saw how much harder it made it for Bessie, who really was a natural teacher, and who contrived to rule with a steady but gracious firmness, and to win with a sweet simplicity that explained itself to the minds of little ones.

I wondered not a little at her infatuation on the Pepper question when I saw how contrary their ways and influence were. There were plenty of nice, interesting little girls among the two hundred, and some very well-behaved boys too; but Bessie set herself to win the unruly, and it was a lesson to thoughtless me to see her do it. One terrible little soul, with a thin, wiry body and tight-cropped head, fell into a conflict with a square-set, hard-faced boy, and they rolled under the seats together just as Miss Pepper had succeeded in raising the ill-used Joseph out of the pit with words of three syllables. Bessie went to the rescue, and separated and in-

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verted the combatants, only the soles of whose boots had been visible a moment before. She sat down with them, and although I could not hear her words, I saw that they were slowly smoothing the angry creases of both the thin and the square face.

"Then let him stop a-callin' me 'Skinny,'" was the last outbreak of the injured lean one, and his antagonist confessed—

"I won't say nothin' to you no more if you stop grinning 'Flathead' at me."

Before Miss Pepper had succeeded in describing the paraphernalia of Eastern travel and the approach of the Ishmaelites, the two were induced to shake hands silently across their gentle mediatrix, whose face suddenly grew radiant with the sweetest blush I ever saw as the door opened and a new feature was added to the scene.

I do not mean to detract from the good impulses or high motives of my dear girl when I say that this was the key that opened the subject to me, and made it bright and plain. It wore the form of a truly good and good-looking young gentleman, who had just enough of the clergyman in his appearance to show that he honored his holy calling above all things. He gave Bessie a glance that set my heart at rest—for I naturally felt anxious that the blush and brightness and other signs should not be thrown away on an unappreciative object—and then he went right into his work. Oh dear! what a difference! One could not imagine, without seeing for one's self, what a beautiful sympathy could do with material that a hard, dry purpose could only irritate. Of course he bowed to me, and met Miss Pepper like an old friend, and then he began, and in beginning caught every single wandering mind, and held it with that mysterious fascination which individualizes, and convinces each one that he is the particular soul addressed.

He had been spending the hour of his absence from us in the chamber of a little fellow, one of our number, who had been terribly hurt by the machinery of a factory in which he worked. He took every one of us there with him, awakening our liveliest interest, and making us anxious to be helpful to every suffering fellow-creature. Some of us had to cry a little at the kind remembrances the poor crushed child sent us, and we felt quite self-reproachful that we had not thought more of him, and been quieter and more orderly in every way. Then, without any dry, hard preaching, he planted that lesson, left it to take root without digging it up again with personal exhortation, and told us something else. Surely no one could have better divined just what we wanted to know, and just how we would have liked it related. Love first of all; then cheerfulness, simplicity, and a strong, earnest enthusiasm that made attention compulsory and the attraction irresistible.

I do not believe I ever felt better satisfied in my life than when he closed and the orderly dismission began: then he turned to Bessie, and I saw that my friend had found the mission of heart- and soul-work, and was being drawn heavenward by the hand she loved. Such a timid tenderness as pervaded his every look and word! such a sweet consciousness as lighted hers! I laughed at my folly about Tom, and felt that I should be delighted to see him at Haines', and introduce him to the dear, good clergyman whom Bessie had the good sense to appreciate.

The Rev. Charles Pepper was the nephew of Miss Mary. I soon changed my prejudiced opinion of that lady into a clearer view of her merits. She was the Paul that planted: being a woman of wealth and strong religious bias, she had built the mission chapel, gathered together the children and taught them, while her good nephew added the superintendence of the school to his church duties in a different quarter.

"Bessie, does your father know—?" I began as we went homeward together.

She interrupted me: "About Miss Pepper? Oh yes, indeed! She called to ask his permission for me to teach them, and has been at our house twice since."

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"You know I don't mean her at all," I said, laughing. "I mean her nephew, Bessie Haines."

But Bessie faltered: she had not the courage to speak freely, since it was evident they had not spoken so to each other yet. She knew she loved and was beloved, but could not force the delicate secret into words, since it was yet unavowed between them.

"All I am afraid of, Bess," said I, determined to make her practical, for she was as ethereal as if she and her love meant to live in the clouds all their days—"all I am afraid of is, that your father's vision may threaten your peace; for, rely on it, Bess, it is about you and you alone, or why should uncle keep praying for you as a 'young damsel,' and 'handmaiden,' and 'female pilgrim,' and all that?"

Bessie seemed troubled, but she could not be brought to confidence until the minister had opened his heart to her. I saw that, and though I had never had a warning dream in my life, I felt it was my mission to help her.

The Rev. Charles and I had had a little, a very little, talk, but I saw that Bessie had named me to him—that pleased me; that he was very desirous of gaining my good-will—that pleased me too. So I had happened to say that I admired church architecture, particularly Gothic: some one had said that his church belonged to that style, and he immediately offered to take us to examine it. I asked him to call for us next day, and he delightedly promised that he would.

I told Bessie, and the ungrateful creature was alarmed and nervous, and gave way to all sorts of nonsense; but I consoled her and admired him in a way that seemed to give her satisfaction.

The next morning I made a startling discovery. I went into the little book-room that opened out of the great old-fashioned back parlor, where uncle and Mr. Haines sat every morning with Scott and Clarke and Cruden open before them: I went in very quietly, and didn't make much noise when there. Mr. Haines was talking in a slow, set way, and I could hear the scratching of a pen over stiff paper.

"Would you mention my reasons for recording this, my dear Daniel?" he said to Uncle Pennyman.

"I have set them down at the commencement," said my uncle, who was acting as scribe. "I have said that, your mind being clear and your feelings at ease, you retired to your couch on the night of the 28th of October; that the form of your dear wife seemed waiting for you, since you became conscious of her presence immediately after your sinking asleep; and so on."

"Yes," said Mr. Haines, with a deep sigh: "it is a great thing, no doubt, to be so guided in the visions of the night, and I have many times considered myself greatly favored by the knowledge of the ministry of my dear wife's blessed spirit; but, friend Daniel, if she had been a little more explicit in this instance it would have been a great comfort to me. Follow me now, friend Daniel. You have got it down to where she spoke. Well, she raised her hand and seemed to point to the couch of Dorcas Elizabeth" (that was what Bess had been baptized, and was called by her father on solemn occasions)—"my thoughts had been dwelling on the child, and her increasing age and future duties—and she said, 'Marry her wisely to Thomas,' and repeated the words three times."

I heard the scratching pen and Mr. Haines' depressed, uncertain sigh, and my own heart sank heavily. There was no Thomas to marry her to but our Tom, and such a thing was simply preposterous and wicked. I could not, I would not, bear even to think of it.

Oh, good Mrs. Haines, departed so long ago! why should you come back troubling us about such things? and, above all, why could you not as well have said Charles as Thomas?

"I have that set down," said Uncle Pennyman. Mr. Haines sighed again in that anxious, uncertain way of his:

"During the first day after the visitation, Daniel, I could not recall whether my wife's appearance said, 'To Thomas,

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marry her wisely,' or as we now put it down; but since you have set it clearly before me, and your son will so soon be here, I feel that I am justified in having it stated in that way, and that Providence is guiding me."

Oh how my heart rose against Uncle Pennyman as I listened! He was the one to blame for such a shameful, foolish notion stealing into Mr. Haines' head! Left to himself, any name would have suited him equally well, and here was Tom's thrust in without any earthly reason. It was really dreadful! I could scarcely stand on my feet when I remembered how Tom loved his adopted father, and with what unselfish devotion he always spoke of him. "If he's told that it will be a family blessing, he never will have the heart to deny them and grieve Uncle Pennyman. Poor Tom! he is so shockingly unselfish himself that he would rather enjoy a sacrifice than otherwise, I suppose." So ran my thoughts, and I grew desperate. Desperation awakens courage. Tom would be there in the evening, and if anything could be done it had to be done at once.

I slipped out silently as I came: no one heard me. I did not mean that they should do so, for, to confess the truth, I was listening on purpose. I dressed to go out with Mr. Pepper; so did Bessie, though I must say she was very nervous and uncertain about it. "You know papa does not know him in —in the character of a friend of mine," she said, hesitatingly. "Miss Pepper introduced him, and that is all."

"But that is no reason why it should be all," I said to myself, and paid no attention to her little bashful fussiness.

When he arrived, I saw in his eyes that he meant to take advantage of the opportunity I was making for him, and so I boldly carried out my plan. We started, and had gone a block or two when I discovered that they were becoming unaware of my existence and completely absorbed in each other. "Poor dears!" I thought, "let them have a still better chance." So I stopped in the most natural way possible at a window where trimmings were displayed, and began to stare at some ribbon. "The very shade!" I said: "I would not miss it for anything. Pray go on slowly, and I'll join you presently. Keep on till you reach the church—I know the way. And be sure you stay till I come. No, you shall not come in: I insist that you go right on, and do not bother. I have a sort of pride in making bargains, and they never can be made in company, you know." I laughed and wouldn't listen to their waiting, and managed it so well that they went away as unsuspecting and tender as two lambs. I waited till they were out of sight, and then I started straight for home.

I was in high glee till Mrs. Tanner came up stairs.

"There are great preparations making for Mr. Tom," said she with a portentous face. "Mr. Haines has given more orders about his reception than I ever knew him to issue before; and, what seems strange, he actually insists on my calling him Mr. Thomas, when I never can get my tongue round anything but Mr. Tom, in the world."

Both seemed threatening—the preparations and the name; and when Mrs. Tanner asked where Miss Bessie was, and heard that she had gone out, she shook her head and said that she was afraid her pa wouldn't like it. This convinced me that she too had guessed the nature of the vision, and made me more than ever anxious to save poor Bessie and Tom from mutual unhappiness. The first effort was made, and I must consider the next step. I felt nearly sure that by this time the two dear Sunday-school workers had become personal in their conversation, and taking up my position on the broad sofa in the quiet, shady back parlor, I set myself to thinking out the plan. It was a great, solidly-furnished old room, staid and handsome like the rest of the house, and meant for comfort in every particular. Over the mantel-piece, and directly opposite to me, was a life-size picture of Mrs. Haines, a very young lady with a mild shyness of expression

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and a great deal of flaxen hair. She had died when Bessie was a baby, and was altogether a more childlike and undecided person than her daughter. The wonder therefore was that she should have become so dictatorial in the visions of the night, and undertaken to control the family affairs after so many years, never having meddled with them while there was a living opportunity.

I was just thinking how useless it would be to appeal to Uncle Pennyman without—without saying something about Tom (and that under the circumstances could not be thought of: it made me burn all over merely to have it in my mind for a moment), when I became drowsy, and had not time to question the feeling until I was sound asleep.

A murmur of voices roused me, or perhaps I was going to wake at any rate, for they were singularly low, and the speakers quite unconscious of my presence. I looked up, and in the faint light coming between the bowed shutters and lace curtains I saw the Rev. Charles and Bessie directly under the portrait of Mrs. Haines. He had thrown his arm around her, and, although she struggled just a little in the embrace, held her to his heart.

"Oh, I cannot believe it," she was saying: "it is like a dream. And Winnie too!—to forget all about dear Winnie just because I am so happy. It is selfish and unkind, dear, I am afraid."

He told her I was too good, too lovable to quarrel with their bliss, and held her to his heart while he looked up to the flaxed-haired, baby-faced mother for a blessing with quite a glow of feeling on his face and real tears in his eyes.

There was something in mine I suppose, for when I looked too I could scarcely believe them: the portrait seemed to show a different face entirely. The blue eyes bent down on those upturned to meet them with a look I had never beheld in them before, and the delicate little pink mouth seemed to tremble with a blessing.

"Am I dreaming?" I almost asked it aloud, and the question and the sound of Uncle Pennyman's voice in the book-room gave me a new idea. Softly I slipped from my place and out at the open door, leaving the absorbed ones to themselves, and joined my uncle and Mr. Haines where they were preparing for another conflict with the commentators.

"I have had a dream," I said solemnly.

"A dream!" repeated they.

"Yes, and it was so lifelike that I must tell it to you, for I am convinced it is no common warning, but one full of meaning and truth."

They gazed at me blankly, and I went on, fearing to stop an instant lest I should lose my courage:

"I was lying on the sofa opposite Mrs. Haines' portrait—"

"The very place where I lay when last I dreamed," murmured her husband.

"And I saw Bessie and a gentleman hand in hand beneath it, looking up into the sweet face for a blessing; and oh such a heavenly smile lighted it while the beautiful lips seemed to murmur, 'She will marry wisely, dear Thomas!'"

Mr. Haines was so shaken by my words that my heart misgave me. He covered his face with his hands. "She used to call me dear Thomas," he said, and the tears ran through his fingers.

"Then the name was *yours*," said Uncle Pennyman with weighty consideration. "You remember I said it was capable of a double application: those things are wonderful, and interpret each other. Winnie, my dear girl, could you distinguish this person's face?"

Before I could answer, Mrs. Tanner at the door said, "Here's Mr. Tom, bless his heart! I never can learn to call him anything else."

Tom was *so* glad to see me! Yes, I may as well tell it, for it told itself: dear Tom never seemed so glad before.

"Was it his face, Winnie?" whispered Mr. Haines.

If ever *No* was said with energy and decision, it was in my reply. The parlor door opened just as we were about to go in all together, shaking hands and making kind speeches over Tom, and

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Bessie and the Rev. Charles appeared in the act of taking leave of each other.

"That's the face!" I cried dramatically; and then I really and truly did faint—stone dead, as Mrs. Tanner said afterward—for I was not used to telling lies, and even white ones were exciting things to tell, and scarcely justified themselves to my conscience by the magnitude of the good they were to do.

When I came to myself, Bessie was hanging over me with all the love she had left from Mr. Charles, I suppose; and I heard Mr. Haines and Uncle Pennyman talking with Tom, and trying to explain to him the remarkable nature of the vision that had overcome me. I sat up, and tried to laugh and declare that it was nothing at all, though my heart kept throbbing.

"You have all had dreams," said Tom: "you have yet to hear mine. Uncle, I dreamed that Winnie and I loved each other, and that I asked you for her and you said yes."

"No, Thomas," said Uncle Pennyman gravely, but with a kind of breaking about his mouth: "your eyes were open when you had that vision, and you must not jest with serious subjects. But it is well you mentioned it, dear boy, and it is well our child Winnie received such a remarkable direction, since it throws light on friend Haines' visitation, and apparently the happiness of that excellent young minister and our dear Bessie here."

"The young man has just expressed himself in corroboration of the vision," said Mr. Haines, much affected.

Bessie threw her arms round her father, then round me, and then she ran away. Mr. Haines and Uncle Pennyman went out to their commentaries, Mrs. Tanner to see to her buns: Tom and I were alone.

"What is this about, Winnie darling?" he said.

"Tom," said I, "we are all the victims of dreams." MARGARET HOSMER.

A POLYGLOT EMPIRE.

IN the royal picture-gallery in Dresden there is a picture by David Teniers *fils*, representing the temptation of St. Antonius, which, among all the multitudes of sour and solemn saints, is most refreshingly funny. All manner of creeping, crawling and flying things, from the heavens above, the earth beneath and the waters under the earth, tweak, twist, nip and pinch him. Who that has ever seen this picture, and knew anything of the affairs of Austria, has not instituted an involuntary comparison between the sorely badgered saint and the heir of the Hapsburgs? Surely the superstitious days of carnal mortifications and flagellations are not wholly past when any one can be found willing to don this imperial robe, which outside is of purple, but inside is of goat's hair. There be many tempers among men that are milder than that of Francis Joseph, and many that are not so mild, but it is exceedingly problematical if the average of humanity, if set to rule his mosaic of nationalities, would not have pocketed more constitutions than he has. There is even room for wonder that Austria has been held together at all. Louis XIV. used to wonder greatly at it, and called it a "special Leopoldine miracle." The everlasting tuggings of the various nationalities at the common bond—or, rather, their mere sullen negativity and do-nothing attitude toward the imperial government—were happily hit off by a court fool of the Emperor Francis in the speech: "Gentlemen, if you altogether now once only just wouldn't!" which is reckoned a clever

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saying in the political circles of Vienna to this day.

To begin with the Germans. In the mixed provinces, naturally, parties divide on the shibboleth of nationality, but in the pure German provinces there are six distinct and well-organized parties—Centralists, Autonomists, Dualists, Federalists, Democrats and Clericals. To catch the shades of difference between the platforms of some of them would require a dialectician able to "distinguish and divide a hair 'twixt south and south-west side." The Austro-Germans reduce politics to a learned science, and treat it after the methods of the Scholastics. The famous Frankfort Parliament of 1848 contained one hundred and eighteen professors! The Prussians and North Germans are wiser, for they sent to the first North German Parliament only twelve professors. The professors of Austria and of South Germany are the enemies of its liberties—not willingly, but unconsciously: they seek perfect liberty, Platonic liberty, such as no nation ever has had or can have: they will not accept a fraction on a compromise; and while they are refining, speculating and defining, a Metternich or a Belcredi snatches the little liberty they have out of their grasp, and the last things are worse than the first. The professor says, x of taxation $+ y$ of representation $= z$ of liberty: Francis Joseph says it should be $\frac{y}{2}$ of representation. The professor declares that this is not a good equation: thereupon the kaiser loses his temper, and cancels that quantity altogether. These professors do not understand how to vote a demanded appropriation which they know they cannot withhold, simply to save the form of right, as the House of Commons did for many a year when it was struggling with the Tudors or the Plantagenets.

The Germans are disqualified from holding Austria firmly in their grip, and bearing universal empire, by yet another trait. In social life jovial to a fault, if possible; on the battlefield as brave as any soldiers who ever fought; in the court of honor sensitive to an extreme,—they are, in the great business of life, and especially of government, pessimists. How excellent a warrant and creed of English arrogance is furnished by Pope's "Whatever is, is right!" On the other hand, there is scarcely a more popular phrase in Viennese politics, or one more expressive of the incurable political despair which hovers over that gay, brave, careless, short-sighted city, than the couplet of one of their poets:

> "Alles was ist und was entsteht
> Ist werth dass es zu Grunde geht."

Not one half of the registered voters of German Austria ever vote, and sometimes not a fourth. They say, "What boots it? Austria is for ever going to the dogs whether we vote or abstain from voting." The ineradicable disgust which pervades the great masses of the Germans, notwithstanding that their six parties are ceaselessly tinkering some kind of constitution, is graphically expressed by the name given to the former government policy, which, by one of those foreign phrases that the Austrian Germans are so fond of "octroying" into their rugged mother-tongue, was termed *Sistirungs Politik* (the stop-off, the let-alone, the do-nothing policy). Disgust on the side of the people breeds disgust on the part of the government.

But if the Germans have failed to pull together, and have over and over again not only pulled in opposite directions, but simultaneously toward every quarter of the political compass, the Slavonian nationalities have done little better. If they were a great deal abler statesmen than they are, and were put in actual possession of the empire, they would drop asunder soon enough for lack of a language. Suppose Prince Szaskievic or General Stratimirowitch were crowned to-morrow kaiser of Austria, and proceeded, on the American principle—"To the victors belong the spoils"—to appoint a purely Slavonic ministry: he would have about him men speaking seven dialects—Tchech, Vend, Ruthenian, Servian, Slovack, Croatian and Slovenian—each thoroughly impervious to the eloquence of

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the other. When the great Slavonic Congress of 1848 assembled in Prague, the ugly fact speedily cropped out that, though they were from the best-educated classes of their respective provinces, there was no dialect which would serve as a common medium; and they were compelled, to their great disgust, to adopt the German in order to understand one another. It is one of the household skeletons of the Austrian empire, carefully kept concealed, that, but for this dissidence of dialects, the various branches of the Slavonians would again have assembled in convention when Austria was reeling under Sadowa, and would probably have dismembered the empire.

The principal Tchech journal of Prague, the *Politik*, is printed in German, as is also the Hungarian organ in Fiume, the *Adria*, because they can thus reach more readers than if published in their own languages. The German is one of the great languages of the world and of civilization, of which there are not many, and all these quarreling dialects of the empire understand that fact. The German alone binds together the North and South Slavonians. It is only through the translations of the Vienna editors that the Croatians are enabled to read the eloquence of their brethren, the Tchechs, about the "great Slavonic nation," and they depend on the same to convey to them their fraternal response. Without this medium all their oratory would fall stillborn : it would be as if one should cast a pebble into a pot of cold pudding. The Germans justly complain of the Italians because they have only one German professorship in the universities of all Italy (Padua); but who would establish a professorship of the swinish Croatian or Istrian or Slovenian, and make it cosmopolitan? Not even the Germans, who teach all things. A Ruthenian orator once declared in the Parliament of Galicia, in a fine burst of oratory which was much applauded, that the great political ideal and ambition of his life was to see Austria made Panslavonic. But anybody can see that, despite all their fine speeches about the "great Slavonic nation," to attempt to realize this conception would be pouring water into their wine at once. One of the strangest things in all human history is that the Germans of Austria, having a language spoken by sixty millions, to which that empire is indebted for all the civilization it has, and which alone links it to the great world, are continually furnishing recruits for every other nationality, however petty and degraded, in the empire.

But if the disagreements among the Slavonians have been great in language, they have been greater in affinity. If there is one lesson taught by Austria more than another, it is that when one of the petty peoples of Europe (or great either) appeals to the "great principles of nationality," it means "autonomy is good for us, but not for others." Take Croatia for an instance. One of the most famous sayings of the Croatians is, that "the Drave and the Save contain enough water to give the Magyars graves as fast as they come." They do not love the Magyars, they do not love the Germans, but one would expect, after all that is uttered in their Parliament respecting the "great Slavonic nation," that they would at least fraternize with their Slavonic neighbors. But no. The provinces of Carniola and Carinthia once made Croatia a friendly proposal of union, in order to strengthen their common resistance to the kaiser's government, but it was emphatically rejected. Again, the Croatians sought to annex Istria and Dalmatia, merely for the sake of a seaport, but they were in turn repulsed. So much for the "great Slavonic nation."

Let us next go to Hungary. Of the three principal nationalities in that province, the Magyars are not even a plurality, since they are outnumbered by the Slovacks, but the wonderful magnetism they wield is all that binds together the two bitterly hostile branches of the Slavonians—the Servians and Slovacks.

In Galicia the Slavonic Ruthenians and the Poles have lived a cat-and-dog

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life together for centuries. And here is another strange development. The Ruthenian tongue differs less from the Russian than any other Slavonic dialect, and Russia sympathizes so thoroughly with this nationality that young Ruthenians are gratuitously educated in her government schools. But the Tchechs of Bohemia, also Slavonic and situated close at hand, affiliate not with the Ruthenians, but with the Poles! Yet Russia is the great champion, *et præsidium et dulce decus*, of Slavonians the world over, and the deadly oppressor of the Poles! The organ of the Poles, the *Gazeta Narodowa*, with refreshing simplicity declares, "The Poles recognize a German, a Polish, a Tchech, a Magyar nation, but they cannot comprehend what is meant by speaking of a Slavonic nation." Is it any wonder if the kaiser sometimes gets the headache in trying to make out what all these nationalities want? Accurately stated, the great question of Austria is this: If thirty-six millions of people send two hundred representatives to Vienna, how great a proportion of this number should one man send, provided he speaks a language nobody else does?

The emperor once gave all these disaffected provinces an opportunity to state their grievances in full, when, in 1848, he summoned an imperial diet. But when the deputies assembled in the Winter Riding-school (Austria has never had a multiplicity of legislative halls), there were whole rows of empty benches that should have been filled, and a flock of petty provinces laughed in their sleeves when they saw the projected reforms left upon the sand. Those that did respond openly laughed the matter to scorn, and sent up a number of clannish fellows from the country, who went to sleep on the benches to such an extent that an officer had to be appointed to waken them when a vote was to be taken.

It is far from the intention of this article to uphold the former absolutism of the imperial government, but a full exposition of the obstinate recusancy which every province, with the single exception of the ever-faithful Tyrol, has indulged in, pretending to bolster itself on the principle of nationality, does much to make our judgment lenient. One of the most noticeable instances of this pitiful provincialism which is the curse of Austria is found in Bohemia. That single province, containing only a twelfth of the population of the empire, has been permitted to furnish one-third of all the imperial officers. So great has been the favoritism of the House of Hapsburg toward Bohemia that a minister once denominated it "the hotbed of Austrian intelligence." Do the citizens of Pilsen desire a law compelling all school children to pass their examinations in Tchech, or does the common council of Prague vote that "there are no German children in that city" (there are, in fact, ten thousand of them), they have only to send a petition to their German emperor and their prayers will be granted. And yet all Tchechs are devout disciples of St. Vladimir, whose most notable saying was, "It is better to live under the knout of Russia than in Austrian freedom." When the emperor rode over the torn and bloody sward at Sadowa, the poor German artisans, some of whom the ravages of the war had beggared even to death, greeted their kaiser with an enthusiasm of devotion that would have drawn tears from a stone; but the haughty Tchechs of the valley, uninjured on their regal estates, received him with contemptuous silence. When the director of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna (German throughout) desired permission to bring out a piece called *The Governor of Bengal*, he was refused, because it contained an allusion which, by the most ingenious torturing, might have been construed into a reflection on the kaiser; but the Tchechs of Prague played before him with impunity *The Brandenburgers in Bohemia*, a bitter satire which made him wince like Hamlet's uncle.

In the midst of all this aimless and hopeless groping, this chaos of cross-purposes, these miserable janglings of parties, deadly feuds of nationalities,

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misrule, bankruptcy, defeat and unutterable and heartrending suffering of down-trodden races, the eyes of all Austrians have been turning more and more upon the Magyars as the coming organizers of empire. With an unfailing constancy to each other and to their common cause; welcoming their threatened sovereign with an enthusiasm which has few parallels even in hospitable Hungary, offering her their resources with open hand, and hastening with the cry, *Moriamur pro rege nostro!* to rally around an imperiled standard which still symbolized equity, but answering with a stern and defiànt *Non de nobis sine nobis*, when another monarch, whose hand no longer dispensed them justice, sought to levy armies without the consent of their Parliament; clinging for a thousand years to a constitution—the only "historic" one on the continent—which sometimes saw the light of day, was oftener supplanted by the Koran or blotted out by the blood of its own defenders, but vindicated itself at last,—these greater than Roman warriors saw at length before them a greater than Roman conquest. When the Spaniards were compelled, after their long and bloody struggle, to abandon Mexico, all the inhabitants of that country, without distinction, proclaimed themselves sons of Montezuma; so now, as Austria is passing from the hands of the Germans into those of the Magyars by peaceful conquest, all its people seem in haste to announce themselves the sons of Arpad. More than seventeen hundred family names in Hungary have been legally translated from German into Magyar. The equal of it was never before witnessed in history. Don Eugenio Hartzenbusch, the greatest of living Spanish dramatists; in France, the great Baron Hausmann, Meyerbeer, Weiss, Kellermann, Schölcher; and in Russia, Berg, Kaufmann, and a score of others, covet none other than their German names.

What philosopher's stone, then, do these Magyars carry that transforms all it touches? Some seek it in that wonderful proverbial solidarity with which they cling together, crying, *Anima moriemur in una;* others, in that gorgeous and Oriental splendor of chivalry which attaches to their nobility. It is partly this, but the Magyars are succeeding to the inheritance of the Austrian empire principally because they are the strongest and wisest political race within its borders.

The game between them and the government, extending from Sadowa to the restoration of the constitution of 1848, was a piece of daring political strategy which could not have been equaled even in England, and could only be paralleled by Americans educated for a century in self-government. First, they scared the emperor by making a pretence of holding negotiations with Prince Charles to transfer his throne from Bucharest to Pesth. The Slavonians also saw that the sovereignty was passing away from the Germans, and they made a vigorous push upon the terrified emperor to secure it, procuring from him the convocation of an extraordinary diet. But straightway the shrewd Magyars entered into secret negotiations with the German party leaders in Vienna, Linz, Prague and Gratz, and the latter bound themselves not to send deputies to it, and thus the project fell through. This was what the Magyars desired, because they would have been outvoted in it by either the Germans or Slavonians. The simple Germans and Slavonians did not perceive that in contending against each other they were yielding everything to the wily Magyars; and the first thing they knew the terrified emperor deserted them both and went over to the Magyars, giving them their own constitution of 1848, a semi-autonomy, a separate responsible ministry, and a representation for the twelve millions of the "Triune Kingdom" (Hungary, Transylvania, Croatia) equal to that of the twenty-three millions in the remainder of the empire. This constitutes the dreaded system of Dualism (one hundred delegates in Vienna representing twelve millions, and another hundred, twenty-three millions) which makes an "irre-

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pressible conflict" in Austria certain, that will probably have the following result, to wit: the ultimate return of the German provinces to the Germanic Confederation under Prussia, and the extension of the Magyar constitution over the rest of the empire.

The great Austrian statesman, Kaiserfeld, said in the Aussee convention what ten thousand of his countrymen had said before: "Austria is the work of Germans, and they alone can regenerate it." At the best, it is a very poor piece of work, and they can best reconstruct it by turning it over to the Magyars. It is said to be a fine dream of Von Beust to extend the German rule and civilization to the mouth of the Danube, as it is that of his great enemy, Von Bismarck, to carry it to the mouth of the Rhine. The Germans ventured down the Danube with a good heart so long as they still had the Fatherland at their backs, but now they are longing to return. Prussia is friendly to the Magyars, and builds them up secretly, as a sort of dam to prevent the German flood in that direction.

It is possible that Hungary, standing islanded in the great ocean of Slavonians, may ultimately be swallowed up in Russia, but the day is distant. The great "Danubian empire" of Von Cotta is something more than a dream: it is founded on geography. If, in the course of her history, Prussia grows strong enough to call home to the German Fatherland all the wanderers of Austria exiled since 1866, to none in that magnificent valley will the sceptre fall more naturally than to the Magyars.

They possess many noble qualifications for exercising wisely this large sovereignty. That most unhappy medley of nationalities which makes up the "geographical expression" called Austria, and must continue to constitute the proposed polyglot monstrosity (for such it will always be) called the Empire of the Danube, has always been needlessly embittered by such narrowness of policy as that, for instance, which for a generation prohibited the transmission of telegrams in the Magyar tongue. The Hungarians have eaten more than others the bitter fruit of this policy: they can say with Dido—

"Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco;"

and they are showing that they have inherited a little more of that noble toleration of the grand old empire of Rome than did either czar, or Cæsar, or kaiser. Among the earliest acts of the responsible Hungarian ministry was procuring from the Parliament the repeal of the old imperial law which made the Magyar the only language permitted in the courts and legislatures. For a Magyar to yield his language to the almost helotic Slavonians about him is a great concession indeed.

At any rate, this is certain: that the Magyars attract races to them with a far more potent magnetism than do the Germans. Of all the fourteen peoples of unhappy Austria, not one waxes enthusiastic toward the Germans. The latter strike their colors and go over in masses to every nationality in the empire, however petty and degraded: the Magyars bring over to themselves every other with the exception of the Croatians.

Isolated though they are, and seldom permitted to practice it, the Magyars have yet made wonderful progress in the art of practical legislation. In Berlin and Vienna one finds vast and almost encyclopædic learning; in Paris, elegant scholarship, wit, sometimes fresh and beautiful eloquence; and in Florence, a legal acumen often carried to a ridiculous excess; but everywhere an unhealthy proportion of extreme men—nowhere an equivalent for the wise and steadfast Centre of the House of Deputies at Pesth. Thiers and Jules Favre are more cultivated orators and more universal scholars, Twesten of Berlin is a profounder logician, Kaiserfeld of Gratz is a more subtle and crafty manipulator of phrases, than Francis Deák or Julius Androssy of Pesth, but none of them all wields so great a power, because the latter are more concerned for the application of political truth than for its discovery. The Ger-

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mans deliver lectures in their parliaments, the French construct climaxes, the Italians quibble on points of law, but the Magyars appoint sub-committees and proceed to business.

There is not another country on the Continent where the currents of political life circulate with a fresher and healthier flow than in Hungary. The Magyar peasant attends the comitat elections more regularly than the German. Kaekocs says in his book, *The Lights and Shadows of the Hungarian Parliament*, "There is more fighting at the polls in Hungary on election-days than in all Germany together." We may add, there is more hope of a people who fight at the polls than of those who do not go to the polls at all.

Are the Magyars indebted to the Germans for all their culture? So were the Saxons to the conquering Normans, but England is indebted to the former for her liberties. The Germans complain that the imperial government has not Germanized enough in Hungary, but it *has* Germanized only less vigorously than William the Conqueror Normanized in England, and to as little purpose, for the hardy Magyar asserts himself and is imposing his laws and his language on his conqueror. German culture has reached a point higher than the Hungarian, as it is higher than the American, but it is not so widely diffused. Half of the Magyar peasants speak two languages, perhaps a fourth speak three, but there is many a valley in South Germany where, if a peasant comes over the ridge of mountains, he will have hard work to understand his own countrymen. But even from the highest walks of literature the Magyars are by no means excluded. Kossuth, Deák, Balthasar Horvath in eloquence; Michael Horvath, Toldy, Hunfalvy in history; Vambéry in travels; Petöfi, Ludasy, Eötvös in poetry and fiction; Ballogi in lexicography; Matraz, Pulszky, Ipolyi as essayists,—are not mean names in modern European literature. There is hardly a cultivated language on the Continent that has not its translation of the poems of Alexander Petöfi, whose Pindaric soul wandered a brief moment its strangely brilliant erratic way, then joyously offered itself in 1848 to swell the holocausts which his countrymen were consecrating to liberty.

They who look for greatness in military successes, and are disappointed at the defeats of the Maygars, will not forget that in the disastrous campaigns of 1848–49 they were, owing to the defection of the Slavonians, only as one to four of the Germans in numbers. But the old traditions of Europe are revised. Germany, long so peaceful, under the teachings of modern Chauvinism is becoming a vast military despotism, while Austria, abandoning its old Macedonian policy, grew overnight constitutional. At Sadowa she dragged anchor from the tempestuous and uncertain German empire, but moored in the haven of a race able to rule by constitutions. The victories of peace are greater than the victories of war. Kossuth lost Hungary, but Deák gained Austria. After debating the demands of the Magyars eighteen years with arms, Francis Joseph yielded to the assaults of peaceful warriors, went down to Pesth, and was crowned with unwonted grandeur king of Hungary. While he was even striking with his sword toward the four quarters of heaven in the solemn ceremonial of coronation, the common council of Vienna, having under debate a proposition to raise a loan of ten millions of florins, voted to postpone it till they could be made certain whether Pesth was to supplant Vienna as capital or not. The day when that shall occur is only delayed. The Magyar of 1848, in looking about him, saw only blackened and bloody ruins and a people without a destiny: the Magyar of 1870, contemplating the future, can arrogate to himself, with a peaceful interpretation, that grand prophecy of Virgil:

> "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

Does not unfortunate Austria teach us a lesson? While yet the broad continent is all before us where to choose,

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the nationalities that are coming into our life are easily inoculated with our restless blood, and are caught up in millions into the whirl of our progress; but in the far years that shall come, when our growth shall have attained something more of permanency than now, if there are then foreign peoples, as Chinese and Africans, grouped apart and solid, and fenced out from the common life by impossible barriers of language and custom, as in Austria, that will be an evil day for the republic.

STEPHEN POWERS.

A YANKEE ON THE THRONE OF FRANCE.

I HAVE sat upon the throne of France. I am in hope that this startling statement will not attract to this article more attention than the fact warrants. I am in hope that, notwithstanding the significance of the revelation I feel impelled to make, no inconvenient demand will be made upon the publishers for an unlimited number of copies of this invaluable Magazine. Finally, I trust that the unfortunate experience which the American people have had in the attempt to identify Rev. E. Williams of Green Bay with the "lost prince" will teach moderation in the present case, and check undue enthusiasm on the part of royal tuft-hunters. To nip so grave a national weakness in the bud, I deem it proper to state at the outset that the humble writer of these pages relinquishes on the spot any claim whatever to imperial or royal lineage. If he had ever possessed any such claim, the time has long since gone by when it could with any propriety have been enforced. No, sympathetic reader, I claim no affiliation with the blood of Bourbon or of Bonaparte: the sceptre is but the bauble of mobs—the throne is but glued and polished wood-work stuffed with perishable hair, whose springs grow weaker and weaker with the pressure applied to them. I speak from experience. I have sat upon the throne of France. I, a citizen of the United States—a republican by birth, education and conviction, and, if I must go yet farther, an inhabitant of the State which boasts Plymouth Rock as its blarney-stone—I, even I, have sat beneath the richly-fringed canopy and pressed the crimson velvet of the august throne of kings. Fellow-republicans, restrain your curiosity; fair reader, be patient, and I will tell you all. Thus it happened. It was in the latter part of the reign of that most excellent gentleman, but shortsighted and perverse monarch, Louis Philippe, that I, with others of my countrymen, was "presented at court." It was an event in my life never to be forgotten, for I was young, gathering for the first time the fresh experiences of European travel, and keenly susceptible to external impressions. At the hour appointed, eight in the evening, I found myself, in court costume—which consisted of a gold-embroidered coat, buff waistcoat, knee-breeches and buckled shoes—standing in line with some dozen of my countrymen along the wall of the *Grande Salle de Réception* in the palace of the Tuileries. The American minister stood, *en règle*, a little in advance of us, prepared to perform his part in the approaching ceremony. Next to our party, if I remember rightly, was stationed the British ambassador, and a small knot of his countrymen also to be presented; next, the Russians and their ambassador; the Italians, Prussians, Austrians, etc.; so that the three sides of the splendid salon were lined with the representatives of different nations, presenting in their various costumes

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and decorations a brilliant spectacle. Suddenly the low buzz of general conversation was hushed as an usher, costumed in black velvet and holding his wand of office, suddenly made his appearance from the adjoining chamber and announced with portentous emphasis, "The king." In an instant the whole assembly fell silently into line as His Majesty entered, accompanied by the royal family. I was greatly impressed by the personal appearance of Louis Philippe. He was tall and portly, but with a remarkable ease of manner, and, notwithstanding his corpulency, moved with grace and quiet dignity. He was followed by the queen, that good and gracious lady whose beauty had at that time faded with her years, but whose gentle expression and kindly smile won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. The Duchess of Orleans, the beautiful widowed mother of the Comte de Paris and of the Duc de Chartres, accompanied by the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours, completed the royal group.

The king passed slowly down the room, stopping at each person and simply bowing or exchanging a few words, as each, by his respective minister, was presented to His Majesty. The queen and the princesses followed, received the presentations in like order, and entered into brief conversation here and there, bowing affably to all. As it was not to be expected, in so large an assembly, that every one present would be favored with a conversation with the king, it became the more a matter of intense desire with each to be the recipient of the royal favor. It was of course a mere chance to whom the king spoke. As the name of each individual was announced by the minister, His Majesty would slightly incline his head in pleasant recognition, exchange a word or two, or pass on without comment to the next person. In this way the whole line of guests was presented, the American party being last in the order of precedence. As the king approached I experienced a strong desire to be addressed by him, and it is possible that a little forward movement on my part assisted in the accomplishment of the object; for, after disposing of "Mr. Brown," "Mr. Smith," "Mr. Jones" and "Mr. Robinson" by a benignant smile, the august presence took a position in front of me, as if predisposed to indulge in a few remarks. As the minister of the United States, standing a little behind the king, announced "Augustus Evergreen" in a low but distinct tone to the royal ear, the king slightly inclined himself in response to my low obeisance, and said with a smile and in the most perfect English, "What State are you from, Mr. Evergreen?" To which I replied, with all the latent satisfaction of a son of New England, "Massachusetts, your Majesty." "Pray what is the population of Massachusetts at present?" At this question, for which, I am ashamed to say, I was wholly unprepared—being a wretched hand at statistics and not having given a thought to the matter since I had cast off the harness of my school-days—the "latent satisfaction of the New Englander" oozed into my shoes, and a miserable sensation ef exposed ignorance bedewed my entire being. The puffed and pear-shaped countenance of Louis Philippe glowed before me, and the eyes, not only of France, but of all the nations of Europe, as well as of my own countrymen, were fixed upon me. An awful silence filled the room, and the pressure of ten thousand contending emotions weighed upon my brain. I assure you, indulgent reader, that I had at that moment no more idea of the population of Massachusetts than I had of the population of the moon. But do not for an instant suppose that the pride of the Evergreens deserted me at that awful crisis: on the contrary, I felt myself impelled by every historic association connected with my immortal family, and by the absolute necessity of self-preservation, to reply, and that quickly, to the august interrogatory. Some figures must be stated, some estimate given, it mattered little what: hesitation would be my downfall. Character, reputation, life itself demanded

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an utterance. Although I have consumed thus much time and paper in giving expression to the emotions which overpowered me, I am conscious of having answered His Majesty the king within ten seconds of his propounding the question. Striking out like a drowning man into the darkness of arithmetical doubt, I uttered, mechanically, "About a million." "Ah, indeed! The State has grown very much since I was there." "Your Majesty will find that to be the case all over the United States, I fancy." "I suppose so." Then followed a few commonplace questions and answers as to my impressions of Paris, etc., and with another smile of adieu the king passed on, and soon after the royal family left the salon and the ceremony was concluded.

"Lucky fellow you are!" said Robinson to me as we broke file preparatory to taking our departure. "If the king had asked *me* how many inhabitants there are in my State, I'll be whipped if I could have told him." "Ah, my dear fellow," replied I, "a man must inform himself on matters connected with his own country if he ever expects to get on with credit abroad." Robinson was crushed. I never told him, not I, that the question of the population of Massachusetts haunted me like a nightmare, lest I had made a ridiculous blunder, and that before taking my *café au lait* on the following morning I made all speed to a bookstore to settle matters with the geography. There, to the infinite relief of my vexed mind, I found the following statistical information: "Massachusetts, one of the New England States of North America. Area, 7800 square miles: *population*, 800,000." Not so bad, thought I, after all, for, considering the date of the volume, which was three or four years old, the actual number of inhabitants of the State at the time of my search must have been closely upon that named by me to the king.

But to return to the Tuileries. As the foreign visitors slowly departed from the *Salle de Réception*, a few, myself among the number, lingered for a while to examine the decorations of the apartment, the rich mouldings, illuminated ceiling, brocade upholstery and marvelously waxed *parquet* floor, which reflected every figure above it like a vast mirror. At the opposite end of the hall to the departing guests, two imposing entrance doors led to another salon, hung with rich tapestry and brilliantly illuminated with chandeliers of crystal. This was the "Throne-room," and thither Robinson and I, unobserved by the rest of the company, who were thickly gathered at the remote end of the first hall, pursued our investigations. On entering we found ourselves alone—alone in front of the raised daïs upon which, overhung by a square canopy extending from the wall, stood the throne. This was not what my imagination had depicted as the seat of kings. Like the embodiment of royalty itself, I had been deceived by the pictured primers and Bible illustrations of my boyhood days. King Louis Philippe, in his black cut-away coat and broad blue breast-ribbon, was by no means the king of the nursery ideal, wrapped in flowing robes of ermine, sitting on a high and massive throne, with a veritable crown upon his Jove-like brow, and holding in one hand a sceptre and in the other a sword. The throne before us was a simple, low-backed arm-chair of enameled white and gilt, terminating in golden-clawed feet, with a comfortably stuffed seat and back of crimson velvet. "Robinson," said I, half musingly to my companion, "I feel an irresistible inclination to seat myself in that chair." "Nonsense! I dare you to do it." That "dare" gave point and efficacy to the half-formed resolution. I threw a searching glance around the salon and down the vista of the reception-hall adjoining, to satisfy myself that I was unobserved, and then with the temerity of youth walked boldly up the steps of the richly-carpeted platform, and with an air of mock dignity sat myself down upon the throne of France! I found the royal velvet by no means uncomfortable, and but for a certain "uneasiness" of the mind which

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Shakespeare says belongs to kings, and which I fully realized must disturb "usurpers" like myself, my reign would have been longer. Steps were heard approaching, and, much to the relief of Robinson, who had been staring at me in an agony of apprehension, I rapidly descended to the level of ordinary humanity, and with my companion joined the departing guests and quitted the Tuileries.

In this narration the general reader will perceive but an *incident*, but the student of history will have immediately discovered therein a fact of the highest moral and political significance. The former may very naturally hold the opinion of my friend Robinson—who, although he never expressed it, doubtless entertained it—that this act of seating myself in the royal arm-chair of Louis Philippe, in which no human being was then supposed to have a right to sit but him who ruled the kingdom of France, was nothing more nor less than a piece of Yankee impertinence and presumption. To such I would answer, I was young, curious, imaginative. Without reflection, and impelled by the novelty of the idea and a most favorable opportunity, I did that, harmless in itself, which mature years would have suggested as improper and indelicate. But, fortunately, all are not Robinsons, and the political issues which grew out of that simple and unpremeditated act more than atone for its apparent indiscretion. Do I hear some astonished reader ask, "What *political issues* could possibly have proceeded from the fact that an American citizen sat for a few moments upon the throne of a king?" Ah, my dear shortsighted friend, read your history. Although you will not find the circumstance, which I have now for the first time permitted to transpire, recorded therein, its *consequences* afford one of the most interesting pages in the history of revolutionary France. Are you indeed so blind as not to perceive that a tremendous significance lay hidden in the fact that a citizen of the "Great Republic" had sat beneath the canopy and pressed the velvet which until then had been sacredly reserved for kings? Think you that from that hour no *omen* of political disaster and defeat hung over the misguided house of Orleans? Within a brief period of months from that memorable evening when Augustus Evergreen, a citizen of the United States, sat in "republican simplicity" on the throne of France, Louis Philippe, incapable of comprehending the just demands of his subjects for liberal reforms, was flying in a hackney coach from his capital, to seek, under the assumed name of "Smith," a passage across the Channel, leaving behind him for ever his much-beloved but much-abused kingdom; and on the same portentous night that throne of enameled white and gold was hurled by an infuriated mob from the windows of the Tuileries, and converted by the excited populace into the material of a bonfire in the Place du Carrousel, amid an uproar of voices shouting in stentorian tones, "Long live the Republic!"

ARTHUR FLEMING.

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IRENE.

PART I.

CHAPTER IV.

AT nine o'clock a party met on the steps of the town-hall, each person giving the password to one who stood on the lowest step, and who answered "Frigid" to the "Zone" of the twenty-nine others.

At Mrs. Charlton's hall door the same formality was observed, and all but one thought that thirty gentlemen were entering the ball-room. We marched two and two, as motley a crowd as ever was seen at an impromptu masquerade-party. The rooms were full of ladies, and we were received with every demonstration of joy. Having paraded the rooms two or three times, we broke ranks and darted toward the ladies in every direction. An uproar followed, with running, laughter and screams, but the band struck up a lively strain, and in a few moments all had found partners and the dancing began. Meantime, I had caught Laura by the hand, and now drew her into a corner.

She followed with an air of curiosity, asking what I wanted of her.

"I am going to tell your fortune."

"I don't wish to hear it."

"I can tell you something that will convince you of my knowledge."

"No, you can't."

"I can tell you who sends you a bouquet every morning."

"Who are you?"

"Do you want to know who sends the bouquet?"

"Yes, yes!"

"It is Henry Stone."

The blood rushed to her face, but quickly recovering, she exclaimed, "You are not Mr. Stone?"

I stood up, laughing: "I am five feet three, and he can't be less than six feet. Do you love him, Laura?"

"I don't know."

"Does he love you?"

"I don't know."

"Why, what is the matter?"

She sprang up: "I'm afraid of you—let me go."

The next moment I was alone. I had failed in the object which had brought me to the party, but I must not show my disappointment; so, crossing the room, I took my seat by a gentle little girl and told her a romantic string of nonsense.

Two or three masqueraders came up and had their fortunes told, but suddenly I felt a pinch on my arm (the preconcerted signal between Henry and myself that it was time for me to leave); so, glancing around, I said, "What do you want?"

"I want *my* fortune told, but not here: you must come with me."

Some objections were raised, but promising to return in fifteen minutes, we repaired to the hall. We walked down it toward the back door, and the next instant the lamp was out. Henry hastened with me through the back door and along the gallery to the kitchen, where a girl stood waiting, to whom I was resigned, while he made the best of his way back to the hall. In a short time I reached home, the servant having conducted me by a circuitous route.

Once safe in the sitting-room, I threw off most of my disguise, then opened a door leading into the library, where a young man was awaiting my arrival. It was Mr. Addison, one of the thirty, who had given me his place for a time. He was engaged to a lady who had left town for the holidays, and, not being Charlton-mad, parties were not quite so enchanting to him as to some others.

"Returned," I said, entering the room. "Make the best of your way over: I have fled like Cinderella, leaving the company in commotion."

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I followed him to the gallery, and stood some time trying to see if he got in unnoticed. I could see lights moving about Mrs. Charlton's house and yard: the music was hushed, and ever and anon loud peals of laughter came from the parlors.

On the next morning, about seven o'clock, the nurse came running over to say "that baby was ill, and wouldn't Mrs. Stone please come over and see what had best be done?"

Of course I hurried, and when I went into the nursery found the little fellow in a high fever and covered with a rash. Mrs. Charlton was sitting by the nurse crying, and it was very evident that nothing had been done for the little sufferer. The two other small children were running about the room barefooted and partially dressed. I examined the baby and applied some simple remedies, but advised its mother to send at once for a physician. I had seen a good deal of sickness, though I never had a little darling of my own to care for, and I knew this child was very ill with scarlet fever.

"For whom shall I send?"

"Have you had no medical advice since you came here?" I asked, rather cautiously.

"Yes, but who is your physician, Mrs. Stone?"

"Dr. Cartwright."

"Do you recommend him as the best? Do you think I had better send for him?"

The fear of responsibility led me to give an indirect answer: "I always have Dr. Cartwright, for he has been very successful in my family, but there are others of equal merit. Whom have you called in?"

"Dr. Pennant has been attending my washerwoman: he comes every morning at nine. I'll wait until he comes."

"Had you not better send for him to call earlier to-day?"

"Well, I can. Nurse, tell James to go for him."

When the nurse returned, Mrs. Charlton left the room, saying she would go and dress. I did what I thought was best for the baby, and had the other children dressed, by which time Dr. Pennant had arrived.

He made a low bow at the door, then advanced shyly to the fireplace, where he stood looking down at the child as it lay in my lap. I had never seen him before, and on a different occasion should have found his appearance irresistibly comical. He was very small, with bushy hair, blinking eyes, and a mouth which assumed a singular twist whenever he opened it. He kept his hands during most of the time stuffed in his pockets. After asking innumerable questions, he pronounced the disease scarlet fever just as Mrs. Charlton opened the door. She looked horrified.

"Don't be frightened," I said: "there has been a good deal of it in town, but of a mild character."

Most of the day, and all night, I watched by the little sufferer, who grew gradually worse. How I wished for Dr. Cartwright, and reproached myself for not having counseled Mrs. Charlton to send for him! Then a little calm reflection would assure me I had acted for the best.

When the bright morning sun broke through the eastern window I felt greatly relieved; for, "Certainly," I thought, "Mrs. Charlton will see her baby is no better, and will have another physician."

She did not, however, propose it, and I was forced to tell her that I considered the child in great danger.

She sprang up, and glared at me like a maniac, but her voice never lost its singular plaintiveness, even in her excitement, as she exclaimed, hysterically, "Why did you not tell me Dr. Pennant was not a good physician?"

"Mrs. Charlton," I said, as calmly as possible, "I have brought no charge against Dr. Pennant, and have no wish to disparage him. But as *your friend* I considered it my duty to tell you your baby was no better, and thus give you an opportunity to do more for him while yet there is time. If I were in your place, when Dr. Pennant comes I should ask him to call in another physician in consultation."

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Before I had ceased speaking she was perfectly quiet, answering in her usual indifferent manner: "Oh, it is not necessary to consult Dr. Pennant about having another doctor. After he leaves I will send for Dr. Cartwright."

I remonstrated against this, but in vain, and finding her heedless of all objections, I went home, determined not to be present when Dr. Pennant called.

CHAPTER V.

HENRY and I met at a late breakfast that morning. It was the first meal we had taken together since the party.

"Good-morning," he said cheerfully as I entered the dining-room. "I thought you had forsaken home for the Charltons."

"Not quite. I don't fancy them so much as you do. I go there out of charity, and you for—"

"Love," he answered, moodily.

I related what had happened, and mentioned my fear of unpleasant as well as sad results. He listened attentively, and then asked why I had remained all night, when there were two grown daughters in the family.

"Henry," I said, gravely, "would you believe it, those girls had company until midnight, and then retired without coming near the nursery?"

He made no answer, and I felt a miserable conviction that nothing I could say or do would open his eyes to their real characters. After a short pause I inquired if there had been any letters the day before.

"Yes, two to me—one from Decatur. He is not coming home: he has accepted an invitation to join a hunting-party. He says, as he graduates in June, and will then be coming home for good, he prefers to spend his vacation in this way. My other letter was from my little girl, and I must go and see her. Let me see. To-day is Saturday: I will start on Monday afternoon."

"How old is your *little* girl?" I asked with an emphasis.

"Fifteen—no, sixteen—this coming February. I can't realize it! I always think of her as a little girl, and haven't seen her for over two years."

"She will want some dresses, but I will see to that. You had better provide a present for her."

He rose to go to his office, and as he passed me put his arm round my waist and said, "How little did I think that night father brought you here a bride, and I called you 'mother' in fun, that I should grow to love you so well!"

I kissed him affectionately, but felt very sad. Every proof of his goodness and tenderness of heart only made it more unbearable to think of him as married to so selfish a woman as Laura Charlton.

About the middle of the day I returned to Mrs. Charlton's. The door was opened by an elderly gentleman, who held a paper in his hand. We bowed, and I passed on to the nursery, at the door of which I paused and glanced round at the stranger. He had sunk down into a chair in the hall, apparently absorbed in his paper.

Entering the nursery, I found Mrs. Charlton sitting by the crib, looking very miserable. I drew a chair up to her side and inquired about the baby.

"He is going to die."

"Why do you think so? Has he grown so much worse since I left?"

"I don't know, but Dr. Pennant says there is no chance for him now, since that medicine was not given regularly last night."

I started: "What does he mean, Mrs. Charlton?"

"I don't know: he talked a great deal this morning, and I have sent for Dr. Cartwright."

"Did you inform Dr. Pennant of your intention?"

"No: I did not think it necessary."

I felt tempted to leave the house, but it seemed uncharitable after her sending for me, and at times appearing to trust me so much.

Very soon Dr. Cartwright was announced. He examined the child, asking what had been done. I gave him

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an account, and concluded by saying, "Dr. Pennant left two prescriptions last evening, telling me to give No. 1 until the fever rose above a certain pulsation, and then to change to No. 2. I did so, and this morning he told Mrs. Charlton, when I was not present, that there was no chance for her baby, because the first medicine had not been continued."

"Let me see the two medicines, Mrs. Stone." I handed them to him: he examined them carefully, and then turned to the child: "An hour hence I will give you my opinion, Mrs. Charlton." He seated himself beside the crib and watched patiently and silently during the next hour.

As there was nothing I could do, I went up stairs to see what Fannie and Laura were about. I found Fannie combing her hair, while Laura was sewing trimmings on an evening dress. After talking a little, I asked if either had been present when Dr. Pennant called.

"No," said Fannie: "I haven't been down stairs to-day."

I hinted that I thought the baby was very sick, and added that Missy and her other little brother both looked unwell.

"Just what I expected! Here we are in a strange place, and mother allowed the servants to take those children off, she didn't know where! I'm not surprised that they have scarlet fever."

"Well," I said, "they have got it, and it is useless to talk about how they got it. You will all have plenty to do. I would speak to your mother about them, but she gets so frightened every time I tell her anything, I thought it would be best to tell you and Laura first."

"Do you really think they will have scarlet fever?" asked Laura.

"Yes. Have you both had it?"

"Yes," answered Laura, "but the twins have not."

"You had better keep them away from the nursery."

"Oh mercy!" exclaimed Fannie. "I don't know what we could do with them: they mind nobody when pa's at home, and he had to come last night, to add to the other ills."

I looked at the girl in silent astonishment.

"Oh, you needn't be surprised at what I say, Mrs. Stone. He will not have been here a week before you will understand what I mean."

"Well, one of you come down presently and get the doctor's directions, for I cannot remain all day, nor come to-night."

I returned to the nursery to wait for the expiration of the hour. I had been seated a few moments when Mrs. Charlton came and sat down by me, asking in a low tone, "Who is your dressmaker?"

To say I was amazed would give but a faint idea of what I felt. I could scarcely collect myself and answer politely, "Mrs. Gent."

"I want my girls to go to some one who will make their things nicely: they always have so much ugly trimming. Yours fit so nice! Is she reasonable in her charges?"

"I think so, but she is not the most fashionable."

During this strange chat I noticed the doctor go to the crib where Missy was asleep and examine her pulse: then turning to me, he asked, "Has this child had scarlet fever?"

"No," I replied.

"Then she should not have been allowed to remain in this room."

"I told mother to send her up stairs last night," said a voice from the door.

The doctor turned quickly to see who the new-comer was.

"How could I, Fannie?" replied Mrs. Charlton. "You were in the parlor when she fell asleep, and I was afraid to leave her up there alone."

"What difference would it have made? Ellen could have put her to bed, and she would have known nothing."

I got up and went to the baby.

"How is he now?" I asked.

"Much better," replied Dr. Cartwright, coming toward me and giving directions for the day.

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When he was gone I said, "I can't remain to-day."

"Oh, do not go: I don't want to be left alone."

"Lor, mother! here's Laura, and I: what is the use of Mrs. Stone's over-fatiguing herself?"

I left with very little ceremony.

Next morning I sent to inquire, and the servant brought me word that the baby was out of danger, but that both Missy and the little boy had taken the fever.

Before going to church I went over. Everything was in confusion; so, promising to come back as soon as I returned from church, I left at once. Not supposing any of them intended to come, I did not offer them seats in my carriage. What was my surprise, as I got out, to see Mrs. Charlton's carriage dash up and Miss Laura step out elegantly dressed!

She came home with me, for her carriage did not return in time. Henry was at home and helped us to alight. I hurried in and changed my dress: then coming down I told Laura twice I was ready to start. She did not move, and I went alone.

The children were about the same: Mrs. Charlton was asleep, and Fannie "on duty." Very soon Dr. Cartwright came again. Fannie was out of the room, and he told me frankly that Eddie was in great danger: the brain was affected, and he feared congestion.

"What do you think of the other two?"

"They will get along very well with a little care, but Missy has had too much to eat this morning."

"Doctor, dine with me to-day, at four o'clock: I have something to tell you about these children."

"I will—thank you!"

He left, and when Fannie returned I got up, saying,

"I must go now: I will send Laura home; but I should like to see your mother if she is awake?"

"Yes; she is in the dining-room with pa: go right in, Mrs. Stone."

I did so, and was introduced to Mr. Charlton, a tall, grave man, whom I had no time to notice more particularly.

"Mrs. Charlton," I said, "I have come to tell you that Dr. Cartwright dines with me to-day, when I intend telling him that Dr. Pennant also visits your children. As I recommended Dr. Cartwright, I consider it due to him to tell him this, for the two are not working together, and so may do serious damage to one of their patients."

Mrs. Charlton looked confused, but her husband said sharply,

"What! employing two doctors?"

"You know nothing about it, Mr. Charlton. Dr. Cartwright is the physician, while Dr. Pennant is my friend, and merely advises."

"Very well," I said: "good-morning." I left the room disgusted. When I got home I told Laura she was needed and must go at once. It is useless to add that I made a communication to Dr. Cartwright as I had intended. He sat with me till he saw Dr. Pennant go into Mrs. Charlton's gate, about eight o'clock, and then followed him.

An hour later Mrs. Charlton and Laura came over to me. The former was very gracious:

"Mrs. Stone, I fear I was rude to-day, but do come over. Eddie will die if not well nursed: no one can take your place."

Henry was present, and answered for me: "Mother is not much used to sitting up, and I am afraid she will be sick."

Mrs. Charlton, however, looked so wretched that I said, "No, Henry, I will take care of myself, and if I can be of any use to the poor child, I will go."

Another long night of watching. Missy slept most of the time, and the baby had its regular nurse, so my attention was given principally to little Eddie, who lay very ill—not asleep, but unconscious. Toward morning he grew rapidly worse. I went up stairs and woke Laura, telling her he was sinking, and that she had better call her mother.

"Oh no: mother has been up so much, crying and worrying, let her rest."

"But she would rather be with him if

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he is to die. I think yours is a mistaken kindness, Laura."

"Sister," said she, calling to Fannie, "would you wake mother?"

"No: what's the use?"

"Laura," said I, "send for Dr. Cartwright immediately."

"You had better send for Mr. Rushton if you think he is dying," said Fannie: "he has never been christened."

"Well, do so, but, Laura, are you willing to take all this responsibility on yourself?"

"Of course."

I returned to the nursery. Laura soon came in, half dressed, and in due time Mr. Rushton arrived; nor was it long before Dr. Cartwright followed. He told me things were as he had anticipated, and that he had prepared Mrs. Charlton the night before to expect this; so I whispered to Mr. Rushton, "Baptize him at once: he can't last very long now."

"What name?"

"Eddington," said Laura.

During the last half hour the fever had abated: I gave the little sufferer a spoonful of wine-whey, and soon afterward he looked up, perfectly rational. Mr. Rushton whispered to me, "He is conscious: speak to him."

I knelt down close to the child, and said, "Don't you want to be a little angel, darling?" (I had heard him try to sing with Missy,

"I want to be an angel;"

so hoped he would remember it, and he did.)

"Yes." His voice was growing fainter.

"God has sent for you to come to heaven, have bright wings, and be a little angel."

"I'll go."

Here Laura burst out crying, and hid her face near the child's pillow. He closed his little eyes wearily, but only for a moment, yet he never spoke again. I found Mrs. Charlton and Fannie were both in the room. They were crying, but so quietly that I doubted whether they were aware of Eddie's condition. He breathed slowly a few moments longer, then Dr. Cartwright closed the eyes, saying, "The angel is in heaven."

The morning light streamed in on the dead, but did not seem intrusive. There was no loud grief to be suppressed. Mrs. Charlton cried a good deal, and Laura sat mute and subdued. Fannie helped me to lay out the child, and was very efficient, displaying her usual sangfroid and giving no outward token of feeling.

When Missy awoke, I wrapped a blanket around her and took her on my lap: she soon missed Eddie and asked for him.

"He has gone to heaven to be an angel, Missy."

"I want to go too: he knew I did, and it wasn't fair to go when I was asleep."

"Why, would you go and leave mamma? She is crying now because Eddie has gone, and would cry so much more if you were to go also."

"Well, I always go out when Eddie does. I never stole away and left him; and he knew I wanted to be an angel."

"But, my dear little girl, you must wait until God sends for you: don't you know we must obey God?"

"Did he send for Eddie?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll wait."

"That's a good girl. Now, don't try to get out of bed to-day. Be good and I'll send you your breakfast, and there shall be a pretty doll on the waiter for you."

At ten o'clock I received a telegram from Henry: it read as follows:

"Can't make arrangements for I. W. Come if you can: I am waiting at the Junction. Don't be alarmed."

This was not very intelligible, but I could not go then, and despatched the following answer:

"Come home now: will go with you next week."

He returned home next morning. In the afternoon I went back to Mrs. Charlton's to see what arrangements had been made for the funeral. I found

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Laura and Dr. Pennant in the parlor looking at Eddie, while Dr. Cartwright sat at a side table making out the certificate.

There had evidently been words before I came between the two doctors, for Dr. Pennant asked in his nervous way, "Did you put down scarlet fever?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think, as we can't agree, there had better be a post-mortem examination and an inquest."

Dr. Cartwright got up from his seat very angrily, and walking up to the little man, said, sternly, "If ever you mention such a thing again, in connection with a patient of mine, I'll slap your face the first time we meet in a crowd."

"My professional honor is at stake, sir."

"Sign your name and let me be done with you."

The miserable little man walked to the table and did as he was ordered. I was amazed, but before I could recover myself, I heard Laura remark, "If I were Dr. Pennant, I should sue Dr. Cartwright for defamation of character."

"Miss Charlton, that is very dangerous advice to give," said Dr. Cartwright, calmly. "But I wish you good-evening." He then turned to Dr. Pennant: "Doctor, this is the first time I have ever recognized you as a physician, or allowed my name to be on the same page with yours, and it will certainly be the last."

So soon as he was out of hearing, Dr. Pennant began a tirade about his professional honor, the insult he had received, and similar matters; all of which I cut short with—"There is a time and place for everything; but this, Dr. Pennant, is not the place to defend yourself, nor are you accountable to me: moreover, I wish to hear nothing more that you can say."

Pretty soon Fannie and her mother came in, and having learned when the funeral would take place, I went to the nursery.

Missy was sitting up in bed, with very little fever.

"Oh, Mrs. Stone! nurse says Eddie is dead: is he? Didn't you say he had gone to heaven to be an angel?"

I was silent. Could the child have so entirely misunderstood me? Had she no idea of heaven in connection with death? "Missy, don't you know you can only go to heaven by dying?" She looked puzzled. "So little Eddie was so sick our good God sent for him to come to heaven, and he went by dying. You mustn't cry: you must be a good girl, and one of these days He will send for you."

I saw nothing of Henry till after the funeral. He came in with the question: "Mother, what's to pay over the way?"

"How?"

"Why, that ninny, Dr. Pennant, came to me to get my advice about suing for defamation of character."

"What did you tell him?"

"I advised him to hold his tongue: he hasn't the shadow of a showing against Dr. Cartwright."

"What about Irene, Henry?"

"She seems very unhappy, but I can tell you little about it. It was night when I got to L——, and I waited until morning before going to the academy. After I sent in for her it was nearly an hour before she made her appearance. Her manners were constrained, her eyes swollen from crying, but not one word could I get from her as to the cause.

"I asked her if she would like to go to ride in the afternoon, and she looked up so pained and distressed—replying, 'I would—but—I can't'—that I was utterly at a loss to comprehend her. The necklace I had taken with me seemed to please her, but she asked me to take it back and put it away for her. 'No,' I said, 'wear it: no matter if you should lose it.' She insisted; so here it is. The teachers all gave good accounts of her—said she studied well and practiced hard. I left her without any definite idea of what to do; but, as I thought about the matter that night, her unhappy look worried me. School is all the home she has at present, and

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I feel it is my duty to endeavor to make her contented and cheerful. That is why I asked you to come, thinking if we were to get her away from the academy, we could better understand the young lady."

"Has she grown much?"

"Very much: she is tall, but somewhat slight. By the by, her hands are uncommonly pretty."

"I will go with you, willingly, next week, when I have got over my fatigue. There can be no reason why you shouldn't know all that concerns Irene. No doubt something is wrong, but it will probably turn out a very trifling matter."

"The more trifling the more easily remedied."

It seemed to me that he was striving to do his duty by his ward, without finding any pleasure in the task. "Thinking so much of Laura," I concluded, "he can't give poor little Irene the attention that is due to her."

CHAPTER VI.

After a delightful trip of thirty-six hours we reached L—— on the 6th of January. It was a little country town, and its quiet was very refreshing to me after the excitement of the last few weeks. There was not much else in the way of attraction. The female academy, situated at one extremity of the place, was all that gave it importance. The visitors to the institution were sufficiently frequent to support a hotel.

Directly after breakfast we got a country carriage and proceeded to the school.

"Get Irene," I said, "and we will take a ride through these woods. It will be pleasant to us all, and her reserve will wear off before we speak of anything serious."

He did so, and led her out to the carriage, where I sat waiting. The introduction was awkward enough: I had never before seen her.

She was, indeed, pale and slight: there was a haggard look about her sweet face that was very touching. She was painfully shy and reserved, but this did not displease me: nothing could be more unlike the manners of boarding-school girls in general.

The drive was a very agreeable one: the air was cool and bracing, and the roads were splendid. We talked of everything except school. When we reached the hotel I took Irene to my room, where a bright wood-fire was burning cheerily. I made her sit beside me and tell me of her occupations, watching, meanwhile, for any faltering which might afford a clew to her trouble. She spoke unreservedly of her studies, but when I went a step farther and asked about her life among her schoolmates, she relapsed into silence. I drew her close to my side. "Irene," I said, "you are unhappy: come, tell me what is the matter—tell me as your friend. If you have any sorrow or have committed any fault, confide in me and you shall have all my sympathy. Do not fear that I shall deride you, or that I shall not be lenient in my judgment."

Her head sank on my shoulder, and she answered slowly, "I am unhappy, but I can hardly tell why, it is so foolish."

"Try and tell me. I have taken this trip merely to see you and make you happy and contented. I know you think you owe Mr. Henry (as you call him) a great deal; so think of that and tell me all, for it has worried him dreadfully to see you so sad."

She began, in a slow, quiet way, which I found was habitual with her: "When Mr. Henry brought me to this school he told me to be obedient to the teachers and friendly with the girls, but never to have an intimate friend—not even to tell them more of myself than that I was an orphan, and that my guardian had put me to school. He wrote often himself—oh such nice long letters, sometimes so amusing! Of course, I never let any one read my letters."

"You were right," I said, encouragingly.

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"So I thought. Indeed, Mr. Henry had told me not to let them read my letters. The girls said I was foolish: none of them seemed to like me, and I was almost always alone. Still, they never really troubled me until last summer, when two new scholars came during vacation, who noticed me reading my letters and began teasing me about them. Oh, Mrs. Stone, I can't tell you how they tormented me, but I would never tell them a word. One day they opened my portfolio with a hair-pin, and found a letter and some envelopes directed to Mr. Stone. So they told all through the school that I was engaged, and cared for nothing but reading and writing letters. I denied it, but it was of no use. One of these girls, named May Jordan, came to me one day during recess and asked me to join her play. It was a rough romp, and I refused. She said, 'I know why: you want to read that letter again from your 'precious Stones.' You are a great chit to be thinking of beaux: you had better go to your spelling: I saw a misspelt word in your dictation.' I said, 'May, you know that is not so.' 'Don't you know, Irene,' she answered, 'that it is against the rules to give a girl the lie?' I was provoked, and said, 'I have told you I am not engaged: now you know it will be a falsehood for you to say so again.' Some girls gathered round and took my letter from me, and I was obliged to call to the teacher to make them give it up. May then told her that I had called her a liar, and though I begged to be allowed to explain, she punished me, making me recite ten dictionary columns. Even one such punishment excludes you from the 'good-conduct testimonials.'"

"Why did you not go at once to the principal?"

"The first of the next month she saw my name was off the good-conduct list—so sent for me and the teacher who had punished me. The teacher gave her version of the affair, and Madame said it was disgraceful, and sent me out of the room. Since then I have been miserable—teased by the girls, laughed at for the disgrace, and ashamed to think I should have no report to send Mr. Henry: this has hurt me most of all."

"I suppose his visit on Christmas was only another source of annoyance?"

"Yes."

I pressed the poor little orphan to my heart. As she told her simple story I could scarcely believe she was nearly sixteen, her manners were so artless, her feelings so childlike. "Irene, you have been shamefully treated: you shall never go back there."

She trembled from suppressed emotion.

"Weep, Irene," I said: "I am sure you have not wept freely for many a day."

"I have had no friend," she said, sobbing, "since mamma left me."

After a time she grew quieter. I got up, laid her head on the sofa cushion and went into the next room, where Henry was reading.

I told him all, putting his own mistakes so glaringly before him as to exclude any notion flattering to his vanity. I blamed him for putting her in a school with the principal of which he had no personal acquaintance, and also for his want of discretion in endeavoring to order her conduct, when he knew nothing of her disposition and character. He said little except to admire her firmness, but asked if I did not think her unusually sensitive.

"I think she will be a true woman," I replied.

We talked then of what should be done with her. After much discussion, he asked if I would take her home with me.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Simply because I will not have so young a girl in my house who is not my daughter."

It was finally arranged that she should go for a time to a distant school, with the principal of which I had once been intimate.

When Irene and I were ready for dinner, Henry came in. I was curious to see how they would meet. He was

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always easy and graceful in his manners, and not less so now than on other occasions. He sat down beside her on the sofa, and taking her hands pressed them gently in his, saying, kindly, "Irene, your candid story is more to me than a thousand conduct-medals; so don't think any more of the past, but forgive me the part I have had in making you unhappy."

"Forgive you?"

"Yes, for having so little confidence in you, and for being so foolish as to want concealed what had better have been known. But it is all past now: my 'sensitive flower,' I will guard you more carefully henceforth."

"But, Mr. Henry, it was so ridiculous in those girls to suppose I was to marry my guardian: you are a great deal too old for me, are you not?"

"Yes," said Henry, dryly.

I was amused at the girl's artlessness, but it made me feel more at ease; for, to say truth, Henry was so handsome I was not surprised that silly school-girls should have made a hero of him.

"Irene," he said that evening, "where are your letters? I do not believe they are too good to be opened."

"I haven't any: I had no place to keep them."

"Did you burn them?"

"Nearly all. Here are two in my pocket: they are all I have."

"It was well I kept all your mother's letters for you."

"Yes, indeed! You don't know how hard it is to keep anything at the academy."

"And, Irene, you have endured all this for so long a time, and not complained! Why were you afraid to tell me?"

Here I interposed, for she was ready to cry. I went up to where she sat and laid my hand over her eyes: "Never mind now, Irene: you are too excited to explain. He will understand it all one of these days."

So he did, but only by degrees. He learned in time how deep grief for her mother had tinged her sensitive nature with sadness; how her mind had silently expanded while closed against ordinary influences; how her heart, gentle and pure, instinctively kept hidden treasures of which it was but dimly conscious.

THREE TRIUMPHS.

It is one of the enigmas of our day why Science should be so much revered, and its application to the practical purposes of life remain comparatively unknown and unhonored. Only a few privileged names in this department have become the common property of the world, and even in these cases a cleverly-told anecdote, often mythical enough, is usually the main point of interest that connects them with the memory of the multitude. Archimedes' circle, Newton's apple, Galvani's frogs and Watts' teakettle are the features of their lives best known to the world. A Brunel may become famous through his Thames Tunnel, a Stephenson through his Britannia Bridge, and a Rœbling through his great works in our land; but how few otherwise well-informed men know, or care to know, anything of the great achievements of modern technology! On our side of the Atlantic we admire mainly the vast proportions of great works, and boast justly of having the longest railways, the finest bridges and the largest steamboats: we point with legitimate pride at the railway track which here precedes civilization and settlement itself, and at

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the speed with which the two oceans were linked to each other in even less than the appointed time. But we ought not, in our self-congratulations, to forget or willfully overlook what is done elsewhere, but remember that the industry of the Old World, though not able to compete with ours in gigantic proportions, still has its exploits to record and its triumphs to celebrate. It may not be amiss, therefore, to recall here some of the most remarkable cases of the kind in which European skill and energy have proved themselves fair rivals of our own.

It was one of the most striking evidences of the grandeur which characterized Roman enterprises in the days of Roman greatness that the engineers, when laying out new military roads, invariably chose an air-line, unmindful of such mountains and valleys, rivers and abysses as might lie in the way. Hence they brought the art of bridge-building especially to a degree of perfection which had not been surpassed till the exigencies of steam in our day called for new methods. Such colossal works required necessarily a certain time for their construction, which even the progress in modern mechanics could not shorten essentially so long as the material remained the same. Wherever stone is employed there travel must be stopped, river navigation delayed and trade interfered with for considerable periods. Such has been the experience even of our greatest successes at Montreal, Cincinnati and St. Louis, to say nothing of the projected bridge between New York and Brooklyn. In vain have we learnt to make coffer-dams by pneumatic methods, to sink masses of béton in enormous caissons, and to employ divers as workmen under water; in vain are centrifugal pumps used instead of hand pumps and pater-noster works; in vain has steam taken the place of the costly and unreliable work of human hands: the time has been shortened, but it is still so enormous as to interfere seriously with the purpose of such gigantic enterprises.

It was not until iron was found to furnish a satisfactory substitute for stone that a real improvement took place in this respect. Now the engineer has a material at hand which enables him to produce the arches of a bridge almost simultaneously with the supports, and thus to shorten by nearly one half the time required for the building of a great bridge. Thus arose MacNiel's first works in 1841, and soon after the pride of iron bridges, the Britannia Bridge, which, like the famous bridges across the Vistula and the Rhine, was accomplished in a comparatively short time. The improvement of this system went on rapidly, and great English establishments especially began to vie with each other in proving how expeditiously great works in iron could be accomplished. A few instances of what has been done under special pressure will show the rapidity with which vast undertakings can sometimes be carried through.

The railway between Saragossa and Barcelona, subject to the double supervision of military and civil authorities, had been long delayed by angry controversies between the two powers. This had especially prevented the building of the great bridge across the Ebro, until the whole road was finished before the bridge was begun. Suddenly peace was made between the contending parties, and at once orders were issued to complete the bridge in the shortest possible time. The two engineers, Pedro Miranda and William Green, went to work with such zeal and such admirable foresight that in eight months after the laying of the foundation-stone the first trains could cross the bridge, which is two thousand feet long and consists of twenty-six gigantic arches.

For other (mainly political) reasons it became important to finish the railway that connects Civita Vecchia with Rome as quickly as possible. Near the latter city a stream and its deep-sunk valley had to be crossed, which required a bridge six hundred feet in length and one hundred and thirty feet in height. The material was sent out from France, and in twenty-nine days after the arrival of the first cargo the bridge was in a

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condition to permit the first locomotive to cross.

A more remarkable case — one of three which we shall notice in detail—occurred in Portugal, where in the month of June, last year, a stone bridge on the railway between Lisbon and Santarem suddenly gave way, and interrupted the communication between these two important places. The contractor, an intelligent Portuguese, lost no time, but went immediately to England for advice and assistance. Fortunately, he addressed himself at once to the Messrs. Kennard, the well-known owners of the Crumlin Iron Works, who examined the plans, and engaged to furnish a complete bridge, with iron pillars and iron arches, by the end of July, if the contractor would place them by the middle of the month in possession of the necessary drawings and elevations. The contract was made and the drawings placed in their hands on the 12th of July. The only advantage they had was the use that could be made of the existing stone foundations, but there remained the difficulty of erecting upon them three arches of eighty feet width. The pillars were built of sheet-iron cylinders filled with béton: bars and plates to the number of two thousand were rolled out in Staffordshire and then carried to the Crumlin Works, where they had to be cut, fitted, and joined and bolted together. All this was accomplished, the different parts marked so as to be easily joined, everything painted, and the whole bridge put on board the vessel that was to carry it to Portugal, by the 1st of August, consequently within eighteen days after the order had been received. By this remarkable success the little kingdom of Portugal happens to possess not only the second largest and finest aqueduct on earth—that of Alcantara, built under Pombal's rule, and two hundred and fifty-six feet high—but also the bridge of all bridges, which has been built in the shortest time, and yet promises fairly to outlast many a huge stone construction of this and former ages.

Another triumph of this kind belongs to France, and is alike creditable to the energy of her late ruler and the prompt skill of her engineers and builders. The great camp of Chalons had just been completed, a whole city of soldiers spread over the rolling plain of Mourmelon, and all Paris, ever thirsting after "something new," was full of anxiety to enjoy the brilliant spectacle. The military authorities at the capital deplored the distance that separated them from the army; the contractors were often behindhand with their supplies, and the committees sent down to examine many important questions were seriously hampered by the remoteness of the camp from their books and their colleagues. The emperor, aware of these inconveniences, determined to connect the camp with Paris by a railway, and never was imperial order executed more promptly and triumphantly.

Fortunately, the Great Eastern Company, which had a line of railways running from Paris to Strasbourg, and approaching the camp at the station of Chalons within a distance of about sixteen miles, was one of the richest and best-organized companies of France. It owned already then (in 1860) more than five hundred locomotives and twenty thousand cars, and the central administration in Paris, which had spent over one hundred millions of dollars on the road, could well afford to gratify the emperor when he expressed a wish to have a branch railway built not only in a short time, but more quickly than the like had ever been known before. The directors perceived at a glance the advantage that would accrue to them from such an addition to their great work; and although the emperor allowed them only ten days for surveys and preparatory labors, they at once assumed the contract.

The difficulties were by no means trifling, although the railway was so short. It had to cross the valley of the Marne at a considerable height above its level, then the river itself and a canal running parallel to it, and, after several very short curves, to span once more a deep valley in which the Vesle

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flows, till it reached in a straight line of about two miles the camp itself. All this involved necessarily very heavy works, three bridges and high embankments.

On the 10th of July, in the evening, the representatives of the company laid before the emperor—who took a great personal interest in the matter—the complete plans for the work. They expected, of course, that not much time would be allowed them for the execution, but they were not a little taken aback when Napoleon asked them if they would undertake to have the railway ready in two months. They consulted a few minutes with each other, during which they were left alone, but soon the emperor returned and demanded their answer. They stated that the difficulties were very great and the time too short: nevertheless they engaged to do the emperor's will if he, on his part, would order the authorities, from the Minister of Public Works down to the district officials, to dispense with all but the most indispensable formalities.

The promise was given, and on the very next day, early in the morning, they received the contract duly authenticated, thus giving an earnest on the part of the government that everything should be done to aid them in their remarkable enterprise. At noon a meeting of the directors took place, at which matters were generally arranged, and when the sun set that evening the first spade had been stuck in the ground near Chalons.

The first trouble—for troubles there were, many and grievous—was the want of laborers. The best and most experienced hands were sent for by telegraph from all the different works of the Great Eastern Company: they appeared in every express train from Lorraine, Burgundy and Alsace—others were imported from Belgium, Westphalia and Prussia: they received the highest wages, but were also required to do full work and in the best manner. Thus a force of twenty-four hundred first-class workmen was gathered in a few days around the first mile.

Next, all the powerful engines and machinery of the whole line were put into requisition: steam-rams, track-engines, circular saws were set to work along the line, and torches, bonfires and electric lights supplied the light of day during the short summer nights, so that relays of laborers could succeed each other without interruption. The company, moreover, provided for their food in the most careful manner. A famous Paris restaurateur, Chevet, was engaged to furnish cooked provisions for the little army of workmen, and a couple of days after the beginning of the work his movable kitchens were seen all along the line, furnishing a supply of excellent dinners at rates varying from six francs for the higher employés down to ten cents for the workmen.

All these interesting features—the almost magic rise of a railway in a heavy chalk soil, the wonderful activity of thousands of skillful laborers on so short a distance, and the almost fairy-like illumination at night—attracted immense numbers of Parisians, who came by day and by night to witness the strange sight, and brought a rich reward at once to the enterprising company.

High and large embankments were of course out of the question under such circumstances, and the company adopted, therefore, our own system of trestle-works instead, planting immense piles by means of hundreds of steam-rams, which went to work at one and the same time, strengthening them simultaneously by heavy cross-timbers, and laying the track without delay on the solid structure. One such trestle bridge, two thousand feet long, crossed the valley of the Marne, a second, of only five hundred feet, that of the Vesle, and a third, of six hundred feet, the lowlands of a smaller stream. When the whole line was completed, these trestle-works were filled up with earth, and at leisure changed into huge embankments. The principal bridge, however, was from the first placed upon solid béton foundations.

The construction began, of course, at Chalons, so as to remain constantly in

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direct communication with Paris, from which all the material and the supplies had to be obtained. An electric telegraph line was likewise erected along the route, with a station at every thousand yards, so that not a moment was lost by the sending of messages and orders, and directions could be issued at once to every part of the line. The track spun out like a ribbon, with all the necessary additions of crossings, turnouts, barriers, fencing on both sides, station buildings; in fact, everything that belongs to the most complete outfit of a first-class railway; and as soon as the rails were laid down, locomotives came up cautiously with new material and supplies for the workmen. The country through which the new line passed was fortunately not very rich, and hence the owners of land, struck by this unheard-of display of energy and capital combined, willingly ceded their rights and offered their assistance in every available shape.

It was said then, and it has since been confirmed by the emperor's own statement, that he suggested this exploit in no wanton desire to prove his power and to excite wonder and admiration, but with the view of ascertaining what could be done under similar circumstances in time of war by the aid of the absolute power of a commanding general. He attained his end in the most satisfactory manner. On the fifty-sixth day after the first blow had been struck the locomotive passed over the whole line from the station at Chalons to the terminus in the centre of the camp; during the next five days the station buildings, restaurants and waiting-rooms were completely finished, and on the sixty-first day the emperor opened the new railway in person, expressing his high satisfaction at the unexpected success in the most impressive words, and bestowing brilliant rewards upon the chief agents in the great enterprise.

What was thus accomplished on so large a scale at an emperor's bidding found its equal two years later in a hardly less striking manner in an English machine-shop. A task was accomplished there which proved the immense progress made by our generation in the ingenious form of tools, the division of labor and a thorough knowledge of the material to be employed. Familiarity has deprived us of that pleasant wonder with which but a few years ago we used to look at the powerful engines that moved an immense train of heavily-laden cars, and at the superb houses, with parlors, dining-rooms and kitchens, which cross our continent from ocean to ocean, but a glance at one of the great machine-shops in our cities is apt to revive our surprise. There we see the countless thousands of small, often diminutive, parts—screws and nuts, nails and blocks—on which, after all, the safety as well as the usefulness of the locomotive very largely depends; we see the number of intelligent and experienced workmen whose incessant labor is required to supply even the ordinary demands, and the skillful draughtsmen, the able engineers, the men of science in the highest sense of the word, whose full vigor of mind is constantly bent upon producing these marvels of modern skill. And when we are told that, in spite of this amazing number of hands and this immense amount of skill and knowledge required by each product of such a factory, a full-sized and complete locomtive can be "turned out" at some of the establishments in four days, we are justly amazed at such a triumph of modern skill and energy.

And yet this can be done, thanks to the almost unlimited demand for so-called rolling-stock on the railways of the world. England is perhaps not quite so active as our own country in this respect, its narrow limits contrasting strikingly with the boundless extent of our territory; but even Germany, with its patriarchal government and its policy of cautious progress, is building railways at such a rate that the demand for locomotives and cars can be supplied only by building on every working day in the year at least one entire locomotive and from twenty-five to thirty cars. The great establishment of M.

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Borsig in Berlin, which claims to be in every respect the largest and completest of its kind in the world, England and America not excepted, possesses within its walls every kind of machinery that is required in the manufacture of engines, and is able to furnish every week three first-class locomotives, with tenders attached, fit for immediate use. And yet this is by no means the only article it produces, for the same factory is largely employed in supplying Europe and the East with bridges, light-houses and larger structures of iron. Another establishment in Berlin produces daily five or six cars for the transportation of goods, and a third was so perfectly organized that it could take a contract during the short Austrian war to furnish the government daily with the complete outfit of a battery of artillery, the guns themselves only excepted!

An English establishment—Mr. Ashbury's, at Openshaw, near Manchester—had been called upon to enter into a somewhat similar arrangement, and offered to furnish convincing proof of its ability to comply with the demands of government. The test was this: a commission was sent down, in whose presence a goods-wagon, sixteen feet long and eight feet wide, and resting on four wheels of hammered iron, was to be built up, from the raw material, in twelve hours, at the expiration of which time it was to be sent, without time for change or correction, to the Great Exhibition in London. The task was apparently undertaken in boastful security, but it was actually carried out in less than the appointed time. Five huge blocks of Mordeneia fir wood from the East Indies were cut up by steam saws in seven hours and twenty-six minutes to furnish the three hundred and five pieces necessary for the body of the car. The planing, grooving, joining and finishing of the wood-work took two hours and forty-six minutes. The whole body was, however put together, screwed in, covered, painted, varnished and numbered in ten and a half hours, thanks to the intelligent co-operation of thirty-eight picked workmen.

The iron works belonging to the establishment received at fifteen minutes past seven o'clock in the morning ninety-five hundredweight of pig iron, which was drawn out of the furnace at fifteen minutes before nine, and an hour later the first loop was placed under the steam-hammer. The whole of the iron-work, weighing seventy hundredweight, was ready for use in less than six hours after the crude iron had been received; and yet there were not less than one hundred and seventy-one heavy pieces, and of smaller pieces alone three hundred and forty-two screws, bolts and nuts, which had to be forged separately. The first axletree reached the turning-lathe soon after eleven o'clock, and in seven hours and twenty minutes all the tires were welded on and the wheels completed by the aid of sixty-three men and boys. The foundry had, at the same time, been actively at work, and finished all the cast pieces in less than eleven hours from the moment when the models had been commenced. Then the axletrees were fitted in, the iron-work fastened on the wood-work — which alone required the boring of five hundred and twenty-two holes in iron—and by ten minutes before six the whole car was completed. Some slight corrections required fifty minutes more, but in the incredibly short time of eleven hours and twenty minutes the whole car, weighing one hundred and twenty hundredweight, had been built up out of massive timber and crude iron, and could be placed upon the rails. Not a single tool had been purchased for this marvelous exploit, and no labor had been employed but such as was ordinarily engaged at the machine-shop. The commission examined the work carefully, and accepted it as in every respect satisfactory.

The same evening, at seven o'clock, the car was despatched to London, where it arrived early on the following morning, and at noon, consequently thirty hours after the first saw had touched the timber and the first pig of iron had been pushed into the furnace, the work

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had been done, the car had traveled some two hundred miles, and taken its allotted place in the great building of the Exhibition. And yet this extraordinary success, showing the startling results obtained by a judicious application of the energy and ingenuity of our age, is not the only gratification we derive from such efforts: there is more encouragement and greater hope yet in the thought that a few years more will produce even greater triumphs, and show such progress as the world has not seen since the days of the ancients.

SCHELE DE VERE.

THE STONE ANNALS OF THE PAST.

BETWEEN that indefinitely remote age of the past when flourished the savage race whose flint weapons have been so widely found through Southern Europe, and the enlightened present, stretches a period perhaps greater than any of us are yet prepared to admit. During all this period man has been advancing toward his present position, and it becomes a question of interest to trace the footprints he has left in his long upward march.

The modern enlightenment of Europe and America is but a sudden growth out of the barbarism of a few centuries back, in some phase of which barbarism the rest of the world is still plunged. Yet beyond this dark phase we have historical evidence of periods of civilization, lacking, it is true, many most important modern features, but far above the subsequent condition into which mankind descended, and from which a few favored races have lately emerged.

Our knowledge of this civilized energy of the past is only partly derived from history. A more reliable record of the condition of the vanished nations is that left us in the ruins of ancient shrines and cities, and in traces of agriculture and artistic skill left by races of whom no history tells and no tradition speaks.

A thousand agencies have been at work to raze these records of human existence from the earth. Fire and the sword have raged unceasingly: villages have been built of the spoils of royal palaces, and the marbles of mighty temples have been degraded into stepping-stones for rude huts. Of many a great city of the past possibly no stone remains: powerful nations may have passed away and left no trace of their existence; yet so great was the vigor of the old builders, or so long the period in which they wrought, that the whole earth is strewn with the remains of their handiwork.

At a very remote period in the past nations of civilized men were spread widely over Asia, living in strongly-built and walled cities, versed in agriculture, capable of great mechanical achievements, and possessing written language and a considerable knowledge of science and art. Some of these peoples, as the Chinese, have historical records reaching many thousands of years into the past. Others, as the Indians, have preserved mythical stories of their origin through which the truth is dimly seen. Of others, as the Assyrians, contemporary nations have preserved some account. Others again have died, and left no mark other than stone monuments to tell us that here lies a dead nation.

The annalists of Greece have left us many accounts of the glory of ancient Egypt, yet from them alone we should have but a dim idea of the skill and strength of its people. But these annals are richly supplemented by vast monuments, which attest in imperishable cha-

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racters the art and power of that great nation, on which Herodotus and his critical countrymen looked in its decay, with its proudest cities already in ruins. Even before the fathers of the Jews went down into Egypt it is probable that its glory had culminated and commenced to wane; and without the pyramids, sphinxes, obelisks, temples and tombs, with their profuse paintings and inscriptions, that so thickly crowd the banks of the Nile, we should possess but an indefinite idea of a people into whose political and domestic life we can now deeply enter.

Their chief historians, the Greeks, adepts with the pen and deeply versed in the arts of civilization, have left abundant records of their own private and political history; and, though much of their literature has been lost, enough remains to show us in its living colors that rare commonwealth whose enlightenment is the brightest appearance in the dark skies of the past.

Yet we should be little willing to accept an Athenian's estimate of the artistic skill of his nation were not the glowing words of description fully attested by the evidence of those wonderful remains which arise on every soil touched by the feet of Greeks. The Parthenon conveys more in a glance than would the perusal of a library of descriptive volumes. The Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de' Medici, with the numerous other marvels of ancient sculpture, are rich annotations giving life to the pages of the great writers of the golden age of Art. And we are yet far from having unearthed all that time has kindly preserved of the artistic wealth of Greece. Even within a year or two past many new relics of this ancient civilization have been found. The island of Cyprus has yielded a number of perfect statues to the spade of the explorer. At Prime, in Asia Minor, a large number of works of sculpture, architectural marbles and inscriptions have been collected. Numerous inscriptions have been found in the excavations at Ephesus; a colossal head has been discovered near Smyrna; and in fact almost daily additions are being made to the harvest gathered from the broad field of Grecian antiquities.

The history of Rome is as fully written in ruins, and, despite its long occupation by the army of artists and explorers, is yet daily yielding fresh traces of its ancient glory. Old Rome lies buried under the streets of the modern city, and the spade is gradually revealing all that remains of the splendor of the metropolis of the Ancient World. The past year has been as rich in these discoveries as any former ones. We may particularize Chevalier Rosa's explorations in Napoleon's property on the Palatine Hill. He has revealed the remains of a swimming-school, consisting of a series of chambers whose walls are adorned with fine encaustic paintings of various mythological subjects, surrounding which are some delicate drawings executed with great skill and in very brilliant colors. On one of the walls is the giant Polyphemus surprising Galatea and Acis; on another is Io chained to a rock, guarded by Argus and delivered by Mercury. But both the one-eyed giant and the hundred-eyed guardian are here represented with the normal number of eyes.

Similar discoveries of ancient buildings have been made by digging in other parts of the city: one has a fine mosaic pavement representing Mercury with the caduceus, and a nymph carrying a cornucopia, while the corners represent the Four Seasons with their attributes.

A more interesting discovery is that of the ancient marble wharf on the Tiber. Here, buried in the river mud, has been unexpectedly found a rich collection of valuable marbles, including some rare specimens of rose-colored alabaster. Why the engineers of ancient Rome left these treasures to sink and become forgotten in their muddy bed is beyond our conjecture. They are now being rapidly raised, and generously distributed by Papal liberality to various churches throughout Europe.

The new excavations ordered into the site of buried Herculaneum will

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doubtless largely increase our knowledge of the arts and customs of the great empire of the past, for this city, having been larger and more important than Pompeii, is likely to add greatly to the rich archæological cabinet of the latter, and has already yielded some new and interesting information in regard to the domestic habits of its occupants.

But these Campanian cities are not the only ones which volcanic energy has preserved for the eyes of modern archæologists. In the works at the Suez Canal there were used large quantities of a light pumice, which is found on two islands of the Greek Archipelago, named Santorin and Therasia. This material has been quarried quite through, and beneath it, on the original surface of the islands, appear the ruins of ancient habitations. The pumice is of volcanic origin, and probably buried this lost community as the ancient Italian cities were buried under the Vesuvian ashes. The walls unearthed are built of irregular blocks of unhewn lava, roughly laid, the interstices being filled with a reddish volcanic ash. Among the walls were laid long branches of olive wood, which wood was also used in the roofs. No olive trees now grow upon the islands. Vessels of lava and earthenware have been found, the pottery being of various kinds, and some specimens presenting peculiarities not found in any Greek, Etruscan or Egyptian pottery. There is no trace of metal in any of the buildings, if we except some hammered gold beads, which, with certain obsidian knives of exquisite finish, may have been obtained from some ancient civilization of Asia Minor.

These ruins lead us deeper into the stream of man's existence in Europe, and back beyond the decorous bounds of history, or even the elastic borders of tradition, in which are included the Grecian and Roman antiquities which we have glanced at.

Far older than all the historical monuments of Greece and Italy are numerous remains of ancient masonry, called Cyclopean from their massive character. These ruins are conjecturally ascribed to the Pelasgians, a people who seem to have inhabited Southern Europe at some very remote period, and of whom we know little more than the name. Whoever were the real builders of these very ancient monuments, they certainly possessed a skill in the movement of heavy masses which it would tax us to equal without the aid of powerful steam engines. In the walls of some of the old Grecian cities we have striking examples of the work of the Cyclopean builders. The walls of Tyrens are built of huge blocks of stone, each from twenty to thirty tons weight. These stones are marked by their rude, polygonal shape, and are laid one on another without cement. Another of the Cyclopean monuments is the peculiar erection near the city of Mycenæ, Greece, popularly known as Agamemnon's Tomb. This is a hollow, dome-shaped structure, the arch having been formed by causing the blocks of stone to successively overlap until they met at top and completed the dome. Afterward the projecting corners of the blocks were cut away and the curve produced. The lintel of the doorway of this building is composed of one immense block, twenty-seven feet long by seventeen wide, and four feet eight inches thick, its calculated weight being one hundred and sixty-four tons. Surely the advance in mechanical vigor has been very slow, when we find a people antedating the earliest historical records of Greece capable of transporting and lifting into place such vast blocks of stone. In the Cimmerian Bosphorus is an erection somewhat similar, called the Tomb of Mithridates, built of huge Cyclopean masonry. In all the ancient seats of the Pelasgians specimens of similar massive architecture are abundant.

The Etruscan remains in Italy have points in common with the polygonal-stoned Pelasgian structures, and display in its incipiency the principle of the arch, which was afterward so extensively used in Rome. This principle, however, seems to have been known

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to all the early builders, and was so rarely employed simply because it was not adapted to their peculiar styles of architecture. The Etruscan remains consist of walls, sculptured tombs, vases, etc., and point as clearly to the gradual growth of Roman civilization as the Pelasgian monuments do to that of Greece. These nations were little given to archæology, and claimed for themselves all the merit of their civilization, giving but faint credit to the probably long periods of culture that preceded them. The Athenians were far too apt to take to themselves what plainly belonged to others, and failed to properly recognize even that enlightened Ionian confederacy to which they owed such poets as Homer, such philosophers as Pythagoras, and such historians as Herodotus.

If rudeness be any criterion of age, yet older monuments of the early civilizations exist abundantly in Western Europe. Among these are numerous defensive works scattered over the surface of Great Britian and Ireland, consisting of earthworks, trenches, circumvallations, etc., while in Ireland are remains of ancient military stations on the plains, locally called Raths. In Wiltshire, England, is one huge earthwork one hundred and seventy-five feet high, its base covering an area of more than five acres.

More interesting relics are those peculiar erections ascribed to the Celts, for no other reason than that the Celts were the first historical inhabitants of this region. The principal locations of these strange ruins are at Stonehenge and Avebury in England, and at Carnac in France.

At Avebury are erected some six hundred and fifty immense stones, from three to twelve feet thick and from five to twenty high, they being partly grouped in the form of a circle of fourteen hundred feet diameter, partly in interior circles and straight lines. A circular wall of earth surrounds the whole edifice. Stonehenge is built of similar stones, consisting principally of a number of huge upright blocks arranged in a circle, upon the tops of which are laid horizontal stones. When we consider that these blocks weigh some thirty tons each, that they have been transported a distance of sixteen miles, and afterward lifted twenty feet high and accurately fitted to mortices cut in the upright stones, we cannot but wonder at the enterprise, vigor and skill of these most ancient architects.

On the plain of Carnac, in Northwestern France, is a vast collection of similar stones. They extend here in eleven long lines, parallel to the coast, the whole number of stones being over five thousand. They are said to have formerly covered an area of three leagues, and to have numbered over ten thousand. Some of these stones measure twenty-two feet high, twelve wide and six thick. Yet Carnac is a bare plain of sand, and the energetic builders of these uncouth monuments must have transported their massive materials from a very considerable distance.

Similar erections to that of Stonehenge have been discovered both in Southern Arabia and in India. The resemblance is too close to be imputed to chance, and we are forced to believe that this pre-historic race extended along the whole southern coast of Europe and Asia, being the same, possibly, as the builders of the Cyclopean monuments.

Other traces of their workmanship are huge flat stones, fixed upon uprights previously placed in the ground, one of which, called the Bagneux Fairy Rock, near Saumur, France, is twenty-three feet square and over three feet thick, its estimated weight being one hundred and twenty tons.

Numerous graves, supposed to contain the remains of some of this same people, have been found widely in England and France, and have yielded much information regarding the race of men who built them.

In Northern Africa, in the ancient Numidian and Carthaginian provinces, are the ruins of numerous ancient cities. Most of these existed in historical times, and are, like similar ruins in England,

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Spain, etc., attributable to the Roman empire. These are marked by traces of a considerable degree of architectural splendor. The origin of others probably reaches back to the earliest Carthaginian epoch. Such a ruin was found within the last year on the summit of an Algerian hill, extending over a space of several square miles. It consists of the walls of houses, built of small hewn stones, in which were found numerous specimens of broken pottery and of bright-colored porcelain — examples, perhaps, of Asiatic art at the period of the earliest Phœnician colonies. There is reason to believe that the ruins of many other cities lie hidden in this region, in quarters to which travel has not yet extended.

But civilization was not confined to the northern shores of Africa. In the wide region to the south of Egypt is supposed to have lain that most ancient Ethiopia which appears in the earliest records and traditions of mankind as even then an ancient and powerful community. There are certainly through all this country many traces of some old civilization. Still farther south, in the gold district recently discovered near the Cape of Good Hope, have been found numerous old pits, very deep, shored up with wood, and presenting evidence of having yielded gold to the miners of some ancient community. These may have been the early Phœnician explorers, whose ships certainly sailed round Africa.

If now we journey east and cross the borders of Asia, relics of the great civilizations of the past meet our eyes at every step. Asia Minor is full of the ruins of its great capitals, their sites being marked by miserable Turkish villages seated in the midst of the ruined walls and broken marbles of the past.

Syria too is covered with ruins of its old cities, some built so massively as to defy the hand of time. Palmyra and Baalbec astonish the traveler with the grandeur of their walls and columns, and with the vast array of ruins spread over desert sites where once resounded the roar of splendid and populous cities. The great temple at Baalbec is one thousand feet long, its walls built with a massive strength unequaled in any other part of the world. Three of its stones in particular measure each from sixty-three to sixty-seven feet in length, and are variously estimated at from twelve to seventeen wide and from nine to twelve thick. These three monstrous blocks, weighing over one thousand tons each, have been lifted to the height of twenty feet and accurately fitted to their place in the wall. Great indeed must have been the mechanical skill of the old builders, to perform without the aid of steam such marvelous feats of strength.

Another striking relic of the past is the ruined city of Petra. Only approachable through a long mountain pass, whose walls on each side are honeycombed with tombs, it breaks on the eye of the traveler like a grand metropolis of ruin spread over a wide amphitheatre in the heart of the mountains. Among its remains is the Deir, a huge temple hewn in the solid rock. There is also a theatre hewn in the rock, its arena one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and capable of seating from three to four thousand spectators.

Jerusalem, a far more interesting ancient capital, has the past almost razed out of it by time and human occupation. Modern exploration, however, has found some traces of its ancient might, having laid bare the rocky ribs and arches of the foundation of Solomon's great temple, buried deep in the hillside by the accumulated soil of thousands of years.

More to the east, in a region almost closed to the traveler by Bedouin hostility, have been found the sites of other vanished cities of the past. These, however, can scarcely be called ruins, the stone houses being so massively built as to defy the assaults of time. Doors, formed each of a single slab of stone, yet swing freely on stone hinges, and admit the stranger to unique apartments yet in a habitable condition, though empty for thousands of years.

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Everywhere throughout this region the architects of the past have been busy. Even in the rugged mountain walls of the Caucasus they have hewn cities in the rocks, while deserted salt-mines stand in further witness of their energy and skill.

On the sea-coast of ancient Phœnicia are ruins of great cities, whose date reaches back to a remote antiquity. The Tyre of the Scriptures is a very ancient city, and yet is believed to have been preceded by a series of great commercial cities which were in ruins before the birth of history. At Ruad, an island on the Syrian coast, are striking remains of an ancient Phœnician port. Part of an encircling wall remains, built of immense blocks, which are nearly eleven feet square and from fifteen to sixteen long. Old reservoirs of beautiful construction, hewn in the rock, are still used by the dwellers on Ruad. On the adjoining coast are the remains of five other cities, forming a vast array of ruins, which extend three or four leagues along the coast. Of these, the one called Marathos is supposed to be of the most hoary antiquity, and is remarkable for its vast structures. The Dominican Brocard, who visited it in the thirteenth century, speaks of pyramids of surprising grandeur formed of blocks twenty-eight feet long and over six feet thick. Ernest Rénan found here a vast court, one hundred and eighty feet long by one hundred and fifty-six wide, scooped out of the solid rock. Another remarkable structure is a stadium hewn in the rock, seven hundred and thirty-eight feet long by one hundred wide. Ten rows of seats surround the central arena, the structure ending in a circular amphitheatre. He considers the skill displayed in rock-sculpture wonderful, but cautions us against viewing this rockwork as the whole architecture of the builders. He believes it to have been built upon in wood, so that the complete structure probably presented a magnificence of which we must take as earnest these massive foundations, whose grandeur no historical monument can emulate.

Arabia is full of the remains of some pre-historic civilization. This great peninsula, of which the interior was long supposed to be a desert, but was found by Palgrave in great measure fertile and thickly populated, is known to have been, from the remotest date of history, a seat of civilization; and there is much reason to consider it the original of that most ancient Ethiopia which has an undefined existence in the earliest traditions of mankind, and is described under the name of Cush alike in the Hebrew Scriptures and in the Sanskrit geography. These ruins cover the whole country, though none of them have been fully explored, and only a few visited. Wellsted found at Nakab-el-Hadjar the remains of an immense wall, ten feet thick at bottom and originally about forty feet high, which is built around the base of a considerable hill. It is composed of large blocks of a grayish marble, which are cut and fitted with the greatest skill. The wall is flanked by square towers at equal distances apart. The hill is covered with remains of edifices, some of them strongly resembling in style the old Egyptian buildings. Ruins of what must have been powerful cities have been found and described at various other points on the coast.

Arnaud, a French explorer, visited in the interior of Yemen the ruins of the ancient city of Saba. This great city, once the supposed capital of South Arabia, and from which the Greeks called the whole country Saba, is now represented by a wide array of ruins. In the same district are remains of several other cities. Here were found traces of a great dike forming a long and massive embankment between two mountains, and formerly used to dam up a stream. Its origin goes so far back into the dim mists of time that, solid and vast as it was, it was already decaying through age, in the time of Queen Belkis. This queen is said to have been a contemporary of Solomon; possibly that queen of Saba (or Sheba) who paid him the celebrated visit. She is known to have repaired this dike, which afterward

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broke, however—a catastrophe entailing great devastation.

These vast constructions are probably attributable to some ancient race preceding the advent of the Aryan and Semitic tribes, and remarkable both for their mechanical vigor and for their colonizing spirit. As the Aryan race in pre-historic times spread from India on the east to Ireland on the west, so, at a period much farther removed into the illimitable past, these energetic builders seem to have spread over the same wide region. The Aryans, however, made their migrations by land, while these earlier wanderers appear to have journeyed in ships, and so left their chief marks on the sea-coasts. In India, Africa, Arabia, Syria, Greece, Italy, and at numerous points on the Atlantic, are found gigantic structures, alike in their massiveness and in many architectural points. In Chaldea, which has no stone, immense structures in brick attest the vigor of its inhabitants.

Crossing the Euphrates, we enter a new world of the past. In place of the verdant hills and graceful ruins of Syria, we find the flat plains of Mesopotamia, with only some unsightly mounds of earth and crumbling brickwork as earnests of the mighty empires of Assyria and Babylonia. Yet these rude and uninviting dirt-heaps, which are found along the course of the Tigris and Euphrates, have yielded to us records of the past which had almost died out of the pages of history, for they bury the palaces of dead Nineveh and of Babylon in its glory. The excavations of Layard and others have revealed many treasures of ancient Art. These consist of gigantic winged bulls and lions with human heads, cut with a breadth of design and a calm dignity of expression which only thorough artists could have achieved. Carved in bas-relief on the palace walls were great human figures, while over all these walls were graven pictures of the wars and triumphs of their inhabitants. Numerous lines of writing in a wedge-shaped alphabet were cut into the slabs of Nineveh and stamped upon the bricks of Babylon. These inscriptions have proved very difficult to read, but are at length yielding to the steady labor of philologists, and strangely, among the first results of their translation, is the interesting announcement lately made by Sir Henry Rawlinson, that the Babylonian writings in the British Museum contain a record similar to that given in Genesis. He claims that in these writings the garden of Eden is given as the old name of Babylonia, and that the geographical description of the country agrees with the Mosaic account, even to the names of the four rivers of Eden. The story of the Flood and of the building of the tower of Babel is also given. As it is said that a library of stamped bricks has been lately found beneath the ruins of Babylon, we may hope for further important revelations in this direction.

But south of these old empires are the monuments of a yet older people, who vanished before the birth of history. This region of Lower Mesopotamia, now thinly inhabited, was in those days a densely-populated region. It has already yielded to investigation the ruins of twenty-five great cities, and the sites of very many villages, yet the district is only partly explored. One of these ruins is supposed to be the biblical "Ur of the Chaldees." This city is supposed to have been built on the Persian Gulf, at the mouth of the Euphrates. Yet so long a period has elapsed since its building that the gulf is now one hundred and fifty miles distant, this extensive delta having been accumulated by the river since that time. Another of these cities is asserted to have been the Mosaic Babel, the great city of Nimrod, instead of Babylon, as usually supposed.

In the neighboring kingdom of Persia are numerous relics of the past of the most interesting character. The ruins of Persepolis, in particular, present almost the grace of a Grecian temple combined with a Cyclopean massiveness. Egypt excepted, no spot on the globe displays such masonry, and it stands unrivaled in its skillful combination of enormous blocks of marble.

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Some of these marbles yet retain a mirror-like polish. The ruins stand on a vast terrace of masonry, fifteen hundred by eight hundred feet. Magnificent ranges of steps lead from the plain to the level of the terrace, the steps being three and a half inches high and fifteen deep, yet so immense are the blocks of marble that in some cases six steps are cut in a single stone. This antique ruin introduces to us a style of architecture of no known order, though in certain points resembling both the Egyptian and the Indian. On the stairs and throughout the ruins are carved great numbers of human and animal figures, gigantic warriors, combats with wild beasts, processions bringing tribute, etc. Many of the walls are covered with inscriptions in the Persian wedge-shaped characters, three styles of this mode of writing being used here.

To the north of this region, in Central Asia, Arminius Vambéry found abundant ruins — among them extensive remains east of the Caspian, connected with which were relics of a great wall, which he traced for ten geographical miles. He also found remains of a vast aqueduct extending one hundred and fifty miles to the Persian mountains. The ruins of the very ancient city of Balkh in this region cover a circumference of twenty miles, and, like Babylon, yield an inexhaustible treasure of bricks to the modern inhabitants.

Going still east, India presents us with evidence of an architectural skill unsurpassed out of Egypt, the ruins found in the peninsula of Hindostan falling little short of the Egyptian monuments in grandeur and equaling them in diversity. These are the more interesting from having broken upon the modern world like a sudden revelation of the richness of the past, being buried until our day in that unknown and fable-haunted far East which for centuries was a veritable realm of magic to the European. All over this broad land are spread the remains of a mighty civilization—massive temples whose origin is lost in the hoary mists of antiquity, while the art and strength of the builders remain a marvel to their degenerate successors; as far above their physical ability as are the great literary antiquities of the Indians above their mental calibre.

These Indian remains belong to three classes of edifices—the first being wholly excavated in the solid rock, the second partly excavated and partly built above ground, the third wholly built.

Of the first class the temples on the islands of Elephanta and Salsette are the most striking examples. A broad front, supported by low but massive pillars of peculiar architecture, leads to a deep excavation in the living rock, in whose dark vault rise massive statues of the three-headed deity of the Hindoos, the faces wrought into a calm dignity of expression that only the hand of genius could have attained. These most ancient caverns display the art of architecture in its simplest form, but combined with that element of grandeur which so often accompanies simplicity. In the temples at Ellora, on the contrary, the designs are rich and varied in character, while the execution is complete in its details both of architecture and sculpture. Yet these latter temples, evidently much later in date, are still so ancient that no tradition exists of their erection. At this station, in the heart of the country, the whole face of a mountain is excavated into almost every kind of building usually found above ground. Here are hewn in the solid rock stairs, bridges, chapels, columned porticoes, halls, obelisks and massive statues and bas-reliefs of the Hindoo deities, while the various details of their history are profusely engraved on nearly all the walls. This rock-hewn city stands unrivaled in the world, the richest and most elaborate work of excavation ever designed by the genius or wrought by the artistic skill of man.

The ruins of Mavalipuram are a striking specimen of the second class of erections. These remains are of city-like extent, and are almost entirely rock-hewn. The greater portion of the old city has been swallowed by the sea,

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and is plainly observable to a considerable distance from the shore. But a few miles inland, on a rocky hill-summit, is a vast collection of excavated grottoes, halls and other buildings, principally temples, but in some cases apparently intended for the accommodation of travelers, covering in all an extent of twelve miles. Probably an earlier work is a rudely-built wall of massive hewn stones of Cyclopean size. Here have also been found numerous works of sculpture, occasionally in perfect preservation.

Of the third class of erections there are numerous examples. At Tanjore is a pagoda of hewn stone two hundred feet high, containing the statue of a bull sixteen feet long and twelve high cut from one block of brown porphyry. A later work is the temple of the first Jain, which is built of the purest white marble, and embraces cells, altars, columns, porticoes, domes, etc., all wrought with a rich and delicate execution, and of the greatest variety in form and ornament.

At Chillambaram is an immense and unique temple, covering an area of thirteen hundred and thirty-two by nine hundred and thirty-six feet. Pyramids stand at each of the four entrances to the temple, one of which is said to exceed St. Paul's Cathedral in size. In another of these pyramids there depend from the nave to the tops of four buttresses festoons of an immense stone chain, which is in all five hundred and forty-eight feet long. Each garland of this strange chain consists of twenty links cut from a single stone sixty feet long; the monstrous links being ten feet in circumference, with a girth of thirty-two inches, and being polished to the smoothness of glass. Within the enclosure is a single hall supported by more than one thousand pillars over thirty-six feet high. The central pagoda is very high, and measures at its base three hundred and sixty by two hundred and sixty feet. It is built of immense blocks of stone, some of them forty feet long, five feet wide and four thick. These stones, weighing sixty tons, must have been brought a distance of two hundred miles.

Such enormous blocks of stone are numerous in Indian architecture; while farther north, at Bamian, in Cabool, where, for a distance of eight miles, the side of a mountain is honeycombed with excavations, are two enormous idols, cut in the mountain side, one of which is of the unequaled height of one hundred and twenty feet.

On the Coromandel coast is a temple to Juggernaut, known as the Black Pagoda. Its walls are sixty feet high, and in parts twenty feet thick. Above these is a curious pyramidal roof, formed of stones which overlap till they approach close enough to admit of being crossed by iron beams. Upon these the temple is topped by an immense mass of masonry, the whole edifice being two hundred feet high. Within are numerous stones supposed to have fallen from the roof, some of them over twenty-two tons in weight.

Such are the characters of a few of the numerous and diverse temples of India, the whole land displaying similar tokens of its great past.

In the island of Ceylon the Buddhists have left immense temples, full of statues of Buddha. This island contains extensive ruins of cities, whose builders are unknown, but dating from before Christ. One of these ruins is sixteen miles square, presenting dome-shaped structures and long rows of pillars twelve feet high. In some places lakes for irrigation have been formed by walling in valleys with great walls of the most massive masonry, similar to the great Arabian dike already mentioned. Some of these walls are two miles long and very high, forming lakes twenty miles in circumference.

Java is full of ancient ruins. In one spot are remains of nearly four hundred temples, while relics of palaces, aqueducts, baths, etc., are everywhere distributed. Also throughout Siam, Borneo, Japan and many Pacific islands, relics of the past are numerous. Idol monuments of immense size and evident antiquity are found in many of the Pacific

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islands, their elaboration and finish being far above the art of the present inhabitants. Thus in Easter Island, a solitary spot in the midst of the Pacific, have been found about one hundred and fifty colossal images, thirty feet high and nine wide, their weights being respectively from twenty to thirty tons. Most of these have been thrown on their faces, but in the side of a crater sixteen were found standing erect, silent witnesses of that vigorous past from which the island has so sadly degenerated.

China, in which still exists the shadow of its ancient civilization without even the shadow of its ancient energy, still retains abundant relics of its former condition, sufficient to attest all that is claimed in the records of this antique race. China is an anomaly among nations, in having for thousands of years retained her peculiar civilization and form of government almost intact, change of rulers failing to involve change either of people or of political and social principles. Yet, while retaining her peculiar industries and modes of thought, her people have lost muscular and mental vigor, and no longer attempt the great works they so abundantly achieved in days of old. The whole land is full of ancient bridges, embankments, canals—in fact, all kinds of engineering work—in which are displayed a skill in the science of building and a power of cutting granite almost rivaling those of Egypt. The master-work of this people, however, is their celebrated wall, which stands without a rival as the greatest work of engineering ever performed by the hand of man, the Pyramids being mere specks in comparison. This immense wall is in all twelve hundred and forty miles long, bounding the whole northern frontier of China, and vigorously scaling all the mountains in its way. The best points of defence have been seized with a skill worthy of a modern engineer, towers and bastions occurring at intervals of one hundred yards, while the whole forms a line of works which, defended with the same vigor expended in building it, must have proved impregnable to the rude nomads of Mongolia. This vast work is built in the most substantial manner, principally of granite, and with a grand architectural design. It is in many places in a remarkable state of preservation, considering the assaults of time and of its human foes.

The skill of the Chinese is also displayed in their many and long canals, these forming their principal highways. The Grand Canal is unequaled by any similar work of modern times. Many miles of this immense work run at a considerable elevation above the level of the plain, the bed being built up with massive walls of granite. Among other ancient monuments in China are the suspension bridges. These are numerous throughout the kingdom, being supported, like modern ones, on iron wires, which are braced by other wires attached above and below the bed of the bridge.

Among the numerous evidences of a pre-historic period of civilization may be mentioned the remains of an old wall which has been found near Cabool, buried four feet under ground. It has been traced for a great distance, and is supposed to indicate some immense city of the far past, its vast antiquity being shown by the great thickness of soil which has gathered over its ruins.

Even in the northern deserts, peopled in all historical times by barbarous nomads, there has been a period of civilization at some time in the dim past far beyond the birth of history or tradition.

In the steppes south of the mountains which lie to the north of Lake Balkash are numerous proofs of a primeval civilized occupation. Among these are the traces of various old canals, intended for purposes of irrigation. In some of these water still runs, producing by its overflow luxuriant pastures adorned with singularly beautiful flowers. These proofs of an ancient agricultural population are strange relics to be found in the midst of an almost barren desert, peopled by a race whose life is spent in seeking through this sandy waste the

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grassy spots which form the pasture-grounds of their extensive herds. In this region vast numbers of tumuli are scattered over the plain. There are also extensive earthworks, which once formed either the cities or the strongholds of the dense and partly-civilized population to whom they are due. One of these old works on the Lepsou River forms a parallelogram seven hundred by three hundred yards in extent, its walls of earth being now twelve feet high, and sixteen feet thick at bottom and nine at top, and bearing evidence of much greater height originally. Near by is a large tumulus one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and fifty high. Further proofs of the activity of their builders are the remains of ancient mines which occur in the neighboring mountains.

More to the south, in the desolate country near Kopal, the tumuli are numerous, some being very large, the whole country in fact presenting the aspect of a vast cemetery; and yet not a tree, scarcely a bush, is visible, the ground being a coarse gravel mixed with sand, and seeming to preclude the idea of its ever having yielded subsistence to the dense population whose graves are the sole evidence of their former existence.

At one point in the valley of the Kora, where its precipitous mountain borders stand back from the river, are found five isolated stones standing on end, whose position and appearance seem to point conclusively to their erection by human hands. Yet these stones are of such gigantic dimensions as to throw into the shade all similar Celtic monuments, the largest measuring seventy-six feet high, twenty-four wide and nineteen thick, and probably weighing over twenty-six hundred tons. They stand at a distance from the cliffs, and some of them lean far from the vertical. A yet larger one has fallen, and is of such dimensions as to support a thicket of young trees, which are rooted and growing luxuriantly upon it. In further evidence of man's former presence here is a circle of stones piled in the shape of a dome forty-two feet in diameter and twenty-eight high. These are surrounded, at a distance of ten feet, by another circle composed of blocks of quartz rock.

Such are some few of the numerous traces of human occupation scattered over the steppes, while we have been able to give but a mere glimpse at the abundant relics of vanished civilizations which are spread everywhere throughout the Eastern hemisphere, chiefly wrought by the hands of nations whose names are scarcely known to history, or who perished in those far distant ages of which even tradition has preserved no record. To give aught like a full view of these extensive remains would need volumes, and must include many traces of human action which we have scarcely glanced at, such as mounds, lines of earthworks, pyramidal heaps, pottery, and many other monuments of man's past. If the whole present civilized world, with its countless works of art and skill, were deserted, and ravaged during thousands of years by war, scathed by fire and rent by earthquakes, its iron all rust, its books all ashes, its wood and perishable fabrics all dust, the archæologist of the future would find far less evidence of a great past than is presented to us in the works yet remaining from the pre-historic ages. It is probable, then, that these extensive remains are significant of a greater degree of civilization than their builders are credited with, for the most important indications of civilized society are, unfortunately, the most perishable. The extent to which massive walls have been rent and overthrown shows plainly that only the most imperishable material and the firmest architecture can withstand the ravages of time.

Who built these vast monuments, that were as great a marvel at the birth of history as they are now? What vigorous race is this that has died out of existence, and left not even its name behind, and the origin of many of whose greatest works lies buried in the past beyond all human research? We find

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a general character of Cyclopean massiveness of materials, boldness of design and vigor of execution displayed in them all. Besides this characteristic, we discover peculiar modes of building extending from England to India. The Stonehenge of the West is paralleled in Western Asia; the dikes of Arabia are duplicated in Ceylon; the Pelasgian arch is not confined to Greece, nor the Egyptian pyramid to the banks of the Nile; traces of vast structures in brick are found alike at Balkh and in Chaldea; the Celtic barrow is found in India,—these and other links of connection pointing to a common origin. Are they, then, the work of a great race, preceding all history and tradition, whose empire extended from farthest India to the shores of Erin? Their diversities do not preclude this, for equal diversities are displayed in the works of the various Aryan tribes which in later times have spread over a yet more extensive territory.

Some little idea of the degree of civilization possessed by them may be arrived at by considering their architectural skill, and the great knowledge of mechanical expedients displayed in their power of moving and lifting heavy materials. The use of the inclined plane is not sufficient to account for their achievements, for they have lifted some very heavy weights in positions in which no inclined plane could be erected.

Ancient tradition and mythology also dimly point to great peoples and great deeds in the far past, yielding baffling hints which it is very difficult to erect into history. Many important historical points are also engraved on the bricks and stones of their temples. From the hieroglyphics much of Egyptian history has been learned, and the numerous inscriptions on the Arabian, Chaldean and Persian ruins may yet yield useful additions to our knowledge of the past. The artistic powers of this race are shown in numerous sculptures of decided ability—their mechanical skill in the fact that the Indian rock-temple at Elephanta is hewn in a hard porphyry which tries the temper of the best steel. Of their science the famed astronomical skill of the Chaldeans is an earnest. Records of astronomical observations extending many years were found by the savants of Alexander's army in the temples of Babylon, and sent home to Aristotle. Similar records may still exist in Chaldea.

We know that the Phœnicians had written books, and have much reason to suppose that both they and the Egyptians were tribes of the old race in question. That they were a maritime race we may judge from the Phœnician skill in this respect, from the fact that the most important ruins lie near the seacoast, and from the mythological stories of early maritime adventure. Hercules may have been an old sea-rover of this race. In his great expedition west he is represented as carrying a cup, which may possibly have been the old form of the mariner's compass. We have reason to believe that the Phœnicians possessed this instrument, and know that it once took the form of a cup of water, on whose surface the needle floated. Bacchus also was possibly a conquering hero of this race, the deeds of whose kings may have originated many of the Greek myths. And if we wish a name by which to designate their empire, the Cush of the Hebrews and Indians, and the Ethiopia of the Greeks, probably point to the land of this old people.

Their ancient culture came down in the streams of Phœnician, Chaldean and Egyptian civilization, giving inspiration in the West to the Grecian enlightenment, and in the East infiltrating the mind of the Indian Aryans. From Greece and its daughter in civilization, Rome, came the origin of the enlightenment of the Modern World, reaching down to us through the links of the Alexandrian schools and the Saracen culture.

Thus it appears that no nation or race of men can go back to the origin of its civilization, the culture of mankind seeming to be a plant of slow but continuous growth, traceable back in an unbroken line for thousands of years,

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while the first, perhaps equally long, epoch of its growth is utterly lost to us, or only seen in such rude relics as remain in the Swiss lake-dwellings, or in the work of the earlier savage tribes of Western Europe. The empire of prehistoric civilization extended to America, on whose soil it has left its mark. The consideration of these American remains must, however, be left to a succeeding article, they being as numerous and as striking as those we have already described.

CHARLES MORRIS.

IN LOVE WITH A SHADOW.

CÉSAR DIDOTTE was a native of Cologne. He was of a sanguine disposition, twenty-two years old, and was employed by Jean Maria Farina (whose Eau de Cologne has attained a world-wide reputation) as a clerk in the counting-room of the vast manufactory in the Rue de Puanteur.

After three harmonious years, César Didotte and Jean Maria Farina had a slight difficulty: what this difficulty was about is immaterial—sufficient that it *was*. It was very slight at first, but both parties were stiff-necked and the difficulty increased, until at last César Didotte and Jean Maria Farina parted; and they parted in anger.

When this parting became absolute and final, two desires of equal strength arose in César's breast, and these were—to be avenged on his late master, and to make his own fortune.

He determined to combine these two purposes in this wise: He would manufacture a perfume far better and cheaper than Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne: this perfume of course would be bought by every one, to the utter exclusion of the article manufactured by his rival, who, in consequence of being unable to sell his wares, would be ruined, while his own (César Didotte's) pockets would be rapidly filled by the profits arising from the enormous sales of his article. Thus easily and quickly would his two great purposes be attained. One is so very sanguine at twenty-two!

César was in possession of a little money, part of which he had inherited from his father, and part of which he had saved from his salary; for he had been prudent, and, whatever else might be the faults of Jean Maria Farina, in the matter of salary his conduct had been exemplary. But even with this money, César's chance for anything like success would have seemed, to unprejudiced eyes, very slim.

César Didotte, when he had made up his mind to anything, always gave himself up for a season to profound thought. So on this occasion he took a profound think. The result of this profound think was the following logical chain of deductions: "The public adores anything that is outré: if one is outré, one will be successful: *I* will be outré—ergo I shall be successful."

Acting on this reasoning, he determined that his new perfume should be contained in strangely-shaped vases of the finest Sèvres pottery, and that each vase should be enclosed in a casket of unique design, and that these caskets, besides carving and gilding, should have portrayed on their panels pictures of the loveliest women that the most refined fancy of the greatest artists could create; for the perfume was to be called "L'Haleine d'une Femme charmante," and the pictures were to represent *les femmes* from whom *l'haleine* had been extracted. It will be seen that César's original idea as to cheapness had completely vanished. He had got astride

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of a hobby, poor boy! and the hobby was running away with him.

In pursuance of his grand scheme, an architect of distinction was engaged to make designs for the caskets, orders were sent off to the great works at Sèvres for the vases, and a sublime carver was employed to make the distinguished architect's designs a reality in rare and costly woods.

As the bills for these various articles came in, César found that original designs of architects of distinction, unique vases of Sèvres pottery and sublime carvings in wood were the most expensive luxuries that he had ever indulged in. And if to these were to be superadded the creations of the refined fancy of the greatest artists, these creations would undoubtedly be the "last straw," and the result would be that César Didotte's financial back would be broken. So, instead of great artists preparing the pictures for the caskets, this portion of the work was performed by a simple photographer; but even a simple photographer will not work for nothing, and the "little bill" sent in by this acidulated son of the sun was the last that César paid. Why tell of his sad ending? We saw how it must result from the first. The clouds of ruin closed darkly in around the unfortunate César Didotte. Naught was left for him but to succumb. Cruel officers of the law, fiends in human shape, bore away his precious caskets and vases: a sale took place, and—oh horror of horrors! —Jean Maria Farina became their owner!

But César Didotte's sorrows did not end with the loss of his caskets, his vases, his desire of revenge, his hopes of fortune and of the immortality which he would have attained by his perfume. No: he sank lower yet. The heartless and profligate Jean Maria Farina heaped insult upon his injuries by coolly advising him to let bygones be bygones, and requesting him to resume his clerkship in the great manufactory of Eau de Cologne!

César Didotte was a heartbroken man; so he allowed himself to be insulted, and resumed his clerkship. Ah, my friends, this is a cruel world!

[The above anecdote was kindly furnished to me by an eminent French author, whose veracity is undoubted; and inasmuch as it has a direct bearing upon the story which I am about to relate, I have deemed it fitting that it should be given entire to the reader.]

Richard Wentworth was an enthusiast upon two subjects—to wit: pretty women and Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne. The latter he could always obtain without trouble, for where is there a town of so little importance that one is unable therein to purchase Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne? Echo promptly answers, "Nowhere."

As to the former— Well, there is sometimes more difficulty. His desire to become acquainted with every pretty girl that he saw was frequently productive of strange and amusing adventures. Instance: He happened to be loafing round Pier No. 14 East River on the day on which the "Golden Rule" sailed for Panama. Amongst the passengers he noticed one of the fair subjects of his enthusiasm. In an instant his resolve was formed. He rushed to the shipping-office and engaged passage on the vessel, rushed back and tumbled on board, and in an hour was steaming down the bay. Next morning he discovered that the object of his admiration was not on board—had merely been there to bid a friend good-bye. Richard was sold! This was not the worst of it: as we know, the "Golden Rule"

"On a coral reef did come to grief,"

even as in different waters came to grief the "Nancy Bell;" and although he was not compelled "to wittle free"

"On the crew of the captain's gig,"

as were the mariners on the last-named unfortunate vessel, yet he had a pretty rough time of it; and if he did not repent his precipitation in dust and ashes, he at least repented on salt junk and ship's biscuit, which, I take it, of the two modes of repentance, is by odds the worst.

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Any number of similar instances of his eccentricities might be cited, but as they have nothing whatever to do with his being "In Love with a Shadow," I pass them over.

As before stated, Richard's secondary enthusiasm was Jean Maria Farina's Eau de Cologne. It was an amiable weakness, and, one would think, not likely to prove romantic. But it is never safe to say that *anything* is unromantic.

A friend of Richard's, while stopping at Cologne on a visit to the three kings and the eleven thousand virgins, chanced to observe in the salesroom of the manufactory in the Rue de Puanteur one of César Didotte's caskets, which had been degraded to the low estate of a simple vase of Eau de Cologne. The friend was greatly pleased with the elegance of the design and execution, and remembering Richard's peculiar fondness for the seductive perfume which the casket contained, he invested an indefinite number of Napoleons and became the possessor of it. After making, in the American fashion, an all-embracing tour of Europe in three months, the friend returned to his Transatlantic home, and shortly thereafter presented Richard with the casket.

As a work of art the casket was an undoubted success: the architect of distinction and the sublime carver in wood had immortalized themselves. Nor were the original designs in Sèvres pottery unfit accompaniments to the work of these great artists: the vases were unique and very beautiful. In short, the whole affair was one of those triumphs of mind over matter that only occur once in a century. As we are aware, the financial troubles of the unfortunate César Didotte had compelled him to substitute simple photographs for paintings by an eminent artist, but the photographer whom he had employed was of *première force*, and had accomplished his work in a style that redounded not only to his own individual credit, but to the credit of French photographers at large.

Knowing as we do Richard's admiration for pretty faces, we can readily imagine his delight when he beheld the collection of pictures accompanying the perfume in which he took such pleasure.

At first sight he regarded them much as the third Calender regarded the forty damsels—as being each more beautiful than the other. Gradually, however, a particular one assumed a more and more prominent position, until it finally eclipsed all the others. The pictures seemed to be copies of paintings of the classic school, to judge from the draperies, which were excessively airy, and would hardly have done for street costumes, to put it delicately. This one particular star, however, was arrayed in the costume ordinarily worn by ladies of the present day, and this circumstance it was that first attracted Richard's attention. From continually gazing at this picture his susceptible nature became unduly influenced by its beauties, and before he was aware of it he was in love with a shadow! An absurd thing, even if the shadow had been the shadow of a flesh-and-blood woman; but the shadow of a picture! — the idea was preposterous.

Richard, however, gradually worked himself into the belief that it was *not* the shadow of a painting, and that somewhere the photograph had a living and breathing Reality. His ground for this assumption was very slight—merely the difference in dress between this and the other figures—but for a hopeful man this was quite sufficient. When he had, on this slight proof, convinced himself of the being of the Reality, he became fired with the purpose of going in search of her, and, when found, marrying her right out of hand.

With this end in view he applied to the friend who had brought the casket for any information which he could give that would be likely to assist him in finding the fair unknown. All that he could obtain from this source was the bare statement as to where the casket had been purchased, which amounted to almost nothing. Still, with nothing more explicit to guide him, he made his arrangements for a

lengthened sojourn in France, determined to find the Reality or—explode.

Richard possessed a cousin of eccentric habits: the family, I am grieved to say, were known as "the crazy Wentworths," as each member of it was apt to be distinguished by some peculiarity more or less remarkable. Now the peculiarity of this cousin was amateur photography. If he had not been born a Wentworth, this would not, probably, have been considered at all singular; but being so born his friends and acquaintances were pleased to consider it a sign of the family failing. Undoubtedly he studied the science of photography with much greater minuteness than an ordinary amateur is apt to do. Not only was he acquainted with the process of taking every variety of sun-pictures, but he had also a thorough knowledge of the entire manufacture of photographic materials. In short, he was a walking encyclopædia of photography. Now, this encyclopædia was of an uncertain and nomadic nature. He had a rather singular habit of disappearing occasionally for months at a time, turning up again in the most natural manner in some most unnatural place. It was this habit, to my mind, that stamped him as a Wentworth, rather than his photographic propensities.

That this bird of passage should happen to alight on his rooftree at this particular juncture was looked upon by Richard as being little short of a special providence. What form of assistance he would receive Richard was at a loss to know, but his cousin "knew all about photographs, and must be able to do something." This beautiful evidence of faith was amply justified.

A smoking council was called, and between the whiffs, after a short preliminary explanation, the case was thus stated for the plaintiff by Wentworth, Q. C.: "Here's the picture" (picture produced and handed to the jury)—"bought in Cologne, November 17, last year—live woman somewhere—love her—going to hunt her up and marry her. Tell me what you know, that's a good old Bird!"

The amiable old Fowl thus adjured, after examining the photograph for the space of five minutes with the greatest attention, spoke as follows: "The picture is undoubtedly French—"

"Tell me something that I don't know," interrupted Richard.

"And has been," went on the other, heedless of the interruption, "undoubtedly taken by an artist who is not a member of the French 'Société Photographique.' The proof is, that all members of the Société agree and pledge themselves not to use the bichloride of nitrate of silver in the preparation of their pictures. The reasons for this are numerous: the chief one is—"

"Bother the bichloride of nitrate of silver! What earthly difference does it make what preparation was used, if I don't know who used it?"

"True," calmly replied the Fowl: "I was regarding the matter from a scientific point of view."

"You will be kind enough to regard it from a practical point of view, and endeavor to assist me in finding the original of the photograph."

"It's rude to interrupt, Richard; besides, I am coming to the practical part in a moment." And settling himself comfortably, the old Bird thus oracularly delivered himself: "Your chances of discovering this young woman, provided that there *is* such a young woman and that the picture is not the creation of an artist's fancy, depend upon the following facts: Photographers in France are divided into two classes—those who belong to the 'Société Photographique,' and those who do not. Of the first, which is by far the larger portion, a society record or catalogue is kept, giving the name and place of business of each member. *All* photographers are registered by the police, and copies of all these registers are kept at the Hôtel de Ville in Paris. By an imperial decree the manufacture of photographic materials is confined to three large houses in Paris, and these houses are compelled to keep a register of all goods manufactured and of the persons to whom the articles are sold. Now, in

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France thirteen sizes of cameras are used—No. 1 being the smallest, the size increasing regularly to No. 13, the largest. Of these cameras, Nos. 3, 4 and 5 are most commonly used: the *least* used are Nos. 7, 8 and 9. The photograph under consideration was taken with a No. 8 camera. You understand me so far?"

"Perfectly," said Richard, who was utterly confused with this array of statistics.

"Very good. Well, then, your course of action must result from a combination of all these facts. First, go to Paris and examine the registers at the Hôtel de Ville, comparing them carefully with the catalogue of the 'Société Photographique.' By this means you will be enabled to find who are *not* members of the Société, and it was one of them who took the picture. Of these you will make a careful list. When this is done you will next go to the manufacturers of photographic materials, show your list and ask which of those named in it has bought a No. 8 camera. These you will check off with their addresses. Finally, go to each of these photographers so checked, show your picture and ask the name of the original—ask, and the chances are a thousand to one that they will be unable to tell you! *Is* that claret-cup that George is bringing in? I am *so* thirsty!" And the Oracle sank wearily back and allowed himself to be cupped.

"By Jove, old fellow! you're a perfect trump! Who would have imagined that all the photographic rubbish you've been cramming into your head for the last ten years would ever come to any practical use? Why, the case is as clear as daylight. Of course the beggars keep a register of negatives, just as they do here; so all I shall have to do when I find my man will be to give him the number: he'll refer to his book, find the name, and the whole thing will be settled in five minutes."

"'Seems to me," said the Oracle, languidly, "that there's a trifling defect in your reasoning. I don't believe that there *is* any number on this picture."

"It's on the back," said Richard, confidently.

"Shall I smash the box and see?" asked the Oracle.

"Certainly: go ahead."

The result was as predicted: not a shadow of a number was visible, and the casket was ruined.

"Hallo!" said the Oracle, suddenly, after a careful examination of the picture: "here's her name."

"Her *what?*"

"Her name. Lucie — Lucie de — something or other: I can't make it out."

Richard snatched the picture from the Oracle's hands and examined it eagerly. The name was on that part of it which had been covered by the moulding of the casket, and a few drops of varnish had managed to run down and obscure a portion of the writing. The Oracle was correct; Lucie de—something or other—was all that was readable. Richard attempted to remove the varnish, and in part succeeded, but he removed the paper underneath as well, and with it all possible hope of discovering the name. So near to a discovery, and yet to fail so utterly in making it!

"Don't cry, old fellow," said the Oracle, aggravatingly.

Did the Recording Angel set a fine of five shillings against Richard's name just then? Truth compels us to say that if the Recording Angel attended to his business he most certainly did.

Cool reflection, however, showed Richard that he was not a bit worse off than before the discovery had been made that there was a name: indeed he had one clew more—the name "Lucie." ("What a pretty name it is!" thought Richard.)

The Oracle's advice should be followed to the letter, and that he would be enabled, by so following it, to find his "Reality," Richard had not a doubt. So, with hope strong in his breast, he made his preparations for going to France.

After a couple of weeks spent in toss-

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ing about on the briny, Richard landed in "La belle France," and immediately set about the prosecution of his search. A catalogue of the "Société Photographique" was purchased, and armed with letters from the American minister, with whom he was acquainted, he found the doors of the Hôtel de Ville fly open at his approach, and the registers which he wished to examine placed at his disposal.

Two weary weeks were spent in comparing the catalogue and registers, selecting, as the Oracle had directed, the names of photographers not members of the Société. The result was a list of some two hundred and fifty names, any one of which might be that of the photographer who took the picture which Richard possessed.

The next step was to go to the manufacturers of photographic materials. These were disposed to bluff him at first, but when they understood that his quest was connected with *une affaire du cœur*, the natural French gallantry came to the front, and every assistance was rendered to him.

A couple of days finished this part of the work, and left him with his list reduced to seventy-odd names, the respective owners of which were scattered throughout the length and breadth of France.

As all good generals lay down plans for their campaigns, Richard, with the assistance of Murray, laid down a plan for his, dividing the empire into sections, to be "drawn" successively, and he hoped successfully; and as soon as this plan was fixed he proceeded to act on it.

A three-volume novel might be filled with Richard's adventures amongst French photographers, but whether anybody would read such a three-volume novel is quite another question.

After a month's steady work he had run to earth some sixty of the men whose names were on his list, and the sixty had said as one man that they hadn't the ghost of an idea as to who the Reality of Richard's shadow might, could, would or should be. Richard wasn't exactly discouraged, but it was "getting monotonous."

His search led him at last to the sleepy old cathedral town of Rheims, famous in days of yore for its excommunicative lord cardinal and God-fearing jackdaw. (The excommunicative lord cardinal is dead long ago, and the jackdaws of Rheims have become, in the lapse of centuries, corrupt, and are now no better than the jackdaws of anywhere else. This is a moral, and shows—well, I don't know exactly what, but something very remarkable, without doubt.)

There were three photographers in Rheims who were not members of the Société, and who had in their possession No. 8 cameras. So many chances in one town made Richard's "dying hope revive again," and he went at his work with spirit.

The first photographer was very polite: he was also very sorry—"désolé," he said—that he was unable to afford monsieur any information relative to the picture about which monsieur was so anxious; but unfortunately he, the photographer, had never seen it before, nor any person who in the least resembled it. Richard's hopes fell a little as he bade No. 1 "good-day," and proceeded to No. 2.

No. 2, though not so polite and sympathetic as No. 1, had the same answer to communicate, and communicated it. Richard's hopes had another fall.

Photographer No. 3 lived in the outskirts of the town, and it took Richard some little time to find him. At last he discovered a modest little house, above the main entrance of which protruded a modest little sign bearing the modest little name of "Raphael Michel Angelo Jeans," and stating that all descriptions of the finest photographs could be obtained from that artist. As this was the man of whom he was in search, Richard entered the atelier, and was confronted by the proprietor of the name. He was a queer-looking little fellow, this artist in sun-pictures: his legs, short and thin, were surmounted by a long, fat body, which in turn was capped by a huge head. The idea was

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irresistibly forced upon Richard that the little man had been cradled as an infant in a funnel, the shape of which, in his growth, he had assumed. He had besides the oddest habit, whenever he spoke, of flapping his ears, which were simply immense, as if they had been a a pair of wings. Altogether, he was a very remarkable object.

"Does monsieur wish his picture taken?"

"No," replied Richard. "I came to ask if you can give me any information relative to this picture," showing his "Shadow" as he spoke to the photographer. "I have reason to believe that it was executed either by you or by one of your workmen, and should be willing to pay almost any sum if you will give me the name and address of the original."

Raphael gazed attentively at the photograph for a few moments, and then said: "You are right, monsieur: this picture was executed in my atelier for one Monsieur Didotte, if I remember rightly, of Cologne. As to the name of the original, I haven't the slightest idea what it is. Monsieur has probably been struck with the beauty of my workmanship, and desires to possess further specimens of my skill?"

"No, again, Monsieur Raphael; but your work, like that of your great namesake, is so true to life that my heart has succumbed to the beauty which you have so faithfully portrayed. I am in love with your picture, and have traveled thousands of miles to find the original."

Raphael's ear waved a graceful acknowledgment of the compliment in the first part of Richard's sentence, but at the last part his face fell. "Alas, monsieur!" he said, "I am utterly unable to assist you, for the original of the picture I never saw, and her name I never knew."

"The deuce you didn't! How did you take her photograph if you didn't see her, I should like to know?" Richard spoke sharply, for he thought that Raphael was—telegramming.

Raphael understood the turn which Richard's thoughts had taken, and his ears flapped reprovingly. "Monsieur is hasty," he said. "The picture was copied by me from a negative belonging to my brother, who was also a photographer."

"Pardon me, Monsieur Raphael: my long and fruitless search has tried my nerves, making me hardly accountable for frequent little outbursts of passion. But this brother of whom you speak, where is he?"

"I presume not to say, monsieur: le bon Dieu is merciful, and I hope that poor Adolphe is a blessed saint in heaven, but I must own that I doubt it a little. He was always a scatterbrained scamp, was Adolphe, and gave us great trouble with his mad conduct. The rascal aspired to be a literary man, and was never so happy as when he was scribbling some nonsense or other: love-letters were his principal compositions—the dog was always in love—and these he wrote by reams. Poetry he would reel off by the mile, and when these sources failed he would write what he called his 'loch:' what the word means I cannot say—he picked it up from a wild sailor-fellow whom he met in his rambles—but Adolphe's 'loch' was a sort of journal, which he kept with more or less regularity during the last few years of his life. I could never have patience to read it, as it is nothing but a history of his wild pranks. Two years ago he announced his intention of settling down and becoming a photographer, being incited to this resolution by my success in winning fame and fortune in the business. We were all greatly pleased with his resolve, and supposed that it was a genuine reform. But before he had been in the business six months he took a picture of the Countess Dumwadsky: within a week he was captured, tried and sentenced to the galleys at Toulon. He felt the disgrace keenly, poor boy! and before the first year of his sentence had half expired he expired himself—dying, I verily believe, of a broken heart."

Raphael's ears wagged mournfully as he told the story of his brother's mis-

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deeds and death, seeming to emphasize the saddest portions of the narrative with their emphatic wavings.

When he finished, Richard burst out indignantly: "Sent to the galleys for taking the picture of a countess, when his business compelled him to take the picture of any one that desired it! Well, that *is* French justice with a vengeance!"

"Monsieur misunderstands: the picture that Adolphe took was a miniature that was left with him to be copied, and which was set with diamonds valued at fifty thousand francs."

"Ah!" was all that Richard could reply: the perfect coolness with which Raphael thus made a confidant of an entire stranger in such a very delicate family matter quite took away his breath.

"Yes, monsieur," continued Raphael, "the poor misguided youth took the frame of the miniature to a jeweler and attempted to sell it: as ill luck would have it, he took it to the very man whom the countess had employed to make it, and of course it was at once recognized. The jeweler had his suspicions, and detained Adolphe while he sent to ask the countess if she had authorized the sale: of course she had not, so poor Adolphe was, as I said, caught, tried and sentenced to the galleys."

For a few moments there was a silence, only broken by the flapping of Raphael's ears.

The photographer then resumed: "And this picture, monsieur, which you show me, I would that I were able to give you some information respecting it, but indeed I cannot. The negative from which I copied it was one of a number that I found amongst Adolphe's effects after his death: where it was taken originally I have not the slightest idea, for Adolphe could never be induced to settle down to any fixed spot, but went rambling around the country with his camera slung over his shoulder, and a knapsack, containing his chemicals and a few odds and ends of clothing, strapped on his back, taking his pictures in farmers' kitchens or on the roadside, just as he happened to meet a customer. Ah, he was a born vagabond, was Adolphe."

"Here is a portion of a name," said Richard, drawing the attention of Raphael to the name which the Oracle had discovered: "perhaps it may afford means of discovering the original of the picture."

For a few moments Raphael gazed at the name with a puzzled expression: then his face cleared. "I think that I can explain it, monsieur," he said. "At the time that I prepared this picture for Monsieur Didotte a Parisian opera troupe was performing here at Rheims. I remember that one of my workmen was struck with a likeness which he imagined existed between the prima donna and this picture: it was undoubtedly he who wrote these words, and they are intended for 'Lucie de Lammermoor'—the opera was *Lucia di Lammermoor*."

"And *did* the prima donna resemble the picture?" asked Richard.

"Not a particle, monsieur: it was all the silly fellow's fancy."

"And so, Monsieur Raphael, you are utterly unable to give me the slightest clew?" said Richard, despairingly.

"Alas, monsieur! it is beyond my power."

"At least allow me to express my appreciation of your kind sympathy. Pray accept this trifling sum as a recompense for your time, upon which I have unwarrantably trespassed;" saying which Richard pressed a rouleau of Napoleons into the hand of the little photographer, and sadly left the atelier.

When Raphael opened the rouleau and saw the sum which Richard had denominated "trifling," his astonishment was beyond bounds. "Ten Napoleons for half an hour of my time!" he exclaimed: "he must be a prince traveling incognito!" And the little man's ears wagged at such a rate that there was positive danger of their wagging off.

Poor Richard! The disappointment was stunning. The checks which he had heretofore experienced in his pursuit of the "Reality" had been merely

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temporary, but this one seemed final. He had found the man from whom the picture emanated, and that man was unable to tell him anything about it. He walked back to his hotel in a dazed and semi-idiotic condition, in which state he continued during the remainder of the day.

Next morning his buoyant nature reasserted itself, and he again began to lay plans for the prosecution of his search. While engaged in this train of thought he naturally reverted to his conversation with Raphael: suddenly the remembrance of Adolphe's "log" flashed across his mind. "By Jove, what an ass I was!" he exclaimed. Which opinion, taken as an abstract statement, was probably quite correct.

His ring brought down the bell-rope and a waiter simultaneously, the latter inquiring in a terrified manner, "If monsieur was ill?" Without paying any attention to the man's polite solicitude regarding his health, Richard sent him off at top speed for a carriage, into which, as soon as it arrived, he jumped, ordering the driver to gallop his horses to Raphael's. Arrived there, Richard burst into the atelier in such a violent manner that Raphael was scared out of what little growth was left in him, and his very ears refused to wag from terror.

"The log, the journal, Monsieur Raphael!" said Richard, wildly: "I beseech you to let me see it."

"My prince—I mean monsieur—what log, what journal? I do not understand."

"Your brother Adolphe's log—that of which you told me yesterday. I feel convinced that in that journal I shall find the name of the original of my picture: pray allow me to see it. Any sum that you may choose to name I shall not consider as too great a price for the privilege which I ask."

Raphael had by this time recovered his equanimity, and replied: "Monsieur's mind is vast and far-seeing: certainly nothing is more likely than that Adolphe should have noted in his log the fact of his having taken the picture of such a beautiful woman, for he was always on the lookout for that species of animal, the rascal! I shall be delighted to show monsieur the manuscript; and as to remuneration, after monsieur's princely gift of yesterday I cannot ask any."

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur Raphael; and when can I become possessed of the log?"

"Instantly, monsieur." And as he spoke Raphael unlocked a cabinet which stood at one end of the atelier, and after a few minutes' search amongst a promiscuous mass of papers, drew forth a battered and dog's-eared volume, which he handed to Richard. "It is yours, monsieur," he said; "and I sincerely hope that through it you may be enabled to find the beautiful Reality of your picture."

Richard's thanks were confused, as he was crazy to get back to his hotel, where he could examine the precious volume at his ease; but as they were elucidated by a roll of crisp bank-notes, which he forced the amiable and sympathetic photographer to accept, it is probable that they were understood: Raphael certainly wagged his ears in an understanding way. Richard drove back to his hotel at the same breakneck pace at which he had left it, and rushing to his room, shut the door with a bang and sat himself down to examine the manuscript.

By this time every one in the hotel, from the colonel of chasseurs who had apartments on the first floor, to the little scullion who slept in the loft amongst the bats, was fully convinced that Richard was stark, staring mad, and there was very serious counsel being held between the landlord and the landlord's wife as to the expediency of having him clapped into a strait-jacket and sent off to Dr. Girardin's Maison des Fous—an establishment which, dear reader, I can heartily recommend in case it should ever become necessary to send you to such an institution.

Richard, all this while serenely unconscious of the concern felt for his welfare, was deeply absorbed in Adolphe's log. It was very amusing, certainly,

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that history of a scampish Frenchman, and at any other time Richard would have enjoyed it keenly. As it was, however, he was in such a state of excitement that his risibles were hardly moved by the very many queer scrapes which Adolphe had managed to get into, and from which he had invariably retired with graceful ease, always the winner.

The photographic part of Adolphe's life had been short, and the account of it was contained in a few pages, but Richard, fearing to miss any possible clew, read the whole thing through from beginning to end; and the result was—nothing! As he listlessly turned the leaves of the journal after having arrived at this gratifying conclusion, he came across two leaves stuck together at the edges, which he must have overlooked in his hurried reading. Hope told him that a discovery was at hand, and for once Hope was not an arrant liar. This was what he read:

"*Blois*, 7 September.—Awoke before the sun had risen. The cool morning air seemed to tempt me to begin my walk to Tours before the heat of the day set in. A friendly shed offered ready assistance in descending from my chamber window to the ground; and with the sweet sounds of gently stirring life all around me, the first sleepy twitter of the birds in the hedgerows and the soft lowing of the waking cattle in the fields, I gayly set out on my walk. I had gone a couple of miles perhaps, when I suddenly remembered that my bill at 'La Pointe du Jour' was unpaid. Was it an accidental omission or had it occurred designedly? I swear I cannot tell. 'Twas too far to go back, that was certain; so I consoled myself by breathing a little prayer for grace for madame the hostess when she should discover that I had disappeared, and happily continued on my way.

"About noon a beautiful park appeared on the right of the road: through the openings between the trees I could catch glimpses of a noble château, from the topmost turret of which a great flag flapped lazily under the hot sun.

"As this scene appeared I apostrophized myself in the following manner: 'Adolphe, my boy, under the roof of that princely château is to be found your dinner. You are hungry—go and eat. The ravens fed the good prophet in the wilderness: if your family is to be believed, you yourself are a small profit to them or any one else. Furthermore, you too are ravenous; the similarity of the cases is great. Go, nothing doubting, and you will be fed.' My faith was rewarded: when is faith *not* rewarded? My appearance at the château was hailed with delight. Monsieur the count wished his favorite horse photographed; madame the countess, her favorite cat; the cook wished his picture taken for the countess' femme de chambre, and the femme de chambre, reciprocally, wished her picture taken for the cook; and so on through the household. In short, I reaped a rich harvest. But the crowning glory of the day was when mademoiselle, the count's niece, sent for me to her boudoir, and I was allowed the exquisite bliss of assisting the sun to trace on paper her lovely countenance. Words are totally inadequate to describe her beauty. She was not a blonde, she was not a brunette, but all the graces that seem to be peculiar to both of these styles were united in her. The effect was dazzling. Alas! the time was all too short, stretch it as I would: an hour was all that I could by any pretext pass in her society. As I left the boudoir the sun cast a dimmer light, and Nature, which while I was with her had seemed all harmony and beauty, was now repulsive and discordant.

"I made arrangements with the count to return in a week with the finished pictures, and sadly took my departure.

"*Marseilles*, 20 September.—I have been unable to return to the château: that miserable woman, the hostess of 'La Pointe du Jour,' was not affected by the prayer which I breathed for her, and has set the police on my track. Luckily, I happened to overhear a man in a cabaret tell the story of what he termed my 'robbery and flight,' and by

this means was enabled to put a long stretch of country between myself and my pursuers. To think that a horrid woman, the hostess of a miserable inn, should have prevented me from again beholding the count's beautiful niece! Farewell, lovely lady: your adoring Adolphe will carry your 'negative' with him to the tomb!"

When Richard had finished the foregoing he laid down the manuscript, caught up his hat, and waving it round his head gave vent to three genuine American cheers, to which he superadded a not less genuine American "tiger." The cheers might have been endured, but this anachronism in zoology was too much for the dwellers in the hotel. The landlord, the landlady, the waiters, the chambermaids, the colonel of chasseurs and the little scullion, all rushed madly to Richard's room, and a general cry of "Suppress that dormouse!" was sounded through all the corridors and chambers of the hotel. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* had just been translated and published, and they had all been reading it, which accounts for their uttering this seemingly irrelevant war-cry.

Richard's door, not being made to resist such a pressure, burst open when the crowd brought up against it, and the whole *posse comitatus* was landed in a confused heap at Richard's feet. The colonel of chasseurs arose swearing from the stomach of the small scullion, upon which Fate had seated him, and the small scullion arose, some minutes later, crying, for the colonel of chasseurs was a stout man and had come down with crushing violence. The landlord and the landlady, the waiters and chambermaids, picked themselves or each other up, and then they all looked at Richard, and Richard calmly looked at them all.

"Will monsieur explain the cause of the strange noise which arose in his room a few moments since?" inquired the landlord.

"With pleasure, monsieur the landlord," returned Richard: "the cause of that noise was—exuberance of joy."

"Monsieur will pardon me if I express the opinion that such evidences of joy are unseemly."

"Monsieur the landlord will please pardon *me* if I express *my* opinion that for him and his whole household to burst into a stranger's room is unseemly."

"But, monsieur—"

"But me no buts, monsieur the landlord: your conduct is outrageous. I leave your house instantly: bring me my bill."

"The blessed saints be praised!" murmured the landlady.

"It shall be as monsieur desires," replied the landlord; and he left the room, followed by the landlady, the waiters, the chambermaids, the colonel of chasseurs and the little scullion. Two hours later Richard was on his way to Paris.

Long after all remembrance of the excommunicative lord cardinal and the holy jackdaw has faded from the minds of the good people of Rheims, will the visit of the American gentleman, who made strange and horrible noises from exuberance of joy, remain vivid and distinct.

Richard arrived in Paris late in the afternoon. A consultation with Murray informed him that a night express started for Blois at 10 P. M. This suited him exactly. He bolted his dinner and rushed to the station, arriving just as the starting-bell was ringing: he had just time to tumble into a carriage and the train rolled away. In the compartment which he had entered there was but one other traveler, and as he was asleep, if Richard had felt any desire for lively converse on the journey, he would have been disappointed: fortunately, he felt no such desire. The unknown traveler was so carefully wrapped in railway rugs as to resemble strongly an Egyptian mummy on his way to visit some of his friends in a French graveyard: the illusion was a little dispelled by a traveling cap drawn over his face, for Egyptian mummies, as a rule, do not wear traveling caps. As Richard was tired from the excitement of the day and his journey up to Paris, he quickly

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followed the mummy's example, and went to sleep too.

When he awoke the sun was streaming in at the carriage window, and the train was sweeping along the lovely valley of the Loire, amidst blooming orchards and bright green fields, while here and there a shimmering glimpse of the river was visible between the trees.

Richard gazed in a sleepily appreciative way at the landscape for a few moments, and then turned his attention to his fellow-traveler. The cap had fallen back from the mummy's face, and Richard's surprise may be imagined when he recognized in the mummy his cousin the Oracle! His sleepiness vanished in an instant, and springing up he gave his relative a most terrific punch in the ribs with the laudable purpose of wakening him.

"What the devil are you about?" roared the sufferer, starting to his feet with an expression of intense agony on his countenance.

"By Jove, old fellow!" said Richard, heartily, "I'm delighted to see you: you're the very last man that I expected to meet."

"Do you mean to say that you deliberately waked me up, by crushing in three of my ribs and ruining my digestion for ever, for no other purpose than to tell me that I was 'the last man that you expected to meet, and that you were glad to see me?' Allow me to observe that *I* am *not* glad to see *you*: quite the reverse."

"Really, old fellow, I beg your pardon: I didn't mean to punch so hard. I hope I didn't hurt you much."

"Oh, of course it doesn't hurt much to have one's ribs caved in," said the Oracle, sulkily. "And now that you've expressed your joy at seeing me," he added in a moment, "perhaps you'll let me finish my nap: I'm horribly sleepy."

"Certainly, old fellow; but before you go off tell me what ever has brought you to France?"

"Will you promise not to bother me about explanations, at least not till I wake up?"

"Yes."

"Honor bright, remember! Well, I've come to France to get married!" Saying which, the Oracle calmly curled himself upon the seat and straightway fell into a serene and peaceful slumber, leaving Richard utterly dumbfounded.

Richard ruminated on this strange freak of the Oracle's, but was unable to make head or tail of it. "I wish the beast would wake up and explain," he thought, but the Beast did not seem inclined to wake up and explain, so Richard had to work out the best theory he could to account for his cousin's coming to France to get married; and of course, having nothing to go on, the theory was totally incorrect.

The train proceeded on its way for a couple of hours more, while Richard theorized and the Oracle slumbered, and then stopped at a station which Murray located some ten or twelve miles from Blois. The stop waked the Oracle, who jumped up and seized his rugs and shawl with the evident intention of alighting, the guard at the same moment opening the door of the carriage.

"I get out here, Dick," he said: "watch whom I join. I shall see you to-night at Blois. Ta-ta!"

"Hold on!" cried Richard: "where are you going?"

"Dépêchez vous, monsieur: le convoi va partir," said the guard, authoritatively, and the Oracle jumped out and the door of the carriage was slammed to.

As directed, Richard watched whom the Oracle joined. It was a lady, but he could not see her face. Just as the train started, apparently in pursuance of the Oracle's desire, the lady turned, looked full at Richard and smiled in the most bewitching manner. Every drop of blood in Richard's body rushed tumultuously to his heart: it was *she*, his adored REALITY! When he recovered from the effects of his surprise the train was entering the station at Blois. He drove to a hotel, and passed the remainder of the day in a state of mazy wonderment.

That the Oracle, whom four months ago he had left in America with the

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apparent purpose of passing the rest of his natural life there, should turn up in this unexpected manner, was remarkable, but, the habits of the individual being taken into consideration, not *very* surprising. That they should chance together in a railway train was also remarkable, but again, considered as before, not astonishing. But that the Oracle was going to be married—that was remarkable without any qualifying condition whatever; and that, with this intention of matrimony hanging over him, he should meet the girl that he (Richard) adored at a railway station, and go off with her hanging on his arm, was positively astounding, and, Richard could not disguise it from himself, horribly suggestive. What if his chase should prove fruitless, after all? What if—but this was too frightful an idea to contemplate—what if the Oracle, struck with the beauty of the fair "Shadow," had also come in search of her, and, his skill enabling him to find her more quickly, was already engaged, or—or—married to her? (Richard could not even think this last thought above a whisper.) He knew that all his doubts would be solved when, in the evening, the Oracle paid the visit which he had promised on the train: still, it was hard to wait. As to taking any measures toward seeing his Reality that day, he felt it would be impossible. It would need all his strength of mind to pass through that meeting successfully, and in his present nervous condition he knew that he could not attempt it.

It was the weariest day he had yet passed but at last evening arrived, and with it the Oracle. As he entered the room, Richard collared him and demanded an explanation of the strange coincidences of the day.

"Keep cool, Dick, and sit down and listen."

Richard could not very well keep cool, but he could, and did, sit down and listen, while the Oracle gave the following narrative:

"On my last visit to France, from whence I had just returned when I stopped at your place four months ago, I met the Count de Cardiac, and was invited by him to his château for a few weeks' shooting.

"At the château I met his niece, Éloise de Cardiac, the young lady whom you saw at the station to-day, and also the Reality of your 'Shadow.' How it happened I'm sure I don't know, but a friendship grew up between Éloise and myself, which in due time ripened into love: I proposed and was accepted."

Here Richard gave a horrible groan as at this blow he saw his castle in the air come, with a grand crash, tumbling to the ground.

"I'm sorry for you," continued the Oracle, "but really, old fellow, I don't see how I can help you. Well, shortly after I became engaged I was compelled to return to America on business, and of course, being there, I had to see after you, and found you, as you know, gone mad over a picture. Imagine my astonishment when I found that the picture with which you were in love was a photograph of my intended wife! I rather flatter myself that I concealed my feelings very well, and the temptation for a little practical joke induced me to assist you in your wildgoose chase. That the advice which I gave you was in the abstract good is evidenced by your having found your Reality by following it.

"I left New York on a steamer sailing two days after yours, and on arriving in France at once came down to the château to report to Éloise the state of affairs. She was immensely amused, and has taken the greatest interest in your proceedings, for we've known all about your wanderings since the week after you landed, having had a secret agent in our employ, who has followed your every movement, and has transmitted a daily record of the same to the château. Some of them are very funny, Dick.

"Yesterday I assumed the rôle of spy myself, going up to Paris for the express purpose of riding down with you this morning. That you should see her join me at the railway station was an idea

of Éloise's, as she thought it would give you a hint as to how matters stood between us, and would tend to 'let you down easy.' Indeed, all the 'accidents' and 'coincidences' of to-day had been prearranged: my sleepiness on the train and my rudeness when you waked me up were parts of the programme, as we did not wish you to have a chance to 'pump' me, thinking the affair would be more dramatic if developed slowly.

"I believe that's all, Dick, and I'm sure I'm very sorry if you have been caused any pain by our little plot; but really it is as much your fault as ours, as you were coming to France whether you had met me or not.

"The carriage is below, and Éloise is dying to see you; so I hope you will forgive us and come over to the château. By the way, I forgot to tell you that you are to be first groomsman; so the sooner you're introduced to the bride the better, as the wedding comes off in a week."

During this long explanation Richard's breast had been torn with conflicting emotions. Rage at the cheeky way in which the Oracle had fooled him was, of course, the first and most natural feeling. But as the story gradually unfolded, the comic side of the affair forced itself upon him: do what he would to prevent it, he could not help seeing what a very absurd figure he had cut in the matter. It must be remembered that his love was only for a "Shadow," after all, and that the passion, though violent, was not so deep-seated as it would have been if the shadow had been a reality.

The climax was reached when the Oracle, in such a very matter-of-fact way, informed him that he was to stand as a *groomsman* at the marriage where he had expected to figure as *groom*. It was too much for him: he went off into a jolly, ringing laugh.

After this of course any attempt at dignified sorrow was out of the question. There was only one course open to him, and that was—to accept the Oracle's invitation to the château, and, when the time came, to play the part which Fate had assigned him. Richard accepted his destiny. T. A. JANVIER.

THE CALVERT FAMILY.

EARLY in the reign of James I. there appeared at the English court a handsome young cavalier of an ancient family, winning manners, conspicuous talents and unbounded ambition.

This young courtier was George Calvert, who was destined in a few years to occupy a commanding position under the government of England, and to become one of the most illustrious founders of English colonies in America.

George Calvert was born at Kipling, in Yorkshire, in the year 1582. He was thus a contemporary of some of the most remarkable men that have ever lived in any age or in any country. At the time of Calvert's birth, Shakespeare, whose mighty genius was to fill the world with wonder and delight, was an idle and rather fast youth, who had never left his native village; Spenser had not yet written *The Faerie Queen;* Sidney was still the most brilliant ornament of the court of Elizabeth; Raleigh was meditating those daring adventures in the New World which exhausted his fortune and established his fame; Leicester, after ruling England, through the heart of England's queen, for more than twenty years, had lost the favor of Elizabeth, to which the young and accomplished Essex was rapidly rising; rare Ben Jonson was reading Ovid at Westminster School; Coke was just entering

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upon the professional career which was to raise him to wealth and fame; Bacon also was just beginning his glorious career at the Bar which was to end in disgrace; while Burleigh, Walsingham and other illustrious men who contributed to the splendor of Elizabeth's reign were grown old in the public service.

In the eleventh year of his age Calvert was entered at Trinity College, Oxford. He applied himself to his studies with extraordinary zeal and industry, and was graduated a Bachelor of Arts at the early age of fifteen. At college he displayed a fondness for elegant literature rather than for mathematics and philosophy.

After leaving the university he made the grand tour, which was considered in those days indispensable to complete a gentleman's education. In his travels he acquired a familiarity with foreign languages, and a knowledge of men which contributed greatly to his success in public life. After spending several years on the Continent, he returned to England, and soon afterward married.

Calvert now entered upon public life. His first position was that of private secretary to Sir Robert Cecil, afterward Earl of Salisbury and Lord High Treasurer of England. This distinguished patron introduced him to James. Calvert soon won his way to the good graces of the king, and became his favorite attendant at court and in his journeys through the country. His promotion was rapid and brilliant: he was first made Clerk of the Privy Council and Correspondent of Foreign Affairs; in 1617, he was knighted; in 1619, James appointed him one of the Secretaries of State; and soon after he was made principal Secretary of State for life, with a pension of one thousand pounds; in 1624, he was created Baron of Baltimore in Ireland.

The court of James I. presented a singular mixture of learning and profligacy. The king himself was a disgusting combination of scholarship, pusillanimity, coarseness, childishness and weak tyranny.

Calvert, being a finished scholar, was of great service to the royal pedant in his learned disquisitions and antiquarian researches, often assisting him with his advice and occasionally with his pen. One notable example was the tractate anathematizing Vorstius, the successor of Arminius in the University of Leyden, which was begun by James, and was completed in 1612 by Calvert. We may be sure that Calvert, who was a clever man of the world, feigned a great deal of this taste for "quaint, curious and forgotten lore" in order to please the king, and no doubt the expression of this congenial taste first won him the favor and friendship of James.

Calvert was one of the principal promoters of the intended marriage of Prince Charles with the Infanta of Spain, and greatly favored the romantic visit of the prince and the Duke of Buckingham to the Spanish court, which took place in 1623. When this match was broken off through the arrogance and duplicity of Buckingham, the influence of Calvert at court was considerably weakened. In the summer of 1624, having quarreled with the powerful and vindictive favorite, and being on bad terms with Prince Charles, he retired from the intrigues, contentions and dangers of the court to his beautiful country-seat, Thistleworth. He needed rest; his health was broken, his mind troubled; he was disappointed: his enemies were numerous and revengeful, his friends few and lukewarm. He experienced in all its fullness and fury the truth of the celebrated lines—

> "He who surpasses or subdues mankind
> Must look down on the hate of those below."

In the autumn Calvert returned to London and resumed his duties as Secretary of State. He was reconciled with Buckingham: nevertheless, he determined to resign, and in the month of January, 1625, six weeks before the death of James, he carried his determination into execution. Of this resignation a contemporary writer, Archbishop Abbot, says: "Secretary Calvert hath never looked merrily since the prince's coming out of Spain. It was thought

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that he was much interested in the Spanish affair. A course was taken to rid him of all employments and negotiations. . . . His Majesty suffered him to resign his secretary's place, . . . and hath made him Baron of Baltimore in Ireland."

Two years before he attained the latter distinction Lady Calvert died. She was a good, faithful, devoted wife, and had borne him eleven children. Sir George may have mourned deeply, but he certainly did not mourn long, the loss of his wife, for one of the old English writers mentions him, eight months after her death, as being present at the king's festival at Windsor in honor of St. George: "He was very gay and gallant, all in white cap-a-pie, even to his white hat and white feather."

Freed from the engrossing duties of his high office, Calvert had now the leisure to engage personally in expeditions to the New World. The romantic voyages and strange adventures of Raleigh, Drake and Gilbert had fired the hearts of the Cavaliers of England, and at a very early period of his public life Calvert became deeply interested in colonization schemes in America. He had long been a member of the great Virginia Company when in 1621 he obtained from King James a patent creating him sole lord and proprietary of a portion of Newfoundland; and in the same year he sent a colony thither. This was a costly and unsuccessful undertaking. The proprietary expended twenty-five thousand pounds in building warehouses, granaries and a splendid residence for himself. Lord Baltimore visited the colony in 1625. The rugged soil and uncongenial climate dissatisfied and disgusted him. The colony languished until 1628, when it was finally abandoned, and Calvert sought a more agreeable clime. This he found on the borders of the Chesapeake Bay, which he explored the same year. He was delighted with the noble expanse of the waters of the Chesapeake and with its beautiful tributary streams, whose banks were vocal with the songs of birds and blooming with the rich flowers of that fair region. The soft and delicious climate and the remarkable fertility of the soil were very inviting after his recent experience of the bleak and barren coasts of Newfoundland. Alsop, an early English emigrant, writes in the following enthusiastic strain of this much-favored land: "Any one who desires to see the Landskip of the Creation drawn to the life should view Mary-Land drest in her green and fragrant Mantle of the Spring. Neither do I think there is any place under the Heavenly altitude, or that has footing or room upon the circular Globe of this world, that can parallel this fertile piece of ground in its multiplicity, or rather Nature's extravagancy of a superabounding plenty."

Lord Baltimore returned to England in the summer of 1630, and was very cordially welcomed back by Charles I., with whom he was now on the most agreeable terms. The king bestowed upon him several tokens of good-will: among other marks of royal kindness Calvert was presented with two thousand pounds, and a few months afterward an annual pension of one thousand pounds was granted to him.

He set himself diligently about the work of preparing a charter for the colony which he proposed establishing on the Chesapeake. When the charter was completed, it was submitted to the king, who approved of it, and letters patent were promised; but before the papers were executed, George, the first Lord Baltimore, died. But the charter lived, and will always live, a magnificent monument of his wisdom, his virtue and his truly Christian philanthropy. The charter of Maryland, anticipating by one hundred and forty-four years some of the most striking features of the Declaration of Independence, proclaimed the glorious principles, until then unknown in the world, of civil and religious liberty, and has been truly and eloquently pronounced one of the noblest of the works that human hands have reared—the most glorious proclamation ever made of the liberty of thought and worship.

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To George Calvert the immortal glory is due of having laid the foundation of free government in America. Living in the enervating atmosphere of a court—and that the court of the despotic Stuarts—he rose superior to his early training and his constant surroundings, and adopted the beautiful and wise maxim: *Peace to all, persecution of none.*

George Calvert died on the 15th of April, 1632. The charter was executed on the 20th of June of the same year, the name of Cecilius being substituted for that of his father. King Charles gave the name of *Terra Mariæ*, or Maryland, to the new province, in honor of his queen, Henrietta Maria, instead of Crescentia, the name by which Calvert had determined to call it.

In less than three months after the body of the first Lord Baltimore was deposited in the chancel of St. Dunstan's Church, London, the patent which Charles I. had promised him was issued in the name of Cecilius Calvert, his eldest son and the successor to the title. To him was entrusted the fulfillment of his father's design, and he determined to carry it out at once. But he experienced many vexatious delays in England and great opposition in Virginia. At length, in July, 1633, the powerful influence of Wentworth prevailed, and it was decided in a privy council that Lord Baltimore should not be disturbed in his undertaking; and a royal letter was despatched to the governor and council of Virginia, stating that Lord Baltimore intended to transport a number of persons "to that part called Maryland which we have given him;" and they were commanded to afford him friendly help and assistance in furtherance of his undertaking.

Every difficulty being overcome and every arrangement completed, the colonists who were to commence the settlement of Maryland sailed from the Isle of Wight on the 22d of November, 1633, in two vessels—the Ark, a ship of four hundred tons, and the Dove, a pinnace of fifty tons. The emigrants numbered two hundred, mostly Catholic gentlemen of fortune and family. The expedition was commanded by Leonard Calvert, brother of Lord Baltimore, who united in a remarkable degree the daring spirit of youth with the prudent wisdom of age. He was only twenty-six years old when his brother appointed him leader of the new colony and first governor of Maryland. To George Calvert belongs the honor of originating, to Cecil of organizing, and to Leonard of planting, the Maryland colony.

The voyage was prosperous; and after tarrying twenty days at Barbados, and fourteen at St. Christopher's, the gallant little party entered the Chesapeake on the 24th of February, 1634. The governor of Virginia received Calvert and his friends very kindly, and entertained them for several days at Jamestown. On the 3d of March they sailed up the Chesapeake, and after spending three weeks in exploring the numerous and beautiful rivers of Maryland, they finally landed, planted the cross and took possession of "the country for our Saviour and for our sovereign lord the king of England." Mass was said by Father White, the chaplain, a solemn procession was formed and the litany of the cross was chanted.

Let us contemplate for a moment the beautiful and interesting spectacle presented to the world by the brave band of pilgrims who landed on that memorable March morning on the shores of Maryland. Many of those Catholic Cavaliers had left elegant homes, endeared to them by a thousand tender and delightful recollections, and braved the perils of a long and dangerous winter voyage, to raise in the wilderness the day-star of toleration. Unlike the colonists of Massachusetts and Virginia, who demanded religious liberty for themselves, but denied it to all others, the Catholic settlers of Maryland extended the hand of fellowship to all men, and granted to them the blessing of civil and religious liberty. And there, too, Protestants were protected against Protestant persecution. In the language of Kent: "While the Puritans were persecuting their Protestant brethren in

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New England, and the Episcopalians retorting the same severity on the Puritans in Virginia, the Catholics, against whom the others were combined, formed in Maryland a sanctuary where all might worship and none might oppress, and where even Protestants sought refuge from Protestant intolerance."

This is simple historical justice. That little spot by the Chesapeake was the only home which religious liberty then had in the wide world, and appropriately and beautifully was Maryland called the "Land of the Sanctuary." The most accomplished of living Marylanders has said, with equal truth and beauty, that the immortal principles on which the colony was founded place the landing of the pilgrims from the Dove and the Ark among the grandest incidents of human history.

The infant colony prospered apace under the wise, prudent and beneficent administration of Governor Calvert. The Indians were friendly, because they were treated with kindness: the colonists were happy, because they possessed those dearest rights of man—CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A tract published in London in 1635, the year after the landing of the first colonists, contains the following passage in reference to the colonization of Maryland: "The benefit and honour of such an action was readily apprehended by diverse Gentlemen, of good birth and qualities, who thereupon resolved to adventure their Persons, and a good part of their fortunes with his Lordship, in the pursuite of so noble and (in all likelihood) so advantageous an enterprise." The extraordinary liberality of the government of Maryland to persons of all Christian sects and to all classes of men induced emigration not only from England and the neighboring colonies, but also from Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Sweden, France and Germany: the downtrodden and unfortunate of all lands found a sanctuary and a home in Maryland.

Alsop, who has already been quoted in this article, has a very quaint paragraph in relation to the government of the colony: "He that desires to see the real Platform of a quiet and sober Government extant, Superiority with a weak and yet Commanding power sitting at the Helme, steering the actions of State quietly through the multitude and diversity of Opinion's waves that diversely meet, let him look on *Mary-Land* with eyes admiring, and he'll then judge her *The Miracle of this Age*."

In the year 1642, Governor Calvert visited England to consult with his brother, Lord Baltimore, about the affairs of the colony. Before leaving Maryland he appointed Giles Brent "Lieutenant General, Admiral, Chief Captain, Magistrate, and Commander of the province." Great and remarkable changes had taken place during his ten years' absence from England. When he left his native land, Charles I. was the powerful ruler of a peaceful if not contented people. He now found the country torn by a fierce civil war, and the king, deprived of most of his authority, engaged in a bloody struggle with his dissatisfied people, which in a few years ended in his defeat and death.

At the commencement of the civil war, Lord Baltimore adhered strongly to the royal side, and was one of that gallant band of loyal gentlemen who followed the king to Oxford after the Parliamentary party had established its power in London. When the genius of Cromwell restored order and government in England, and placed that extraordinary man in supreme power, Baltimore submitted to the ruling authority.

After remaining in England two years, Governor Calvert returned to Maryland. He found the colony divided into two factions by the civil war in the mother country. Clayborne, a daring adventurer from Virginia, in conjunction with one Richard Ingle, a freebooter and outlaw, having raised a band of desperate men, succeeded in expelling the proprietary government. Governor Calvert took refuge in Virginia, and the insurgents kept possession of the government for two years, oppressing and plundering the people without mercy.

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Toward the close of the year 1646, Governor Calvert returned to Maryland at the head of a small but brave and determined band of followers, regained possession of the government, and soon restored peace and prosperity to the distracted province. But he only returned to die. On the 16th of April, 1647, he issued a general pardon to all who had been engaged in the rebellion, and on the 9th of June of the same year he died, in the bloom of manhood, and when the young colony most needed his courage, his activity and his useful talents.

Cecil Calvert survived his brother many years, living long after the death of Cromwell, the restoration of Charles II. and the rise of another Buckingham: he died at an advanced age on the 19th of November, 1675. The second Lord Baltimore was a liberal-spirited nobleman, a warm-hearted and generous gentleman. He expended forty thousand pounds of his private fortune, during the first two years of the colonization of Maryland, in transporting people, stores and provisions to the new province. He married Anna, daughter of the Earl of Arundel, one of the most distinguished Catholic peers of England.

His son Charles succeeded to the title and estate. He had in 1662 been appointed by his father governor of Maryland, and resided many years in the province, administering its affairs with ability, wisdom and justice during a period of great danger and embarrassment: he endeared himself to the colonists by his many noble qualities. He married, in Maryland, Jane, the widow of the Honorable Henry Sewall, one of the most prominent colonists, and lived for several years at Mattapany-Sewall, near the mouth of the Patuxent River. After the death of his father he went to England, but returned to Maryland in 1681. During the next two or three years he held several conferences with William Penn, in order to settle the disputed boundary of Maryland and Pennsylvania, but no satisfactory arrangement was effected between them; nor was the controversy finally settled until the year 1760, when Frederick Lord Baltimore and Richard and John Penn signed terms of agreement.

It was during the lifetime of Charles Calvert that the monstrous outrage against religious liberty was committed which a liberal-spirited clergyman of the Church of England justly pronounced "a violation of the unalterable principles of justice." In a colony founded by a Catholic, planted by a Catholic and settled chiefly by Catholics—a colony where the broad and glorious doctrine of religious toleration was first proclaimed—a colony which welcomed within its borders all who were persecuted for conscience' sake,—in this Catholic colony, within the same century that witnessed its settlement, the privilege of public worship was not allowed to Catholics, the Church of England was established by law, and all were taxed to support it: Catholics were deprived of the right to vote, and were not allowed to hold offices of trust and profit. This injustice continued to be practiced, with more or less severity, until the American Revolution, when the immortal principles of religious liberty were established throughout the whole extent of this country.

The first Charles Lord Baltimore died on the 20th of February, 1714, at the good old age of eighty-four years. He was the last Lord Baltimore that deserves our respect and admiration. Of those that came after him, one was a court tool; another, who occupied the *exalted* position of Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to Frederick, Prince of Wales, having the distinguished *honor* of putting on his Royal Highness' shoes, is described by a courtly poet of the time as

> "Complete in person, in address polite,
> Fashioned to please, to polish and delight."

Frederick, the last and least Lord Baltimore, was a man of pleasure, a fashionable *roué*, a breaker of lamps and wrencher-off of knockers, an abductor of milliner-girls, and a participant in other high-bred amusements. Occasionally this dissipated lord roused himself from his ignoble pleasures and attempt-

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ed better things, aspiring to be numbered among the noble authors of England. In 1767 he published a *Tour to the East*, of which Horace Walpole severely says: "His bills on the road for post-horses would deserve as much to be printed. His book proves a well-known truth—that a man may travel without observation and be an author without ideas." Two years later he published a volume of prose and poetry under the title of *Gaudia Poetica*, which is very scarce and very stupid. Again, in two years he published at Venice another book, *Cœlestes et Inferi*. This was his last work, for the same year he died, a worn-out old man at the age of forty. With him the title became extinct. The proprietaryship of Maryland he left to his natural son, Henry Harford, who enjoyed its benefits until the American Revolution placed the State government in the hands of the sovereign people. After the Revolution, Mr. Harford visited Maryland, and the State paid him a large sum of money as an indemnity for the loss of his quit-rents. In the histories of the War of Independence, in the chapter on compensations made by the British government to Tory subjects who lost by the separation of the Colonies, the list of the compensated is headed by Henry Harford, who received ninety thousand pounds. Mr. Harford was a highly accomplished gentleman. He left a large family in England, but nothing is known of his descendants.

One of Frederick Calvert's sisters married John Browning, Esq. Their son, Charles Browning, the last legitimate descendant of the Calvert family, came over from England about the year 1823, and made an unsuccessful effort to obtain from the State of Maryland certain quit-rents which he claimed as the heir of the last Lord Proprietary of Maryland. After his visit to Maryland, he lived and died in France. He wrote some letters full of bitter sarcasm against those people in Maryland who had opposed his claim.

The present Maryland Calverts are descended from Charles, fifth Lord Baltimore, and are an illegitimate branch of the family. The descendants of Benedict Calvert, the natural son of Charles, are quite numerous through male and female branches. Nelly, the daughter of Benedict, married Washington Lee Custis. Mr. Edmund Rogers of Baltimore is a lineal descendant of Mrs. Custis. Mount Airey, in Prince George's county, Maryland, has been the family-seat of the Calverts for several generations. There is also a branch of the family at Riverdale, near Washington.

George H. Calvert, the grandson of Benedict, is the most distinguished living member of the family. He was born in Baltimore in 1803, and after graduating with high honors at Harvard College in 1823, he entered the University of Göttingen. Here he mastered the German language, and became well acquainted with its literature. After returning home he edited with marked ability the Baltimore *American*, at that time one of the leading journals of the South. He has published many original works, as well as translations from the German. He wrote the first American work on Phrenology, a tragedy entitled *Count Julian*, a fragment on "Arnold and André," translated a metrical version of Schiller's *Don Carlos*, and also part of the correspondence between Goethe and Schiller. He has been an occasional contributor to *The North American Review*, *Putnam's Monthly*, and other literary periodicals. Mr. Calvert has resided since 1843 at Newport, Rhode Island, of which city he was elected mayor in 1853.

The people of Maryland have not shown themselves deficient in gratitude to their founders and benefactors. The commercial metropolis of the State is named after the city in Ireland from which the family derived their title; a rich, beautiful and fertile county bears the name of Calvert; another county, Anne Arundel, is called after the wife of Cecil; and the county-seat of St. Mary's is named after Leonard, the first governor of Maryland.

EUGENE LEMOINE DIDIER.

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VIOLETS IN AUTUMN.

I KNEW I should find the Daisy,
  With her forehead so brave and white,
For the sun is her lover, to comfort her,
  And to keep her in beauty bright;
And she folds the last of his kisses
  In the golden well of her cup,
Then fearless sleeps in the frosty fields
  Till the morning wakes her up.

And the purple Pink o' the mountain
  Droppeth her velvet train
Where the stricken glory of forest leaves
  Is shed in a scarlet rain,
And nods to the late red Clover,
  And the stoical Immortelle;
And the timid buds of the Dewberry
  Hide down in the sunny dell.

And I gathered the golden Aster
  And the blossom blades of grass,
Each bowing low, like a courtier,
  To let his lady pass;
But the Violets!—oh, the Violets!—
  I thought they were all asleep,
Each on her pillow of thistledown
  In the pine wood dark and deep.

But they stood in hapless beauty
  Under the sullen skies,
Each lamenting her mother, Spring,
  With the sorrow of dewy eyes:
Five o' them, April's darlings,
  On a bank of yellow'd moss,
That long ago the south wind
  Had forgotten to blow across.

And I took these meek, sweet orphans,
  Fair set 'neath emerald eaves;
But all for the love of the secret dear
  That was hidden among their leaves.
Five little heads blue hooded,
  Your message was all for me,
And ye were its fittest carriers,
  For all that ye were so wee!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE NEW SMITHY.

SIR HARRY was sitting alone in the library when the tidings were brought to him that George Hotspur had reached Humblethwaite with a pair of post-horses from Penrith. The old butler, Cloudesdale, brought him the news, and Cloudesdale whispered it into his ears with solemn sorrow. Cloudesdale was well aware that Cousin George was no credit to the house of Humblethwaite. And much about the same time the information was brought to Lady Elizabeth by her housekeeper and to Emily by her own maid. It was by Cloudesdale's orders that George was shown into the small room near the hall; and he told Sir Harry what he had done in a funereal whisper. Lady Allingham had been quite right in her method of ensuring the general delivery of the information about the house.

Emily flew at once to her mother. "George is here," she said. Mrs. Quick, the housekeeper, was at that moment leaving the room.

"So Quick tells me. What can have brought him, my dear?"

"Why should he not come, mamma?"

"Because your papa will not make him welcome to the house. Oh dear! he knows that. What are we to do?" In a few minutes Mrs. Quick came back again. Sir Harry would be much obliged if her ladyship would go to him. Then it was that the sandwiches and sherry were ordered. It was a compromise on the part of Lady Elizabeth between Emily's prayer that some welcome might be shown and Sir Harry's presumed determination that the banished man should continue to be regarded as banished. "Take him some kind of refreshment, Quick—a glass of wine or something, you know." Then Mrs. Quick had cut the sandwiches with her own hand, and Cloudesdale had given the sherry. "He ain't eaten much, but he's made it up with the wine," said Cloudesdale when the tray was brought back again.

Lady Elizabeth went down to her husband, and there was a consultation. Sir Harry was quite clear that he would not now, on this day, admit Cousin George as a guest into his house, nor would he see him. To that conclusion he came after his wife had been with him some time. He would not see him there at Humblethwaite. If George had anything to say that could not be said in a letter, a meeting might be arranged elsewhere. Sir Harry confessed, however, that he could not see that good results could come from any meeting whatsoever. "The truth is, that I don't want to have anything more to do with him," said Sir Harry. That was all very well, but as Emily's wants in this respect were at variance with her father's, there was a difficulty. Lady Elizabeth pleaded that some kind of civility, at least some mitigation of opposition, should be shown, for Emily's sake. At last she was commissioned to go to Cousin George, to send him away from the house, and, if necessary, to make an appointment between him and Sir Harry at the Crown at Penrith for the morrow. Nothing on earth should induce Sir Harry to see his cousin anywhere on his own premises. As for any meeting between Cousin George and Emily, that was of course out of the question, and he must go from Humblethwaite. Such were the instructions with which Lady Elizabeth descended to the little room.

Cousin George came forward with the pleasantest smile to take Lady Elizabeth by the hand. He was considerably re-

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lieved when he saw Lady Elizabeth, because of her he was not afraid. "I do not at all mind waiting," he said. "How is Sir Harry?"

"Quite well."

"And yourself?"

"Pretty well, thank you."

"And Emily?"

Lady Elizabeth knew that in answering him she ought to call her own daughter Miss Hotspur, but she lacked the courage: "Emily is well too. Sir Harry has thought it best that I should come to you and explain that just at present he cannot ask you to Humblethwaite."

"I did not expect it."

"And he had rather not see you himself—at least not here." Lady Elizabeth had not been instructed to propose a meeting. She had been told rather to avoid it if possible. But like some other undiplomatic ambassadors, in her desire to be civil she ran at once to the extremity of the permitted concessions. "If you have anything to say to Sir Harry—"

"I have, Lady Elizabeth—a great deal."

"And if you could write it—"

"I am so bad at writing."

"Then Sir Harry will go over and see you to-morrow at Penrith."

"That will be so very troublesome to him!"

"You need not regard that. At what hour shall he come?"

Cousin George was profuse in declaring that he would be at his cousin's disposal at any hour Sir Harry might select, from six in the morning throughout the day and night. But might he not say a word to Emily? At this proposition Lady Elizabeth shook her head vigorously. It was quite out of the question. Circumstanced as they all were at present, Sir Harry would not think of such a thing. And then it would do no good. Lady Elizabeth did not believe that Emily herself would wish it. At any rate, there need be no further talk about it, as any such interview was at present quite impossible. By all which arguments and refusals, and the tone in which they were pronounced, Cousin George was taught to perceive that—at any rate, in the mind of Lady Elizabeth—the process of parental yielding had already commenced.

On all such occasions interviews are bad. The teller of this story ventures to take the opportunity of recommending parents in such cases always to refuse interviews, not only between the young lady and the lover who is to be excluded, but also between themselves and the lover. The vacillating tone, even when the resolve to suppress vacillation has been most determined, is perceived and understood, and at once utilized, by the least argumentative of lovers, even by lovers who are obtuse. The word "never" may be so pronounced as to make the young lady's twenty thousand pounds full present value for ten in the lover's pocket. There should be no arguments, no letters, no interviews, and the young lady's love should be starved by the absence of all further mention of the name, and by the imperturbable good-humor on all other matters of those with whom she comes in contact in her own domestic circle. If it be worth anything, it won't be starved, but if starving to death be possible, that is the way to starve it. Lady Elizabeth was a bad ambassador; and Cousin George, when he took his leave promising to be ready to meet Sir Harry at twelve on the morrow, could almost comfort himself with a prospect of success. He might be successful if only he could stave off the Walker and Bullbean portion of Mr. Hart's persecution! For he understood that the success of his views at Humblethwaite must postpone the payment by Sir Harry of those moneys for which Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber were so unreasonably greedy. He would have dared to defy the greed but for the Walker and Bullbean portion of the affair. Sir Harry already knew that he was in debt to these men—already knew with fair accuracy the amount of those debts. Hart and Stubber could not make him worse in Sir Harry's eyes than he was already, unless the Walker and Bullbean story should be told with the purpose

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of destroying him. How he did hate Walker and Bullbean and the memory of that evening! and yet the money which now enabled him to drink champagne at the Penrith Crown was poor Mr. Walker's money! As he was driven back to Penrith he thought of all this, for some moments sadly and at others almost with triumph. Might not a letter to Mr. Hart, with perhaps a word of truth in it, do some good? That evening, after his champagne, he wrote a letter:

"DEAR MR. HART: Things are going uncommon well here, only I hope you will do nothing to disturb just at present. It *must* come off if a little time is given, and then *every shilling* will be paid. A few pounds more or less won't make any difference. Do arrange this, and you'll find I'll never forget how kind you have been. I've been at Humblethwaite today, and things are going quite smooth.

"Yours most sincerely,

"GEORGE HOTSPUR.

"Don't mention Walker's name, and everything shall be settled just as you shall fix.

"The Crown, Penrith, Thursday."

The moment the letter was written he rang the bell and gave it to the waiter. Such was the valor of drink operating on him now, as it had done when he wrote that other letter to Sir Harry! The drink made him brave to write, and to make attempts, and to dare consequences; but even whilst brave with drink, he knew that the morning's prudence would refuse its assent to such courage, and therefore, to save himself from the effects of the morning's cowardice, he put the letter at once out of his own power of control. After this fashion were arranged most of Cousin George's affairs. Before dinner on that day the evening of which he had passed with Mr. Walker he had resolved that certain hints given to him by Mr. Bullbean should be of no avail to him—not to that had he yet descended, nor would he so descend—but with his brandy after dinner divine courage had come, and success had attended the brave. As soon as he was awake on that morning after writing to Mr. Hart, he rang his bell to inquire whether that letter which he had given to the waiter at twelve o'clock last night were still in the house. It was too late. The letter in which so imprudent a mention had been made of Mr. Walker's name was already in the post. Never mind," said Cousin George to himself: "'None but the brave deserve the fair.'" Then he turned round for another nap. It was not much past nine, and Sir Harry would not be there before twelve.

In the mean time there had been hope also and doubt also at Humblethwaite. Sir Harry was not surprised and hardly disappointed when he was told that he was to go to Penrith to see his cousin. The offer had been made by himself, and he was sure that he would not escape with less; and when Emily was told by her mother of the arrangement, she saw in it a way to the fulfillment of the prayer which she had made to her father. She would say nothing to him that evening, leaving to him the opportunity of speaking to her should he choose to do so. But on the following morning she would repeat her prayer. On that evening not a word was said about George while Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth were together with their daughter. Emily had made her plan, and she clung to it. Her father was very gentle with her, sitting close to her as she played some piece of music to him in the evening, caressing her and looking lovingly into her eyes as he bade God bless her when she left him for the night; but he had determined to say nothing to encourage her. He was still minded that there could be no such encouragement, but he doubted—in his heart of hearts he doubted. He would still have bought off Cousin George by the sacrifice of half his property, and yet he doubted. After all, there would be some consolation in that binding together of the name and the property.

"What will you say to him, dear?" Lady Elizabeth asked her husband that night.

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"Tell him to go away."

"Nothing more than that?"

"What more is there to say? If he be willing to be bought, I will buy him. I will pay his debts and give him an income."

"You think, then, there can be no hope?"

"Hope! For whom?"

"For Emily."

"I hope to preserve her from a scoundrel." And yet he had thought of the consolation!

Emily was very persistent in carrying out her plan. Prayers at Humblethwaite were always read with admirable punctuality at a quarter past nine, so that breakfast might be commenced at half past. Sir Harry every week-day was in his own room for three quarters of an hour before prayers. All this was like clockwork at Humblethwaite. There would always be some man or men with Sir Harry during these three quarters of an hour—a tenant, a gamekeeper, a groom, a gardener or a bailiff. But Emily calculated that if she made her appearance and held her ground the tenant or the bailiff would give way, and that thus she would ensure a private interview with her father. Were she to wait till after breakfast this would be difficult. A very few minutes after the half hour she knocked at the door and was admitted. The village blacksmith was then suggesting to Sir Harry a new smithy.

"Papa," said Emily, "if you would allow me half a minute—"

The village blacksmith and the bailiff, who was also present, withdrew, bowing to Emily, who gave to each of them a smile and a nod. They were her old familiar friends, and they looked kindly at her. She was to be their future lady, but was it not all important that their future lord should be a Hotspur?

Sir Harry had thought it not improbable that his daughter would come to him, but would have preferred to avoid the interview if possible. Here it was, however, and could not be avoided.

"Papa," she said, kissing him, "you are going to Penrith to-day?"

"Yes, my dear."

"To see Cousin George?"

"Yes, Emily."

"Will you remember what we were saying the other day?—what I said?"

"I will endeavor to do my duty as best I may," said Sir Harry after a pause.

"I am sure you will, papa, and so do I. I do endeavor to do my duty. Will you not try to help him?"

"Certainly, I will try to help him—for your sake rather than for his own. If I can help him with money, by paying his debts and giving him means to live, I will do so."

"Papa, that is not what I mean."

"What else can I do?"

"Save him from the evil of his ways."

"I will try. I would if I knew how, even if only for the name's sake."

"For my sake also, papa. Papa, let us do it together—you and I and mamma. Let him come here."

"It is impossible."

"Let him come here," she said, as though disregarding his refusal. "You need not be afraid of me. I know how much there is to do that will be very hard in doing before any—any other arrangement can be talked about."

"I am not afraid of you, my child."

"Let him come, then."

"No: it would do no good. Do you think he would live here quietly?"

"Try him."

"What would people say?"

"Never mind what people would say: he is our cousin—he is your heir. He is the person whom I love best in all the world. Have you not a right to have him here if you wish it? I know what you are thinking of; but, papa, there can never be anybody else—never."

"Emily, you will kill me, I think."

"Dear papa, let us see if we cannot try. And oh, papa, pray, pray let me see him."

When she went away the bailiff and the blacksmith returned, but Sir Harry's power of resistance was gone, so that he succumbed to the new smithy without a word.

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CHAPTER XX.

COUSIN GEORGE'S SUCCESS.

THOUGHTS crowded quick into the mind of Sir Harry Hotspur as he had himself driven over to Penrith. It was a dull, dreary day in November, and he took the close carriage. The distance was about ten miles, and he had therefore something above an hour for thinking. When men think much they can rarely decide. The affairs as to which a man has once acknowledged to himself that he may be either wise or foolish, prudent or imprudent, are seldom matters on which he can by any amount of thought bring himself to a purpose which to his own eyes shall be clearly correct. When he can decide without thinking, then he can decide without a doubt and with perfect satisfaction. But in this matter Sir Harry thought much. There had been various times at which he was quite sure that it was his duty to repudiate this cousin utterly. There had never been a time at which he had been willing to accept him. Nevertheless, at this moment, with all his struggles of thought, he could not resolve. Was his higher duty due to his daughter or to his family, and through his family to his country, which, as he believed, owed its security and glory to the maintenance of its aristocracy? Would he be justified—justified in any degree—in subjecting his child to danger in the hope that his name and family pride might be maintained? Might he take his own desires in that direction as any makeweight toward a compliance with his girl's strong wishes, grounded as they were on quite other reasons? Mr. Boltby had been very eager in telling him that he ought to have nothing to say to this cousin, had loaded the cousin's name with every imaginable evil epithet; and of Mr. Boltby's truth and honesty there could be no doubt. But then Mr. Boltby had certainly exceeded his duty, and was of course disposed, by his professional view of the matter, to think any step the wisest which would tend to save the property from dangerous hands. Sir Harry felt that there were things to be saved of more value than the property—the family, the title, perhaps that reprobate cousin himself; and then, above all, his child. He did believe that his child would not smile for him again unless he would consent to make some effort in favor of her lover.

Doubtless the man was very bad. Sir Harry was sick at heart as he thought of the evil nature of the young man's vices. Of a man debauched in his life, extravagant with his money, even of a gambler, a drunkard, one fond of low men and of low women,—of one even such as this there might be hope; and the vicious man, if he will give up his vices, may still be loved and at last respected. But of a liar, a swindler, one mean as well as vicious, what hope could there be? It was essential to Sir Harry that the husband of his daughter should at any rate be a gentleman. The man's blood, indeed, was good, and blood will show at last, let the mud be ever so deep. So said Sir Harry to himself. And Emily would consent that the man should be tried by what severest fire might be kindled for the trying of him. If there were any gold there, it might be possible to send the dross adrift and to get the gold without alloy. Could Lady Allingham have read Sir Harry's mind as his carriage was pulled up, just at twelve o'clock, at the door of the Penrith Crown, she would have been stronger than ever in her belief that young lovers, if they be firm, can always conquer opposing parents.

But, alas! alas! there was no gold with this dross, and in that matter of blood, as to which Sir Harry's ideas were so strong, and indeed so noble, he entertained but a muddled theory. *Noblesse oblige.* High position will demand, and will often exact, high work. But that rule holds as good with a Bonaparte as with a Bourbon, with a Cromwell as with a Stuart, and succeeds as often and fails as often with the low born as with the high. And good blood too will have its effect—physical for the most part—and will

produce bottom, lasting courage, that capacity of carrying on through the mud to which Sir Harry was wont to allude, but good blood will bring no man back to honesty. The two things together no doubt assist in producing the highest order of self-denying man.

When Sir Harry got out of his carriage he had not yet made up his mind. The waiter had been told that he was expected, and showed him up at once into the large sitting-room looking out into the street which Cousin George had bespoke for the occasion. He had had a smaller room himself, but had been smoking there, and at this moment in that room there was a decanter and a wine-glass on the chiffonier in one corner. He had heard the bustle of the arrival, and had at once gone into the saloon prepared for the reception of the great man. "I am so sorry to give you this trouble," said Cousin George, coming forward to greet his relative.

Sir Harry could not refuse his cousin's hand, though he would willingly have done so had it been possible. "I should not mind the trouble," he said, "if it were of any use. I fear it can be of none."

"I hope you will not be prejudiced against me, Sir Harry."

"I trust that I am not prejudiced against any one. What is it that you wish me to do?"

"I want permission to go to Humblethwaite as a suitor for your daughter's hand." So far Cousin George had prepared his speech beforehand.

"And what have you to recommend you to a father for such permission? Do you not know, sir, that when a gentleman proposes to a lady, it is his duty to show that he is in a condition fit for the position which he seeks—that in character, in means, in rank, in conduct, he is at least her equal."

"As for our rank, Sir Harry, it is the same."

"And for your means? You know that my daughter is my heiress?"

"I do, but it is not that that has brought me to her. Of course I have nothing. But then, you know, though she will inherit the estates, I must inherit—"

"If you please, sir, we will not go into all that again," said Sir Harry, interrupting him. "I explained to you before, sir, that I would have admitted your future rank as a counterpoise to her fortune if I could have trusted your character. I cannot trust it. I do not know why you should thrust upon me the necessity of saying all this again. As I believe that you are in pecuniary distress, I made you an offer which I thought to be liberal."

"It was liberal, but it did not suit me to accept it." George had an inkling of what would pass within Sir Harry's bosom as to the acceptance or rejection of that offer. "I wrote to you declining it, and as I have received no answer, I thought that I would just run down. What was I to do?"

"Do? How can I tell? Pay your debts. The money was offered you."

"I cannot give up my cousin. Has she been allowed to receive the letter which I left for her yesterday?"

Now, Sir Harry had doubted much in his own mind as to the letter. During that morning's interview it had still been in his own possession. As he was preparing to leave the house he had made up his mind that she should have it, and Lady Elizabeth had been commissioned to give it her, not without instruction and explanation. Her father would not keep it from her, because he trusted her implicitly, but she was to understand that it could mean nothing to her, and that the letter must not of course be answered.

"It does not matter whether she did or did not," said Sir Harry. "I ask you again whether you will accept the offer made you by Mr. Boltby, and give me your written promise not to renew this suit?"

"I cannot do that, Sir Harry."

Sir Harry did not know how to proceed with the interview. As he had come there, some proposition must be made by himself. Had he intended to be altogether obstinate, he should have remained at Humblethwaite and kept

his cousin altogether out of the house. And now his daughter's prayers were ringing in his ears: "Dear papa, let us see if we cannot try." And then again that assurance which she had made him so solemnly: "Papa, there never can be anybody else!" If the black sheep could be washed white, the good of such washing would on every side be so great! He would have to blush—let the washing be ever so perfect, he must always blush—in having such a son-in-law; but he had been forced to acknowledge to himself of late that there was infinitely more of trouble and shame in this world than of joy or honor. Was it not in itself a disgrace that a Hotspur should do such things as this cousin had done, and a disgrace also that his daughter should have loved a man so unfit to be her lover? And then from day to day, and from hour to hour, he remembered that these ills were added to the death of that son who, had he lived, would have been such a glory to him. More of trouble and disgrace! Was it not all trouble and disgrace? He would have wished that the day might come for him to go away and leave it all, were it not that for one placed as he was placed his own life would not see the end of these troubles. He must endeavor to provide that everything should not go to utter ruin as soon as he should have taken his departure.

He walked about the room again, trying to think. Or perhaps all thinking was over with him now, and he was resolving in his own mind how best he might begin to yield. He must obey his daughter. He could not break the heart of the only child that was left to him. He had no delight in the world other than what came to him reflected back from her. He felt now as though he was simply a steward endeavoring on her behalf to manage things to the best advantage; but still only a steward, and as such only a servant who could not at last decide on the mode of management to be adopted. He could endeavor to persuade, but she must decide. Now his daughter had decided, and he must begin this task, so utterly distasteful to him, of endeavoring to wash the blackamoor white.

"What are you willing to do?" he asked.

"How to do, Sir Harry?"

"You have led a bad life."

"I suppose I have, Sir Harry."

"How will you show yourself willing to reform it?"

"Only pay my debts and set me up with ready money, and I'll go along as slick as grease!" Thus would Cousin George have answered the question had he spoken his mind freely. But he knew that he might not be so explicit. He must promise much, but of course, in making his promise, he must arrange about his debts. "I'll do almost anything you like. Only try me. Of course it would be so much easier if those debts were paid off. I'll give up races altogether, if you mean that, Sir Harry. Indeed, I'm ready to give up anything."

"Will you give up London?"

"London!" In simple truth, George did not quite understand the proposition.

"Yes: will you leave London? Will you go and live at Scarrowby, and learn to look after the farm and the place?"

George's face fell, his face being less used to lying than his tongue, but his tongue lied at once: "Oh yes, certainly, if you wish it. I should rather like a life of that sort. For how long would it be?"

"For two years," said Sir Harry, grimly.

Cousin George, in truth, did not understand. He thought that he was to take his bride with him when he went to Scarrowby, "Perhaps Emily would not like it," he said.

"It is what she desires. You do not suppose that she knows so little of your past life as to be willing to trust herself into your hands at once. She is attached to you."

"And so am I to her—on my honor, I am. I'm sure you don't doubt that."

Sir Harry doubted every word that fell from his cousin's mouth, but still he persevered. He could perceive though he could not analyze, and there was

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hardly a tone which poor Cousin George used which did not discourage the baronet. Still, he persevered. He must persevere now, even if it were only to prove to Emily how much of basest clay and how little of gold there was in this image.

"She is attached to you," he continued, "and you bear our name and will be the head of our family. If you will submit yourself to a reformed life, and will prove that you are fit for her, it may be possible that after years she should be your wife."

"After years, Sir Harry?"

"Yes, sir, after years. Do you suppose that the happiness of such a one as she can be trusted to such keeping as yours without a trial of you? You will find that she has no such hope herself."

"Oh, of course: what she likes—"

"I will pay your debts on condition that Mr. Boltby is satisfied that he has the entire list of them."

George, as he heard this, at once determined that he must persuade Mr. Hart to include Mr. Walker's little account in that due to himself. It was only a matter of a few hundreds, and might surely be arranged when so much real money would be passing from hand to hand.

"I will pay everything: you shall then go down to Scarrowby, and the house shall be prepared for you."

It wasn't supposed, George thought, that he was absolutely to live in solitary confinement at Scarrowby. He might have a friend or two, and then the station was very near.

"You are fond of shooting, and you will have plenty of it there. We will get you made a magistrate for the county, and there is much to do in looking after the property." Sir Harry became almost good-humored in his tone as he described the kind of life which he intended that the blackamoor should live. "We will come to you for a month each year, and then you can come to us for a while."

"When shall it begin?" asked Cousin George as soon as the baronet paused.

This was a question difficult to be answered. In fact, the arrangement must be commenced at once. Sir Harry knew very well that, having so far yielded, he must take his cousin back with him to Humblethwaite. He must keep his cousin now in his possession till all those debts should be paid and till the house at Scarrowby should be prepared, and he must trust to his daughter's prudence and high sense of right not to treat her lover with too tender an acknowledgment of her love till he should have been made to pass through the fire of reform.

"You had better get ready and come back to Humblethwaite with me now," said Sir Harry.

Within five minutes after that there was bustling about the passages and hall of the Crown Hotel. Everybody in the house, from the august landlord down to the humble stable-boy, knew that there had been a reconciliation between Sir Harry and his cousin, and that the cousin was to be made welcome to all the good the gods could give. While Cousin George was packing his things, Sir Harry called for the bill and paid it—without looking at it, because he would not examine how the blackamoor had lived while he was still a blackamoor.

"I wonder whether he observed the brandy?" thought Cousin George to himself.

CHAPTER XXI.

EMILY HOTSPUR'S SERMON.

THE greater portion of the journey back to Humblethwaite was passed in silence. Sir Harry had undertaken an experiment in which he had no faith himself, and was sad at heart. Cousin George was cowed, half afraid, and yet half triumphant. Could it be possible that he should "pull through," after all? Some things had gone so well with him. His lady friends had been so true to him! Lady Allingham, and then Mrs. Morton, how good they had been! Dear Lucy! He would never forget her.

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And Emily was such a brick! He was going to see his Emily, and that would be so "jolly!" Nevertheless, he did acknowledge to himself that an Emily prepared to assist her father in sending her lover through the fire of reform would not be altogether "so jolly" as the Emily who had leaned against him on the bridge at Airey Force while his arm had been tight clasped round her waist. He was alive to the fact that romance must give place to business.

When they had entered the park gates Sir Harry spoke: "You must understand, George"—he had not called him George before since the engagement had been made known to him—"that you cannot yet be admitted here as my daughter's accepted suitor, as might have been the case had your past life been different."

"I see all that," said Cousin George.

"It is right that I should tell you so; but I trust implicitly to Emily's high sense of duty and propriety. And now that you are here, George, I trust that it may be for your advantage and for ours."

Then he pressed his cousin's hand, if not with affection, at least with sincerity.

"I'm sure it is to be all right now," said George, calculating whether he would be able to escape to London for a few days, so that he might be able to arrange that little matter with Mr. Hart. They couldn't suppose that he would be able to leave London for two years without a day's notice!

Sir Harry got out of the carriage at the front door, and desired Cousin George to follow him into the house. He turned at once into the small room where George had drunk the sherry, and desired that Lady Elizabeth might be sent to him.

"My dear," said he, "I have brought George back with me. We will do the best that we can. Mrs. Quick will have a room for him. You had better tell Emily, and let her come to me for a moment before she sees her cousin." This was all said in George's hearing. And then Sir Harry went, leaving his cousin in the hands of Lady Elizabeth.

"I am glad to see you back again, George," she said, with a melancholy voice.

Cousin George smiled and said that it would be "all right."

"I am sure I hope so, for my girl's sake. But there must be a great change, George."

"No end of a change," said Cousin George, who was not in the least afraid of Lady Elizabeth.

Many things of moment had to be done in the house that day before dinner. In the first place, there was a long interview between the father and daughter. For a few minutes perhaps he was really happy when she was kneeling with her arms upon his knees, thanking him for what he had done, while tears of joy were streaming down her cheeks. He could not bring himself to say a word of caution to her. Would it not be to paint the snow white to caution her as to her conduct?

"I have done as you bade me in everything," he said. "I have proposed to him that he should go to Scarrowby. It may be that it will be your home for a while, dear."

She thanked him, and kissed him again and again. She would be so good. She would do all she could to deserve his kindness. And as for George—"Pray, papa, don't think that I suppose that it can be all done quite at once." Nevertheless, it was in that direction that her thoughts erred. It did seem to her that the hard part of the work was already done, and that now the pleasant paths of virtue were to be trod with happy and persistent feet.

"You had better see him in your mother's presence, dearest, before dinner, and then the awkwardness will be less afterward."

She kissed him again, and ran from his room up to her mother's apartment, taking some back stairs well known to herself, lest she should by chance meet her lover after some undue and unprepared fashion. And there she could sit down and think of it all! She would be very discreet. He should be made

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to understand at once that the purgation must be thorough, the reform complete. She would acknowledge her love to him, her great and abiding love, but of lovers' tenderness there could be but little — almost none — till the fire had done its work and the gold should have been separated from the dross. She had had her way so far, and they should find that she had deserved it.

Before dinner Sir Harry wrote a letter to his lawyer. The mail-cart passed through the village on its way to Penrith late in the evening, and there was time for him to save the post. He thought it incumbent on him to let Mr. Boltby know that he had changed his mind, and though the writing of the letter was not an agreeable task, he did it at once. He said nothing to Mr. Boltby directly about his daughter, but he made it known to that gentleman that Cousin George was at present a guest at Humblethwaite, and that he intended to pay all the debts, without entering into any other specific engagements. Would Mr. Boltby have the goodness to make out a schedule of the debts? Captain Hotspur should be instructed to give Mr. Boltby at once all the necessary information by letter. Then Sir Harry went on to say that perhaps the opinions formed in reference to Captain Hotspur had been too severe. He was ashamed of himself as he wrote these words, but still they were written. If the blackamoor was to be washed white, the washing must be carried out at all times, at all seasons and in every possible manner, till the world should begin to see that the blackness was going out of the skin.

Cousin George was summoned to meet the girl who loved him in her mother's morning-room before they dressed for dinner. He did not know at all in what way to conduct himself. He had not given a moment's thought to it till the difficulty flashed upon him as she entered the apartment. But she had fully considered it all. She came up to him quickly, and gave him her lips to kiss, standing there in her mother's presence.

"George," she said, "dear George, I am so glad that you are here!"

It was the first, and it should be the last till the fire had done its work—till the fire should at least have done so much of its work as to make the remainder easy and fairly sure. He had little to say for himself, but muttered something about his being the happiest fellow in the world. It was a position in which a man could hardly behave well, and neither the mother nor the daughter expected much from him. A man cannot bear himself gracefully under the weight of a pardon, as a woman may do. A man chooses generally that it shall be assumed by those with whom he is closely connected that he has done and is doing no wrong, and when wronged he professes to forgive and to forget in silence. To a woman the act of forgiveness, either accepted or bestowed, is itself a pleasure. A few words were then spoken, mostly by Lady Elizabeth, and the three separated to prepare for dinner.

The next day passed over them at Humblethwaite Hall very quietly, but with some mild satisfaction. Sir Harry told his cousin of the letter to his lawyer, and desired George to make out and send by that day's post such a schedule as might be possible on the spur of the moment

"Hadn't I better run up and see Mr. Boltby?" said Cousin George.

But to this Sir Harry was opposed. Let any calls for money reach them there. Whatever the calls might be, he at any rate could pay them. Cousin George repeated his suggestion, but acquiesced when Sir Harry frowned and showed his displeasure. He did make out a schedule, and did write a letter to Mr. Boltby.

"I think my debt to Mr. Hart was put down as three thousand two hundred and fifty pounds," he wrote, "but I believe I should have added another three hundred and fifty pounds for a transaction as to which I fancy he does not hold my note of hand. But the money is due."

He was fool enough to think that Mr.

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Walker's claim might be liquidated after this fashion. In the afternoon they rode together—the father, the daughter and the blackamoor—and much was told to Cousin George as to the nature of the property. The names of the tenants were mentioned and the boundaries of the farms were pointed out to him. He was thinking all the time whether Mr. Hart would spare him.

But Emily Hotspur—though she had been thus reticent and quiet in her joy, though she was resolved to be discreet, and knew that there were circumstances in her engagement which would for a while deter her from being with her accepted lover as other girls are with theirs —did not mean to estrange herself from her cousin George. If she were to do so how was she to assist, and take, as she hoped to do, the first part in that task of refining the gold on which they were all now intent? She was to correspond with him when he was at Scarrowby. Such was her present programme, and Sir Harry had made no objection when she declared her purpose. Of course they must understand each other, and have communion together. On the third day, therefore, it was arranged that they two should walk, without other company, about the place. She must show him her own gardens, which were at some distance from the house. If the truth be told, it must be owned that George somewhat dreaded the afternoon's amusement; but there was no way of escape, and had she demanded of him to sit down to listen to her while she read to him a sermon, he would not have refused.

To be didactic and at the same time demonstrative of affection is difficult even with mothers toward their children, though with them the assumption of authority creates no sense of injury. Emily specially desired to point out to the erring one the paths of virtue, and yet to do so without being oppressive. "It is so nice to have you here, George!" she said.

"Yes, indeed: isn't it?" He was walking beside her, and as yet they were within view of the house.

"Papa has been so good: isn't he good?"

"Indeed he is. The best man I know out," said George, thinking that his gratitude would have been stronger had the baronet given him the money and allowed him to go up to London to settle his own debts.

"And mamma has been so kind! Mamma is very fond of you. I am sure she would do anything for you."

"And you?" said George, looking into her face.

"I! As for me, George, it is a matter of course now. You do not want to be told again what is and ever must be my first interest in the world."

"I do not care how often you tell me."

"But you know it, don't you?"

"I know what you said at the waterfall, Emily."

"What I said then I said for always. You may be sure of that. I told mamma so, and papa. If they had not wanted me to love you, they should not have asked you to come here. I do love you, and I hope that some day I may be your wife." She was not leaning on his arm, but as she spoke she stopped and looked steadfastly into his face. He put out his hand as though to take hers, but she shook her head, refusing it: "No, George: come on. I want to talk to you a great deal. I want to say ever so much now, to-day. I hope that some day I may be your wife. If I am not, I shall never be any man's wife."

"What does some day mean, Emily?"

"Ever so long—years, perhaps."

"But why? A fellow has to be consulted, you know, as well as yourself. What is the use of waiting? I know Sir Harry thinks I have been very fond of pleasure. How can I better show him how willing I am to give it up than by marrying and settling down at once? I don't see what's to be got by waiting."

Of course she must tell him the truth. She had no idea of keeping back the truth. She loved him with all her heart, and was resolved to marry him, but the dross must first be purged from the gold. "Of course you know, George, that papa has made objections."

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"I know he has, but that is over now. I am to go and live at Scarrowby at once, and have the shooting. He can't want me to remain there all by myself."

"But he does, and so do I."

"Why?"

In order that he might be made clean by the fire of solitude and the hammer of hard work. She could not quite say this to him. "You know, George, your life has been one of pleasure."

"I was in the army for some years."

"But you left it, and you took to going to races, and they say that you gambled and are in debt, and you have been reckless. Is not that true, George?"

"It is true."

"And can you wonder that papa should be afraid to trust his only child and all his property to one who—who knows that he has been reckless? But if you can show, for a year or two, that you can give up all that—"

"Wouldn't it be all given up if we were married?"

"Indeed, I hope so. I should break my heart otherwise. But can you wonder that papa should wish for some delay and some proof?"

"Two years?"

"Is that much? If I find you doing what he wishes, these two years will be so happy to me! We shall come and see you, and you will come here. I have never liked Scarrowby, because it is not pretty, as this place is, but oh how I shall like to go there now! And when you are here papa will get to be so fond of you. You will be like a real son to him. Only you must be steady."

"Steady! by Jove, yes. A fellow will have to be steady at Scarrowby." The perfume of the cleanliness of the life proposed to him was not sweet to his nostrils.

She did not like this, but she knew that she could not have everything at once. "You must know," she said, "that there is a bargain between me and papa. I told him that I should tell you everything."

"Yes; I ought to be told everything."

"It is he that shall fix the day. He is to do so much that he has a right to that. I shall never press him, and you must not."

"Oh, but I shall."

"It will be of no use; and, George, I won't let you. I shall scold you if you do. When he thinks that you have learned how to manage the property, and that your mind is set upon that kind of work, and that there are no more races—mind, and no betting—then—then he will consent. And I will tell you something more, if you would like to hear it."

"Something pleasant, is it?"

"When he does, and tells me that he is not afraid to give me to you, I shall be the happiest girl in all England. Is that pleasant? No, George, no: I will not have it."

"Not give me one kiss?"

"I gave you one when you came, to show you that in truth I loved you. I will give you another when papa says that everything is right."

"Not till then?"

"No, George, not till then. But I shall love you just the same. I cannot love you better than I do."

He had nothing for it but to submit, and was obliged to be content, during the remainder of their long walk, with talking of his future life at Scarrowby. It was clearly her idea that he should be head-farmer, head-steward, head-accountant and general workman for the whole place. When he talked about the game, she brought him back to the plough—so at least he declared to himself. And he could elicit no sympathy from her when he reminded her that the nearest meet of hounds was twenty miles and more from Scarrowby. "You can think of other things for a while," she said. He was obliged to say that he would, but it did seem to him that Scarrowby was a sort of penal servitude to which he was about to be sent with his own concurrence. The scent of the cleanliness was odious to him.

"I don't know what I shall do there of an evening," he said.

"Read," she answered: "there are lots of books, and you can always have the magazines. I will send them to

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you." It was a very dreary prospect of life for him, but he could not tell her that it would be absolutely unendurable.

When their walk was over—a walk which she never could forget, however long might be her life, so earnest had been her purpose—he was left alone, and took another stroll by himself. How would it suit him? Was it possible? Could the event "come off?" Might it not have been better for him had he allowed his other loving friend to prepare for him the letter to the baronet, in which Sir Harry's munificent offer would have been accepted? Let us do him the justice to remember that he was quite incapable of understanding the misery, the utter ruin, which that letter would have entailed upon her who loved him so well. He knew nothing of such sufferings as would have been hers—as must be hers; for had she not already fallen haplessly into the pit when she had once allowed herself to fix her heart upon a thing so base as this? It might have been better, he thought, if that letter had been written. A dim, dull idea came upon him that he was not fit to be this girl's husband. He could not find his joys where she would find hers. No doubt it would be a grand thing to own Humblethwaite and Scarrowby at some future time, but Sir Harry might live for these twenty years, and while Sir Harry lived he must be a slave. And then he thought that upon the whole he liked Lucy Morton better than Emily Hotspur. He could say what he chose to Lucy, and smoke in her presence, own that he was fond of drink and obtain some sympathy for his "book" on the Derby. He began to feel already that he did not like sermons from the girl of his heart.

But he had chosen this side now, and he must go on with the game. It seemed certain to him that his debts would at any rate be paid. He was not at all certain how matters might go in reference to Mr. Walker, but if matters came to the worst, the baronet would probably be willing to buy him off again with the promised income. Nevertheless, he was not comfortable, and certainly did not shine at Sir Harry's table. "Why she has loved him, what she has seen in him, I cannot tell," said Sir Harry to his wife that night.

We must presume Sir Harry did not know how it is that the birds pair.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE hopes founded on the elevation to the Papal throne, twenty-three years ago, of Giovanni Maria Mastai-Ferretti, cardinal archbishop of Imola, have been in a measure realized, though in a different way and by different agencies from what were then anticipated. Pius IX., after a brief experiment, which may be said to have set Europe in a blaze, recognized the fact that it was impossible for the Papacy to be the leader of liberalism and of progress, and instead of making his recantation after the manner of Galileo, and muttering, *E pur si muove*, he acknowledged, with frank conviction, the evident fact that, however fast the world may move, the Church must remain stationary. Since then he has trodden closely in the footsteps of his predecessors, and his sarcasm the other day, in answer to a remark about the French evacuation — "Qu'est-ce-que cela me fait? La France ne mord plus; elle a perdu ses dents" — reminds one of the cutting invective with which Paul IV. dismissed the Duc de Guise, when that general was recalled from Rome to

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assist in the defence of France against the German invaders of his day.

Personally, however, Pius has never quite lost his early popularity, and this second, and probably final, loss of his temporal power—an event hailed with satisfaction by many zealous but enlightened Catholics—will tend to soften the feelings of even his virulent opponents. Protestant visitors have always been charmed by his simple, amiable deportment, which was never perhaps exhibited to more advantage than in a lengthy interview held under somewhat peculiar circumstances at the beginning of 1858, and described by an accomplished lady, who took part in it, in the following account of

A VISIT TO PIUS IX.

On the last day of the year I received a note of which the following is a translation:

"DEAR MADAM: The Sovereign Pontiff has asked for me, with the Protestants I brought from Paris. As we made the journey together, I propose to you to accompany me to the Vatican next Sunday at three o'clock: this will be an unique opportunity for you to see the Head of the Church. Come to the Sacré Cœur at three o'clock to-morrow, to make arrangements. Oh how I have prayed for you and your excellent husband, that you may at last comprehend that there is no Church of Jesus Christ without unity of doctrine, without the authority confided to an infallible Church! This is the divine principle, the only one which Jesus Christ could have adopted, and far above your principle of individual liberty in matters of faith. I send you my little book: continue your examination. Our acquaintance is not an ordinary one: it was ordered of God. Why should we have so met and become so united on the steamer — what was the cause of our mutual attraction — if not the will of God? Come to-morrow, unless you decline to accompany me. Believe in my affection. ADÈLE D——.

"THURSDAY,
"Convent of the Sacred Heart, Trinitá de' Monti."

This invitation from our dear enthusiastic nun, who had already done so many kind things for us, it was of course impossible to decline, even had I wished to do so; but to see the Pope in this "unique" way, as she said, was really something worth doing. That she included me amongst "the Protestants she had brought from Paris," was a little stretch of her imagination with which I had nothing to do: that amiable fiction rested upon her conscience, not mine. At all events, I reconciled my conscience to going with her to see the Head of the Church, knowing perfectly well that all her views and thoughts were given to proselytizing, and that the reason she took such pains with us, and did us so many kindnesses, was the hope of gathering us into the bosom of Mother Church. It was a subject of deep and vital interest to us to know "the truth," and we were anxious to give it the attention and study it merited; and nowhere could we study under such favorable auspices as those which now presented themselves without our seeking.

Our nun was the cleverest, most highly educated woman imaginable—enthusiastic, lively, attractive to an unusual degree: we had conceived a strong affection for her. We had first met her aboard the steamer on the Mediterranean: two "Ladies of the Sacred Heart" sat opposite us at table, having two young girls of sixteen or seventeen years of age under their care. The beauty of one of the nuns had attracted much attention: she was the Princess Constance Bonaparte, daughter of Lucien, Prince of Canino, and had taken the veil at the Trinitá de' Monti. The ladies received great attention from General Guyon, who was returning to the command of the French troops in the Eternal City. When we reached Civita Vecchia a steamboat was in waiting to convey the general and suite up the Tiber: the nuns and their young girls accompanied his party, and they were kind enough to give us an invitation too. It would have been very agreeable to sail up the Tiber on the pretty little steamer with such society

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and a band of music, instead of going by the dusty diligence (the railroad was not yet quite finished); but our destination was Naples, and we did not care to change our plans; so we parted with many promises to meet again. We were to inform la Mère Adèle of our arrival in Rome by going to the Convent of the Trinitá de' Monti, and she was to do many things to please and aid us—take us into the Catacombs under the guidance of Cavaliere Guidi, introduce us to some interesting people, etc.; all which kind promises were most scrupulously fulfilled, and our delightful weekly visits to the Sacré Cœur, enlivened by her agreeable conversation and that of several learned and traveled men to whom she presented us, will ever remain amongst my most cherished recollections. My dear nun! how she rejoiced over the prospects of England, the "good hope" she had for it! The High Church party were nearly theirs! Manning and Newman were only the forerunners!

She was a person of high rank both in the world and the Church, and we afterward had reason to believe that her mission to Rome was, at least in some measure, political. She was nearly connected with the French ambassador, whom we constantly met in the little grated convent parlor. There, too, amongst others, we met by appointment the bishop of Cochin China, then in Rome on some business connected with the canonization of the Japanese martyrs—a man of about thirty years of age, with such enthusiasm, such an intense conception of the true object of his life, such love for Christ and the heathen souls he sought to win to Him, such a desire for martyrdom if it would serve His cause, as reminded us of Xavier. "Pas d'humilité, mon cher monseigneur: racontez nous ce que vous avez fait," was our dear nun's characteristic address to him ("No humility, dear monseigneur: tell us what you did"). And he told us of the dangers he had passed through, with thrilling effect, so calmly, yet with such intense feeling: "Ah! il n'y a pas d'ennui dans cette vie là" ("There is no *ennui* in that life"): how he had seen death in every form while hiding among the native converts, with a price set on his head; suffering hunger and thirst, shipwrecks, wanderings, perils of all kinds,—"*all for Christ;*" and how the natives flocked around him to receive the sacraments, keeping him occupied at one place for three days and nights, until he fell exhausted with fatigue. But I am wandering from the subject of my letter.

On Friday I went to the convent to make the arrangements. "Madame la Supérieure" was to take the English girls, Edith and Eva; la Mère Adèle and myself were to go in my carriage; and I was to be at the Trinitá de' Monti on Sunday at two o'clock, dressed in black, with a black lace veil on my head. There was great stir in our small household when our Italian servants found that the Signora was to be presented to the "Santo Padre," and all the arrangements were matters of deep interest, Annunziata feeling that the proper pinning of my veil involved a degree of responsibility on her part which no toilette of mine had ever before merited. But at last even she was satisfied.

At the hour named I was at the convent, and found la Mère Adèle ready. She embraced me warmly, surveyed me and said I would "do," but must take off my gloves: it was not etiquette to be presented gloved to the Holy Father. We drove across Rome to the Vatican, descending in front of St. Peter's under the portico, and found the Swiss Guard at the foot of the "Scala Regia." They ushered us up past the Sistine and Paolina Chapels, where we found servants in the red Papal livery, who escorted us up innumerable narrow staircases and through long passages, until it seemed to me that we had traversed half the Vatican, and I had no idea in what part of it we were. We were then shown into a large room hung and furnished in green, with sofas along the wall: here were seated some dozen persons, the gentlemen generally in uni-

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form, the ladies in black with veils. Our entry created a little stir as we proceeded to the end of the room, and several ladies came forward and spoke to Madame la Supérieure. In a few minutes the doors were opened and everybody walked into an adjoining room similarly furnished in red. An official personage in purple dress was standing by a farther door with a paper in his hand, evidently a list of names. At once he called "M. le Général de ——," and a very distinguished-looking elderly gentleman in uniform and glittering orders went forward. Pretty soon afterward he called "Madame D——." This was our party. The nuns advanced, Eva, Agnes and I bringing up the rear, and we passed into a long gallery hung with tapestry, in the midst of which stood a large brass "scaldino" (a vessel with a perforated lid containing burning charcoal). In front of a door leading from this gallery into the audience-chamber stood Monsignore Talbot, dressed in purple: he bowed silently as he opened the door of the Pope's room, and we entered, making three curtseys as we advanced to the place where Pius IX. stood, at the extreme end of the room, by a small table, on which were a crucifix and a small hand-bell. The room had frescoed walls and ceiling, but apparently no furniture. The Pope wore, as usual, a white soutane buttoned down to the feet, a white skull-cap, a gold chain around the neck, and red slippers with the embroidered cross on them, which the nuns kissed as they prostrated themselves before him. We did not prostrate ourselves, but only bowed very low over his hand, which he extended for us to take. As the door closed behind us, the Pope, addressing himself to la Mère Adèle, said, in his full, rich, melodious voice, "Fille de David, avancez, ma fille, avancez!" The conversation was in French, intermingled with Italian when the Pope spoke to Madame la Supérieure: the ladies addressed him as "Souverain Pontife." La chère Mère then presented me specially to His Holiness—told him the particulars of our meeting, the friendship we had mutually conceived, and her desire to bring me within the pale of the true Church; and begged him to give me an explanation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, which had proved a stumbling-block to many Protestants. He replied at length: said it meant that the Blessed Virgin was born free from the taint of original sin inherited by every other child of Adam; the Church had always believed in this dogma; it was no new creation of his; he had merely promulgated it when the whole world was waiting in expectation to hear it; and he had received letters from many Protestant clergymen in various parts of the world assuring him of their belief in the doctrine, as elevating the Saviour, whose mother was thus made worthy of such honor. La Mère Adèle then said: "Sovereign Pontiff, tell her concerning your infallibility: a pope *can* sin, can he not?" He answered that a pope's infallibility was *ex cathedrâ*. "Je suis un pauvre pécheur" (and he struck his breast three times), "et je serai le premier à le dire moi-même; mais il faut vous dire que les papes ont plus d'anges gardiens que les autres hommes, ceux qui gardent l'Église les surveillent, et en particulier l'Archange Michel; il y en a qui disent que les papes sont des âmes prédestinés, mais ce n'est pas encore décidé" ("I am a poor sinner, and am the first to acknowledge it; but I must add that the popes have more guardian angels than other men: those who guard the Church watch over them, particularly the Archangel Michael. It has been said that the popes are predestined souls, but that is not yet decided"). Then, turning kindly to me, he added: "My daughter, pray for the truth morning and night, that God may show it to you: truth only comes through prayer. No child asks for what he has, but if he wishes anything more, he asks his mother eagerly, earnestly for it: c'est comme ça that we must pray to God." Then to la Mère Adèle: "Conversions do not come through polemics, but as the Holy Spirit came on the day of Pentecost,

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as you may see upon the ceiling," pointing up to a large fresco of the Third Person of the Trinity, represented in the form of a dove with extended wings hovering over us. He told her he was well aware of her interest for Protestants, and of what she had already effected for their conversion. Here she interrupted him: "Sovereign Pontiff, give me a special mission." He laughed heartily: "Oui, oui: you have it; but though you have patience, you need more *aplomb:* you are too eager, you press them too fast: go slowly." He then spoke of the ambassador's family, and made some remarks which were of a political nature, and to several questions returned unsatisfactory answers: he probably thought them (as I did) injudicious, and turning abruptly to Madame la Supérieure (who had several times ineffectually endeavored to repress her excitable, enthusiastic nun, Pio Nono only laughing heartily and saying, "Laissez la faire"), spoke with her in Italian in a low voice; but my dear nun could not bear this: "Oh, I cannot understand: speak French, *vous autres.*" The familiarity of this address seemed startling to me: la Supérieure said, "Ma chère!" The Pope laughed immoderately, and asked, "What of the Countess of ——? I cannot speak those English words." They told him she would soon make her recantation (which, thanks to the chaplain of the English Church, she never did). The girls had stood silently a little apart, when la Mère Adèle, pushing Eva forward, said she was frightened at the idea of seeing the Pope. He made her kneel and kiss the ring on his finger, as he showed us a cameo of the Virgin, and said, laughingly, "Beg the blessed Virgin's pardon." My dear nun then asked permission to go and see the pictures of the Vatican: this seemed to divert Pio Nono very much, and he gave a gracious permission: "That is, provided the rooms are open, which I do not know, although I am le maître de la maison." He then gave us each a special blessing, laying his hands upon our heads: "Bless you here present, and the absent ones you love." The girls timidly held out some rosaries they had brought with them to be blessed. He waved them impatiently aside: "Oh, ils sont tous bénits, tous bénits" ("They are blessed"), rang the small hand-bell on the table which stood by him, the door opened, and we retired backward, bowing and curtseying deeply, as when we entered.

We were all delighted with the amiability, affability and liveliness of His Holiness. A reigning sovereign, as well as the Head of the Church, the absence of any state, the simplicity and ease of his manner and the frankness with which he engaged us in conversation, were remarkable. We stood outside in the gallery warming our hands at the "scaldino," and talking with Monsignore Talbot, who made many inquiries as to my creed and opinions, and told me he had himself received more than two hundred recantations. While we stood here two gentlemen went in to the Pope, but their audience did not last five minutes: they came out, and we all went down stairs together, without again passing through the waiting-rooms, la Mère having learned from Monsignore Talbot that the picture-gallery was closed. When we got down we went into the great St. Peter's, and walked round there until it was dark and Madame la Supérieure would remain no longer. That evening, as often before, I was struck by the great number of the confessionals, adapted to penitents from every part of the world. Every one can confess and be absolved in St. Peter's in his own language—one of the strongest testimonies to the power and ambition of the Romish Church. Like old Rome, her descendant would claim authority over all tongues and languages, creeds and people. In the drive home we recapitulated all we had heard, and I committed it at once to paper.

Soon after, la chère Mère sent for us to accompany her, under the Cavaliere Guidi's escort, to the Catacombs. That day in the chambers of the dead with the greatest living archæologist was in-

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deed a "red-letter day." Shortly after, Eva and Agnes made their "recantation." La chère Mère Adèle! We grieved that she was so disappointed in us, but years after her kindness was undiminished. P. E. H.

The attitude of a people on the eve of a great war is a spectacle, as our readers well know, not surpassed in impressiveness, though often for a time effaced in the recollection, by the bloody scenes that follow. Of what took place in Paris when war was proclaimed we have already had full accounts, and now that the French capital is closed from observation, it may be interesting to cast a retrospective glance at

BERLIN AT THE BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

ON the evening of the 21st of July, when the account of the Benedetti affair reached Berlin, the inhabitants of this city were aroused to a state of interest in regard to the dispute with France, which had seemed before of little moment. Even now the excitement scarcely extended beyond the beer-gardens, nor did it lead to any departure from the peculiar quiet customs of the citizens. They sat around their tables, chatting and drinking beer—the larger and more magnificent gardens being filled to overflowing—and each waited patiently for his turn to read the evening paper. Nothing but war-matters was discussed. Nobody wanted war, yet everybody was ready to accept it heartily if inevitable. They had no fears for the nation, yet all deplored the probable misery it would bring on the people, for the memory of the wars with Denmark and Austria was yet fresh. Germany had begun to enjoy a delightful peace, and the late prosperity under the North German Confederation, which found its highest expression in Berlin, was looked to cheerfully as giving hope of better years for the Fatherland than had been yet enjoyed. The people had been preparing to celebrate on the 3d of August the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Frederick William III., whose colossal statue was then to be uncovered before the royal palace. It was therefore a sudden transition that they were now experiencing, and the contrast between their late sense of security and present fears made the occasion more striking.

It was not until the following evening, however, that the excitement reached its highest point. The people had received news of the departure of the king from Ems, where he had been taking his summer recreation; and they had been apprised, too, of the enthusiastic reception he had been meeting on the way. He was now expected every moment in Berlin. The houses were covered with flags, and the streets leading from the Potsdam station to the royal palace were lined throughout their whole length with immense crowds. The station was adorned with wreaths and various insignia of royalty, and the open square in front was likewise decorated in a becoming manner. It is not customary for the people to receive their king in this way. Ordinarily, there is no notice taken of his departure or return; but now they wished to give him a hearty reception, as expressing their approval of his conduct toward the French minister, and their acceptance of the war in case it should seem to him necessary.

On that night one could not yet say whether the people were for war or peace. Nobody had an opinion or a wish of his own. They had given themselves and their opinions over to the king, and what he should decide would be their decision and their preference. The Germans have been so long used to submission in political matters that they have scarcely yet got the thought of private individuals having any opinion except in private affairs. The duties of patriotism, however, they have always felt deeply, yet only as a sentiment to be called into action by the measures of the government. This feeling could not but be distinctly perceived that evening by any American who gave attention to the conversation that passed on the great theme. Instead of the people di-

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viding themselves on the main issue, as would have been the case in America, they discussed the relative merits of the needle-gun and the Chassepot, the comparative decisiveness, celerity and endurance of the French and the German character, the probable continuance or result of the war, etc. About eight o'clock the king, with his retinue, made his appearance. He was announced by the police on horseback, who had posted themselves along the whole line to keep back the crowd. As he rode by with his train, among whom were Bismarck and Moltke, he was of course heartily cheered along the entire route. Such a brilliant reception had never before been given him. When he returned to Berlin four years ago to begin the war against Austria, he met with a very cold reception; whereas now they felt that if there should be war it would be one of defence against an aggressor, and that it was for their country that they should have to fight. About this time the news was spread that France had actually declared war, when the vast crowd, from along the whole line, rushed after the king as he passed to his palace. The scene now became indescribable. As he stepped from his coach the old man turned round just before entering his palace, and said with much emotion, "If it should continue thus, my children, we shall have nothing to fear." Here the people broke out into their national song, *Heil dir im Siegerkranze*, and there was such a chorus as only Germans can give, and they only on the eve of battle. Then were sung other national airs—"I am a Prussian," "Where is the German's Fatherland?" etc.—the singing continuing till after midnight, interrupted by occasional cheering. There were perhaps not less than a hundred thousand people on the spot, every available bit of space being occupied, including the pedestal of the statue of Frederick the Great. There were many things in this demonstration to strike one as different from what we have in the United States. There were no *speeches* on the occasion. Neither then nor since have there been assemblies where patriotic appeals could be made to the people, or explanations given of the situation, both because the people do not need it, and because they are not used to listening to speeches. In fact, the American "speech" is unknown in Germany. There was not even anything like a public announcement of the declaration of war. The news did not become known to the crowd instantaneously. It had been circulating two hours before it was generally known. He who found it out was not specially anxious to tell it except to the persons with whom he might fall into conversation, and every one was satisfied to wait till he could read it in the paper for himself. No one would even read aloud to the crowd or to as many as could hear. The most that was done was for several to try to look on one paper at the same time. In all the crowds that meet—now almost daily—about the palace or Linden there is nothing like a common thought pervading them. A German crowd is made up of *squads:* it is not a crowd in the American sense. No more will get together than can conveniently converse; and as soon as a squad gets too large for all to hear, it will break up into several. Accordingly, there is never the density that there is in an American throng. One can always find his way through a German crowd by winding between the squads.

The next day we heard of like demonstrations elsewhere. Almost every large city was the scene of enthusiasm, even in those countries that were thought doubtful on account of the compulsory course by which they were brought into the North German Confederation, as Saxony and Hanover. The news now went all over Germany that all Germany was united, which instantly increased the confidence everywhere; and Germany has since had no fear for the result of the war.

On this same day, the first after the declaration of war, one could already see the evidences of preparation. Early in the morning notices were placed on all the news-columns of the city calling for

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horses, wagons, stabling, quartering for soldiers, etc.; also for workingmen to make harness, tents and the like, nurses to go to the field and assistants for the hospitals; also calls for volunteers, and directions to them where to report. A few days later the streets were full of army-wagons and other utensils of war: large droves of horses were seen going in almost every direction. Wherever there was an open place or vacant building-lot, there could be seen officers examining horses, and jockeys standing by criticising their decisions. Every man who had a horse was required to bring it, and if found fit it was taken for the service. Every day for the first two weeks could be seen squads of countrymen coming with their little bundles to enter the service. Around all the barracks were immense crowds waiting to undergo examination. Exercises of the troops were held every morning on the Kreutzberg, sometimes of as many as twenty thousand at once. About all the railroad stations could be seen immense trains of troops coming and going. Troops coming from the east were often required to remain several days in Berlin, where they fairly flooded the city. The university halls were at once almost deserted: the gymnasiums were closed a month in advance of the proper time, in order to give the students an opportunity to enlist. From all ranks and every business of life the people flocked to the military head-quarters for their orders. There were many bold strokes of patriotism. Whole schools, societies and organizations, both in Berlin and elsewhere, enlisted *en masse*. In Kiel (in Schleswig-Holstein) all the students of the large university entered the army. It was about the same in Göttingen. Large amounts of money were contributed by the wealthy, nearly all the bankers and large corporations wishing to rival each other. It was an interesting study to see how, amid all these multitudes of men and departments of business details, the preparations were pushed forward with such speed and order; for everybody and everything was in a few days worked into its place, and very shortly the whole army disappeared, leaving Berlin as quiet as a country town.

About the same time there sprang up also an activity in the way of benevolence. Calls were made on the first day after the declaration of war for the citizens to meet in the different beer-gardens and other public places to organize and work for the comfort of the sick and wounded and to raise money for the families of the soldiers. Many offered for this work, and met in some such capacity as our mite societies, to knit, sew, etc. Others contributed large sums of money. Almost every shop was made a collecting-place, where a white flag with a scarlet cross was hung out, indicating that offerings would there be received. The chief buildings of the city were given up for the head-quarters of these associations, as the opera house, city hall, etc. High personages headed the calls, and enrolled themselves as active members of the societies—among them Victoria, the Crown Princess. The purposes of some of these organizations are comical enough. There is one that proposes to furnish every soldier one extra cigar a day (five is the ration): another to supply the men with additional beer (the ration is only a quart per day). Collections are taken in all the churches for these societies. The proceeds of many concerts, theatres, etc., are devoted to their benefit. Among the most liberal contributions are those from America, the Germans not having yet learned liberality on such a large scale as we.

On the business of the city the effects of the war showed themselves from almost the first day. Everything that met the eye or engaged the interest of the people had a war tinge. The theatres announced patriotic performances, as *On to Paris*, *Prussia's Victory*, etc. In the booksellers' windows were displayed maps of the Rhine region, engravings of battle-scenes, soldiers' costumes and the like; photographs of the king, Bismarck and leading Prussian generals; caricatures of Napoleon, Benedetti and Grammont. Brochures appeared on the

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infamy of Napoleon, Eugénie and the Parisian government. The *Kladderadatsch* and *Waspen* directed all their sarcasms against the French. The newspapers, which were heretofore not allowed to be sold in the streets, now came into such demand that the institution of *newsboys* sprang up. Before, it was necessary, if one wished a paper, to subscribe for at least three months. There were not even any news-stands where one could purchase single copies, and they were not allowed to be sold at the bookstores. In the publication office alone could one sometimes get a copy. In fact, a reading public was now first created. Before, it was not customary for any one person to subscribe for a paper. Sometimes three or four families would club together to take a copy, but commonly the people read the newspapers in the restaurants, where there were always to be found the principal dailies. A restaurant without a newspaper would be as difficult to find in Germany as a restaurant without beer. But now the demand for single papers began to be supplied. Even extra editions were issued, not of the whole paper, but generally small slips containing the latest news. There is even now, in the midst of victories, nothing like such a newspaper business as in America. Occasionally, a man of means will buy a newspaper, but the multitude cannot get used to the extravagance. The extras, which are about as large as an ordinary advertisement in one of our papers, have very little circulation. The government publishes official despatches from the seat of war. These are posted by the police on the city columns, where the theatrical and concert advertisements are. Around these columns, which are at nearly every street crossing, there may always be seen a small crowd of readers. There has been an average of one official despatch per day, generally proclaiming some victory, or if a defeat, in such terms as to leave it doubtful. It has passed into a proverb here, that to get the truth of a government despatch one must *read between the lines*. There is great secresy on the part of the government; the telegraphs are all under their control, and the papers can publish only such items as are furnished them by the police; so that none of the plans are prematurely divulged. There are no false reports circulated, no unfounded alarms. There is generally great moderation in the war news. The victories have usually turned out greater than at first reported. The Germans are not so much excited either by good or bad news, nor are they as impatient to get the news, as the Americans. By the time the first hint of a battle gets to Berlin, the particulars of it, if it were in America, would be all over the United States (to be largely contradicted the next day, however). They rarely give anything out here but what they can stick to. A. B.

PARISIANA.

À bientôt was the confident good-bye given by the emperor to his courtiers when leaving for what he and they fancied was to be a pleasant military promenade to Berlin, taking Jena *en route*, in Napoleonic style; but His late Majesty must now feel the full force of the Shakespearian dictum that expectation most often fails when it promises the most. "The dog it was that died." It is the Prussian king that is enjoying the sort of trip to Paris which "Louis and I" proposed to take in the contrary direction. The *bientôt*, in all probability, will be so indefinitely postponed that even the consolation to be derived from the venerable maxim, "Better late than never," can hardly be soothing the imperial captive at present; although he is reported to have said that he will return in due time to his quondam capital to exact a severe reckoning from his betrayers. It is not probable that their equanimity will be much disturbed by the threat, however convinced they may be that the only sure thing is the unexpected—*rien n'est sur que l'imprévu*—a saying never more strikingly illustrated than by the present proximity of the Prussians to Paris. How little that was ever anticipated may be under-

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stood from the fact that many of the houses near the Bois de Boulogne were built with the condition that they should be destroyed by the government without remuneration to the owners in case the advent of an enemy should require the sacrifice. The contemptuous shrug of a Parisian shoulder at such a stipulation may be easily imagined. Proprietors of the domicils would have hesitated more at a proviso that they should be deprived of them when the sky rained larks.

The return of Napoleon, therefore, after all the miracles that have just happened, is not to be betted against too heavily by waiters on Providence. *Choses de France* bid fair to pale the splendid perplexities of *cosas d'España*, of which they are just now the amazing offspring. *Mater pulchrâ filia pulchrior.* To think of little Prim, after upsetting Isabella, going on in his dethroning course at the expense of the monarch who had just, to all appearance, been fixed immovably in his seat! How big, or how bothered, he must feel! The immortality of the Ephesian incendiary will be insignificant in comparison to his. What lots, too, of friends and cronies in the French capital the Spanish Samsonling has crushed beneath the ruins of the throne he has so unwittingly brought down! for, as we are told by our great poet:

> "The cease of majesty
> Dies not alone, but like a gulf, doth draw
> What's near it, with it: it is a massy wheel
> Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
> To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
> Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
> Each small annexment, petty consequence,
> Attends the boisterous ruin."

One of the last sayings reported of the Emperor is his assertion to Bismarck that he could not prevent the war of which he thus disclaims the responsibility. He was run away with by the steeds which he thought he had so well in hand, and has met the Phaetonic fate. But the world will hardly accept the excuse. The one item of his famous programme which was yet unaccomplished—the boundary of the Rhine—and which he must have regarded as the consolidation of his dynasty, will not allow the belief that he had not stimulated the national sentiment of which he now professes to be the victim. *Tu l'as voulu, Georges Dandin.* Hamlet assures us that

> "Rightly to be great
> Is not to stir without great argument,
> But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
> When honor's at the stake."

Yet even in that point of view the greatness of Napoleon in the matter can hardly be maintained. The straw concocted for him by Ambassador Benedetti could not really have pricked his honor in the least, unless he had determined upon having it pricked. Whether for good or for bad reasons, he must have fully made up his mind to pick a quarrel on the ninth part of a hair, and by the quarrel he has been picked in turn of his imperial plumage, and the fine feathers which made so many fine birds have been "blown devious in the transverse air." The mysteries of moulting are great, but if ever those feathers should grow again upon the imperial eagle and fluttering fowls, there may be hope for even the pigeons that are annually plucked at Hombourg and Baden-Baden, or the glorious American bird after it has undergone the full manipulation of carpetbaggery and scallawaggery and burglarious blackguardery at large.

The last utterance of poor Eugénie is much more commendable and affecting than that of her spouse: "I prefer their pity to their hate." Thus spake a true woman, and not the less every inch a queen, showing that she is, indeed, "Cette fleur de beauté que la bonté parfume." What a commentary on summer friendship her unattended flight!—the swarm that in her noontide beams were born, gone, some to salute the rising morn, some to take care of themselves on the imperial principle of *sauve qui peut*, as exemplified in their precious highnesses, Mathilde and Plon-plon — the princess running off with sixty trunks, which, in Western phrase, might appropriately be called "plunder," and the other hurrying away to

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foreign parts, leaving his family to take care of themselves. "The cholera is in Florence," said a frightened Italian in a railroad car, "and I'm getting out of its way; but I don't believe there is any danger, for I've left my wife and children!" So doubtless the illustrious prince believed there was no peril that poor Clotilde couldn't very safely confront alone.

One reason there is for believing in the possibility of Napoleon's resuscitation—Can the French get along without him for a while? May it not be said of him as Iago says of Othello—

> "That for their souls
> Another of his fathom they have none,
> To lead their business: in which regard,
> Though *they* do hate him as *they* do hell's pains,
> Yet for the necessity of present life,
> *They* must show out a flag and sign of love"?

Is there a possibility of success for any other government which at present could be established? Can a republic maintain itself with so dense, excitable and ignorant a population as that of France? Judging from the past, the answer would decidedly be in the negative. And if that population has been so enervated and imbruted as the enemies of Napoleon declare it has been by his rule, is it better fitted now than formerly for self-government? Where the majority is to govern, and that majority is essentially ignorant and corrupt, can there be any probability of its possessing liberty and order? The believer in that peradventure must exclaim, "Credo quia impossibile." As to the renewal of Bourbonism or Orleanism in the persons of any of their existing princes, it would be as hopeless an experiment as sowing seeds in the ocean. There is no soil in which they can ever take root again. As we say in our own elegant phraseology, they are "played out." It would not be at all surprising if the surrender of Napoleon was prompted by the idea of letting his adversaries at home have their own way for a while, so as to demonstrate their utter incompetency for the task they have assumed—in other words, to give them rope enough to hang themselves withal. Well aware that his ignominious failure as a military chief had destroyed his influence for the nonce, he may have given himself up in order to shine by his absence—to convince his quondam subjects that if they cannot love him for himself, they must tolerate him as a necessary evil. And what more fickle than popular feeling?—a destructive hurricane at one moment, an auspicious zephyr the next—a breeze from heaven or a blast from hell. Let some Antony get the ear of the Parisian populace, and Cæsarism, which is now so poor that none will do it reverence, will excite the stones to mutiny against those who have laid it low. "Il n'y a que les morts qui ne reviennent pas;" and since Napoleon couldn't die, as he informed King William, at the head of his army, he may live to fight another day at the head of his people.

How to educate the great majority of a dense population to the capability of self-government is, and will long be, the question. There is so little time for the hewers of wood and drawers of water in a crowded community to be intellectually and morally developed for the duties of republicanism that those who are anxious to promote the greatest good of the greatest number may well be pardoned if they behold a greater chance of organized anarchy than republican order in the democratic doings of the day among the masses of Europe. The best things in themselves, in the words of Lord Bacon, are the worst in perversion, and there is but one step from liberty to license—a step so easy and so tempting that only well-trained reason can refrain. It is a terrible thing for a people to know its strength without knowing how to use it.

There is not much gossip just now to be found either in or about Paris. Even the *Charivari* finds no food for fun par le temps qui court. Instead of its usual mirth-moving woodcut, it gives its patrons such pictures as this: A young sharpshooter, in new uniform, looks imploringly at the personification of France, and ejaculates, "I have no gun." With energetic gesture France points to a Prussian soldier taking aim at them with his *needler*, and cries,

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"There is one!" Unfortunately for the gallant Gauls, the Prussians have a way of holding their own and getting what belongs to others that cannot be very encouraging to the weaponless.

THE OPENING OF THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILWAY,

as far as Denver, 735 miles from Kansas City and 907 from St. Louis, was celebrated by an excursion of which an esteemed correspondent gives us an account:

DEAR GOSSIP: Westward, like the Star of Empire, excursions now take their way, and an invitation to visit Denver City and the Rocky Mountains on the occasion of the opening of the Kansas Pacific Railway was accepted by your correspondent with anticipations of pleasure which have been amply fulfilled. The party, consisting of about a hundred gentlemen assembled from various sections and representing various interests, left St. Louis on the evening of August 30 by one of the most costly and magnificent trains ever run upon any road. It was composed of ten Pullman Palace Cars entirely new, elegantly appointed and abundantly supplied with every luxury that ministers to the comfort of travelers. Crossing the fertile prairies of Missouri, we reached Kansas City on the following morning. Here, as at Leavenworth City, Lawrence and Topeka, a large number of citizens were awaiting us with their carriages to show us the town and special objects of interest or beauty. These gentlemen, the foremost men of the place, entirely conversant with its history and life, of which they were a part, gave us much valuable information which could have been obtained in no other way.

Kansas City is a bustling hive of activity, being favorably located for business. Leavenworth has a very picturesque location and many elegant residences. After visiting the fort, we were driven to the summit of Pilot Knob, whence we had an extensive view of the surrounding country, with the town and the river in the distance. At Lawrence our escort was an ex-mayor, a member of the Society of Friends, who, after driving us through the town, took us to Mount Oread, where the State University is now being built. From this point a fine view is obtained of the peaceful valley in which Lawrence lies. This valley, five or six miles in width, winds gracefully around the hill, losing itself in the Wakarussa Valley, and affording the most perfect scene of tranquil loveliness we ever beheld. On our return to the city hall we found awaiting us a collation of fruit equal in quality and abundance to any display at a Horticultural Fair.

At Topeka we were introduced to the governor and shown the legislative halls, and were struck with the overflowing vitality of the place. The broad prairie lands of Kansas, with their inexhaustible fertility, offer strong attractions to the dwellers in the overcrowded cities of the East. This, too, is historic ground: the soil of Kansas may be said to be sacred to the second birth of Freedom, for here was inaugurated the great contest, and the soul of John Brown is still marching on.

At Hays City we stopped at the encampment of General Custer, where we received the agreeable addition to our party of the general and his lovely wife, a young lady companion and several officers. The young lady had been spending a year at the fort for the benefit of her health, and, besides joining in the outdoor sports of the camp, had recently performed the feat of shooting a buffalo, having wounded him at the first fire, and hamstringed him in the approved fashion at the second.

Arriving at Kit Carson at midnight, we were awakened by the sound of revelry and dancing, so significant of the wild life of this lawless place. In the morning, with the general and one or two friends, we visited some of the gambling-dens and dance-houses, at one of which two men had been killed and one wounded only the night previously. The side of the house was still splashed with the blood of these men, and a bullet-hole was visible in a window-pane.

We were now out upon the vast plains of Colorado—an open sea of grass, parched and yellow, but nutritious to the buffalo and affording a great grazing-ground for cattle. This is the American Desert of the maps. Groups of fifteen or twenty buffalo were frequently seen and repeatedly shot at from the cars. The saucy little prairie dogs are seen all along the route sitting on the mounds above their villages, which have underground passages, the main passage generally leading to a water-course. Sometimes coal deposits have been discovered where they have turn-

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ed up the earth. At Lake Station we got our first view of Pike's Peak, one hundred miles away. Riding upon the locomotive for twenty miles over these unbroken plains was very exciting, and increased very much the impression of their vastness. For the last thirty miles the company had provided open cars with awnings, placed in advance of the engine, that we might have a clear view as we approached the mountains. It was the close of the day and of the week, and as a fitting climax to our grand ride a magnificent sunset was shaping itself in the Rocky Mountains. The clouds were broken and the sun blazed through the openings, lighting up the fleecy masses with gorgeous tints, which were reflected upon the varicolored sides or snowy tops of this vast range.

We arrived at Denver City about eight o'clock P. M., and were received by the citizens with the warmest demonstrations of joy. It was a great event to Denver, the completion of this road, connecting the place with the Eastern cities, and securing safety from the hostilities of the Indians, who were very troublesome during the building of the road, but have now, thanks to the energy of General Custer, been cleared from the route. We rose at sunrise on the following morning (Sunday) to view the mountains before the mist obscured their outlines. It was a grand sight to witness the clearly-marked forms, with the glowing tints of sunrise upon them, of this vast range, one thousand miles long, three hundred miles wide, attaining an altitude of over fourteen thousand feet; Pike's Peak to the south, Long's Peak to the north, standing like sentinels over this domain of cloud-piercing summits and snow-capped peaks. After visiting Cheyenne, the point of connection with the Union Pacific road, we rested a day at Denver. Denver is a city of the Plains, being situated at the junction of Cherry Creek with the South Platte, fourteen miles from the foot of the mountains and fifty-three hundred feet above tide-level, with a population of six thousand people. From St. Louis to Denver the ascent, on an average, is five feet to the mile. The city is the head-quarters of the miners and cattle-herders, and at times is very much thronged. General McCook had summoned the Indian chiefs, and we were present at a council held in his rooms. A friend at our elbow, the president of a prominent Western road, was introduced as chief of the Fire-wagons. On the morning of September 6 about half the party started for the mountains in six of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Overland coaches, driving at full gallop through the city and over the bridges at Cherry Creek.

At the base of the foot-hills are many curious formations like natural forts, with bastions and buttresses, while Golden City is visible in the distance. The mountains do not rise suddenly to a great height, but crop out range behind range, exhibiting all the forms of mountain vegetation. At last our road stretched over the mountain-top, bringing into sudden view twenty or thirty other peaks, then winding along a deep cañon or gulch with only one wagon-track, wild and fearfully dangerous. Stopping for dinner at Trotter's Ranche, a way-station, we reached in the evening Idaho City, perched in its mountain eyrie, thirty-five miles from Denver. Here are hot springs, and we all took a swimming bath, railroad kings, merchants and knights of the press in very hilarious confusion and enjoyment. These springs are so near ice-cold springs that the waters are mingled to temper them for use. In the early morning we started for Georgetown, and the ride on the top of the stage in the clear, crisp mountain air, over a road winding along Clear Creek, which descends foaming over its rocky bed seventy-five feet to the mile, was delightful and inspiring. Passing between high mountains, which on one side of the stream are sparsely covered with trees, and on the other rise precipitously in rugged crags and beetling cliffs, we reached Georgetown, lying in a sort of natural park in the lap of the mountains. Here we secured horses, mules and wagons for the ascent of Gray's Peak and McClellan's Mountain. The view from these extreme heights is grand, extending some two hundred miles, and bringing into sight nearly one hundred peaks, as well as the broad Plains and the Pacific slope. There are lakes here among the mountain-tops and vast parks which are described as scenes of rare beauty. The air is pleasant to breathe, but, if one uses much physical exertion, soon induces fatigue. Some of the party were affected with sudden bleeding at the nose, and were obliged to descend. We were half a mile above the timber-line, and much above the lowest snow-line; and while here had a snow-storm accompanied with thunder, which had a very weird effect. We seemed to be on the very

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threshold of the arsenals of the heavens. On our return we realized more forcibly how great a height we had attained, as the road seemed to descend almost continually until we reached the Plains.

We were greeted at Denver with an invitation to a grand banquet, which afforded occasion for a general expression of good feeling. Toward midnight we adjourned to take the train for the return trip, which was attended with the same courtesies and abundant provision for our wants that had characterized this excursion throughout, leaving memories of a grand tour and kindly hospitalities never to be effaced. J. B. M.

VARIA.

MANY years ago—long before steamships traversed the ocean, occasionally bowling into each other—a worthy resident of a venerable seaport of Massachusetts, whose descent from two of the "best families" of the place was vouched for by a compound surname, part of which did service for a Christian name, took it into his head to cross the ocean Europeward. After a long voyage he found himself standing on a quay at Hamburg, in the midst of a bustle and a din of sounds all foreign to his ear. He recognized the melancholy fact that he was a stranger in a strange land. Suddenly he heard himself addressed in what he imagined to be familiar syllables. *Sprechen Sie deutsch?* was asked in a soft, insinuating tone by a *commissionnaire* on the lookout for a job. Turning round, our hero grasped his interlocutor by the hand, and then, with somewhat puzzled look and lengthened face, stammered out, "Why, yes; but how did you know my name was *Pickering Dodge?*"

. . . Some satirical wag, who, like President Grant, loves to blow a cloud from a good Havana or a well-supplied meerschaum, does not seem to admire the "estimated" statistics of a social reformer writing against the use of the fragrant weed, who opens his essay with this "figury fact:" "More money is expended in the United States for cigars than for all the common schools in the country." The indignant smoker responds: "It 'has been estimated' that the cost of washing linen that might just as well be worn two days longer amounts to enough in this country to more than defray the expenses of the American Board of Foreign Missions. The expenses of buttons on the backs of our coats, where they can be of no earthly use, is equal to the support of all our orphan asylums. 'It is estimated' that the value of old boots thrown aside, which might have been worn at least two days longer, is more than enough to buy flannel night-gowns for every baby in the land;" and other similar illustrations, reminding one of the kindred economy of the London *Statist* in the matter of saving meat-skewers in the metropolis: "There are sixty-two thousand seven hundred and forty-eight skewers delivered daily with meat in the metropolis. Twenty-one millions nine hundred thousand skewers are thus wasted, which, if collected and warehoused, would in ten years' time afford a mass of timber more than sufficient for the construction of a first-rate vessel of war for the use of Her Majesty's navy, to be called the Royal Skewer, and under that name to become the terror of all the enemies of England!" Everything that could *make* anything should be carefully saved, for the thing made is very often superior to the maker, as was maintained by the German professor, Baron von Dullbrainz, before the Mudfog Association. "Par examp.," he reasoned, "I am ze coachman; I make ze w'eel of ze coach: he r-r-oll five hunder' miles, but I cannot r-r-oll one; or I am ze cooper, w'at you call, w'ich makes ze tub of wine: he hold a souzand gallons, and I cannot hold more az fives bottel; so you see the thing that iz made is more superior zan ze maker!"

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Pierre qui roule. Par George Sand. Paris.

It is now, we believe, more than a quarter of a century since George Sand won her first laurels in French literature, but age does not yet seem to have in the least impaired her remarkable creative powers. The latest evidence we had of this continued fecundity was about eighteen months ago. At that period, while her two new dramas, *Claudie* and *L'Autre*, were nightly filling the treasuries of two Parisian theatres, her prolific pen also produced two new novels, or rather portions of the same novel, *Pierre qui roule* and *Le beau Laurence*. Years appear thus only to have had the effect of sobering the exuberant imagination of the authoress of *Indiana*, and to have given her, as far as this is possible to one of her singularly volatile and essentially French temperament, an almost Goethean contemplativeness. Those moral and social conflicts in the delineation of which she displays such a rare mastery still remain a leading feature in her productions, but their former abruptness and harshness have been markedly toned down. We meet no longer with those passionately stormy scenes and catastrophes which usually ended in startling expositions of certain social problems in all their unsolved nakedness. That compromise of contradictions and reconciliation of antagonisms which she disdained in her earlier writings now occupies a very conspicuous place in her poetical economy. The so-called poetical justice is restored to its traditional though not always unchallenged rights, and a more auspicious Fate watches over her heroes and heroines, so that her romances now often conclude with several marriages.

This venerable pioneer in the domain of emancipatory ideas has therefore never been seduced to stray into the worn-out paths of La Fontaine's family romances. Commonplace idyls and tame heart-histories are to her no more objects of poetical inspiration now than they were thirty years ago. Her novels still aspire to an ideal which is ever more clearly defined — an ideal which requires no perversion of the poetical subjectivity, and never seems as in other tendency-novels to labor under a painful apprehension lest the reader should overlook the moral amidst the author's frequently ill-timed disquisitions.

Nor is this clearly-defined, if not always plainly-expressed, tendency the only feature which distinguishes the later and riper productions of George Sand's pen from a class of romances which at present claims to be the only legitimate one in the field. We refer here more particularly to the realistic romance, the last specimen of which, Gustave Flaubert's *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, was discussed at some length in the October Number of this Magazine. Realistic *tours de force* are as distasteful to George Sand as they must be to most refined minds, and it seems almost incredible that the French reading public should really delight in writers who seek to excel in this particular line of fiction. Yet such is unquestionably the case. *Salammbo*, for which Flaubert studied the history and antiquities of Carthage so thoroughly that he was able to refute an archæologist by profession who ventured to criticise some of his statements, has hardly reached a third edition, while the works of Drey and Belot, also misnamed realistic — which they perhaps in a certain sense are—as well as Feydeau's *Comtesse de Chalis*, and this whole species of psychological studies in Sapphic and other vices, have gone within six months through from twenty to thirty editions.* When the manufacturers of a literature which traffics with such marked success upon the taste for scandal which has formed so marked a feature of society under the Second Empire, represent their handiwork as a study of contemporaneous manners, and venture unblushingly to maintain that they have only the exposure of deep-seated social cancers in view, we can but smile at their pretensions. George Sand holds carefully aloof from both classes. She is, by her later still more than by her earlier works, the true representative of the idealistic school in France.

* Belot's *Mademoiselle Girault, ma femme*, when not quite three months out, had already passed its twenty-ninth edition.

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The tendency of her last novel, whose central figure is the handsome Laurence, is the rehabilitation of the strolling comedian. The theme is handled in a manner which strongly reminds us of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, only that George Sand's characters are more pure and virtuous. The hero of the story, the son of an Auvergne peasant, is a sort of rural Antinous. His Marianne is a poor maiden of noble birth, who has gone on the stage to support an aged parent. Laurence, whose father desires that he shall make a figure in the world because he happens to be the heir-expectant of an uncle who is a deputy and baron, is sent to study law at Paris. At the Odéon he meets the heroine, Nancin de Valclos, who appears on its boards in classic rôles under the assumed name of "Imperia." He at once falls in love with her, and joins the company in order to be constantly near her. But his idol is as cold to him as she is to an admiring public, and even declares to his face that she loves another. Laurence is in despair, though he persuades himself that he could be satisfied with her friendship. When the Odéon is about to be closed for the summer, Manager Bellamare, another hero of the story, who had trained Imperia for the stage, engages several of the company to accompany him on a theatrical tour abroad. Imperia becomes one of the members of the traveling troupe, and Laurence, having first written home that he intended to leave Paris for his health, also joins it.

But our hero is scarcely more successful on the stage than he is in his love-affair, which involves him in a duel with the captain of a provincial garrison town, whom he nearly kills on Imperia's account. A wealthy widow, highly connected, sees Laurence, and persuades Bellamare to offer him her hand and fortune. But he cannot yet transfer his allegiance, and follows Imperia farther and farther—to Trieste, Venice, Ancona and other places. On the way to Constantinople and Corfu the vessel in which the actors have taken passage is wrecked, and they are cast on a barren rock in the Mediterranean, where they would have perished by hunger and exposure but for the interference of the factotum of the troupe, a sort of cross between Hercules and Caliban. Rescued from death, they meet with another adventure in the castle of a semi-barbarous prince on the border of Herzegovina and Montenegro, where the actors play pieces from the *rèpertoire* of Corneille and Racine for the delectation of some Tschernigov sheiks, invited by their patron, who, however, do not understand a word of French. Being liberally paid for their services, the Thespians are quite reconciled to their lot, when, during the temporary absence of the prince, the youngest member of the company surprises some odalisques in the bath, for which temerity the governor of the castle shortens him, in the approved Eastern fashion, by a head. The incensed Frenchmen vow to avenge their compatriot, seize the governor and hold the entire garrison at bay. At this critical moment the prince returns, and is, of course, shocked to find the close contact into which his foreign guests have been brought with the Asiatic side of his civilization. He imprisons the governor, orders the decapitated actor to be buried with every mark of respect and dismisses the troupe laden with presents. But the prince's munificence avails them nothing. Owing to the inefficiency of their escort, they are attacked by a band of robbers, from whose clutches they barely escape alive, and reach Italy as poor in purse as they had left it.

Once more in France, Laurence, who begins at last to lose the hope of gaining Imperia's love, leaves the troupe to hasten to the sick bed of his father, whom a mercantile traveler had informed of his son's theatrical connection. Laurence, struck with remorse, now resolves to abandon the roving life which he has led and to settle down quietly on the farm. At this conjuncture the wealthy uncle dies without a will, and leaves him, if not a baron, at least the possessor of a barony—an event which kills the father with joy. Laurence meets the rich widow again and marries her. Imperia, for whom he now experiences no warmer feeling than friendship, marries Bellamare, long loved by her in secret, and everybody is left comfortable and happy when the curtain drops.

Thus concludes, somewhat brusquely, but without the intervention of a *deus ex machinâ*, George Sand's last romance. As shown in our brief analysis of the plot, the composition is not remarkable for novelty of motive. It consists of a series of reminiscences, to which George Sand seems no less indebted than was Goethe for the incidents of his *Wilhelm Meister*. On the other hand, the characterization deserves to be called

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masterly. Imperia, Bellamare and Moranbois, the factotum of the troupe, stand no less distinctly—perhaps more distinctly—before the reader's eye than the best-drawn characters in *L'Éducation Sentimentale*, Dassardier and Rosanette, although George Sand spares us those realistic details of hip and calf which Flaubert and the writers of his school would never think of omitting.

But George Sand possesses something a hundredfold better than Gustave Flaubert, the Realist *par excellence;* that is, poetical tact and poetical probability. Her characters are uniformly living and plastic, even down to Prince Clementi's old cook. The events which she describes are poetically probable throughout, or they become so by the skill of the narrative, though, as we have seen from the outline of the story, it may be called in the highest degree romantic. The moral—the rehabilitation of the strolling comedian, and the *ad hominem* proof that a very brave and noble-minded man may adopt this life—is very skillfully developed, nor do we miss the necessary shadows with the lights which the poetic probability demands. To advocate this rehabilitation in France may perhaps seem to some like carrying owls to Athens or coal to Newcastle, but it is not so. In this respect the land of social equality is capable of much improvement, as recently seen in the case of one of the first actors in Paris, who, in spite of the exertions of influential friends, failed to obtain an invitation to a ball given by the prefect of the Seine. Had he been a butcher or a baker, the matter might perhaps have been more easily arranged. W. P. M.

The Scapegoat. By Leo. From the second English Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There is always a peculiar pleasure in perusing a sprightly, vigorous original novel from a totally unknown hand. When Trollope, Wilkie Collins or Charles Reade claims our attention for a new production, we open the volume anticipating as a matter of course that we shall be pleased, or at least interested, and we could experience no unexpected sensation save one of disappointment should the result be different. But the natural feeling of mistrust with which we open a book by a literary débutant adds a keener edge to our enjoyment should we find delight where we feared to experience weariness. Moreover, the first fruits of these literary saplings, crude though they may be, are apt, like the first spring strawberries, to possess a freshness and a keenness of flavor which are too often lacking in the more matured and better-cultured productions of their prime. *Waverley*, *Vanity Fair*, *Pickwick*, *Pelham*, *Peg Woffington*,—would we exchange them for *Woodstock*, *The Virginians*, *Bleak House*, *A Strange Story* and *Put Yourself in His Place?*

These reflections were suggested by a perusal of the work whose title heads this article. It came before the novel-reading public of England unheralded, unpuffed, the production of an anonymous pen, and relying solely on its own merits for the success to which it has attained. It is a sparkling story of London fashionable life, somewhat resembling *Guy Livingstone* in style and scenery; but it is in nowise a copy of that celebrated novel, and differs widely from most works of fiction purporting to give accurate pictures of the peculiar phases of London fashionable life, by having interwoven with its very texture a most obvious though unobtrusive moral. The hero is a sort of English Camors, less brilliant and more scrupulous than his Parisian prototype, but, like him, knowing well the right and yet the wrong pursuing, impelled thereto by the force of circumstances, that baleful current that sweeps away so many well-manned but fragile barks. It is impossible not to like Lionel Davenport—not to feel a strong degree of pitying sympathy for him, even when he is drifting most weakly and hopelessly toward destruction. He is not one of those model heroes of modern romance who know nothing either of conscientious scruples or of repentance, and who ruin others and are ruined themselves with vicious delight and unshrinking coolness. He has a heart and a conscience, and though he disobeys the dictates of the one and stifles the voice of the other, he is not represented as one of those moral monsters who rejoice in evil-doing, and whose only type of repentance is an extreme dislike to the penalties which usually befall the evil-doer. Such a hero, presented to us under the guise of a dashing young Guardsman, certainly possesses the charm of novelty; for, to judge from the novels of Lawrence, Ouida, etc., total depravity is the rule and decent behavior the exception among the gentry who adorn the

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fashionable circles of London at the present day. And to judge from such specimens of aristocratic elegance and morality as Lord Arthur Clinton, Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, the Marquis of Hastings and other personages of still higher rank and more notorious depravity, the pictures drawn by contemporary writers have been sketched with more truthfulness of outline and less exaggeration of coloring than has generally been conceded.

We would fain have spoken of the brilliancy of this literary *début*, of the promise of future excellence which its pages display, and of our hopes that other and succeeding works from the same pen might more than fulfill our present anticipations. But as we close the book we learn that this, the author's first offering to a fiction-loving public, is also his last. We subjoin an extract from Dr. Russell's letter to the London *Times*, describing the battles at Sedan:

"As I am writing this there comes news which I hope is not true. It is of the loss of a friend—of one who eagerly pressed to be employed in your service, and who has in that service lost his life in the field. I can scarcely proceed. Perhaps before these lines reach you the telegraph will have broken the intelligence to those to whom the blow will be terrible. My last words to him were to warn him that he was not to seek danger, and that in the capacity in which he was engaged it was his bounden duty not to run risks. It is now five o'clock, and Colonel Walker, in reply to an inquiry, caused by a rumor I had heard, has written to say that the Crown Prince of Saxony informed him the *Times*' correspondent, Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, was killed by his side during the battle by a bullet. I am so shocked and grieved, as will also be as many friends as a young man ever had when they hear it, by this news, that only a sense of duty impels me to continue my narrative. Had he fallen for his country in battle, it would have been some consolation to those he has left to mourn his fate. Cheerful, witty, full of life, spirit and talent, he has met the death he, above all deaths, would have most desired—a soldier's. 'Kit Pemberton dead!' I fancy how these words will fly through many an English home. I have written to the Crown Prince of Saxony, and will try to have his resting-place properly marked, or obtain some clew to its locality. But head-quarters move on to-morrow, and the place where he fell, now deserted by the army, is many miles away."

Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton was the author of *The Scapegoat*. On the last page of this his first book Death as well as himself had written "Finis," and closed the volume. L. H. H.

Books Received.

The History of Hortense, daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, mother of Napoleon III. By John S. C. Abbott, author of "The French Revolution," "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," etc., etc. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 379.

The Two Sisters: A Tale for the "Good Shepherd." By Lady Herbert. Together with an Appendix, giving an Account of the Order of "Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd," by the author of "Eastern Hospitals," etc. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 16mo. pp. 175.

Lean 'Nora: A Supernatural, though Sub-Pathetic Ballad. A Good Long Way (almost Ninety-seven Years) after the German of Gottfried August Bürger. By Heinrich Yalc Snekul. Philadelphia: P. E. Abel. 4to. pp. 84.

Protection to Native Industry. By Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., author of "Ten Chapters on Social Reform." London and Chicago. 8vo. pp. 117. Received from Henry Carey Baird, Philadelphia.

Protection to Home Labor and Home Productions Necessary to the Prosperity of the American Farmer. By Henry Carey Baird. Philadelphia: H. Carey Baird. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 16.

Life, Letters, Lectures and Addresses of Frederick W. Robertson, M. A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1847–1853. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 840.

Hammer and Anvil: A Novel. By Frederick Spielhagen. From the German, by William Hand Browne. Author's Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 691.

Songs of Yale: A New Collection of College Songs. Edited by Chas. S. Elliott, A. B. New Haven: Chas. C. Chatfield & Co. 16mo. pp. 126.

The Child Martyr, and Early Christians in Rome. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 266.

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"She came up to him quickly, and gave him her lips to kiss, standing there in her mother's presence."

[Sir Harry Hotspur, Chap. XXI.]

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

DECEMBER, 1870.

A ROVING COMMISSION.

I.

ABOUT three weeks after the evacuation of Richmond by the rebels and its occupation by the Federal forces, I took quarters in a boarding-house in that city within a stone's throw of the Memorial Church, on Broad street. This house, which from the commencement of hostilities had been one of the best of its kind in the Confederate capital, was kept by a Virginia lady, who would not thank me for giving her name here, but whose exalted virtues and beautiful deportment so engaged my respect and admiration, as well as the grateful love of many and the cordial abiding friendship of all who knew her, that I cannot let even this occasion pass without remembering her in a few poor expressions of esteem. Loving her native State with the engrossing pride and devotion which distinguish the ladies of Virginia—the most romantic and sentimental women in the world—she had chosen her part in the disastrous experiment of Secession, not without many misgivings at first and many a tearful prayer, for she was as humbly as she was eminently pious; but convinced at last that her path to duty led in that direction, she consecrated to the "Cause," with a heart as bountiful as it was brave, all that was most precious in her life and love—her fortune and the labor of her hands, her home and her children, the lives of two sons and all the fresh health and hopes of a charming daughter wasted in the disheartening uglinesses and tragedies of a soldiers' hospital, where she was one of the most indefatigable of the volunteer nurses. The mother, descending from her familiar circumstances of independence, domestic privacy and taste, and all the endeared surroundings of a happy home, resigned herself cheerfully, proudly, to the ungraceful drudgeries and soul-sickening thanklessness of a boarding-house in a city where bread was dearer than darling blood, and a laborer's coarse allowance a dainty feast for a family pampered in the lap of plenty; and so she and hers ate their portion in the sweat of their very hearts, well knowing that in the circle of their nearest friends were hundreds as tender and true as they, whose lot was harder than theirs, if not more bravely borne.

It must be confessed that this excellent lady was a "rebel" in the gravest sense of the term: in her solution of the solemn questions of rights and wrongs involved in that bloody struggle no provost-marshal's most delicate test-

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paper could have detected the faintest trace of the technical "loyalty." There was something quite lovely in the sad and gentle fusslessness, a zeal ever modest and self-disparaging, with which she went about doing good, with work and alms and prayers, for the Cause that had glorified itself to her imagination and her faith; but the rebel part of her began and ended in a broad principle, as it had been defined to the satisfaction of her severe conscientiousness. To her the Cause was a noun of multitude, signifying many—its dignity not to be belittled by the brat-like personalities, the indiscriminate little hates, the vulgar little hallelujahs, the ferocious little prayers, the flippant little bravadoes, the safe little risks, of the pretty little stoopids to whose impertinent and tedious conceit that Cause was but the cheap sensation of a gray feather and a photograph, a pair of spurs and a lock of hair; such as an unwholesome school-girl, with her heel out and her back hair down, might devour on the sly by a stolen candle-end, after sucking a hot pickle in a dark cupboard.

So the war hung heavy on her heart, and with all its ponderous sorrows and anxieties oppressed her patient life. The generous embrace of her Christ-like charity took to its broad *national* bosom friend and foe alike. Her resentment, occupied with the general barbarism of the great calamity, left the individual barbarian to her pity, which in its impartial offices was color-blind, knowing neither gray nor blue. In the wards for wounded and forlorn prisoners her beneficent presence was as familiar as by the cots of the flattered and comforted cripples of Lee or "Stonewall;" and if the last were always first in her prayers, the first were ever last on her conscience. The grateful memory of many a brave "Yank," once wounded and a captive, is Copperhead in its thought of her, and, when the Radical part of him would "Remember Andersonville," whispers to the Conservative part of him, Remember Mrs. Vudal!

Among the peculiar *protégés* of Heaven and her was a confidential officer of the lately defunct War Department of the Confederate government, whose previous history and present circumstances had so engaged her interest that she had had him removed from the tedious, business-like "relief" of the hospital to the genial, home-like attentions of her own house. I had observed her going and coming often to and from the room adjoining mine, busy with those simple, touching cares that women are so ingenious to multiply and to vary for those whom suffering has made their children for the nonce; so, meeting her on the stairs once, her hands full of designing delicacies, such as betray into a reluctant tolerance of nourishment the feeble, peevish stomach that would revolt at coarser viands, I asked, "Who is my neighbor?"

"A rebel officer, to whom I would like to introduce you if you happen to be in the charitable mood."

"How should I not, since I dwell under the glamour of the most seductive of reconstructionists, my wayward sister?"

"So much the better for you, and the worse for me. But come with me now, and impart a share of your savage cheerfulness to a dead-beat enemy."

"What ails him?"

"It *was* brain fever, a frightful attack, brought on by excitement, anxiety, fatigue and exposure. Now it is general nervous prostration and sleeplessness, without delirium. When the doctors had to pronounce him out of danger at last—quite to their own astonishment, for they had proclaimed that he must surely die—he rose from his bed and rode straight to his place in the field, passing through the enemy's lines, and once through an army. But if you win his confidence—which I believe you may do with safety to him—he will tell you all about it; for he has all the loquacity of cerebral excitement, and eagerly, greedily, talks, talks, talks—taking refuge, I think, in his remembered realities of places and people and actual events, from the spectral tricks of both eye and ear that torment him

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when left to himself. Of course he has never regained his wonted strength, and since the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee has been as helpless as a baby. But he is mending now: for several nights he has slept an hour or two—I had begun to fear he would never sleep again but in his grave—and in conversation you will find him coherent and accurate, though easily agitated. Let us see."

We found him in his invalid's chair, sunning himself at the window—a tall, sallow man of about forty, with dark hair and eyes, and heavy beard and moustache flecked with gray—emaciated, pale, weak and restless, his nerves all unstrung, the eager almost tremulous welcome with which he received us plainly betraying the relief he derived from our coming.

"Captain Maurice," said Mrs. Vudal, introducing me, "I have brought you here a kind, cheerful companion, who will lighten your captivity. He is not long from Washington and the North, and full of the sort of talk that will be a treat to you. He too is a good friend of mine; so you will both feel that there is no room for embarrassment or reserve between you; and I shall expect you to show your confidence in me by freely confiding in him, and to repay me for bringing you such a pleasant relief to your loneliness by being very entertaining yourself."

He bowed with a frank smile, and still holding my hand, said, "I am very grateful to you for coming, sir. An intolerable horror of being left alone is, I believe, the most distressing feature of my malady; so you may imagine how welcome I make any friendly visitor—how doubly, trebly welcome one who brings so delightful an introduction. It shall not be my fault if you do not feel at home here."

The name, Maurice, had a familiar sound to me, and now, as he spoke, the voice and expression helped me to recognize one whom I had met before the war in New York and Boston. Our friendship was established on a footing of frankness from that moment: both of us had encountered on the Border adventures worth recalling, and now we exchanged stories. I have his permission to relate his.

By birth a Southerner, romantically bound, by ties of pride and love, to the soil and the people of Maryland and Virginia, where he had many relatives and friends in influential circles—a ready writer besides—he had been engaged by the editor of a leading Northern journal, devoted to the support of the government at Washington, to go South immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, and on the strength of letters addressed to the master-spirits in Richmond by many of their most attached friends and active adherents, strongly recommending his plan as wise and helpful, and himself as trustworthy, to procure from the authorities at Richmond a passport to travel unchallenged through the South, to visit forts and camps, to accompany the army, and to witness battles from the Southern side of the field, as an avowed and honorable correspondent of the *Daily Enterprise*—it being understood from the start that his letters should deal strictly with *facts*, and facts alone, avoiding surmise and speculation, exaggeration and presumption; and that they should be submitted, without exception, to the nearest general commanding, to be by him purged of any perilous stuff they might contain, and then forwarded with military expedition to their destination.

Here was a scheme almost absurdly romantic and visionary in its conception, and yet, by those very elements, shrewdly devised and practicable in execution, because those qualities recommended it at once to a people eminently romantic and visionary, or at least adventurous, impulsive and generous. The Republican editor of the *Daily Enterprise* expected to find his advantage in this timely stroke of dashing journalism: the rebel correspondent had confidently provided for his in the exclusive and precious opportunities the engagement would afford him to approach Northern readers and thinkers (especially the

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more conservative) through the columns of an able and popular journal of undoubted "loyalty," with chapter after chapter of a South-side history of military and political events, observed with conscientious eyes, and recorded on the spot with no mercenary pen; and so to do his possible to antidote, *on both sides*, the malign influence of purchased or partisan reporters — remote, ignorant and reckless traders in foregone conclusions and flippant ruin.

Maurice repaired to Richmond with a pocket full of such letters as his project seemed to call for, and the result was an unofficial general passport (what the Chinese would term a *chop*), written and signed by ex-Senator Mason, and emphatically endorsed by Governor Wise, in which the man and his mission were earnestly recommended to the confidence and aid of "all true Southern gentlemen in or out of the army;" and it was expressly stipulated that, as an honorable, undisguised and friendly correspondent of a leading journal of the North, he should be protected against suspicion, hindrance and insult; and that his letters, in undergoing censorship, should be subject only to the expurgation of facts not to be safely disclosed to the enemy ("that the republic might suffer no detriment")—not to interpolation or garbling for purposes not reconcilable with the truth of history.

He received this passport on the day the convention sitting in Richmond passed the ordinance for the secession of Virginia. Two days later "first blood" was drawn in Baltimore, in the resistance of an inflamed populace to the march of a Massachusetts regiment through their streets *en route* to the defence of the National capital. Here, then, was the curtain raised for the fierce drama of civil war, and to Baltimore, as the theatre appointed for its first representation, the anomalous correspondent of the *Daily Enterprise*, beginning at the beginning, returned in haste. When the train in which he had taken passage stopped at Alexandria, and an anxious and agitated crowd pressed to the windows and platforms of the cars, hungry for news from Richmond, one of the most eager though most courteous among them approached Maurice as he sat at his window taking mental notes of the significant scene, and plied him with impetuous questions: Were the people confident and cheerful? How were they off for arms and ammunition? Who was organizing the cavalry? How much artillery could they bring into play? What did Wise say? Would Davis take the field? Had any new arrests been made? How was the news from Baltimore received? Had Maurice met with any frightened or disaffected persons?—"But I ask your pardon, sir: *perhaps you belong to the other side?*"

Maurice only smiled: he had received the broadside of interrogatories with iron-clad imperturbability, and an economical statement of the naked facts, as far as he knew them, without any gratuitous drapery of sentiments or sympathies. Neither the occasion nor the place was propitious for gushing confidences, and his own relations to both sides were so delicately innocent that he was peculiarly liable to be "spotted" by the secret agents of either. He was now on his way to Washington — this man might be a detective of the War Department—and in a few days would, he expected, be on his return to Richmond: the man might be a rebel spy—in either character likely to prove troublesome. With a silent and somewhat diplomatic bow, Maurice offered him two newspapers, the New York *Tribune* and the Richmond *Examiner*: the man accepted them with thanks, and retired opening the *Examiner*. The next moment a dozen eager voices cried, "Read aloud, Jackson! read aloud!"

Here, then, was Jackson—there was *that flag*. And Ellsworth was coming —martyr to martyr!

Arrived in Baltimore, Maurice reported without loss of time to the *Enterprise* — two letters from Richmond, one from Baltimore. Neither was printed. "What we want," wrote the editor, "is facts, not opinions."

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MAURICE: "And what I have sent you is not opinions, but facts. This unanimity, this enthusiasm, this revel of sacrifice, this mad strength,—these are God's or the Devil's hard facts. My opinions did not make them: your opinions cannot unmake them."

EDITOR: "Impossible, or, what is the same thing, unpopular. In view of the aggravated gravity of the situation—overwhelming rush of events—popular temper—considerations of expediency—never do—really don't see how we can," etc., etc.

And that was the end of it. But Maurice had made a discovery. It takes something more than God, Philosophy and the Indicative Mood to constitute a fact: there must also be both Belief and Convenience, else a fact in Richmond becomes a mere opinion in—well, say Hoboken.

We next find Mr. Maurice in Washington, corresponding from the reporters' gallery of the Senate Chamber for the boldest, ablest and most scholarly of all the "disloyal" journals of the Border. [I quote the epithet from the political phraseology of that period. Its technical application has been expanded since, so as to embrace almost everybody's opinion of almost everybody else.] Toward the close of the session he described with peculiar gusto the notable bout of intellectual wrestling between Senators Sumner and Breckinridge, in which the former narrowly escaped precipitation from a Tarpeian Rock of classical metaphor he had himself erected for the headlong flinging down of the latter. But the fate which just missed the illustrious Senator overtook the obscure reporter, and from that same rock he fell. The proprietors of the journal in which his letters appeared were promptly notified by a provost-marshal that their Washington correspondence was not appreciated at the War Department as an attractive feature in their prospectus, and that the summary suppression of their Amateur Casual was the only alternative to the suppression of the paper. So A. C. was suppressed; "but the small sop," he said, "only served to put Cerberus on his voracity: they tossed the paper to him next, and then the editors, who for two years studied castellated architecture from the inside of a political stronghold."

Meantime, Maurice, who since his degradation from the reporters' gallery to the drudgery of a news-editor's stool had been allowed to run at large as game too small for a provost-marshal's hunt, had helped to recover the dead bones of the paper, and set it up again, under a new name, without record or traditions; but presently, like the carcass of Boucicault's "Phantom" on the peak of Snowdon, the moonlight of its imprisoned inspiration touched and warmed it, and its restless old ghost entered into it and stirred it, so that it had to be flung at last down into the darkest chasm of Injunction, where the light of free speech could never reach it.

Then Maurice was selected by a loyal publishing company, as a trained man of letters having peculiar access to the freshest and richest sources of unpublished information on both sides of the military line, by "Grapevine Telegraph" as well as "Underground Railroad," to collect and classify materials for a history of the war on the Border. On this work he was actively engaged for nearly two years, and during that time made numerous excursions, more or less adventurous, in pursuit of notes, not only to and fro between New York and Wheeling, but "through the lines" and into the two tiers of Virginia counties next south of the Potomac—without regard to their occupation by either army. Blue spirits and gray became alike familiar to him. Yesterday he rode with a Federal aide on a round of inspection; to-day he dines with a guerrilla colonel in a "Secesh" house in the Valley; to-morrow morning he will despatch his occasional letter, sure to be widely copied, to a leading Republican journal of the North; in the afternoon he will drop into a confidential mail-bag (with a spur on it) in the woods a note addressed to General Jeb. Stuart, asking that redoubtable equestrian star for a free ticket to his tent circus. He ac-

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commodates anybody's guard with New York papers, exchanges rumors with anybody's foraging party, lights his pipe at anybody's picket-fire, chats with anybody's scout lolling in the saddle serenely, and coquets with the gushing communicativeness of anybody's wife or daughter fresh from the running of either blockade. The details of every raid were in his note-book.

What were his potential passports? On the Union side, his letters in *The Loyalist*, which he who *scouted* might read, together with certain convincing credentials from the editor of that omnipotent journal, the company who employed his historical exploitations, the manager of a rich and powerful corporation largely engaged in government transportation, a general in command of an important department, and an official in high authority at Washington. On the rebel side, his well-known adherence to their cause, his political antecedents, his past and present services, the confidence of several of their favorite officers, and the free-masonry of many personal friends advantageously distributed.

But—what will appear incredible to those who have not penetrated the political and social anomalies and enigmas of the war—his most confidential friends in the Confederate interest were not more positively assured of his sympathies with the rebel cause than were the "loyal" gentlemen whose purposes he served and whose protection he bore. To these, and to not a few officers of the Union army as well, he was known from first to last as an earnest but honorable rebel, who would surely avail himself of every warrantable occasion to serve the cause he believed in, but who would as certainly not ride upon their recommendation in pursuit of the desperate distinctions of a spy.

I said to him, with a meaning which I was not anxious to conceal, "This duplicate and involved experience, Captain Maurice, must have afforded you many tempting opportunities to take valuable military notes; and I presume I am to conclude that you availed yourself of them. No doubt the Confederate leaders in the Valley were indebted to you for more than one successful raid."

He regarded me for a moment with an expression mixed of pride and mortification, and then replied with a certain modest gravity: "I have no right to expect that you should take my chivalry for granted, but I will meet your imputation with a case in point: One day, at the request of a prominent and venerable citizen—one who had personally known Jefferson and Madison, and who now, in the midst of a community almost unanimously devoted to the Confederate cause, and in a county frequently reoccupied by Confederate troops peculiarly embittered against Union citizens, was staunchly, intrepidly 'loyal,' at the cost of friends attached and happiness established for half a century — I rode into a town fortified and held by Federal troops, to endeavor to recover his granddaughter's riding-pony, which had been taken from his stable the night before by a scouting-party of New York cavalry, with the additional aggravation of insults and threats.

"The officer in command of the post received me with every demonstration of confidence and friendly consideration, and extended to me the kindest hospitality, introducing me cordially to his brother-officers, with whom I took wine and conversed with pleasure. In the afternoon he mounted me on one of his own horses, and rode with me around his defensive works (the disposition of which he explained to me) and through his lines, especially the cavalry and artillery, in search of the stolen pony and the thieves. My eyes, not inexpert, took clear notes of his strength, and especially of his weakness, which was very glaring. But we did not find the pony.

"The next day a daring scout of General Stuart made his way to my quarters, and informed me that General Imboden had planned an attack upon the town in question—that he had learned of my visit (which had been made very openly), and had no doubt that

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such notes as I could give him would make the expedition an assured success.

"I replied that if the success of the attempt depended on my 'notes,' it must be abandoned or fail, because I had not any, and if I had, would positively not suffer them to be used for such a purpose; that the circumstances under which the visit was made rendered the results peculiarly *my* property; that when I should set up for a spy I should adopt the whole profession, title and disguises of a spy, with all of a spy's risks, emoluments and honors; and finally, that I believed I enjoyed, as I certainly coveted, the respect of General Stuart, and was in no humor to throw it, or the chance of it, away by an act of which a generous soldier, such as he, could entertain but one opinion."

A dash of humor, the practical joke of political adventure, occasionally spiced the *coups* of Captain Maurice, and imparted to them a piquancy quite original. Once at Winchester, meeting that same scout—a reckless young fellow, with a true passion for the half-military, half-sporting variety of exploit; cool, shrewd, restless, bold and vain, with a positive confidence in his own resources that carried him safely through many an escapade that would have cost a modester man his life or his liberty—Maurice proposed that they should make a trip together, for their common glory, to a certain city of several inhabitants in the United States of America; Gray, the scout, to place himself wholly in Maurice's hands and follow his lead, asking no questions and making no objections, but accepting the situation, without explanations or guarantees, as it might develop itself in due course of the adventure.

This rather sensational programme, mainly serious but partly playful, offered peculiar attractions to the scout, who seldom fashed himself with anticipations of danger, defeat or ridicule; and on the morning of the third day thereafter, having run the regular gauntlet of perils by guards and detectives, treacherous acquaintances or foolish friends, they found themselves in the populous village aforesaid, and at the door of a private dwelling of the best class. Maurice rang the bell, and on being admitted by the servant who answered it (and who knew him), they were ushered into an office or library, which communicated by a folding door with a sort of breakfast-room, where on a small round table tea, toast, eggs and the morning papers were already waiting. As yet Maurice had uttered never a word of explanation, and Gray had asked never a question. Presently, a gentleman, very brisk and business-like, entered and welcomed Maurice cordially: "Where are you from this time? and when did you arrive?"

"From Dixie—last night. Let me make you acquainted with my trusty friend Mr. Gray—formerly scout to General Stonewall Jackson; at present acting in the same capacity for General Jeb. Stuart. Gray, this is Mr. Paul, the awful editor of that infernal *Loyalist*."

The next moment Maurice was shouting with laughter, for Gray had actually stepped back a pace, and with his alert gray eyes fixed keenly upon the editor instinctively thrust his hand under his coat and nudged the sleeping revolver at his back; while the astonished journalist first smiled inanely, in imbecile embarrassment, and then, suddenly flashing up with sparkling eagerness, raised his right hand to his temple, as if to take down the inevitable pen from the rack of his ear: he had found an item full of items.

Since poor John McLenan died where shall we find a pencil equal to the immense "situation" and expression of that tableau?

A few politic words from Maurice, accompanied by a familiar signal to Gray, reconciled whatever hostile elements remained, and after a comical shaking of hands the three sat down together in animated and unembarrassed chat, from which the editor and the scout, led by the correspondent, presently returned to the "muttons" of business. Mr. Paul had for a long time desired, and plotted in vain, to effect an arrangement by which he could make sure of receiving

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full files of the Richmond journals with a regularity and despatch surpassing the most enterprising devices of his rivals, who had to make shift with picket exchanges (a paper for a plug of tobacco or half a pint of rum) and the government steam-packets, with all their uncertainties and interruptions. Here, then, was the very man for his need. Gray would undertake to make regular daily connections with Richmond, *via* the Virginia Central Railroad, the stage between Staunton and Winchester, and relays of nimble scouts (*both gray and blue*, with Maurice between) from Woodstock to Harper's Ferry, where the papers of the day before should be mailed every night on the through train; and at the same time to furnish "Our Special Correspondent" with exclusive items for his South-side letters to the *Loyalist* from all the camps and towns between Charleston and Richmond. On his part, the editor pledged himself to recognize both, if the necessity should arise, as agents in good faith of the omnipotent *Loyalist*, and in the event of the arrest of either to exert to the utmost his personal and political influence to procure his release. He would also provide Gray with a military passport, in regular form and from high authority, to go and come as a messenger and reporter extraordinary for the *Loyalist*. *All of which he did.*

Next day the *Loyalist* was especially rich in exclusive advices from Dixie, personal sketches of rebel leaders, anecdote and incident lively and romantic, gossip from rebel camps, and the Dixie business generally; but the War Department at Washington was not the wiser by a word of it, and not one of a hundred thousand greedy readers who sat down to breakfast that morning with their daily guide, philosopher and friend guessed that the Able Editor had sat down to breakfast the morning before with a Stonewall scout. If the circumstance had occurred in New York, the Able Editor would have "displayed" it, and charged that breakfast to the Enterprise department.

A letter from Mr. Paul to a certain chief of staff, asking for the stipulated passport for Gray, was presented to an "acting adjutant-general" (the chief being absent) by Maurice in person, who boldly took his gay adventurer with him; and that same night they returned together to the field of their fascinating operations, armed with ample powers to pursue contraband knowledge under difficulties, and scout in partnership for Jeff. Davis and the *Loyalist;* but not before Gray had equipped himself afresh with the complete outfit of a scout—horse, saddle, bridle, blanket, boots, spurs and revolver; all so fine that it was as much as his life was worth to tempt with them the cupidity or insult the proud poverty of the seedy Cids who on broken-winded Baviecas held the Valley turnpike against all comers. These locomotive necessaries of life, indispensable to the transportation and other office business of an army reporter at large, were afterward shrewdly forwarded to the care of a suspicious and superserviceable officer in command of a Federal guard at one of the most convenient approaches to "Mosby's Confederacy."

Shortly after midnight a train of cars stopped, for the express accommodation of a correspondent and a special messenger of the *Loyalist*, at a dark and lonely crossing far from any station. This was one of the fast-barred gates to the fair but forbidden garden of Dixie, and one company of infantry and one of cavalry lay before it, while the porter, with double-barred shoulder-straps and the key in his pocket, slept in a log-house hard by. To the Who-goes-there? of the sentry, our ingenious excursionists replied with a statement of just half their true character and business, and demanded to be taken before the officer in command of the post. By the spectral glimmer of a requisition "dip" that frowzy sleepy-head, leaning over the edge of his bunk, perused with much yawning and scratching and rubbing of his eyes the faces and papers of the strangers.

They were "all right," he said. "What could he do for them?"

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"Pass them through his pickets immediately, and take strict care of their baggage—a valise and a carpet-bag—until they should come or send for them on the morrow."

"As they pleased. But he would earnestly advise them to share his quarters till daylight. There were rebs. on the road. Gilmor had been on the rampage that afternoon within two miles of his outer picket; and as for Mosby's devils, they were everywhere all the time. At that hour *he* would not dare to go half a mile beyond his lines without his whole force. How far had they to go?"

"Four miles, and they would take their chances. *They were used to this sort of thing*, and their business admitted of no delay."

That was a blunder. Gray sees the danger, and instantly drawing a pocket pistol, says: "Ever indulge, captain? A little of the governor's old particular."

"Don't mind if I do, for once. Well, this is what I call— Guard, there!—Gentlemen, here's my respects.—Sergeant, pass these friends through the lines.—Sorry you must go. Keep a sharp lookout; and if you should change your mind, you'll find blankets here, and a cup of coffee in the morning."

By two o'clock, Maurice and Gray are sleeping sweetly in a Secesh bed, two of Mosby's lads are riding toward Berryville with a package of letters, and the good-natured captain is taking "strict care" of a miscellaneous assortment of the contrabandest kind of merchandise.

After breakfast the correspondent went a-scouting, and the scout went—corresponding. Horse, accoutrements, arms and baggage, all arrived in good time.

It was not long after this that Maurice was made the victim of a perilous practical joke. A Federal colonel, with whom his relations were very friendly, and whom he supposed to be in the secret of his "proclivities," because by tacit consent their talk never touched upon politics, persuaded him to attend a tumultuous mass-meeting of Union men in Western Virginia to report to his paper the speech of a gallant general whom they alike held in cordial regard. The facetious colonel decoyed him to the speakers' stand, and under cover of the hubbub of music, cheers and Western declamation, presented him, without a word of warning, to the committee of arrangements and several editors as "the dashing correspondent of the *Loyalist*;" whereupon he was elevated bodily to the platform, and installed conspicuously in a front seat among the vice-presidents. Below him, in the concourse, were the upturned faces of some men from his native town, to whom his political antecedents were a familiar abomination, and on either side of him was a vociferous patriot, who, with lungs and heels and hands, exposed the suspicious silence of the interloper. The "dashing correspondent of the *Loyalist*" suddenly disappeared from the rostrum, and took refuge from that appalling storm of loyalty in the snug harbor of the colonel's office. His report of the old hero's inspiring oration was none the less faithful and flattering for having been telegraphed a little in advance of its delivery.

That mysterious fascination by which our direst disasters are endeared to us drew Maurice once more to the scene of his fall from Mr. Sumner's Tarpeian precipice of metaphor. The publisher of an irrepressible "rebel sheet" invited him to occupy, at least temporarily, the editorial chair, and he accepted. That was on a Saturday. On Monday morning he met, near the office of the provost-marshal, an odd little object, a mere lad in years and inches, but a veteran in martial service and a giant in exploit—painfully lame in both legs from repeated wounds, and in whose completed aspect harmlessness was so naturally asserted, and sympathy so confidently claimed, that the sharpest detective would as soon have thought of arresting a crippled lamb. This was one of the most romantically reckless of guerrilla scouts, the particulars of whose desperate predicaments and ho-

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cus-pocus extrications would constitute a story unsurpassed in stirring passages by any personal experience of the war. This ubiquitous apparition informed Maurice that his paper had just been suppressed and himself drafted. Forthwith, accoutred as he was, without baggage, funds or a farewell, the special correspondent of the *Loyalist* took the underground train for Richmond.

II.

"IN all this time, Captain Maurice," I asked, "did you never stand in fear, as you were certainly in danger, of political arrest or military capture?"

"Never once," he replied, "so long as I kept my health, and that cheerful confidence which is a part of my vigorous constitution and nervo-sanguine temperament. The dash of peril with which my escapades were spiced was most agreeable to my taste, natural and cultivated, for exceptional adventure. In the course of a life more than commonly eventful, and a various experience of surprises and sudden 'situations' and trying predicaments, encountered in a remote and barbaric war, I had been introduced to danger under forms so often dramatic, and with surroundings so often picturesque, that now it offered me, in place of its repulsive aspects, the real charm of romantic acquaintance and stirring association. The occasions which called up reinforcements of self-possession and keen wits were accepted by me as mere intellectual encounters, rich in the true *gaudia certaminis;* and if I often wonder now that I did not come to grief in many a 'tight place' in which I found myself unwarned, it is certain that I then reposed without a tremor in that audacious self-sufficiency which was at once the cause and the consequence of my repeated extrications. So confidently did I count on a bold show of wits, however desperately I might be surrounded, that from first to last I never once wore a weapon. Unarmed I have passed openly through two armies and many reconnoitring detachments of the enemy; and unarmed have been challenged by prowling parties of my quick-tempered friends on ambuscaded roads and in picketed woods at night. I was safest without that rash, presumptuous fool, Six-shooter."

But he did *not* keep his health: it broke down under the combined weight of excitement, anxiety, the painful tension of a vigilance for ever on the strain, loss of rest, nervous exhaustion, and, more than all, the excessive heat of the season (for it was approaching midsummer, and he had never quite recovered from a fierce sun-stroke by which he had been prostrated ten years before). Worn-out, like a raw recruit, by the forced march of his own mind, he straggled to the rear, and was left disabled and bewildered within the enemy's lines.

Still, he made a desperate dash to get through. He was in an important Border town—one which the strange vicissitudes of its military fortune have rendered historic. Just now the place happened to be garrisoned by Union troops, who held it by a tenure as uncertain as if Early were the occupant and Sheridan demanded possession. Eternal vigilance was the price of the liberties they took, and every comer or goer, man, woman or child, was tried by the ordeal of a most jealous inquisition; for Imboden was supposed to be "somewhere," and Mosby was known to be everywhere, and Hunter, it began to be whispered, was nowhere: indeed, the movements and plans of the last-named chieftain were the subject of so much unsanguine and diffident speculation that certain aides of tender age, facetious and flippant critics of the situation, used to describe General Sigel's "Reserve" as the one that General Hunter's expectations were always mentioned with.

It is not difficult to imagine that for a gay deceiver who united in his own person the offices of special correspondent to the *Loyalist* and amateur aide to General Jeb. Stuart, such a place afforded neither room nor opportunity for strategical coquetry: the position was too crowding: there was what Mr.

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Artemus Ward might term *too much situation.*

> "How happy could he be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away!"

and Captain Maurice would have been embarrassed with his riches if he had not presently come very near being disembarrassed of his life.

He had taken the precaution to provide himself with a letter from a gentleman high in the confidence of the government, introducing him to Colonel Blank of General Anonymous' staff as the spirited correspondent of the *Loyalist*, who over the signature of "Walker" had so emphatically recorded another colonel's distinguished services.* Captain Maurice desired to repair with all practicable expedition to the "front" (which in "Walker's" dictionary meant Richmond *via* General Hunter), and any facilities which it might be in the power and inclination of Colonel Blank to afford him—such as a horse, for example, and a cavalry escort, there being much rampaging Mosbyness abroad—would be set down to the account of public service as well as private favor by the Gentleman High in the Confidence of the Government.

Colonel Blank was all that could be desired in the emergency. He forthwith placed a horse at the command of the "spirited correspondent," and assured him that he should have the escort so soon as a strong scouting-party that was then out had returned and reported their adventures.

No doubt they had met with adventures, for they never returned to report them. After waiting two days, the colonel detailed another and stronger party to go in search of them—a portion to make for the front and constitute the correspondent's escort. But by that time Maurice was wild with brain fever: for nine days he never closed his eyes; two surgeons reported him "as good as dead;" and it was well for him that his treacherous ravings, which were busy with the part he had played, were good-naturedly construed by two kind Union officers, who watched by him day and night, as the incoherent babble of delirium. On the tenth day, under the conjuration and the mighty magic of a Southern woman's skill and tenderness, he was charmed into a deep, unbroken sleep, in which he lay almost without life for twenty-four hours. Then he arose in his right mind, but nervous and alarmed, took straightway to the road, and in twenty minutes was knocking at one of the gates (so familiar to him) of "Mosby's Confederacy," to which nothing less than the strongest passports and the oath of allegiance were supposed to be the "open sesame." These gates were like the big and little holes which the unphilosophical philosopher cut in the bottom of his door to afford passage to his old cat and her kitten. Washington and Alexandria, Harper's Ferry, Point of Rocks and Martinsburg were the great holes through which many an old gray cat stole in and out on rebel secret-service; while through lesser holes, such as this, countless sly kittens made contraband excursions.

This time the keys were carried by a little round, red-faced captain, very apoplectic and sinister and implacable, who would have arrested a corpse and administered the oath to a babe unborn. To the short-winded provost-marshalry of his inquisition—with its Who are you? and Where did you come from? and Who do you belong to? and Whereabouts are you bound to?—Maurice replied comprehensively by simply presenting his papers. Ten minutes later, with an unconditional passport in his pocket to go and come without restriction of time or bounds, and with the little round, purple captain's wheezy invitation, pressed with the most obsequious determination of blood to the head, to avail himself freely of all the aids and information "head-quarters"

* *That* colonel was thereupon made a brigadier-general—a promotion which ought to have received the unqualified approval of General Lee. And it was mainly owing to the pertinacious appreciation of "Walker" that a certain general who, some time before, had been suspended for incompetence, was restored to an important command—a measure of justice which must have afforded lively satisfaction to Stonewall Jackson.

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could afford, our "Amateur Casual" was riding down into Dixie behind an ox-team, driven by a man who entertained precisely the same opinion of the little purple captain that the little purple captain expressed of him—namely, that he was too big a fool to do any harm.

About five miles from head-quarters Maurice found hospitable welcome at the house of a zealous and influential Secessionist; and there, in a clover-field, he also found, to his equal surprise and delight, a fine horse he had left there nearly a year before. This precious quadruped had been presented to him by two companies (cavalry and infantry) of Union veterans, who at that time constituted the provost-marshal's guard at the post now commanded by the little round purple captain, in grateful remembrance of certain favors, more or less important, which it had been in his power to render them. For example, they had just constructed a little hamlet of snug log huts, and were preparing to go into comfortable winter-quarters, at a post which afforded them the inestimable advantages of regular correspondence with their families and a daily mail of Eastern and Western newspapers, to many of them rapid and regular transportation to and from their homes, to all a pleasant foraging-ground (which still yielded many little luxuries), a steady current of supplies from without, and a ready channel of escape in case of raids, when they heard that their good, easy captain was to be superseded for his lack of uneasy badness, and themselves transferred to a preposterous mountain-top, where young eagles were the only poultry and balloons the only mail-bags, and the only railroads inclined planes with a breakneck grade. So they petitioned Maurice to write to the general, with whom his relations were friendly and very pleasant, and, presenting the case in the light most favorable for them, persuade him, if possible, to revoke the order if it had already gone forth. At the same time, oddly enough, the leading rebel families residing near the post, hearing of the threatened change, besought Maurice to make the effort for *their* sakes, on the ground that the intercourse, so long continued and growing more and more familiar, between soldiers and citizens, had led to the establishment of an understanding comparatively peaceful and mutually forbearing. They dreaded the "new broom" that would inevitably "sweep clean" their barns and stables, pig-styes, hen-roosts and dairies. The soldiers had discovered the policy of moderation, the citizens the policy of civility and good-humor, and each party the policy of keeping on fair terms with the other; for the soldiers could any day "clean out" the citizens, and the citizens knew it; and the citizens could any night have the soldiers "gobbled up," and the soldiers knew it. "Leave us King Log," said the citizens, "lest King Stork and a worse thing befall us." "Let us pay cash on delivery for the pigs and chickens," said the soldiers, "lest Mosby and Gilmor *draw on us at sight*."

So Maurice wrote to the general (he was a general with a policy), and the order was revoked. Thence the steed —which in a neighborhood where blind horses, and horses with the heaves, and horses with the stringhalt, commanded a premium, had remained for almost a year in the unimpaired enjoyment of sight, wind and limb, surviving innumerable small raids and requisitions. Both sides knew that it was Maurice's horse, and both sides let it alone: it was enough for "Yanks" that it belonged to the correspondent of the *Loyalist:* it was enough for "rebs." that it belonged to "Walker."

One night, very late, a Federal scout rode up to the cottage where Maurice was lodging, and delivered to him a pencil note from the officer in command of the squad: it informed him that rebel cavalry in force were on the road within three miles of that house, and that if he thought it advisable to get out of danger the "bearer of this" would provide him with a fast horse and conduct him to the post. That same night a guerrilla officer, noted for his ubiquity and his daring, sent him word from the house of a near

neighbor that he (M.) was in instant peril of arrest, and had better come to the guerrilla camp without delay. Maurice thanked both and stayed where he was.

Toward the last of June, 1864, this Amateur Casual mounted his gift-horse, which he could hardly have looked in the mouth without laughing, and rode down to the heart of Mosby's Confederacy on a scout for self and "Walker." The items he gathered had a sensational flavor, and moved him to retrace his ride with haste. As he approached the farmhouse where he was billeted, he found the road blocked with the artillery and wagons of an army just halted, and to reach his quarters he had to shoulder his way through a jostling force of four thousand, in infantry and cavalry, commanded by a gallant Irish officer, whose proficiency in all the accomplishments and graces of a knightly soldier reflected back upon the Union arms more than the honor he derived from them.

That night they encamped on "the place," and their guards were in field and orchard and garden, with orders to let no one pass the lines without leave from the general; so that Maurice's host and all his household were close prisoners within their own gates. Next morning the farmer sent a request to the general for permission to visit him at his head-quarters. Early in the forenoon a young staff officer came with a very kind invitation and the necessary pass. At the same time he inquired for a Mr. Maurice, correspondent of the *Loyalist*, who, the general had been informed, was lodging there. On being introduced to "the cheeky subjick of this skech," he presented the compliments of the general, who would be happy to see Mr. M. in his tent, if it might be agreeable to him to accompany his friend. Of course the invitation was accepted with pleasure, and the two were shortly in the presence of one of the bravest soldiers and gentlest gentlemen in the Union army.

The farmer's business was to ask protection for his barn, stables and standing corn. The general promply granted him a double guard. In less than forty-eight hours a sharp battle was fought around that house, and the Union forces retreated; but the rebel farmer was none the poorer for their visit—not even by so much as a pig or a chicken or an ear of corn.

The general had been reading, when his visitors came, some military work newly published, and he spoke at first very gracefully of books. Then the talk turned on the great history of the war, that is to be, but not in our time—of the materials of which it must be composed, the contributions of many thousands of honest if not unbiased witnesses, and how they must be gathered; and he told Maurice of a diary he had kept since the day he had first buckled on his sword for the Union—no day without its line; doing his visitor the honor to promise that he would read to him certain curious passages from it, though it contained, he said, so much that was strictly *personal* and private, especially in the nature of military criticism, that it would ill become him to expose it to other eyes than those of his wife, for whose entertainment, in fact, it had been exclusively kept.

When Maurice moved to take his leave, the general pressed him to remain and dine with his mess, tempting him with "new potatoes, buttermilk and strawberries;" but the ingenious "Walker" contrived to excuse himself, pleading a slight indisposition, conscious as he was of a strong *draft* on his back. But he first procured the general's promise that he would come, with all his staff, and dine with the family at the farmhouse "day after to-morrow, at two o'clock."

"Day after to-morrow," at sunrise, Early's advance-guard, under Bradley Johnson, took the camp by surprise, and charging clear through it, drove the stampeded Union troops pell-mell; but their general, self-possessed and full of resources, rallied them promptly, and, making a stand on rising ground on the right and in the rear of the farmhouse, they accepted battle. The fight

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raged fiercely from eight o'clock until about one. The farmhouse lay just midway between the hostile lines, and artillery and skirmishers were hotly engaged across and around it. Shells flew "fast and furious" directly over it, and now and then one exploded in the nearest field, or even in the garden or barnyard. "As the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres of the plain" surged forward or fell back, now the gray party, now the blue, were in the house; and the farmer's brave wife, pale and silent, but stirring and full of pity, now cut a bloody sleeve from a groaning rebel on the front porch, now gave a cup of water to a fainting Yankee at the well. Once a young captain on the Federal general's staff rode up to the back parlor window and invited the correspondent of the *Loyalist* to take refuge in their lines; but hardly had he leaped the garden fence on his way back before Maurice went to conduct a Confederate surgeon up the front stairs to where a guerrilla officer lay with a bullet in his shoulder. At one time the wounded quite crowded the cellar, whither they had to be removed for safety; for the rebel sharpshooters were making a screen of the house, and had loopholed the negro huts, thus provoking the Yankee general to shell the building; besides, it was a frame house, and there was every reason to fear that it would presently be riddled by the thick-flying shots of both lines: Maurice's bedroom had already been traversed by a ball or two. In a corner of the cellar the slaves of both sexes and all ages were huddled, silent and trembling. Two shuddering but intrepid women, all unused to scenes of ugly violence, knelt among the wounded, here stanching dreadful blood, there closing dying eyes. Out of the garret window a hospital flag, made of an old yellow skirt, was hung. On the dusty grass of the lawn a few friendly enemies, in gray and in blue, lay white and cold and stark.

The general did not dine with the correspondent of the *Loyalist* that day; and the night was near at hand when he should lie dead in General Breckinridge's camp, and rebel officers should pay him generous honors. "But it is to be hoped," says Maurice, "that his diary still lives for the sake of history and General Hunter."

The Union general did not dine at the farmhouse that day, but many a rebel private supped there that night; for Early and Breckinridge and Gordon and Wharton and Rodes and Pegram and McCausland and Gilmor were on their way to Maryland and Pennsylvania, and the way to Richmond was clear for Maurice.

At Winchester he narrowly escaped arrest by the Confederate authorities so lately installed. A few superserviceable simpletons and grannies, who had heard of his connection with the *Loyalist* and with the Northern publishing company already mentioned, talked of calling a meeting of citizens to decide his status, and would have had him detained; but Gray, the scout—his partner in the mysterious guerrilla-*Loyalist* imbroglio (which, I am told, is the newspaper phrase for that style of adventure)—happened to be in town, and the provost-marshal happened not to be afflicted with spy-on-the-brain; so Maurice was pronounced sound, and with the regular passport in his pocket went on his way rejoicing. In three days he was in Richmond, and in four weeks he was back again in "Mosby's Confederacy," in the double capacity of special correspondent for the *Disloyalist* and on special service for the rebel War Department, with extraordinary authority to "pass beyond the Confederate lines into the enemy's country, and to go and come at pleasure—or only subject to such restrictions as the general commanding in the Valley might, in his views of military expediency, think it wise to impose."

Taking the cars to Staunton, where he was charged with the delivery of a War Department mail, and the stage thence "for Winchester or the army," by way of Mount Crawford, Harrisonburg, New Market, Mount Jackson, Woodstock, Strasburg and Kernstown,

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he found Early in camp about five miles beyond Woodstock, near Round Hill, and Sheridan (with nearly double the effective force of the rebels) in front, near Strasburg and Cedar Creek.

By daybreak next morning the Yankees were falling back in the direction of Winchester, their line of retreat marked by the smoke of burning barns and mills. Early was close upon their heels, with Breckinridge, Gordon, Wharton, Rhodes, Pegram, Lomax, Gilmor and McCausland as before — the accomplished Colonel King in command of the artillery. The march from Strasburg to Shepherdstown was a succession of cavalry and artillery engagements, brief but brisk. The Federal force retired fighting, making stands more or less pretentious, and presenting a front more or less formidable, at first between Kernstown and Winchester, and afterward at Smithfield, between Smithfield and Charlestown, at Kearneysville, between Kearneysville and Shepherdstown, and so on to the river. The losses on both sides were by no means trifling, especially at Smithfield and Kearneysville. Maurice served as a sort of volunteer aide on the staff of a distinguished general whose part in these small but spirited affairs was a very active one, and who afforded the amateur the opportunity he sought of observing the several actions on the nearest view. Among the skirmishers at Smithfield, a shell bursting almost under the belly of his horse covered him with dust and smoke, and a Yankee sharpshooter near Charlestown touched the lock of hair upon his temple.

On that occasion General Early got the credit (especially among the ladies of Winchester and Smithfield) of "driving the Yankees;" but if he did not then see that there was more of strategy than necessity in that "precipitate retreat," he must have realized the fact before the 20th of September, 1864. It is, however, reasonable to suppose that he was at no time deceived on this score; for, having seen the enemy to Halltown and the river, he did not stay to glorify himself, but forthwith began to retrace his steps.

All this while, it must be remembered, Maurice had never quite recovered from his brain fever; his strength was grievously impaired, and these fresh excitements, exposures and fatigues brought him to the verge of a relapse. Sleep began to abandon him again: all night long he sat staring by the camp-fire and peopled the shadows with phantoms; to nod for a moment in his saddle as he marched was his only taste of slumber; he began to have waking nightmares, and to confound certain fantastic tricks that his eyes and his ears played him with the grim realities around. The surgeons told him he must rest or die, and they sent him back to Richmond. He rode as far as Woodstock, and halted there to rest his limbs, if not his weary eyes. As he sat in the porch of the hotel a party of young ladies across the way sang, in the moonlight of a peaceful summer evening, a song of Stonewall Jackson that Maurice himself had written in the days of Antietam—a song with which every camp and village in the Valley has rung again and again. Little did those rebel damsels think, as they delivered the chorus with such loving heartiness, that they were indebted for their rough but rousing burst of soldiers' balladry to one who listened so near, a lonely and suspected stranger, watched and threatened by a self-appointed committee of vigilance.

On the morrow, Maurice rode on to Staunton, where he left his horse and took the cars for Richmond. Arriving at Gordonsville by the way-train at ten o'clock at night, he sought the nearest hotel, hoping against hope that sleep might come to him. Before day he rose unrefreshed to take the early train. No sooner was he seated in a car than a sergeant came with a guard and arrested him. In vain did he demand an explanation, the grounds of his detention, the nature of the charge against him. "He would be informed of all that at the proper time." In vain did he produce his special commission and passport, besides other credentials of the

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most fortifying character. That was only the more suspicious. "How did he come by papers so unusual?" From four o'clock in the morning until nearly two he was held a close prisoner, between two guards with fixed bayonets, in the public room of the hotel—the *bête noir* of Gordonsville, a show for the semi-official loafers of the place. The guards — apparently respectable and sensible men, who were not slow in guessing that some one had blundered — were civil and even kind, but they were only guards. At last came the long looked-for order—the provost-marshal was at his office, the sergeant would attend with his prisoner. Some one had telegraphed to Richmond, and the reply was conclusive: besides, the prisoner was no stranger to the provost-marshal—they had been introduced to each other by "a mutual friend" more or less celebrated.

You see, it was all a coincidence, a queer case of mistaken identity. A telegram had been received from the War Department the night before, ordering the arrest of a spy who would be found on the way-train which should arrive about ten o'clock. "He must be thrown into the town jail, and strictly held until further orders." Then came a particular description of the man, with which Maurice's appearance and manner so strangely corresponded that it was as if the correspondent of the *Disloyalist* had been arrested by mistake for the correspondent of the *Loyalist*. And that was the end of the affair: to decorate a Gordonsville lamp-post for the entertainment of semi-official loafers was a consummation not reserved for our Roving Commissioner.

In Richmond again, and refreshed, Maurice resumed his correspondence with the *Loyalist*, with the full knowledge and approval of the highest authorities in several departments of government, and strictly on the principles and terms accepted and commended by Senator Mason and Governor Wise in the first month of the war. Questions of paramount importance in civil and military policy, such as should temper the course, hasten the conclusion and enrich the results of the war—questions which it was all important to present for the consideration of Northern minds through the columns of a journal established in Northern confidence and acceptable to Northern prejudices—were earnestly and honestly discussed, together with a frank statement of the facts that mainly bore upon them, in letters written by Maurice, approved by President Davis, addressed to the editor of an influential political journal of the North, and forwarded through secret channels by a confidential officer of the political custom-house. But that gentleman's subordinates on the Border, green to the business of inspectors of contrabandry, and instructed to pass invoices of secret service strictly as per sample, with triumphant stupidity intercepted and detained every letter but two: they could not see how a correspondent of the *Loyalist* could live an hour in Richmond, much less how he could be trusted, patronized, and even invested with authority and a dangerous discretion, by the government. So they proceeded to accumulate evidence against him in the shape of a semi-weekly series of despatches having all the infernal properties of autographic nitro-glycerine.

"This department of the public service," said Maurice "—or, to speak more justly, one particular branch of it —was managed with such astounding stupidity, insincerity and disorder that it became, in the estimation of every intelligent and earnest officer, a nuisance and an incubus, to be neither tolerated nor got rid of. It is to be hoped that the Yankee detectives, who were said to be running the machine on their own account, made it pay; for every regular and permanent spy in Richmond who earned his salary by attending to the public offices knew that it was of no use to any one else, except perhaps a few young ladies who imported their corsets and waterfalls from New York."

One of Maurice's epistolary failures found its way into the columns of a leading journal, where it appeared, with-

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out change of address, as an intercepted letter, and excited not a little curiosity and speculation in certain circles of Washington as well as Richmond.

About this time a prominent correspondent of a first-class Northern paper was a prisoner in the Libby; and the correspondent of the *Loyalist*, being supposed to know something about him by personal acquaintance or professional reputation, was consulted officially as to the expediency whether of holding or releasing him. Maurice eagerly seized the chance to press for his release, not merely on the particular score of his exceptional fairness and decorum as a journalist, but on the broader ground of privilege and immunity for the class he represented, as "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time," and therefore to be well used—not strictly according to their desert, but much better, and after the honor and dignity of the Confederate government.

In connection with this case, Maurice was invited, by an officer attached to the Bureau of War, to state all he knew (and he happened to know very much) in favor of a certain kind-hearted Union general, a recent prize, who shared the correspondent's captivity. Metaphorically, Maurice carried the general's record — and a very handsome record it was—where Count Gurowski is commonly supposed to have worn the political history of Europe—in his breeches' pocket; and he immediately produced enough of it to serve as a strong argument for the prisoner's prompt exchange. Both those gentlemen were on their way home within a fortnight.

At last Sheridan suppressed Early in the Valley. General Breckinridge — who, like Gordon, had long enough submitted to the reckless quackery of a man to whom either was abundantly competent to impart clear military ideas, and confirm them by successful execution—was called to the capital to undertake (but quite too late to conduct to a success) Mr. Davis' programme of the war. Thereupon, Maurice was authorized to effect new arrangements to procure certain supplies of a more or less chemical nature—when the 3d of April, 1865, arrived very suddenly, and looking from his window he perceived that the chemicals would not be needed. A negro regiment was marching up Broad street, with a star-spangled banner, to the tune of "Kingdom Comin'."

As Maurice sat in stunned resignation and surveyed the significant scene, the natural Moral of a story that General Breckinridge used to tell in the Valley must have dawned upon his mind like a new political birth-day:

Once upon a time there was a Poll-Parrot in a great Tin Cage, and it could not Get Out. One day the Good Lady who owned both the Cage and the Parrot heard some one screaming Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! as if in great Alarm and Distress. So she ran in the direction of the Cries, and found they proceeded from the Great Cage. And Well they Might! For there, on top of the Cage was an Awful Black Cat, with its back up, glaring down in Fury at the Parrot; and there, on the bottom of the Cage, lay the Parrot, on the flat of its back, staring up in Terror at the Black Cat, fending off with its feet, and crying Fire! Fire!! Fire!!! Then the Good Lady called off the Awful Black Cat, and immediately the Poor Parrot exclaimed, Thank God! Thank God!—which was a Parable.

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THE APPIAN WAY.

WRITTEN IN THE SHADE OF CASALE ROTONDO.*

HERE slumbers Rome, among her broken tombs,
A funeral highway stretching down the past,
With few inscriptions, save the constant blooms
By kindly Nature on these altars cast.

The dust of glory all around me lies,
The ashes of dead nations and their kings:
I hear no voice save what from out the skies
The lark shakes down from his invisible wings.

Where slept a Cæsar, now the owlet hides—
A silent spirit till the day has fled:
Here gleams the lizard, there the viper glides—
The steadfast guests of the patrician dead.

A funeral aspect fills the whole campaign—
Their tomb-like flocks the distant mounds disclose:
Like scattered blocks of granite on the plain,
The dove-hued oxen Virgil sang repose.

The cities seated on surrounding mounts,
Or what were cities, glimmer on the steeps
Like cemeteries, and the fancy counts
In vain their dead for whom no mortal weeps.

Cæcilia's Tomb looks west to Hadrian's Mole
In widowed silence: eastward, nameless, gray,
Stripped of her marble, art-embellished stole,
The matron Mausoleum of the Way

Sits with her crown of olives, robbed of all
Save meek endurance and her vernal dome:
Her grandeur tells of Rome before its fall,
Her shattered splendor speaks of modern Rome.

The broken masses quarried from her base
To house a boor upon her head are thrust,
Where dreamful sloth looks down upon the race
Of heroes gone to history and dust.

All Rome to-day sits on the buried past,
Her later walls with sculptured blocks are flecked:
The spoilers toiled for ages fierce and fast,
Then left the rest to ruin and neglect.

* Casale Rotondo, six miles beyond the Porte San Sebastiano, is the largest, and, with the exception of the Cæcilia Metella, which it resembles, the best-preserved, monument of this ancient street of tombs. It is supposed to have been erected to Messala Corvinus, the friend of Horace. On the summit of this immense sepulchre is a farm-house, a stable and a small olive-orchard.

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And still beneath their tread what wonders lie!—
  Brave statues of the godlike and their gods,
And columns that might corridor the sky,
  While scarce a spade upturns the shallow clods.

Unearth their marble wonders, with their high
  Immortal lessons, to awake men here,
And elsewhere to arrest, as they sweep by,
  Ambition's armies in their mad career.

Who to their chariots chain the fiery team
  Of elements to gain the realms of gold,
Let them behold the more enduring dream
  Of Amphion-sculptors in the days of old.

Exhume these silent teachers from the dust,
  And then— But hold! I see around me strewn,
O'er miles and miles of ruins, a thick crust
  Of shattered remnants in dark ages hewn

For wanton pastime or for kilns of lime!
  The very mortar in St. Peter's wall
Hath had its votaries in that grand old time
  When Poesy and Art o'erlorded all.

But that is past. What sound is this I hear
  More than the lark's? As from a mournful lyre
A weird, complaining murmur fills my ear:
  I look above, and lo! the æolian wire

Sings in the wind. It is the lightning's track
  Stretching o'er sepulchres, which serve for posts;
And yonder the swift train weaves forth and back.
  Thou highway of the dead! where are thy ghosts?

The electric fire that reaches Rome to-day
  May give at best a poor galvanic thrill—
The train that streams along the iron way
  May bring but mourners to the sevenfold hill:

All this may be, but still within me burns
  The prayerful dream and hope that even I
May see her rise above her funeral urns,
  And throw her long-worn sackcloth bravely by.

There is a sad necropolis in the heart,
  A street of buried loves and joys and dreams,
Where nest the night-owls, which will not depart,
  But hide the deeper when the daylight beams.

And if a bird of hope sings overhead,
  Wooing to pleasures near or far away,
They only wait the darkened hour to spread
  Their secret wings and swoop upon their prey.

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With many sighs breathed o'er these funeral heaps
  I sit like Marius — not above the wall
Of ruined greatness, but my spirit weeps
  O'er shattered fanes, where few are left to fall.

There are to whom whole days of light are given,
  And fruitful seasons of unclouded joy,
But not to me since through my childhood's heaven
  I wandered out a songful-hearted boy,

Seeking the unscythed orchard with the bees—
  A little taller than the clover then,
With light hair blown like wings upon the breeze—
  Long ere I knew the stubble-world of men.

But this is vain; and yet the heart will sigh,
  At times adown her dark sepulchral way,
Even when, as now, without a cloud the sky
  Is full of song that glorifies the day.

And surely on these shrines of pain and care
  Some chords of pleasure, stretching from abroad,
Reach to the soul's deep citadel, and there
  Bring messages of progress, peace and God!

Thus there is good in all, and over all,
  And e'en 'mid tombs some pleasure finds a place;
And sympathies, that followed from our fall,
  On scenes like this may shed a soothing grace.

So, 'mid these tumuli of long-gone years,
  A fruitful sadness on the spirit beams—
A calm content to lie where all are peers
  When called, and sleep that sleep which knows no dreams.

It matters little where our dust is laid;
  But if there be a choice beneath the dome
Of Heaven's high temple, lay me in the shade
  Of cypress boughs which guard the dead in Rome.

And yet I love my country none the less:
  My faith fulfills her prophets' grandest dream,
And when death woos me to his cold caress,
  My hovering soul shall watch her course, supreme

In spite of traitors and ambitious fools,
  Who threaten ruin to our soaring towers!
The Master-Builder works with many tools
  When He erects a building such as ours.

Who would destroy to profit by the spoils
  Are sturdy laborers in the eye of God:
The mad aspirant on his ladder toils,
  Forgetting that he also bears a hod.

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The great and good have bled to make us free:
Our rainbow banner, by their hands unfurled,
Waves o'er the new-born nation, yet to be
The mother of a liberated world.

Her Appian Way shall be the road to Fame,
And lined with many a Christian spire and dome:
Her arch triumphal, reared in Freedom's name,
Shall lead mankind to nobler marts than Rome!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

May, 1870, ROME.

LOUIE.

THE great river was flowing peacefully down to the sea, opening its blue tides at the silver fretting of the bar into a shallow expanse some miles in width, a part of which on either side overlay stretches where the submerged eel-grass lent a tint of chrysoprase to the sheathing flow, and into which one gazed, half expecting to see so ideal a depth peopled by something other than the long ribbons of the weed streaming out on the slow current—the only cool sight, albeit, beneath the withering heat of the day across all that shining extent. Far down the shores, on the right, a line of low sand-hills rose, protecting the placid harbor from sea and storm with the bulwark of their dunes, whose yellow drifts were ranged by the winds in all fantastic shapes, and bound together by ropes of the wild poison-ivy and long tangles of beach-grass and the blossoming purple pea, and which to-day cast back the rays of the sun as though they were of beaten brass. Above these hills the white lighthouse loomed, the heated air trembling around it, and giving it so vague and misty a guise that, being by itself a thing of night and storm and darkness, it looked now as unreal as a ghost by daylight. On the other side of the harbor lay the marshes, threaded by steaming creeks, up which here and there the pointed sails of the hidden hay-barges crept, the sunshine turning them to white flames: farther off stood a screen of woods, and from brim to brim between swelled the broad, smooth sheet of the river, coming from the great mountains that gave it birth, washing clean a score of towns on its way, and loitering just here by the pleasant old fishing-town, whose wharves, once doing a mighty business with the Antilles and the farther Indies, now, in the absence of their half dozen foreign-going craft, lay at the mercy of any sand-droger that chose to fling her cable round their capstans. A few idle masts swayed there, belonging to small fishers and fruiters, a solid dew of pitch oozing from their sides in the sun, but not a sail set: a lonely watchman went the rounds among them, a ragged urchin bobbed for flounders in the dock, but otherwise wharves and craft were alike forsaken, and the sun glared down on them as though his rays had made them a desert. The harbor-water lay like glass: now and then the tide stirred it, and all the brown and golden reflections of masts and spars with it, into the likeness of a rippled agate. Not one of the boats that were ordinarily to be seen darting hither and yon, like so many water-bugs, were in motion now; none of the white sails of the gay sea-parties were running up and swelling with the breeze; none of the usual naked and natatory

cherubs were diving off the wharves into that deep, warm water; the windows on the seaward side of the town were closed; the countless children, that were wont to infest the lower streets as if they grew with no more cost or trouble than the grass between the bricks, had disappeared in the mysterious way in which swarms of flies will disappear, as if an east wind had blown them; but no east wind was blowing here. In all the scene there was hardly any other sign of life than the fervent sunbeams shedding their cruel lustre overhead: the river flowed silent and lonely from shore to shore; the whole hot summer sky stretched just as silent and lonely from horizon to horizon; only the old ferryman, edging along the bank till he was far up stream, crossed the narrower tide and drifted down effortless on the other side; only an old black brig lay at anchor, with furled sail and silent deck, in the middle channel down below the piers, and from her festering and blistering hull it was that all the heat and loneliness and silence of the scene seemed to exude—for it was the fever-ship.

It was a different picture on the bright river when that brig entered the harbor on the return of her last voyage, to receive how different a welcome! But pestilence raged abroad in the country now, and the people of the port, who had so far escaped the evil, were loth to let it enter among them at last, and had not yet recovered from the recoil of their first shock and shiver at thought of it in their waters—waters than which none could have fostered it more kindly, full as they were in their shallow breadth of rotting weeds and the slime of sewers. Perhaps the owner of some pale face looked through the pane and thought of brother or father, or, it may be, of lover, and grew paler with pity, and longed to do kind offices for those who suffered; but the greater part of all the people hived upon the shores would have scouted the thought of going out with aid to those hot pillows rocking there upon the tide, and of bringing back infection to the town, as much as though the act had been piracy on the high seas. And they stayed at home, and watched their vanes and longed for an east wind—an east wind whose wings would shake out healing, whose breath would lay the destroying fever low; but the east wind refused to seek their shores, and chose rather to keep up its wild salt play far out on the bosom of its mid-sea billows.

Yes, on that return of the last voyage of the brig the stream had swarmed with boats, flags had fluttered from housetops and staffs, piers and quays had been lined with cheering people, all flocking forth to see the broken, battered little craft; for the brig had been spoken by a tug, and word had been brought to the wharves, and had spread like wildfire through the town, that, wrecked in a tempest and deserted by the panic-stricken crew, the steadfast master and a boy who stood by him had remained with her, had refitted her as best they might when the storm abated, and had brought her into port at last through fortunate days of fair weather and slow sailing. The town was ringing with the exploit, with praise of the noble faithfulness of master and boy; and now the river rang again, and no conquering galley of naval hero ever moved through a gladder, gayer welcome than that through which the little black brig lumbered on her clumsy way to her moorings.

But though all the rest of the populace of the seaport had turned out with their greetings that day, there was one little body there who, so far from hurrying down to shore or sea-wall with a waving handkerchief, ran crying into a corner; and it was there that Andrew Traverse, the person of only secondary importance in the river scene, rated as a boy on the brig's books, but grown into a man since the long voyage began, —it was there he found her when the crowd had let him alone and left him free to follow his own devices.

"It's the best part of all the welcome, I declare it is!" said he, standing in the doorway and enjoying the sight before him a moment.

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"Oh, Andrew," cried the little body with a sob, but crouching farther away into the corner, "it was so splendid of you!"

"What was so splendid of me?" said he, still in the doorway, tall and erect in the sunshine that lay around him, and that glanced along his red shirt and his bronzed cheek to light a flame in the black eyes that surveyed her.

"Standing by him so," she sobbed—"standing by the captain when the others left—bringing home the ship!"

"It's not a ship—it's a brig," said Andrew, possibly too conscious of his merit to listen to the praise of it. "Well, is this all? Ain't you going to shake hands with me? Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Oh, Andrew! So glad!" and she turned and let him see the blushing, rosy face one moment, the large, dark, liquid eyes, the tangled, tawny curls; and then overcome once more, as a sudden shower overcomes the landscape, the lips quivered again, the long-lashed eyelids fell, and the face was hidden in another storm of tears. And then, perhaps because he was a sailor, and perhaps because he was a man, his arms were round her and he was kissing off those tears, and the little happy body was clinging to him and trembling with excitement and with joy like a leaf in the wind.

Certainly no two happier, prouder beings walked along the sea-wall that night, greeted with hearty hands at every step, followed by all eyes till the shelter of deepening dusk obscured them, and with impish urchins, awe-struck for once, crying mysteriously under their breath to each other, "That's him! That's the feller saved the Sabrina! That's him and her!" How proud the little body was! how her heart beat with pleasure at thought of the way in which all men were ready to do him honor! how timidly she turned her eyes upon him and saw the tint deepen on his cheek, the shadow flash into light in his eye, the smile kindle on his lips, as he looked down on her—glad with her pride and pleasure, strong, confident, content himself—till step by step they had left the town behind, wandering down the sandy island road, through the wayside hedge of blossoming wild roses and rustling young birches, till they leaned upon the parapet of the old island bridge and heard the water lap and saw the stars come out, and only felt each other and their love in all the wide, sweet summer universe.

Poor Louie! She had always been as shy and wary as any little brown bird of the woods. It was Andrew's sudden and glorious coming that had surprised her into such expression of a feeling that had grown up with her until it was a part of every thought and memory. And as for Andrew—certainly he had not known that he cared for her so much until she turned that tearful, rosy face upon him in welcome; but now it seemed to him that she had been his and he hers since time began: he could neither imagine nor remember any other state than this: he said to himself, and then repeated it to her, that he had loved her always, that it was thought of her that had kept him firm and faithful to his duty, that she had been the lodestar toward which he steered on that slow homeward way; and he thanked Heaven, no doubt devoutly enough, that had saved him from such distress and brought him back to such bliss. And Louie listened and clung closer, more joyful and more blest with every pulse of her bounding heart.

After all, sudden as the slipping into so divine a dream had been, it had need to be full as intense and deep, for it was only for a little while it lasted. A week's rapt walking in these mid-heavens, where earth and care and each to-morrow was forgotten, and there broke in upon them the voice of the Sabrina's owner seeking for Andrew Traverse.

Of course such conduct as that of one who preferred to do his utmost to save a sinking ship rather than seek safety with her flying crew, was something too unusual to go unrewarded: it must be

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signalized into such a shining light that all other mariners must needs follow it. And if the sky had fallen, Andrew declared, he could have been no more surprised than he was when he found himself invited with great ceremony to a stately tea-drinking at the house of the owner of the Sabrina. "Now we shall catch larks," said he; and dressed in a new suit, whose gray tint set off the smoothness of his tanned cheek with the color sometimes mantling through the brown, he entered the house with all the composure of a gentleman used to nothing but high days and holidays. Not that either the state or ceremony at Mr. Maurice's required great effort to encounter with composure—trivial enough at its best, wonderful though it was to the townsfolk, unused to anything beyond. But Andrew had seen the world in foreign parts, and neither Mr. Maurice's mansion-house and gardens, nor his gay upholstery, nor his silver tea-service, nor his condescending manners, struck the least spark of surprise from Andrew's eyes, or gave them the least shadow of awe.

"This is some mistake," said the owner graciously, after preliminary compliment had been duly observed. "How is it that you are rated on the books as a boy—you as much a man as you will ever be?"

"A long voyage, sir, slow sailing and delays over so many disasters as befell us, three years out in the stead of a year and a half—all that brings one to man's estate before his reckoning."

"But the last part of the time you must have done able seaman's service?"

"The captain and I together," said Andrew with his bright laugh. "We were officers and crew and passengers, cox'n and cook, as they say."

"A hard experience," said Mr. Maurice.

"Oh, not at all, but worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. Why, sir, it taught me how to handle a ship as six years before the mast couldn't have done."

"Good! We shall see to what purpose one of these days. And you have had your share of schooling, they tell me?"

"All that the academy had to give, sir."

"And that's enough for any one who has the world to tussel with. How should you like to have gone through such hard lines, Frarnie?" turning to his daughter, a pale, moon-faced girl, her father's darling.

"Were you never afraid?" she asked in her pretty simpering way.

"Not to say afraid," answered Andrew, deferentially. "We knew our danger—two men alone in the leaky, broken brig—but then we could be no worse off than we were before; and as for the others—"

"They got their deserts," said Mr. Maurice.

"The poor fellows left us in such a hurry that they took hardly any water or biscuit; and at the worst our fate could not be so bad as theirs, under the hot sun in those salt seas."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Maurice, who loved his own ease too much to like to hear of others' dis-ease. And to turn the conversation from the possible horrors into which it might lapse, he invited his guest out into his gardens, among his grapehouses, his poultry and his dogs. It was a long hour's ramble that they took there, well improved on both sides, for Andrew of course knew it to be for his interest to please the brig's owner; and Mr. Maurice, who prided himself on having a singularly keen insight into character, studied the young man's every word and gesture, for it was not often that he came across such material as this out of which to make his captains; and to what farther effect in this instance be pursued his studies might have been told, by any one keener than himself, through the tone of satisfaction with which, on re-entering the parlor, he bade his daughter take Andrew down the rooms and tell him the histories of the surprising pictures there. For Mr. Maurice, one of the great fortunes of the seaport, being possessed by a mania of belief that every youth who cast tender eyes

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upon his daughter cast them not on her, but on her future havings and holdings, had long since determined to select a husband for her himself—one who evinced no servile reverence for wealth, one whom he could trust to make her happy. "And here," he said, "I am not sure but that I have him."

When Andrew went in to see Louie a moment on his way home that night, he was in great spirits over the success of his visit, and, dark as it was, made her blush the color of the rose over the low doorway where they stood when he asked how she would like to go captain's wife next voyage. And then he told her of Mr. Maurice's scrutiny and questioning, and the half hint of a ship of his own to sail some day, and of the pale-faced Miss Frarnie's interest, and of the long stroll down the parlors among the pictures, the original of one of which he had seen somewhere in the Mediterranean, when he and a parcel of sailors went ashore and rambled through the port, and looked in at a church, where, in the midst of music and incense and a kneeling crowd, they were shearing the golden locks off of young girls and making nuns of them. And Andrew forgot to tell of the way in which Miss Frarnie listened to him and hung upon his words: indeed, how could he? Perhaps he did not notice it himself; but if he had had a trifle more personal vanity, and had seen how this pale young girl—forbidden by a suspicious father much companionship with gallants—had forgotten all difference of station and purse, and had looked upon him, nobly made, handsome, gay, knowing far more than she did, much as upon a young god just alighted by her side a moment,—if Andrew had been aware of this, and had found any words in which to repeat it, then Louie might have had something to startle her out of her blessedness, and pain might have come to her all the sooner. But since the pain would have been as sharp then as at any future time, it was a pitying, pleasant Fate that let her have her happiness as long as might be. For Louie's love was a different thing from the selfish passion that any clown may feel: she had been happy enough in her little round of commonplace satisfactions and tasks before Andrew came and shed over her this great cloud of delight—happy then just in the enjoyment of that secret love of hers that went out and sought him every night sailing over foreign sunlit waters, and hovered like a blessing round his head; and now that he had come and folded her about and about with such warm devotion, it was not for the new happiness he gave her that she loved him, but in order to make his own happiness a perfect thing; and if her heart's blood had been needed for that, it would have been poured out like water. The pale-faced Frarnie—if question could be of her—might never know such love as that: love with her could be a sentiment, a lover one who added to her pleasure, but a sacrifice on her part for that lover would have been something to tell and sing for ever, if indeed it were possible that such a thing should be made at all.

So day by day the spell deepened with Louie, and for another week there was delightful loneliness with this lover of hers — strolls down through the swampy woods hunting for moss to frame the prints he had brought home uninjured, and which were to be part of the furnishing of their future home; others across the salt meadows for the little red samphire stems to pickle; sails in the float down river and in the creeks, where the tall thatch parted by the prow rustled almost overhead, and the gulls came flying and piping around them: here and there, they two alone, pouring out thought and soul to each other, and every now and then glancing shyly at those days, that did not seem so very far away, when they should be sailing together through foreign parts; for Louie's father, the old fisherman, was all her household, and a maiden aunt, who earned her livelihood in nursing the sick and attending the dead, would be glad to come any day and take Louie's place in the cottage.

At the end of the week, Mr. Maurice

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sent for Andrew to his counting-room; and after that, on one device or another, he had him there the greater part of every day, employing him in a score of pleasant ways—asking his advice as to the repairs of the Sabrina, taking him with him in his chaise jogging through the shipyard, where a new barque was getting ready for her launching, examining him the while carefully from time to time after his wont; at last taking him casually home to dinner with him one day, keeping him to tea the next, and finally, fully satisfied with the result of his studies in that edition of human nature, giving him the freedom of the family as much as if he had been the son of the house.

"I've some plans ahead for you, my boy," said he one day with a knowing shake of the head; and Andrew's innocent brain began to swim straightway between the new barque and the Sabrina.

"Look at him!" said Mr. Maurice to his wife one evening as Andrew walked in the garden with Miss Frarnie. "My mind's made up about him. He's the stuff for a sea-captain, afraid neither of wind nor weather nor the face of clay—can sail a ship and choose her cargo. He's none of your coxcombs that go courting across the way: he's a man into the core of his heart, and as well bred as any gentleman that walks; though Goodness knows how he came by it."

"These sea-coast people," said his wife, reflectively (she was inland-born herself), "see the world and learn."

"Well, what do you say to it? I don't find the flaw in him. If Heaven had given me a son, I'd have had him be like this one; and since it didn't, why here's my way to circumvent Heaven."

"Oh, my dear," said the wife, "I can't hear you talk so. And besides—"

"Well? Besides what?"

"I think it is always best to let such things take their own course. We did."

"Of course we did," laughed Mr. Maurice. "But how about our fathers and mothers?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice, "not to force things."

"And who intends to force them? It's plain enough the young fellow took a fancy to our Frarnie the first time he laid eyes on her, isn't it?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice again, "that if Frarnie should have the same fancy for him, I don't know that there'd be any objection. He is quite uncommon—quite uncommon when you consider all things—but I don't know why you want to lead her to like any one in particular, when she has such a nice home and is all we have."

"Girls will marry, Mrs. Maurice. If it isn't one, it will be another. So I had rather it should be one, and that one of my own choosing—one who will use her well, and not make ducks and drakes of her money as soon as we are gone where there's no returning, and without a 'thank you' for your pains. Look at them now! Should you imagine they thought there was any one else on earth but each other at this moment? They're fond of each other, that's plain. They'd be a remarkable-looking couple. What do you think of it?"

"Frarnie might have that India shawl that I never undid, to appear out in," said Mrs. Maurice, pensively, continuing her own reflections rather than directly replying. "And I suppose we needn't lose her really, for she could make her home with us."

And so the conspiracy advanced, its simple victims undreaming of its approach—Louie sighing faintly to think she saw so little of Andrew now, but content, since she was sure it was for his best interest to make the friendship of the Sabrina's owner; Andrew fretting to see how all this necessary submission to superiors kept him from Louie, but more than half compensated with the dazzling visions that danced before his eyes of the Sabrina in her new rig—of the barque coming down for her masts and sails from her launching.

The Sabrina had been so badly injured by her disasters that it took much more time to repair her than had at first been thought. "I'm going to stand by

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the old brig," said Andrew to some one—by accident it was in Mr. Maurice's hearing. "But if I'd known it was going to take so long to have her whole again, I should have made a penny in taking a run down the bay, for I had an offer to go second mate on the Tartar."

"I'll go one better than that," said Mr. Maurice then. "Here's the Frarnie, nearly ready to clear for New Orleans and Liverpool, with your old captain. You shall go mate of her. That'll show if you can handle a ship. The Sabrina won't be at the wharf till the round voyage is over and the Frarnie coming up the stream again. What say you?"

Of course what Andrew said was modest thanks—what he felt was a rhapsody of delight; and when he told Louie that night, what she said was a sob, and what she felt was a blank of fright and foreboding. Oh what should she do? cried the selfish little thing—what should she do in the long, long, weary days with Andrew gone? But then in a moment she remembered that this was the first step toward going master of that craft in which her bridal voyage was to be taken. "And what a long step it is, Andrew!" she cried. "Was the like of it ever known before? What a long, long step it would be but for that bitter apprenticeship when you and the captain brought the wreck home!"

"Ay," said Andrew, proudly: "I served my time before the mast then, if ever any did."

"And I suppose with the next step you will be master of the Sabrina? Oh, I should so like it!"

"I don't know," said Andrew, more doubtfully than he had used to speak. "I'm afraid the owners will think this is enough. This is a great lift. I'll do my best to satisfy them, though; for I'd rather sail master of the Sabrina than of the biggest man-of-war afloat."

"We used to play round her when we were children," said Louie, encouragingly. "Don't you remember leading me down once to admire the lady on her stern?—like a water-witch just gilded in the rays of some sunrise she had come up to see, you said."

"Yes; and we used to climb her shrouds, we boys, and get through the lubber-hole, before we could spell her name out. She's made of heart of oak: she'll float still when the Frarnie is nothing but sawdust. We used to watch for her in the newspapers—we used to know just as much about her goings and comings as the owner did. Somehow—I don't know why—I've always felt as if my fate and fortune hung upon her. It used to be the top of my ambition to go master of her. It is now. I couldn't make up my mind to leave her when the others did that cruel morning after the wreck; and when the captain said he should stay by her, my heart sprang up as if she had been a living thing, and I stayed too. And I'd rather sail her than a European steamer today—that I would, by George!"

"Oh, of course you will," said the sympathizing voice beside him.

"I don't know," said Andrew again, more slowly and reflectively. "I've the idea—and I can't say how I got it—that there's some condition or other attached to my promotion—that there's something Mr. Maurice means that I shall do, and if I don't do it I don't get my lift. It can't be anything about wages: I don't know what it is!"

"Perhaps," said Louie, innocently, and without a glimpse of the train her thoughtless words fired—"perhaps he means for you to marry Frarnie!" laughing a little laugh at the absurd impossibility.

And Andrew started as if a bee had stung him, and saw it all. But in a moment he only drew Louie closer, and kissed her more passionately, and sat there caressing her the more tenderly while they listened to a thrush that had built in the garden thicket, mistaking it for the wood, so near the town's edge was it, and so still and sunny was the garden all day long with its odors of southernwood and mint and balm; and he delayed there longer, holding her as if now at least she was his own, whatever she might be thereafter.

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As he walked home that night, and went and sat upon the wharf and watched the starlit tide come in, he saw it all again, but with thoughts like a procession of phantoms, as if they had no part even in the possible things of life, and were indeed nothing to him. How could they have any meaning to him—to him, Louie's lover? What would the whole world be to him, what the sailing of the Sabrina, without Louie? And then a shiver ran across him: what would Louie be to him without the sailing of the Sabrina! for that, indeed, as he had said, was the top of his ambition, and that being his ambition, perhaps ambition was as strong with him as love.

But with this new discovery on Andrew's part of Mr. Maurice's desires, Andrew could only recall circumstances, words, looks, hints: he could not shape to himself any line of duty or its consequences: enough to see that Mr. Maurice fancied his simple and thoughtless attentions to Frarnie to be lover-like, and, approving him, looked kindly on them and made his plans accordingly; enough to see that if he should reject this tacit proffer of the daughter's hand, then the Sabrina was scarcely likely to be his; and that in spite of such probability, the first and requisite thing in honor for him to do was to tell Mr. Maurice of his marriage engagement with Louie, and then, if the man had neither gratitude nor sense enough to reward him for his assistance in saving the brig, to trust to fortune and to time, that at last makes all things even. As he sat there listening to the lapping of the water and idly watching the reflected stars peer up and shatter in a hundred splinters with every wash of the dark tide, he could not so instantaneously decide as to whether he should make this confession or not. "What business is it of Maurice's?" he said to himself. "Does he think every one that looks at his scarecrow of a daughter—" But there he had need to acknowledge to himself his injustice to Miss Frarnie, a modest maiden who had more cause to complain of him than he of her, since he had done his best to please her, and her only fault lay in being pleased so easily. She was pleased with him: he understood that now, though his endeavors to enlist her had been for a very different manifestation of interest. Perhaps it flattered him a little: he paused long enough to consider what sort of a lot it would be if he really had been plighted to Frarnie instead of Louie. Love and all that nonsense, he had heard say, changed presently into a quiet sort of contentment; and if that were so, it would be all the same at the end of a few years which one he took. He felt that Frarnie was not very sympathetic, that her large white face seldom sparkled with much intelligence, that she would make but a dull companion; but, for all that, she would be, he knew, an excellent housewife: she would bring a house with her too; and when a man is married, and has half a dozen children tumbling round him, there is entertainment enough for him, and it is another bond between him and the wife he did not love too well at first; and if she were his, his would be the Sabrina also, and when the Sabrina's days were over perhaps a great East Indiaman, and with that the respect and deference of all his townsmen: court would be paid to him, his words would be words of weight, he would have a voice in the selection of town-officers, he would roll up money in the bank, and some day he should be master of the great Maurice mansion and the gardens and grapehouses. It was a brilliant picture to him, doubtless, but in some way the recollection of two barelegged little children digging clams down on the flats when the tide was out, with the great white lighthouse watching them across the deserted stretches of the long bent eel-grass, rose suddenly and wiped the other picture out, and he saw the wind blowing in Louie's brown and silken hair and kissing the color on her cheeks; he saw the shy sparkle of her downcast eyes, lovely and brown then as they were now; and as he stood erect at last,

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snapping his fingers defiantly, he felt that he had bidden Mr. Maurice's ships and stocks and houses and daughter go hang, and had made his choice rather to walk with Louie on his arm than as master of the Sabrina.

It was a good resolution; and if he had but sealed it by speaking next day to Mr. Maurice of his engagement, there would not have been a word to say. But, though he valiantly meant to do it, it was not so easy, after all, as he had thought, and so he put it off for a more convenient season, and the season did not come, and the day of sailing did. And the outfit that went on board the Frarnie was made and packed by the hands of Mrs. Maurice and her daughter—such an outfit as he had never dreamed of; such warm woolens for the storms, such soft linens for the heats, such finery for port, such dainties and delicacies as only the first mate of the Frarnie could think to have. And as for Louie, it was no outfit, no costly gift of gold or trouble either, that she could give him: she had nothing for him but a long, fine chain woven of her own hair, and she hung it round his neck with tears and embraces and words that could not be uttered and sighs that changed to sobs, and then came lingering delay upon delay, and passionate parting at the last. But when the crew had weighed anchor and the sails were swelling and the waves beyond the bar crying out for them, Miss Frarnie and her mother could still be seen waving their handkerchiefs from an upper window; and half blind with the sorrow and the pain he choked away from sight, and mad with shame to think he had found no way but to accept their favors, Andrew felt that their signal must be answered, and sullenly waved his own in reply; and then the pilot was leaving the barque, and presently the shore and all its complications, and Louie crying herself sick, were forgotten in the excitement of the moment and its new duties.

"Didn't say a word of love to Frarnie, eh?" remarked Mr. Maurice in answer to his wife's communications that evening. "A noble lad, then! I like him all the better for it. He shall have her all the sooner. He won't abuse our confidence: that's it. He'll wait till he's bridged over the gap between them. The first mate of a successful voyage is a better match for my daughter than the boy who stayed by the Sabrina, brave as he was. He's fond of her? Don't you think so? There's no doubt about that? None at all! All in good time—all in good time. I'll speak to him myself. They're going to write to each other? I thought so."

Short as the trip was that the Frarnie made in that favorable season, it seemed to Louie an interminable period; but from the cheerful, hopeful smile upon her lips no one would ever have known how her heart was longing for her lover as she went about her work; for the little housekeeper had quite too much to do in keeping the cottage clean, the garden weedless, the nets mended, to be able to neglect one duty for any love-sick fancies it might be pleasant to indulge. From morning till night her days were full in bringing happiness to others: there was her father to make comfortable; there were the sick old women, of whom her aunt brought word, to concoct some delicacy for—a cup of custard, to wit, a dish of the water-jelly she had learned how to make from the sea-moss she gathered on the beach, a broiled and buttered mushroom from the garden; there were the canaries and the cat to be cared for, and the dog that Andrew left with her to feed and shower caresses on; and there was the parrot's toilet to be made and her lesson to be taught, and the single jars of preserves and pickles and ketchups to be put up for winter, and the herbs to be dried: there were not, you may see, many minutes to be wasted out of that busy little life in castle-building or in crying. One day there came a letter with Victoria's head and the Liverpool stamp upon it: she knew it by heart presently, and wore it next her heart by night and day; and even if she had known that Miss Frarnie Maurice received one in the same handwriting by

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the same mail, it would hardly have made much difference to her; and one day the Sabrina, all freshly coppered and painted and repaired, with new masts and sails, and so much else that it was not easy to say what part of her now represented the old brig, came round to her old wharf and began to take in cargo. Louie ran down one evening with her father, and went all over her from stem to stern, only one old sailor being aboard; and she could have told you then every rope from clew to ear-ring; and, as if it were all the realization of a dream, a thousand happy, daring thoughts of herself and Andrew then filled her fancy like birds in a nest; and so swiftly after that did one day flow into another for Louie that the Frarnie lay in the mid-stream once more before she had more than begun to count the days to that on which her Liverpool letter had promised that she should see its writer come walking into her father's cottage again.

But she never did see him come walking into her father's cottage again. That promised day passed and the night, and another—a long, long day that seemed as if it would never quench its flame in sunset, and a night that seemed as if it would never know the dawning; but the threshold of the fisherman's cottage Andrew Traverse crossed no more.

For Mr. Maurice, on his notable errand of circumventing Heaven, had been ahead of Fate, and had gone down on the pilot-boat to meet the Frarnie—with no settled designs of course, but in his own impatient pleasure; and, delighted with the shipmaster's report and with the financial promise of the voyage, the cargo, the freights, and ventures and all, had greeted Andrew with a large-hearted warmth and after a manner that no churl could withstand; and unwilling to listen to any refusal, had taken Andrew up to the mansion-house with him the moment the ship had touched the wharf.

"You don't ask after her?" said Mr. Maurice when they were alone in the chaise together. And knowing well enough what he meant, Andrew blushed through all his bronze—knowing well enough, for had he not gone below in a mighty hurry and tricked himself out in his best toggery so soon as he understood there was no escape from the visit? Louie would have been glad enough to see him in his red shirt and tarpaulin!

"Oh, you scamp!" said Mr. Maurice, quickly then detecting the blush. "Don't say a word! I've been there myself: I know how you're longing to see her; and she's been at the window looking through the glass every half hour, the puss!"

"Mr. Maurice," began Andrew, half trembling, but wholly resolved, he thought—although it must be confessed that with time, and distance, and Frarnie's effusive letters and flattering prospects on the other hand, Louie's image was not so bright at that moment as it had been at others, and for that very reason Andrew was taking great credit to himself for his upright intentions—credit enough to tide him over a good deal of baseness if need were,—"Mr. Maurice—" he began; and there he paused to frame his sentence more suitably, for it was no easy thing to tell a man that he was throwing his child at one who did not care for her, and that man the disposer of his fortunes.

But Mr. Maurice saved him any such trouble. "I know all you're going to say," he exclaimed. "I understand your hesitation, and I honor you for it. But I'm no fool, and there's no need to have you tell me that you want my Frarnie, for I've known that long ago."

"Mr. Maurice!"

"Yes, I have," answered the impulsive gentleman. "Mrs. Maurice and I talked it over as soon as we saw which way the wind lay; but of course we decided to say nothing till we were sure, quite sure, that it was Frarnie and not her prospects—"

"Oh, sir, you—"

"Tush, tush! I know all about it now. But it becomes a father to be wary," continued the other, taking the words from Andrew's lips in spite of himself, and quite wary enough not to

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mention that in Frarnie's easily-excited favor a young scapegrace was very likely to supplant Mr. Andrew if things were not brought to a point at once. "It was my duty to look at all sides," he said, without stopping for breath. "Now I know you, and I see you'd rather give the girl the go-by for ever than have her think you wanted her because she was her father's daughter, and not some poor fisherman's."

"Indeed, indeed—" began Andrew again, leaning forward, his cheeks crimson, his very hands shaking.

"Of course, my boy," interrupted his companion as before—"of course. Don't say a word: you're welcome to her at last. I never thought I'd surrender her to any one so freely; but if I were choosing from all the world, Andrew, I don't know any one I'd choose sooner for my son. She's a sensible girl, my Frarnie is, at bottom. We know her heart: it's a good heart—only the froth of all young girls' fancies to be blown off. And the Sabrina always was a pet of mine, and, though I've said nothing of it, I've meant her for Frarnie's husband this many a day." And before Andrew, in his flurry and embarrassment and bewilderment, could enunciate any distinct denial of anything or avowal of anything else, the chaise was at the door, and Mrs. Maurice was waiting for him with extended hands, and Frarnie was standing and smiling behind, half turned to run away. And Mr. Maurice cried out: "Captain Traverse of the Sabrina, my dear! Here, Frarnie, Frarnie! none of your airs and graces! Come and give your sweetheart an honest kiss!" And Andrew, doubting if the minister were not behind the door and he should not find himself married out of hand, irresolute, cowardly, too weak to give up the Sabrina and that sweet new title just ringing in his ears, was pushed along by Mr. Maurice's foolish, hearty hand till he found himself bending over Frarnie with his arm around her waist, his lips upon her cheek, and without, as it seemed to him, either choice or volition on his part. But as he looked up and saw the portraits of the girl's grandfathers, where they appeared to be looking down at him stern and questioning, a guilty shame over the wrong he was doing their child smote him sorely: he saw that he had allowed the one instant of choice to slip away; the sense came over him that he had sealed his own doom, while a vision of Louie's face, full of desolation and horror, was scorching in upon his soul; and there, in the moment of betrothal, his punishment began. He stole down to the Sabrina's wharf that evening, after the moon had set, and looking round to see that it was quite forsaken at that hour, he took from his neck a long, slender hair-chain to drop over into the deep water there; but as he held the thing it seemed suddenly to coil round his hand with a caress, as if it were still a part of Louie's self. He stamped his foot and ground his heel into the earth there with a cry and an oath, and put the chain back again whence he had taken it, and swore he would wear it till they laid his bones under ground. And he looked up at the dark lines of the brig looming like the black skeleton of an evil thing against the darkness of the night, and he cursed himself for a traitor to both women—for a hypocrite, a craven, a man sold to the highest bidder. Well, well, Captain Traverse, there are curses that cling! And Louie sat in the gloom at the window of the fisherman's cottage down below the town, and sighed and wondered and longed and waited, but Captain Traverse went back to the Maurices' mansion.

It is one of the enigmas of this existence how women forgive the wrong of such hours as came to Louie now—hours of suspense and suffering—hours of a misery worse than the worm's misery in blindness and pain before it finds its wings.

At first she expected her lover, and speculated as to his delay, and fretted to think anything might detain him from her; and now she was amazed, and now vexed, and now she was forgiving the neglect, accusing herself and making

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countless excuses for him; and now imagining a thousand dire mishaps. But as the third day came and he was still away —he who had been always wont to seek her as soon as the craft was made fast to wharf—then she felt her worst forebodings taking bodily shape: he was ill, he had fallen overboard, he had left the vessel at Liverpool and shipped upon another, and a letter would come directly to say so; or else he had been waylaid and robbed and made away with: not once did she dream that he was false to her—to her, a portion of his own life!

How it was with him there were numberless ways in which she might have discovered, for every soul of her acquaintance knew Andrew, and must be aware of the fact if he were missing or ailing, or if any other ill chance had befallen him. But as often as she tried to address one or another passing by the window, her voice failed her and her heart, and she asked no questions, and only waited on. A life of suspense, exclaims some one, a life of a spider! And when we are in suspense, says another, all our aids are in suspense with us. Day after day she stayed continually in the house, looking for him to come, never stirring out even into the garden, lest coming she might miss him. Night after night she sat alone at her window till the distant town-clocks struck midnight—now picturing to herself the glad minute of his coming, the quick explaining words, the bursting tears of relief, the joy of that warm embrace, the touch of those strong arms—now convinced that he would never come, and her heart sinking into a bitter loneliness of despair.

It grew worse with her when she knew that he was really in the town, alive and well; for, from the scuttle in the roof, by the aid of her father's glass, she could see the Sabrina, and one day she was sure that a form whose familiar outlines made her pulses leap was Andrew himself giving orders on the deck there; and after that she tortured herself with conjectures till her brain was wild—chained hand and foot, unable to write him or to seek him in any maidenly modesty, heart and soul in a ferment. Still she waited in that shuddering suspense, with every nerve so tightly strung that voice or footfall vibrated on them into pain. If Andrew, in the midst of the gayeties by which he found himself accepted of the Maurices' friends, was never haunted by any thought of all this, his heart had grown stouter in one year's time than twenty years had found and left it previously.

But Louie's suspense was of no long duration, as time goes, though to her it was a lifetime. A week covered it—a week full of stings and fevered restlessness—when her father came in one day and said bitterly, thinking it best to make an end of all at once: "So I hear that a friend of ours has been paid off at last. Captain Andrew Traverse of the Sabrina is going to marry his owner's daughter Frarnie. Luck will take passage on that brig!" And when Louie rose from the bed on which she lay down that night, the Sabrina had been a fortnight gone on her long voyage—a voyage where the captain had sailed alone, postponing the evil day perhaps, and at any rate pleading too much inexperience, for all his dazzling promotion, to be trusted with so precious a thing as a wife on board during the first trip. He had not felt that hesitation once when portraying the possibilities of the voyage to another.

It was not a long illness, Louie's, though it had been severe enough to destroy for her consciousness both of pain and pleasure. Her aunt had left other work and had nursed her through it; but when, strong and well once more, she went about her old duties, it seemed to her that that consciousness had never returned: she took up life with utter listlessness and indifference, and she fancied that her love for Andrew was as dead as all the rest. The poor little thing, laying this flattering unction to heart, did not call much reason to her aid, or she would have known that there was some meaning in it when she cried all day on coming across an old daguerreotype of Andrew. "It isn't

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for love of him," she sobbed. "It's for the loss of all that love out of my life that was heaven to me. Oh no, no! I love him no longer: I can't, I can't love him: he is all the same as another woman's husband." But, despite this stout assertion, she could not bring herself to part with that picture: he was not in reality quite the husband of another woman, and till he was indeed she meant to keep it. "He is only promised to her yet, and he was promised first to me," she said for salve to conscience; and meanwhile the picture grew so blurred with conscious tears, and perhaps with unconscious kisses, that it might have been his or another's: Miss Frarnie herself, had she seen it, could not have told whose it was.

Notwithstanding all the elasticity of youth, life became an inexpressibly dull thing to Louie as the year wore into the next—dull, with neither aim nor object, the past a pain to remember, the future a blank to consider. She could live only from day to day, one day like another, till they grew so wearisome she wondered her hair was not gray—the pretty hair that, shorn from her head in her illness, had grown again in a short fleece of silky curls—for it seemed to her that she had lived a hundred years. And because troubles never come alone, and one perhaps makes the other seem lighter and better to be borne, in the thick of a long winter's storm they brought home her father, the old fisherman, drowned and dead.

Captain Traverse knew of the old fisherman's death through the newspapers that found him in his foreign ports—not through Miss Frarnie's letters, for she knew almost nothing of the existence or non-existence of such low people; and therefore, conjecture as he needs must concerning Louie's means of livelihood now, there was no intelligence to relieve any anxiety he might have felt, or to inform him of the sale of the cottage to pay the debt of the mortgage under which it was bought, or of the support that Louie earned in helping her aunt watch with the sick and lay out the dead: he could only be pricked with knowledge of the fact that he had no right to his anxiety, or to the mention of her name even in his prayers—if he said them.

Poor little Louie! A sad end to such a joyous youth as hers had been, you would have said; but, in truth, her new work was soothing to her: her heart was simply in harmony with suffering, with death and desolation, and by degrees she found that comfort from her double sorrows in doing her best to bring comfort to others which it may be she could never have found had she been the pampered darling of some wealthy house. Often, when she forgot what she was doing, Louie made surmises concerning Frarnie Maurice, wondering if she were the noble thing that Andrew needed to ennoble him—if she were really so strong and beautiful that the mere sight of her had killed all thought or memory of an older love; trying to believe her all that his guardian angel might wish his wife to be, and to acknowledge that she herself was so low and small and ignorant that she could only have injured him—to be convinced that it was neither weakness, nor covetousness, nor perjury in Andrew, having met the sun, to forget the shadows; wondering then if Frarnie cared for him as she herself had done, and crying out aloud that that could never be, until the sound of her own sobs woke her from her forbidden dream. But at other times a calm came to Louie that was more pathetic than her wildest grief: it was the acquiescence in what Providence had chosen for Andrew, cost herself what it might—it was the submission of the atom beneath the wheels of the great engine.

It is true that as, late in the night, when all the town was asleep and only silence and she abroad, she walked home by herself from some deathbed whose occupant she had composed decently for the last sleep, she used to wish it were herself lying there on that moveless pillow, and soon to be sheltered from the cruel light by the bosom of the kindly earth. For now, as she

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passed the birches softly rustling in the night wind, and hurried by, she remembered other times when she had passed them, and had stopped to listen, cared for, protected, with Andrew's arm about her; and now, as the clocks, one after another, remotely chimed the hour, the sound smote her with a familiar sweetness full of pain; and now, as she came along the sea-wall and saw the dark river glimmering widely and ever the same, while its mysterious tide flowed to meet the far-off spark of the lighthouse lantern, she recalled a hundred happy hours when she and Andrew in the boat together had rocked there in soft summer nights, with sunset melting in the stream and wrapping them about with rosy twilight; or those when whispers of the September gales swelled the sail, and the boat flew like a gull from crest to crest of the bar; or those when misty sea-turns crept up stream and folded them, and drowned the sparkle of the lighthouse and the emerald and ruby ray of the channel lights, and left them shut away from the world, alone with each other on the great gray current silently sweeping to the sea—times when she knew no fear, trusting in the strong arm and stout heart beside her, before the river had brought death to her door; when the whole of life seemed radiant and rich—times that made this solitary night walk trodden now seem colder and drearier and darker than the grave—that made her wish it ended in a grave.

And so at length the year slipped by, and spring had come again, and the sap had leaped up the bough and burst into blossom there, and the blood had bubbled freshly in the veins of youth, and hope had once more gladdened all the world but Louie. With her only a dull patience stayed that tried to call itself content, until she heard it rumored among the harbor-people that the Sabrina was nearly due again, and with that her heart beat so turbulently that she had to crush it down again with the thought that, though Andrew every day drew nearer, came up the happy climates of southern latitudes and spread his sails on favoring gales for home, he only hastened to his wedding-day. And one day, at last, she rose to see a craft anchored in the middle channel down below the piers, unpainted and uncleaned by any crew eager to show their best to shore—a black and blistered brig, with furled sails and silent deck; and some men called it the fever-ship, and some men called it the Sabrina.

As the news of the brig's return and of her terrible companion spread through the town, a panic followed it, and the feeling with which she was regarded all along the shore during that day and the next would hardly be believed by any but those who have once been in the neighborhood of a pestilence themselves. Exaggerated accounts of a swift, strange illness, by many believed to be the ancient plague revived again and cast loose through the land from Asiatic ships, had reached the old port; and aware that they were peculiarly exposed by reason of their trade, small as it was, the people there had already died a thousand deaths through expectation of the present coming of the fever already raging in other parts. Hitherto, the health-officers, boarding everything that appeared, had found no occasion to give anything but clean papers, and the town had breathed again. But now, when at last it spread from lip to lip that the fever lay at anchor in mid-channel, knees shook and cheeks grew white, and health-officer and port-physician, in spite of the almost instantaneous brevity of their visit to the infected vessel, were avoided as though they were the pestilence themselves, and not a soul in all the town was found to carry a cup of cold water to the gasping, burning men cared for only by those in less desperate strait than themselves, and who, having buried two-thirds of their number in deep-sea soundings, were likely to be denied as much as a grave on shore themselves; while to Mr. Maurice, half wild with perplexity and foreboding and amazement at Miss Frarnie's yet wilder terror,—to him the red lantern hung out by the brig at nightfall magnified itself in the mist into a crimson cloud where with wide

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wings lurked the very demon of Fever himself.

Not a soul to carry the cup of cold water, did I say? Yes, one timid little soul there was, waiting in a fever of longing herself—waiting that those who had a right to go might do so if they would—waiting till assured that neither Frarnie Maurice nor her parents had the first intention of going, though affianced husband and chosen son lay dying there—waiting in agony of impatience, since every delay might possibly mean death,—one little brave and timid soul there was who ventured forth on her errand of mercy alone. The fisherman's old boat still lay rocking in the cove, and the oars stood in the shed: Louie knew how to use them well, and making her preparations by daylight, and leaving the rest till nightfall, lest she should be hindered by the authorities, she found means to impress the little cow-boy into her service; and after dark a keg of sweet water was trundled down and stored amidships of the boat, with an enormous block of ice rolled in an old blanket; a basket of lemons and oranges was added, a roll of fresh bed-linen, a little box of such medicines as her last year's practice had taught her might be of use; and extorting a promise from the boy that he would leave another block of ice on the bank every night after dark for her to come and fetch, Louie quickly stepped into the boat, lifted the oars, and slipt away into the darkness of the great and quiet river.

When, three days afterward, Captain Traverse unclosed his eyes from a dream of Gehenna and the place the smoke of whose torment goes up for ever, a strange confusion crept like a haze across his mind, tired out and tortured with delirium, and he dropped the aching lids and fell away into slumber again; for he had thought himself vexed with the creak of cordage and noise of feet, stived in his dark and narrow cabin, on a filthy bed in a foul air, if any air at all were in that noisome place, reeking with heat and the ferment of bilge-water and fever-smell; and here, unless a new delirium chained him, a mattress lay upon the deck with the awning of an old sail stretched above it and making soft shadow out of searching sun, a gentle wind was blowing over him, a land-breeze full of sweet scents from the gardens on the shore, from the meadows and the marshes. Silence broken only by a soft wash of water surrounded him; a flake of ice lay between his lips, that had lately been parched and withering, and delicious coolness swathed his head, that had seemed to be a ball of burning fire. The last that he remembered had been a hot, dry, aching agony, and this was bliss: the sleep into which he fell when waking from the stupor that had benumbed his power of suffering—a power that had rioted till no more could be suffered—lasted during all the spell of that fervid noon sun that hung above the harbor and the town like the unbroken seal of the expected pestilence. A strange still town, fear and heat keeping its streets deserted, its people longing for an east wind that should kill the fever, yet dreading lest it should blow the fever in on them; a strange still harbor, its great peaceful river darkened only by that blot where the sun-soaked craft swung at her anchor; a strange still craft, where nothing stirred but one slender form, one little being that went about laying wet cloths upon this rude sailor's head, broken ice between the lips of that one, moistening dry palms, measuring out cooling draughts, and only resting now and then to watch one sleeper sleep, to hang and hear if in that deep dream there were any breathing and it were not the last sleep of all. And in Louie's heart there was something just as strange and still as in all other things throughout that wearing, blinding day; but with her the calm was not of fear, only of unspeakable joy; for if Andrew lived it was she that had saved him, and though he died, his delirium had told her that his heart was hers. "If he dies, he is mine!" she cried triumphantly, forgetting all the long struggle of scruple and doubt, "and if he lives, he shall

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never be hers!" she cried softly and with that inner voice that no one hears.

And so the heat slipped down with the sun to other horizons, coolness crept in upon the running river's breast with the dusk, dew gathered and lay darkly glittering on rail and spar and shroud as star by star stole out to sparkle in it; and Andrew raised his eyes at length, and they rested long and unwaveringly on the little figure sitting not far away with hands crossed about the knees and eyes looking out into the last light—the tranquil, happy face from which a white handkerchief kept back the flying hair while giving it the likeness of a nun's. Was it a dream? Was it Louie? Or was it only some one of the tormenting phantoms that for so many burning days had haunted him? He tried in vain to ask: his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he seemed to be in the power of one of those fierce nightmares where life depends on a word and the word is not to be spoken. Only a vision, then: he closed his lids thinking it would be gone when he lifted them, but he did not want it to be gone, and looked again to find it as before. And by and by it seemed to him that long since, in a far-off dream, he had gathered strength and uttered the one thought of his fever, "Louie, what do you do now?" and she had answered him, as though she thought aloud, "I stroke the dead;" and he had cried out, "Then presently me too, me too! And let the shroud be shotted heavily to bury me out of your sight!" And he was crying it out again, but while he spoke a mouth was laid on his—a warm, sweet mouth that seemed to breathe fresh spirit through his frame—his head was lifted and pillowed on a breast where he could hear the heart beneath flutter like a happy bird, and he was wrapped once more in slumber, but this time slumber sweet as it was deep.

Morning was dawning over the vessel's side, a dream of rosy lustre sifting through the purple and pearly mist, behind which the stars grew large and lost while it moved away to the west in one great cloud, and out of which the river gleamed as if just newly rolled from its everlasting fountains,—morning was dawning with the sweet freshness of its fragrant airs stealing from warm low fields, when Andrew once more lifted his eyes only to find that tranquil face above him still, that happy heart still beating beneath his pillowed head. "Oh, Louie," he sighed, "speak to me—say—have I died?—am I forgiven?—is this heaven?"

"To me, dear—oh to me!" answered she with the old radiant smile that used to make his pulse quicken, and that, ill as he yet was, reassured him as to his earthly latitude and longitude.

"And it was all a dream, then?" he murmured. "And I have not lost you?" He raised his wasted hand and drew from his breast the little hair chain that he had hidden there so long ago. "It was a fetter I could not break," he whispered. "I wrote her all about it long ago. I wrote her father that he should have his vessel back again—and I would take my freedom—and not a dollar's wages for the voyage would I ever draw of him. But I should never have dared see you—for—oh, Louie—how can you ever—"

"Hush, hush, dear!" she breathed. "What odds is all that now? We have our life before us."

"Only just help me live it, Louie."

"God will help us," she answered. And as she spoke a sudden rainbow leaped into the western heaven as if to seal her promise, and as it slowly faded there came a wild salt smell, an air that tingled like a tonic through the veins: the east wind was singing in from sea, bringing the music of breaker and shore, and the fever was blasted by its breath throughout the little Sabrina.

HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

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FLORIDA:

HOW TO GO AND WHERE TO STAY.

IF you are an invalid and love life and wish to get well, go on horseback. The seat of health is the saddle, and a dyspeptic or consumptive should be like an Arab, always on horseback. He may ride into health. As horses are scarce and high in Florida, a health-traveler had better take a horse with him or buy one in Southern Georgia.

On horseback you can go anywhere, and you will find it far better, both cheaper and pleasanter, than to travel by public conveyance and to live at hotels. You will be better treated too, and have more amusement and recover health sooner.

The people are hospitable: they entertain strangers gladly; and although you will find rough fare, and even coarse accommodations, you will be well received. The common people—Cracker people they are called—will give you shelter and a share in their grits, potatoes and molasses; and if a charge is made, it will be only a light one.

It is best to avoid the towns, however, especially the hotels. Florida innkeepers are generally sharks: they follow the advice given in *Marmion* ("Charge, Chester, charge!"), and charge you double price for what they do not furnish once. I have come to the conclusion, from full observation, that a Florida innkeeper never goes to heaven. You will anywhere in the country find some one who will take you in, and yet not "take you in;" and if you know how to use your tongue and can tell the news, you will be cheaply and gladly entertained.

In most parts of the country crime is almost unknown, and the doors have no fastenings. There is nothing to steal: the people are not industrious, but they are peaceable. A traveler's life and purse are safe: Floridians are too lazy to get angry. It will be best to avoid the settlements of negroes, however: they are great thieves, though not active ones. Cattle are scarce in such regions: a hungry negro will go out into the bush, shoot down a beef, cut off as much as he can carry home, and leave the rest for the buzzards. These birds are the only detectives I saw in Florida: they always inform you of your loss, and let you know where to find what is left of the carcass. The theft, however, is always laid on the alligators.

In some parts you will never see a black face. A large stream of emigration has come in during the last few years from Georgia and South Carolina, avowedly to get away from the negro. These neighborhoods are delightful places to visit.

To go quickly and comfortably, however, to Florida, go by steamer; or go by rail to Charleston, and then take steamer among the islands that line the coast: although in salt water, you are on a river, and free from sea-sickness. I recommend the sea-voyage from New York or Baltimore: it is cheaper, and you have a chance, and a hope too, of being sea-sick. Indeed, the best thing for most invalids going to Florida for health is a comfortable attack of sea-sickness. After it is over an invalid is ready to receive all that comes: he can take in new impressions. I prescribe it as a good preparatory exercise. Any land, even Florida, will look like heaven after a man has paid tariff to that old heathen, Neptune.

You can go by rail, however; yet there is one disadvantage—you travel by night. It is true there are sleeping-cars. In the one I was in there were many travelers of both sexes, and when I found that I should have to sleep with

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four women, I could not stand it. Modesty and ill-health alike forbade, and I went, very much disgusted, into another car. I like the human face divine and the female voice delightful, but when women begin to snore, I am disgusted; and there is a gamut of voices in a sleeping-car of mixed sexes that is enough to run a Benedict mad, and make any man forswear marriage and determine to remain a bachelor all his life.

An invalid may stay at Fernandina or Jacksonville or Green Cove Spring, or go on to Pilatka or St. Augustine, or wind up his journey at Enterprise on Lake Monroe, and find enjoyment at either place.

In going to Florida it is well not to have your expectations raised too much. It is not always and everywhere the land of flowers. I was disappointed sadly, and so will you be if you go there with high anticipations. I am almost prepared to say that there is nothing good in it except the climate: that is up to any praise. Florida is merely the tail-end of this country; and as that appendage is chiefly ornamental, being useful only to brush off flies and other insects, so does this ornament merely serve to brush away the annoyance of ill-health.

Remember, that there are no natives in Florida except alligators and a few newly-born babies: it is a land of strangers, and one where strangers meet. I found men from every State and Territory in the Union traveling or settling there. East Florida would seem to have been made late on Saturday night: a little sand remaining on the hands of the Maker was brushed off hastily, and thus Florida came into existence. As is the land, such are the inhabitants—pretty much the scrapings of creation. Some day the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico will get into a quarrel, will rise and rush together, sweeping over this sand-strip, and Florida will be washed away; or subterranean waters will burst up, and this waterquake will shake everything into chaos: it is a mere reef covered with sand.

I would again recommend the invalid traveler to get a horse and traverse the country. It is true that horses are scarce and high in this country; that is, high in one sense, for in regard to size they look like mere ponies, and are called marsh-turkeys. Small, round-bodied, with slender legs and a long tail for a fly-brush, the Florida horse will bear any weight and go any distance. He ambles along with a short, quick step that does not tire the rider, and yet devours many a mile of road between sunrise and sunset. He is hardy too, easy to keep, and if grass cannot be had (for he is generally unacquainted with hay, and turns up his nose in great disgust when you offer him such stuff), he can find his own meal in the nearest pond or swamp. He will wade or swim out, put his head under water as though fishing, bite off the long water-grass and fill himself with fresh food; then come forth satisfied as to his appetite and very much refreshed by his bath. And he fools the flies at the same time! Get such a fellow, and he will carry you as far in a day as you care to ride.

You had better not take a dog, unless you dislike him and want to lose him: he will feed the first alligator you meet in fording a stream. Alligators are remarkably attached to anything canine, and always receive it with an open expression of countenance. Indeed, the rider should be on his own guard, and if he has anything dogmatic or puppyish about him, he should leave it at home. The alligator, though a very discriminating animal, might mistake the biped for his resemblance, and his attentions would be no joke. However, these creatures are seldom troublesome, except to dogs, and there is more amusement in shooting at them than danger from their attacks.

I will speak of some of the natives of Florida before undertaking the country.

Snakes. These are not so numerous as might be expected. I saw very few, and only two rattlesnakes, fourteen feet

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long—I mean, taken together. The alligators destroy them.

Although snakes are few in Florida, I have no doubt that if a man should have *delirium tremens* there he will see snakes enough. That kind can be seen even in Ireland. My opinion about St. Patrick has always been that he was a great temperance reformer—an ancient Father Matthew—who abolished the use of liquor, and so reformed the habits of the nation that, delirium from drink being prevented, no one was able to see serpents in the Green Isle. However, he never went to Florida, and it is curious that in some parts of this State to take a drink is called "to kill a snake." I saw a good many snakes killed, and am inclined to think that the phrase arose from some wormy individual needing a vermifuge who had found the miserable whisky in common use a remedy for his disease. Florida whisky is mean enough to kill anything.

Alligators. These aboriginal inhabitants of the river and swamps are always called 'gaitors in Florida parlance, owing to a pleasant habit they have of embracing a fellow's leg and biting it off when he ventures to be too sociable by entering their company without an invitation. They are very numerous and very ugly. Just imagine a black, slimy-looking lizard from ten to twenty feet long, and you have him exactly. A dirtier, nastier-looking creature can be seen nowhere. He is odoriferous too —the wrong way. Where they are often hunted and much shot at, alligators become very timid and shy, and avoid men instinctively. In wilder parts of the country they are sometimes fierce and troublesome. As they crowd the banks of the rivers, travelers have fine sport in shooting at them, and even boast of killing a great many: indeed, to hear the accounts of the cockneys when they come down the St. John's River, you would expect to find the stream covered with the floating carcasses of dead 'gaitors. I have allowed, reckoning from these reports, at least ten alligators every day to each traveler who carries a gun; and as there are about eight thousand of these every winter in Florida, onc can imagine what the slaughter should be, according to these veracious travelers' tales: at the same time the number of the alligators has not sensibly diminished; so that there is a mistake somewhere. Either the shooters lie—under a mistake, or the alligators, finding out what is required of them, have agreed to breed up to the necessary quantity, and keep up the number of these aboriginal inhabitants, in order that the supply may equal the demand.

In truth, the creature is very hard to kill: in three days' journey on the St. John's I saw some three hundred shots fired, and only one alligator killed outright. He was struck in the eye: his brain was penetrated, and he lay like a log. Another was made very sick by a ball in the neck, and has had a stiff neck ever since. It generally requires about his own weight in lead to kill one. Of course, when waked up from his sleep in the mud by a bullet glancing off his coat of mail, the 'gaitor plunges into deep water, and the rejoicing traveler counts him as killed. This explains the immense mortality recorded. When wounded they always resort to the water-cure.

Some of the old rascals rather like to be fired at: they are used to it, and seem to know that it amuses the strangers, while it don't hurt them. They will get out of the way in the slowest and laziest manner, and cock their eyes up at you with the sauciest, most independent look, as though they felt certain of their own powers and contemptuously doubtful of yours.

They are not sociable creatures: I have seen hundreds, and never two of them together. Each one of the big fellows will have his own stretch of river-shore or his own side of a pond, or the whole of it if a small one, and allow no intrusion by others of his kind. I have often heard the negro steersman call out, "Get your guns: dar's de place where de big 'gaitor lives;" and there he would bc, sure enough—monarch of all he surveyed.

Alligators are tenacious of their rights

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of ownership. If another trespasses, there is a big fight, generally ending by the stronger eating the weaker. Of course, the conquered has the right to digest his quarrel in the stomach of the conqueror, or to continue to disagree with him by not digesting and giving him the colic, but they never renew the dispute openly. During the mating season they fight furiously, and have been found after one of these terrible nocturnal combats dead on the shore with an arm or leg bitten off.

The female piles up in the swamp a mass of mud and leaves for a nest, that the sun's heat may hatch her eggs. She is then peculiarly savage, and will attack anything. A friend of mine found one of these nests, and standing on it employed himself in raking out the eggs and throwing them against a tree, much to the detriment of the young unhatched alligators, who had not been consulted. There was another party, however, who thought that she had a right to an opinion in the matter, and that was the female alligator. A rustle in the bushes, a rush, and then a big pair of jaws belonging to an eighteen-footer were heard snapping between his legs. She was so mad that she missed her aim. My friend is a slow man—I never saw him even walk fast—but on this occasion he did not wait to apologize: there was then exhibited some of the tallest jumping, tumbling and running ever seen in Florida or anywhere else.

The female alligator will not allow the male to approach her nest. He has a gluttonous habit of eating all the eggs, thus necessitating her laying more, which she does not like to do. So, whenever she catches him in that neighborhood, she thrashes him on general principles—he either has done mischief or intends it: at any rate, he is meddling in domestic matters and deserves snubbing. I am told that it is really amusing to see the big bully stick his tail between his legs and sneak off, the very image of a henpecked husband, after one of these conjugal scoldings. He is not by any means a model husband; and although he takes his thrashing kindly, he revenges himself by watching until the eggs are really hatched, and then eats up as many of the causes of the family dispute as he can catch. Young alligators don't like to know their own fathers.

I heard of but few instances where these creatures have attacked grown men: they are fond of children, and show their attachment to the offspring of other people as they do to their own. In one instance, where a man on horseback was crossing a ford he was seized by the leg, but when his dog plunged in, the alligator left his leg to take the more delicate morsel. In another instance, an alligator struck at a mule pulling a cart, and bit out two spokes from one of the wheels, leaving a tooth sticking in one as a memento of the visit. He hurried off with great speed, on the lookout, I suppose, for a dentist.

'Gaitors like dogs, pigs and young darkies. The dog is a special favorite. The whine of an alligator is easily mistaken for that of a puppy, and may mislead a young and inexperienced dog. A wise Florida dog will not go boldly down to the water to drink: he learns by experience after having been eaten once or twice. If the shore is open, he will draw all the alligators to one place by barking, and then scamper off to some other place where the coast is clear; or he will creep down to a moist spot, tail down, body crouched, eyes skinned and ears up, pushing his paws before him slowly to feel the water, lapping it without noise, and then sneaking away again.

The alligator has his uses: near every house you find more or less swamp, and in every swamp more or less alligator. I heard one lady complain very much because some traveler had killed her alligator. He lived near, and killed snakes, frogs, young wild-cats and other varmints: thus he earned his board, and was consequently protected; besides this, he was useful in preventing young children from straying too far from home.

This worthy creature is very much

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maligned, however: every theft of cattle is laid on his slimy back, and that even when the animal is found in the woods and the entrails carefully taken out and left behind. His eyes are on the top of his head, and it is curious to see the creature swimming along with only his eyes floating above the surface. He comes ashore to sleep in the sunshine, and, paying attention to his sleep, becomes so dead to all sound that a steamboat may come alongside: then his astonishment when a bullet wakes him up, and the hurried way in which he scuffles into the water, are sometimes very ludicrous.

Hogs. I don't mean the biped animal, although these can be found in Florida as everywhere else: I mean the genuine porker. He is very useful in every new settlement, especially in a brush country like Florida, for he destroys snakes, frogs, young alligators and other varmints, besides acting as a general scavenger. I regard the hog as a national institution: our prosperity as a people is bound up in him, the great immigration to our shores being mainly due to the abundance of hog and hominy among us.

In such a country as Florida the hog is a necessity. When De Soto marched his army through this land, he had another army of hogs driven along. Thus he not only secured certain food for his men, but a quiet resting-place at night also, the hogs eating up every serpent or frog that might have disturbed their repose. Lord Bacon, that learned Hog, knew the value of this animal, and being a man of taste adopted for his crest a hog, with this inscription as the motto: *Mediocra Firma;* which might be liberally translated, The middling is the best. And although Noah cursed Ham, and the devil did get into a herd of swine, it has not spoiled the bacon.

Florida would be a land of snakes if it were not for this animal. He is fond of them, and shows his affection by eating all he can catch. The sound of the rattlesnake is music in his ears. He rushes up at once, setting up his bristles—so that when the serpent strikes he gets a mouthful of tooth-brush—puts his foot on his neck, thus getting his head in chancery, and then proceeds to eat him, consuming him just as a lawyer will an estate; and there is no appellate court to his jurisdiction. The snake may remonstrate by wriggling as much as he pleases: he is nevertheless eaten up alive, and never is troublesome afterward.

The chief enemy of the hog when young is the alligator, who is as fond of him as he (the hog) is of serpents. When larger grown his chief assailant is the free negro, of whom the Florida hog has an instinctive abhorrence. Indeed, some hogs will run from a black face just as the chickens out West will from a circuit-rider. It is well known that when one of these itinerant venders comes into a settlement some old hen will give a squawk, just as she does when a kite appears, and every eatable chicken will run off and hide, and have to be hunted down with terriers. So it is with the sensible hogs in some parts of Florida: they run or stand according to the color of your visage.

Another enemy is the bear: he is found abundantly in the swamps, and although food is plenty he is very fond of hog, and has no Hebrew objection to a dinner of swine-flesh. His mode of preying on the hog, however, is very foolish, and leads to his discovery. He first catches his hog (or somebody else's) by the hind quarters, and then proceeds to eat him: of course the hog squeals, and this brings out everybody and the dogs to know what is the matter; so that Bruin can rarely go the whole hog and make a full meal. A hunter told me that he had taken a hog thus killed, sliced him down and filled up the cuts with strychnine, in the hope that the bear would come back and commit suicide. He did come back, ate the hog, strychnine and all, and escaped, although hunted and followed next day by dogs and men.

Blind Mosquitoes. On some parts of the St. John's there is an insect of this name which rivals the famous lice of Egypt, and is believed to be a lineal

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descendant of that terrible plague. These insects do not sting, but their number is uncountable myriads. During the month of June they rise from the swamps and streams, from the whole surface of the river, from every place that is damp, and fill the very air and infest every place. If a fire is lighted they will fly into it in such numbers as to put it out. They will extinguish lamps and candles; fly into the open mouths of the people, so that it is dangerous to yawn; fly up against the walls of houses and fall down in masses to decay, and cover the decks of steamers, to be swept off like dust and cinders. They are everywhere present and everywhere a nuisance; for if they don't sting, they do smell, loudly, strongly and lastingly. The stench from their lying in heaps is horrible, as unlike cologne as possible; and indeed the price of that article always rises when they appear. The only thing tolerable about them is that they do not last long. The stinging insect, although a great pest, is desirable compared with them.

None of these are winter pests, and in summer the mosquito serves a good purpose in a hot climate. Fever is apt to prevail, but the loss of blood and the counter-irritation produced by the mosquito are beneficial in preventing such a result of the climate. Besides, the unceasing scratching is a necessary exercise for persons not otherwise inclined to undergo much exertion. These are the benefits derived from stinging insects in hot climates; so nothing has been made in vain, and Noah was justified in preserving this class of animals in the world's ark.

Birds. Most persons imagine Florida to be really a flowery land, and that the whole country blooms with beauty and resounds with song. The description will apply only to spots: there is much of gloomy desolation, many swamps, many large sandy tracts covered with pine forests, many regions burdened with the most intolerable brushwood. And yet flowers do grow abundantly, and with the slightest care can be cultivated to the fullest luxuriance. Nowhere will labor be so well rewarded, and nowhere can so much beauty be created if man will toil. When Adam was employed in Paradise we are informed that he gave names to all the animals, but I am sure that it was Eve who named the birds and flowers. Every class of both can be found in Florida, and some are peculiar to the soil and climate.

You have, of course, the wild fowl in abundance — ducks and geese, swans and cranes, sea-gulls and gannets—sufficient in some places and at certain times to hide or at least cloud the sun. You have the wild turkey in plenty, and also that other turkey which proved too much for Prince Achille Murat, who was a first-rate cook as well as a good hunter, and boasted that he had cooked and eaten, and that he liked, every kind of bird except one: "Zat was de turkey-boozard: I have tried him cook every way, and I do not like him, no matter how he is cook."

The paroquet is found in flocks, and sometimes in cages. It is a beautiful bird when seen dashing about among the green leaves and bright blossoms, with its brilliant plumage glistening in the sun; and it is also very good in a pie. But from its music may we be delivered: it sounds worse than a young beginner practicing Italian operas on an untuned piano. A cageful of paroquets is a comical sight: they are perpetually quarreling, cursing and swearing at a great rate, then making up in the most affectionate manner, and then commencing to quarrel again. The only way to keep them quiet is to cook them.

The beautiful red-bird is much sought after. I met a party of Germans regularly engaged in trapping them: they were shipped to Europe to exchange for canaries.

Mocking-birds are abundant and troublesome in summer. They are very fond of grapes, always taking their wine in pills, and there is in and about St. Augustine quite an extensive grape culture, which renders it a very

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popular place in the season of ripening. Many invalids go there to use the grape-cure for consumption or dyspepsia during that season, and the mocking-birds are formidable rivals to the invalids. Probably they employ the grapes as a preventive. All the thin-skinned, delicate kinds are great favorites of theirs, and it is precisely these kinds that are most cultivated. The birds disapprove of the Scuppernong, and discourage its cultivation, because the skin is so tough that they cannot penetrate it, and the people accommodate themselves to the fancy of the birds. However, they remonstrate by shooting them; and one old fellow with no music in his soul informed me that he had killed nearly three hundred of these singing nuisances the preceding summer. Of course, the birds try to pay for their grapes by music, but this kind of coin is not considered current in St. Augustine, and such notes as they make are deemed worse than counterfeit among the grape-growers. The bird is, however, considered rather a dissipated character, and sets a bad example to the young people. I have always thought that a young man who can sing well is in great danger of falling into bad company, and is likely to acquire wild habits; and this bird is a case in point. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China tree are ripe, and then he proceeds to have a regular frolic, acquires a habit of intoxication and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccoughing and staggering just like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the most impudent manner, without any regard to the politeness and decorum that usually mark the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nests and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are all gone and the yearly frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions, join the temperance society, and never indulge again until the next season comes round and the berries are ripe once more.

I do not think that naturalists have noticed this peculiarity, and I have the honor of calling their attention to my interesting contribution to natural history. I believe that this habit is peculiar to birds that sing, just as wine and song go together among men. It is only another proof that wine is a mocker. Probably the great power of this songster was first self-discovered in this manner: some clever bird found out the secret of song by getting very boozy on berries, and set the example to his fellows. Some feathered Bacchus is doubtless still remembered in the groves as the first introducer of music and wine. And I doubt not that if we could comprehend their language we should find that the birds still chant his praises in a joyful chorus, regularly transmitted from generation to generation. Why should not birds have their traditions, and hand down in song the history of their race? Their chronicles are probably more veracious than our own.

There are many other birds: the varieties are too numerous even to mention. The reader may exercise his own imagination, leaving out only the snowbird and the condor.

The large brown curlew is a very pleasant bird on the table. He is as large as a young chicken and very shy. The sportsman watches on the shore in the evening as the birds fly homeward, digs a hole in the sand, lies down in it and waits for a shot. He sometimes, however, catches rheumatism as well as birds, and then is very apt to forswear a curlew diet.

There is also a large white crane, five feet in height and with a tremendous sweep of wing—strong enough, too, to break a man's arm if he should attempt to seize the bird when wounded. The only part eaten is the breast, which corresponds in muscular development with

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his powerful wing. Kill the bird, skin it with one knife and cut out the flesh with another: you cannot distinguish the taste from venison. Two knives are used, because of the disagreeable fishy odor and taste which lie in the oily skin.

But the most beautiful thing that flies in the Florida woods is the humming-bird. In the summer and among the flowers it looks like a floating gem of the most exquisite jeweler's work. Nothing can exceed its beauty, and no one can describe it. J. P. LITTLE.

THE REAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

THE time has come when reflecting minds in our country are busy in extracting instruction from our late war and its immediate results. Such a period of review ensues on all great historical events: in our case it is marked and instructive.

What strikes us as most wonderful and impressive is the facility with which the South has adapted itself to the effects of a revolution which, it had been persistently prophesied, was to destroy Southern society. This is a lesson for the whole country, and one of great significance. Few persons comprehend the degree in which the social system is susceptible of change without any loss of vitality, although a similar vigor is constantly exhibited in the life of the individual, which so often preserves its integrity and shows its elasticity even in the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. This phenomenon is conspicuously exhibited in the present condition of the South. Before the war, if one had attempted in a company even of reflecting men in the South to argue on the hypothesis of the extinction of slavery and the elevation of the negro to the status of a citizen, he would have been told that such a condition of things would be simply impossible—that we could no more argue upon its occurrence than upon that of the skies falling. It would be the annihilation of the South, said all its sociologists. "Slavery is the corner-stone of the society and civilization of the South," declared Alexander H. Stephens. Free the negro, endow him with civil equality, destroy "the peculiar institution," and the whole structure of Southern society would tumble about our ears, chaos would come again, and the barbarous African would turn the country into a wilderness and sit among the ruins of our deserted marts.

Well, the negro has been freed, the things feared have been done, and yet the skies have not fallen in the South. We of that section live pretty much as before: we buy and sell, and go on in a routine of life but little different from what it was formerly, except that there is a real increase of prosperity; the cannibal "freedman," who was to stalk amid the ruins of Charleston and New Orleans, is at work in the fields; society is not dead or chaotic, or even "agonized;" and, in short, the people of the South, taken in the mass, have derived only advantage from a change which, according to their wise men and the newspapers, was to lay their country in ruins and strew it with the storms of revolution and anarchy.

It is a truth pregnant with meaning, and full, as the writer thinks, of the happiest influences on the political problems of the day, that the South was never more prosperous than she is at the present time. This truth has been denied in the newspapers, or admitted only with equivocation, but there are figures and facts which leave no doubt on the point. The traditional king of

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Southern industry—Cotton—after having been uncrowned by the financial folly of the Confederacy, has remounted his throne. The fears entertained but a short time ago that England in her Indian possessions would be able to compete successfully with the cotton product of America are already banished from the Southern mind; and the last statistical exhibit shows that for seventy pounds of inferior cotton grown in India the best lands of the South produce a full bale. The last year's crop of this staple in the South was 2,700,000 commercial bales, or 3,000,000 bales of 400 pounds each, equal in value to three hundred millions of dollars. In the same year the tobacco crop of the South amounted to 225,000,000 pounds, valued at thirty-seven millions of dollars; the rice crop to 55,000 tierces, being an increase of 20,000 over that of the preceding year; and the sugar crop to 80,000 or 85,000 hogsheads, against 37,647 in 1867. It is reported that sugar estates on the lower banks of the Mississippi which had been sold for fifty thousand dollars have paid for themselves by a single crop. Credit has been restored to a people who but a few years ago were banished from every money exchange in the world, and advances are now made to Southern producers with a confidence equal to any they ever commanded before the dark days of the war. Many of the Southern States are paying off their debts. Within the last year, South Carolina has paid an internal revenue tax of two and a half millions and a State tax of one million, and has greatly reduced her debt. Production has been stimulated beyond all precedent. In 1869, Virginia sold one hundred thousand tons of her products, while her mines of iron, coal, lead, copper and gypsum are said to be yielding more satisfactorily than ever before. The "discovery" of the South as a new country is significantly said to have been the most remarkable result of the war. New resources have come to light. Three of the most distinguished scientific men of the United States recently united in the published statement that the mineral deposits in South-western Virginia — a newly-discovered treasure in an obscure corner of a single State — were sufficient in value to pay off the whole national debt. In South Carolina there has been discovered a vast deposit of phosphate of lime underlying the whole city of Charleston, sixty feet below the streets, and extending through large districts around, which is calculated to be a mine of unlimited wealth, as furnishing a fertilizer for the cotton-fields, and which is already being shipped coastwise and to Europe. Throughout the South a system of internal improvements has recently been inaugurated that was scarcely dreamed of before. Twenty great railroads are being constructed in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Florida; while Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama have about forty new lines under way. The negro is becoming more and more satisfactory as a workman; while the immigration of whites is bringing in skilled labor of various kinds, and laying the foundation of manufacturing industries heretofore unknown in the South.

The first impression produced by this picture of the prosperity of the South is that the hardships and disorders of "reconstruction" must have been greatly overstated, and that little reliance is to be placed upon partisan assertions in regard to oppressions practiced by the government on the one hand, and persecutions carried on by unsubdued rebels on the other. True, it has not been uncommon in history that a rank prosperity has bloomed upon the bloody crust of battle-fields, or that life has reveled in material enjoyments under a political system loaded down with oppressions or disfigured with disorders. But, then, such conditions are to be traced to exceptional causes, the like of which we cannot discover in the South. There has been no accidental importation of wealth there, no discovery of an "El Dorado," no unexpected turn of a channel of trade, or any of those various

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accidents which have enriched nations otherwise suffering under misgovernment or political calamities. What there is of prosperity in the South is the visible fruit of industry, and stands entirely on the basis of her own resources. In such a case, the degree of prosperity exhibited above, and extending from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, is wholly inconsistent with a state of severe political oppression or of civil turbulence, and by a simple logic that cannot be resisted it excludes the theory that "reconstruction" has been to the South such an evil and calamity as some politicians and railing journals would have us believe.

The writer, as a Southern man, could say much of the unnecessary violence of "reconstruction" and of the great injustice of some of its details, but he perceives that there are lights as well as shades in the subject, and by bringing out the first he believes that he may enlighten some of his own countrymen who have not yet thought fairly and soberly on the subject, and point the way to that regeneration of our national politics with which the present times are pregnant.

In the first place, then, all candid Southern men might be called upon to reflect how greatly in point of oppression "reconstruction" has fallen below their own expectations. Measured by their own declared anticipations, "reconstruction" has been a miracle of generosity. In the last year of the war, so desperate to the South, the Richmond *Examiner* published a series of articles exhibiting what were thought the unavoidable consequences to the South should she abandon the contest and surrender her arms. Those articles were, by a mistake, attributed to the present writer: they were in fact written by John Mitchel, the Irish exile; and a proposition was made by some merchants of Richmond to raise funds in order to publish in pamphlet form this prefigurement of "reconstruction," and to circulate it gratuitously through the armies and amongst the Southern people, for the purpose of exciting them to efforts of desperation which might save the tottering Confederacy. Let any candid Southern man read those articles now, find there the *Southern* estimate of "reconstruction," and then look around him and compare the actual realization with the prediction. "A fate worse than death" was prophesied for the men, women and children of the South. The gallows would be erected in every neighborhood; cities would be razed; "the murmuring James, red with flame and blood, would flow hereafter past mounds of gore-clotted cinders;" exile would be the choice of those who had the alternative of escape from the wrath to come; confiscation would do its pitiless work in every home; the negro would glut a savage vengeance, with dismay, death and solitude in his train; and the "leaders" of the Confederacy were to be dragged into some supposed amphitheatre at Washington, saying, "*Ave! Cæsar Imperator: morituri te salutant!*" This classic touch was suggested by an engraving that hung in Mr. Daniel's well-furnished editorial room.

Here the writer may be permitted to say that he has seen much, overmuch, in "reconstruction" to condemn. The exaggerated anticipations of wrong can be no excuse for whatever there has been of real injustice, however that injustice may have fallen below the fears of the victim. The writer begs to say that he is opposed to military government, because it is unconstitutional; he is opposed to negro suffrage, though only in the sense in which he is opposed to universal suffrage; and he is opposed to all license in the construction of the Constitution, for the plain reason that it is a step toward the accumulation of power in the governing and the loss of liberties in the governed. Yet, as a candid observer, he cannot be insensible to the great contrast between the notion which the Southern mind had formed of "reconstruction"—in some instances in the utmost sincerity and with almost judicial deliberation—and the realization of it as exhibited to-day in the actual con-

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dition and prospects of the South; and in this contrast he cannot help seeing a cause for gratitude, or at least for some abatement of those hostile feelings which have too violently possessed some people in the South, and made them affect tones of indignation which are as grotesquely extravagant as they are essentially insincere. Not a single life has paid the penalty of taking up arms against the government throughout a land which the people of the South themselves had thought would be planted with the instruments of the hangman's craft; not a single confiscation has been enforced beyond the hope of remission, although Southern oracles had declared that no rebel's home would be left him after the war—that all rights of property in the South would be resolved into "the free-farm system, by which every Yankee was to be endowed with rich lands fruitful in cotton, rice and tobacco;" not a single negro has attempted reprisals upon his former master without being pursued and punished like any other criminal, although it had been prophesied that the freed victim of slavery would have full license to slay and steal; not a single citizen of the South, whatever authority, military or civil, has been placed over him, but enjoys the protection of that government which we had been told, if it did not slay or imprison him, would at least outlaw him; not a man who bore arms against the Union has been condemned to that exile which it had been said would be the general lot of the Southern people, except the few who would fawn for mercy; and, to crown the column of moderation, even the chief of the rebellion himself, instead of being immured in a dungeon or eating "the bitter bread of banishment," is permitted to reside unmolested in his native State, or to travel abroad when so disposed. These things must be considered. The world—even the most civilized part of it—is not so fruitful of examples of moderation after wars which have greatly taxed the resources and tried the patience of the victors, that we may treat with indifference the aspects of clemency which the North has exhibited after a war that was, in her opinion at least, tainted with rebellion, and which laid upon the nation a debt of nearly three thousand millions of dollars.

But in opposition to these views it is said—and it is to be observed that a certain English journal is very persistent in this line of argument—that the emancipation of the negro and its consequences constitute an injustice more bitter and oppressive than gibbets and confiscations—that while these latter penalties might be more conspicuous, and might be dramatically exposed before the eyes of a people, yet the burden put upon the whole body of Southern society by the elevation of the black man is really more onerous and oppressive than sentences, even to the extremity of death, passed upon hundreds of rebellious leaders, or wholesale confiscations which might at least be repaired in the progress of time. Now, to this there is an unanswerable reply, taken from the mouth of the South itself. If any testimony has come up to us from the South the volume of which is overwhelming and the sincerity of which is unquestionable, it is that the people there have parted with slavery with the smallest regret; and indeed with such experience already of the happy consequences of its abolition that they would not restore it if they could! This testimony is unimpeachable: it is direct, general, and evidently sincere. Surely the South should be her own judge of the pain inflicted upon her by the loss of slavery; and when she freely and persistently assures us that she has little cause for regret for the former "peculiar institution," how can we magnify the emancipation of the negro into a calamity exceeding all other penalties which a conquered people have been usually called upon to pay?

But, say they who persist in this line of argument, it is not so much the setting free of the negro of which the South has to complain, as that he has been made a citizen and a voter, and given a place in the political affairs of the

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country. We know that negro suffrage has been the subject of a violent outcry in Southern newspapers. But there are few considerate, thinking men in the South who have not been already led into a different tone of thought on this subject by the obvious reflection that negro suffrage was the logical, inevitable consequence of negro emancipation—that it was the necessary supplement of this reform. But what is curious, and does not appear to have yet been considered even by the most diligent and candid of Southern inquirers, is that a theory of the Democratic party itself has enforced the logical *sequitur* of negro suffrage. The Dred Scott decision is yet a standard authority in the Democratic party, and, although a judicial utterance, no one will deny that it has acquired all the force and significance of a party principle. It has been inserted in Democratic platforms—it has been repeatedly referred to as authority in their forums. Now, in that decision Chief-Justice Taney held language so remarkable that it is amazing it has so long escaped analysis, and that politicians of our time have not paused upon its deep significance. He said: "The words 'people of the United States' and 'citizens' are synonymous terms, and mean the same thing. They both describe the political body who, according to our republican institutions, form the sovereignty, and who hold the power and conduct the government through their representatives. They are what we familiarly call the 'sovereign people,' and every citizen is one of this people and a constituent member of this sovereignty. The question before us is, Whether the class of persons described in the plea in abatement compose a portion of this people and are constituent members of this sovereignty? We think they are not, and that they are not included, and were not intended to be included, under the word 'citizens' in the Constitution, and can therefore claim none of the rights and privileges which that instrument provides for and secures to citizens of the United States. On the contrary, they were at that time considered as a subordinate and inferior class of beings, who had been subjugated by the dominant race, and, *whether emancipated or not, yet remained subject to their authority*, and had no rights or privileges but such as those who held the power and the government might choose to grant them."

In this accurate and unequivocal language we are told that the negro is not a citizen; and, further, that if freed he would be left a *nondescript over whom the white man might exercise authority by title of superiority of race, if by nothing else!* The proposition is startling, but as clear as noonday. It is astonishing that it should have escaped observation so long, and that its significance has remained wholly unnoticed in a controversy in which the parties have been so hot and so quick to discover whatever arguments might be brought forward on either side. Here we are told unmistakably that the negro if freed would yet be inferior in his rights to the man enjoying citizenship, and that that inferiority would be left to work his subjection anew to the white man. By so conspicuous a confession we have, then, the Democratic party bound to the proposition that the ballot had become a necessary protection of the negro, a necessary qualification of that condition already past dispute—viz., that he was to be made really and in fact *free*. As such a necessary protection no just man in the South will grudge the ballot to the negro, having once made up his mind to the concession of his freedom. The concession to vote is really no larger than the concession to be free: the one by implication carries with it the other, and this by Democratic reasoning and on Democratic authority.

As to the necessity of the ballot to protect the negro and to complete the work of emancipation, we are not left in any doubt by fact any more than by theory. The black man, left as the nondescript described by Judge Taney, might easily be reduced to forced labor under a new name, and the spirit of slavery revived; and it is well known

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that after the war an attempt was actually made in some of the Southern States to "whip the devil around the stump" under the laws of vagabondism and special punishments, and that in North Carolina negroes were sold at the court doors to serve for a term of years, and even for life, as the penalty of offences imputed to them. Such evasions are infamous to the last degree—so infamous that honorable people of the South should not and would not object to see a security erected against them for all time. If we of the South sincerely accede to the freedom of the negro, it is idle to object to the franchise necessary to secure and complete this freedom.

We have here, too, some lessons from history. The germ of the fifteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States is found, curiously enough, in the Institutes of Justinian—a fact which may interest some of our historical scholars, besides giving them some new views of the wisdom of the measure. "The slaves," says Gibbon, "who were liberated by a generous master immediately entered into the middle class of *libertini*, or freedmen, but they never could be enfranchised from the duties of obedience and gratitude: whatever were the fruits of their industry, their patron and his family inherited the third part, or even the whole of their fortune if they died without children and without a testament. Justinian respected the rights of patrons, but his indulgence removed the badge of disgrace from the two inferior orders of freedmen: whoever ceased to be a slave obtained without reserve or delay the station of a citizen."

The noblest efforts which the South is now making are those to accommodate herself to the changes which have become necessary at the very foundations of her society; and the necessity and wisdom of these efforts are coming to be understood by her people. The ambition of her youth, and the old unextinguished chivalry of the South (which is as real as ever, and only awaits occasion to publish itself in new ways to

the world), may easily be turned into the channel of such efforts if the maturer thinkers of the community would take pains to direct them. Such a tendency is far removed from that mean expediency which goes under the fit name of "dirt-eating:" the two differ *toto cælo*. It is hard to say which of the two extreme dispositions in Southern politics is more odious—that which cringes before the shrines of Washington City, courts occasions of humiliation and supplicates new burdens to show its willingness to bear them, or that which nurses petulant recollections of the old *régime*, and is never done with its stereotyped denunciations of "the Yankee." Equally removed from both these dispositions is a noble middle ground to be cultivated by the true Southerner, which may be briefly described by that much-abused and much-misunderstood phrase of "*accepting* the situation"—accepting its necessities, seeing in it what there is of good as well as of evil, acknowledging chastisement where chastisement has been beneficial, and binding up broken fortunes in the resolution to commence that new phase of the public and social life which is already seen, from what has taken place in the South up to the present time, to be possible, and even easy.

At this time the South is the most interesting part of the American Union, because of the visible commencement there of a reform in political sentiment, growing directly out of the great changes resulting from the war. The famous Jefferson-Madison Resolutions of 1798 founded the school of State Rights, which the South in the late war endeavored by force of arms to maintain. These resolutions were a declaration that the Federal government was a contract *between* the States, put in direct opposition to the doctrine that it was a government erected *over* the States. There was thus a development of parties divided by a radical difference going to the very basis of the government itself. Hence the violence of party feeling that has disordered and defaced so much of our past history,

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the exasperation proceeding from a difference so irreconcilable, and the absolute impossibility for any one to change his party without incurring the most odious imputations upon his character and motives.

In England it is remarkable that the state of parties, no matter what have been its moments of excitement, has been founded on differences as to the measures and tone of an administration, rather than as to the constitution and nature of the government; and the consequence has been that the comparative limitation of their political questions has always contained a principle of accommodation, and has admitted of a change of parties by public men without infamy or disgrace. The poet-politician Leigh Hunt, who lived to experience the wisdom and benefits of each of the two great political parties of England, has said—and with a deeper philosophy than we have space here to develop—"Every party has a right side and a wrong. The right side of Whiggism, Radicalism, or the love of liberty, is the love of justice, the wish to see fair play to all men, and the advancement of knowledge and competence: the wrong side is the wish to pull down those above us, instead of the desire of raising those who are below. The right side of Toryism is its love of order, and the disposition to reverence and personal attachment: the wrong side is the love of power for power's sake, and the determination to maintain it in the teeth of all that is reasonable and humane."

The inevitable tendency of our late war—and one which the writer thinks has not yet been duly estimated—is to bring the state of parties in this country nearer to what it is in England, and to express our political life on all sides in more moderate and healthful forms. Among the consequences of the war has been the complete removal of the fundamental dogma which formerly made so great and fierce a division in American politics. Now that State Rights has been utterly removed from the arena; now that slavery has perished and a perpetual Union of the States reaffirmed; now that the status of the negro has been settled, and all visions of the "war of races" are seen to be merely such; now that there can be no contest of parties as to the integrity and nature of the government itself,—it seems natural and necessary that the contest should decline to such questions as concern matters of administration, as distinguished from those which established two distinct and opposite schools in political science — such questions as expenditure, taxes, tariffs, etc., coming after those of secession, slavery and the very integrity of the government itself. The great change which has taken place in the political questions of our country must necessarily produce effects in the spirit of our party life, and effects of the happiest sort, in which it will be quite impossible to return to our old and violent animosities.

This great revolution in the condition of political parties is, the writer firmly believes, steadily manifesting itself in the South, and destined to an important development there. The superficial conflict as it is going on is the crucial question, "Under which king, Bezonian?" — an attempt by inquisitorial newspapers to extort the declaration whether one shall be a Democrat or a Republican. The question is put as a necessary alternative—*nullum est tertium;* and there is enough of plausibility in the statement to induce many to believe that it is an interrogatory that has to be answered, necessarily and unequivocally. But those who insist upon this question are shallow persons, who have wholly failed to perceive the profound change that has taken place in American politics, and who, in the conceit of their inquisitorial office, have not the least conception of the principle of accommodation which has necessarily been introduced into the state of parties since the war, and which is, indeed, one of the greatest results of the political *revolution* which that war accomplished. As has been already suggested, the state of parties in America is nearly approaching what it has long been in England—

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a difference as to measures rather than as to principles; and to such a condition it is quite impossible or inadmissible to apply the stereotyped judgments which belong to our political traditions before the war, when parties were divided, on radical grounds, on questions inhering in the very form of the government itself, and when "Democrat" and "Whig," "Pro-slavery" and "Anti-slavery," were antipodes intelligible to every one.

The proposition of some Southern journals that the South shall refuse to declare openly for either party, Democratic or Republican—that, eschewing Federal politics to attend to her material interests, she shall postpone her adhesion to either national party until the issues of the next Presidential election have necessarily to be answered—does not express fully the true significance of the present political condition of the South. It is a halting expression, conveying something of the true sentiment of this section, so far as it disregards the former obligations of service in distinct, antipodal parties; but it proposes an impossible *status*, and it is simply a taking refuge in the weakness of equivocation. The true and full significance of the political sentiment of the South that dictates these half expressions, these weak expediencies, is that, however the reconstructed States may have to be classified, and inevitably so, in those current and unavoidable divisions of party common to the whole country, yet the old severity with which these party distinctions were formerly regarded is completely gone, and that a spirit of accommodation is to be admitted into our future political life to which we were formerly strangers. This is the real meaning of what is now taking place in our Southern political arena, and what has obtained such feeble interpretations from its press.

In the South of to-day a man who was a Democrat before the war may announce himself, in the changed circumstances of affairs, "a moderate Republican" without risking personal obloquy. And in this simple fact, falling under our daily observation (in regard to which the writer, however, may say, in parenthesis, he has no personal experience, being a Democrat now, as before the war), there is to be perceived a deep significance—one that involves a more liberal state of parties in our country, and wherein the South is now taking a conspicuous and powerful lead. The history of the present political *status* of the South, which has baffled so many attempts at explanation, and which is a stumbling-block to our ancient politicians, is that she has almost wholly rejected the attempt to fasten upon her the severity of old political distinctions, and that she is giving an example to the whole nation of a higher and more healthful political life, and one of far greater faculty of adaptation, than it has known in the past.

This view leads to reflections which involve the whole politics of America (and that in a sense utterly beyond the narrow interests of partisans), which are essentially historical, and which might be pursued through many pages. But the writer must recognize the obligations of space in this article, satisfied if he has suggested to readers what their own thoughts may seize and improve. In the South he sees causes at work which must powerfully impress the history of our country for the next few years. The surprising ease with which she has accommodated herself to the loss of slavery, the experience of a growing prosperity throughout her borders, have made her best minds suspect the preference which they formerly yielded to old political theories, and have disposed them to take a placable view of the situation, which argues the best results for the future political life of the nation and the complete "victory of peace." The South naturally distrusts the old politicians who had told her that negro emancipation and negro suffrage would be ruin and perdition; she has plucked from her breast the dogma and the passion of State Rights; and she has, among her sober and intelligent population, but little sympathy with the self-constituted leaders who are carrying

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through the country the unburied corpse of slavery, or who bear in their hands a defaced and frightful image of "reconstruction," to excite old animosities and to rekindle the expiring embers of party strife. She has the misfortune just now of being badly represented by a weak press, and by factions in which personal ambition and "carpet-bag" jobs furnish the predominant motives. But the diligent, reflecting observer who looks beyond these thin and clamorous representations will find in the South a peace, a quiet, unimpassioned life, satisfied with its present prosperity, done with the old pragmatisms of Federal politics, and keeping the even tenor of its way in the midst of partisan alarms and despite the gongs of personal factions—a life so utterly devoid of all its old forms and passions, and so disposed to "make the best of things," as to show how deep and healthful has been the change wrought upon the whole body of society. If the ancient and affectionate friendship of the American Union is to be restored; if a truly national spirit, unencumbered by parties, save as they may serve the practical interests of the day, is to be cultivated; if there is to be a solid and enduring reconciliation,—then the war was not fought in vain, and on the fresh grave of negro slavery Southern hands will unite in writing not only the epitaph of resignation, but the triumphant legend of a resurrection in which the whole nation may hope and rejoice—We have had war: now "let us have peace."

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

CHIT-CHAT FROM ANDALUSIA.

A COUPLE of springs ago, business compelling some friends of mine to cross over into Spain, I gladly accepted the cordial invitation they extended to me to visit with them that "splendid realm of old romance."

Our destination was Utrera, a small town situated between Seville and Xeres, and lying in the midst of those vast plains so often mentioned in the *Conquest of Granada.*

I confess that I was rather disappointed to find how hurriedly we passed through Madrid and Seville, and I longed to be permitted to linger for a little space within their walls; but ours was not entirely a party of pleasure, and a diversion was soon created in my thoughts by our arrival at Utrera, which, from a distance, presented a most Oriental appearance. The houses, many of which are built in the Moorish fashion and dazzlingly white, stand out clearly defined against the deep blue southern sky; the tall tower of Santiago, with little perhaps but its unusual height to recommend it to a stranger's notice, has nevertheless an imposing appearance; and even a palm tree, which, solitary and alone, rears its stately head in the centre of the town, puts in its claim for adding in no small degree to the effect of the whole picture. Notwithstanding, with all the combined advantages of white houses, tall towers, solitary palm trees and romantic situations, I would advise no one who is not a traveler at heart or intent upon his worldly profit to fix his residence in this primitive little Andalusian town.

We first took up our quarters at the posada, with the intention of remaining there during our stay, but were soon obliged to abandon the idea, for, though the best inn in Utrera, it was most uncomfortable, and noisy beyond description.

We began to look about us, therefore, and were soon installed in a small but beautifully clean and cool-looking house

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in a street leading out of the plaza, and found no reason to be discontented with our abode. It boasted of a pleasant patio (or inner courtyard) and a wide verandah or gallery, into which our rooms opened. As the days grew warmer (and very warm indeed they grew after a while) this patio was our greatest comfort; for, following the example of our neighbors, we had it covered with an awning, and spent the greater part of the day, seated with our books or work, beside its mimic fountain. But if we gained in material comfort by exchanging the noisy and dirty posada for apartments of our own, we had also drawn down upon ourselves the burden of housekeeping, which we found in Spain to be no sinecure. Some friends who had resided a few months in the town, and acquired a fair knowledge of the language, manners and customs of the natives of Utrera, volunteered to send us a maid, warranted honest and a tolerable proficient in the art of cookery. But she proved a care-full blessing. To give her her due, she possessed one good quality, and we found by experience that it was about the only one she or her sisterhood could boast of: she was very fond of water. The floors of our new house were formed of stone, partially covered by strips of matting which were easily removed; and we soon lived in a perpetual swamp. Antonia was always both ready and willing to "clean up," and never seemed happier than when dashing water in all directions, or brushing away vigorously at the matting with her little short-handled broom.

By the way, I wonder why Spanish women prefer to bend double over their sweeping, instead of adopting our easier method of performing the same operation? In vain did I strive to convince Antonia of the advantages attendant on the use of a broom with a long handle: she only smiled, shook her head and went obstinately on her weary way.

The water for our own consumption was drawn daily from the Moorish aqueduct just outside the town, and brought to us by the aguador, an old fellow who wore a rusty black velvet turban hat stuck full of cigarettes, besides having one always in his mouth. He would pour the water from his wooden barrels into a large butt which stood in the kitchen, but as we discovered that he (together with all who felt so inclined) dipped his glass, with the fingers that held it, into the reservoir whenever he wished to quench his thirst, we speedily invested in a filter.

We soon found that it was utterly impossible to infuse any ideas of cookery or housework into the head of the fair Antonia. If we showed her how to lay the table-cloth and place the dishes, she eyed us with surprise, bordering on contempt, that ladies should perform such menial offices; and the next day all our instructions were as though they had never been. It was the same with everything, until we decided that it was far less trouble to wait on ourselves, and our life at Utrera resolved itself into a pic-nic without an end.

Nevertheless, when we arose one morning to find that Antonia (wearied perhaps of English suggestions) had quietly walked off and left us to shift entirely for ourselves, we felt inclined to think that we had undervalued her. But she had received her wages on the day before, and we learned afterward that under those circumstances it is a common thing for Spanish servants to quit their places without any warning, and return home for a while to live at their ease on the produce of their labor.

Our next attendant was Pepa, a bright, dark-eyed girl, who always looked so picturesque, with a spray of starry jessamine or scarlet verbena coquettishly placed in her black hair, that it was impossible not to overlook her misdemeanors. She had such an arch way of tossing her head and shaking her long gold earrings that there was no resisting her; and indeed Pepa was but too well aware of the fact herself, and made the best use of her knowledge.

But the dinners were still our *bêtes noirs*, and in these, notwithstanding all her prettiness, she could help us little better than her predecessor. The meat

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which we procured was simply uneatable, but happily animal food is little needed in those southern climes, and we had plenty of game. Hares, partridges and wild ducks were most abundant; and a woman used constantly to call on us with live quails for sale, which she would despatch by sticking one of their own feathers into their brains.

Of course, everything was more or less spoiled which we entrusted to the tender mercies of our handmaid; but fortunately there were no epicures amongst us, and we generally received the goods the gods provided with contentment if not gratitude, and had many resources to turn to in order to eke out a distasteful meal. The bread was excellent, and we always had an abundance of oranges, chestnuts, melons and pomegranates; so that under the circumstances we were not to be pitied.

But one day, Pepa, disheartened by her repeated failures, begged to be allowed to serve us a Spanish dinner, after tasting which, she affirmed, we should never desire to eat any other; and having received the permission of her mistress, she set to work, and at the usual hour triumphantly placed the national dish of "puchero" upon the table. We gathered round it rather doubtfully, but after the first timid trial pronounced it "not so bad, though rather rich." It seemed to contain a little of everything—beef, lard, garlic, garbanzos (or small, hard beans), lettuce, pepper, potatoes, and I know not what besides; and the mixture had been kept simmering in an earthenware pot for hours. The next dish served by Pepa was "gaspacho," or a Spanish salad, which is mixed quite differently from an English one, and to most tastes not so palatable. And then she placed before us a large dish of rice profusely sprinkled with cinnamon, and various small cakes fried in oil; and Pepa's Spanish dinner (which, by the way, was only a sample, I suppose, of the most ordinary national fare) was concluded.

We were thankful that it had been sufficiently good to enable us to praise it enough to give her satisfaction, though we were compelled to adopt more than one ruse in order, without hurting her feelings, to escape having the same feast repeated every day.

There are not many "lions" in Utrera, but, such as they are, of course we visited them. The principal one perhaps is in the vaults beneath the Church of Santiago, but we were scarcely prepared for the ghastly spectacle which met our gaze there. It appears that many years ago, while digging for some purpose round the church, the workmen found several bodies, which, owing to some peculiar quality of the soil in which they had been buried, were in a wonderful state of preservation; and by order of the authorities they were placed in upright positions against the walls of the church vaults. The old sacristan, who acted as our cicerone, pointed out the bodies to us with his lighted torch, and directed our attention especially to one, evidently that of a very stout woman, which had still a jacket and skirt clinging to it. Strange to say, the bodies were all clothed, although in most cases it had become difficult to distinguish the garments from the remains, for all seemed to partake of the same hue and texture. It is a humbling sight to look upon the dead after they have turned again to their dust, and with but a semblance of the human frame left clinging to them, as though in mockery of our mortality. We could not bear to see the idlers who had followed our party down into the vaults jeering at the appearance of these poor carcasses, and touching them in a careless and irreverent manner. Had we had our way, they should all have been tenderly consigned again to the bosom of their mother earth, and we experienced a strange sensation of relief as we turned our backs upon them and emerged once more into the open air.

The principal object of a stroll in Utrera is a visit to the Church of Consolation, which stands on the outskirts of the town, at the end of a long walk bordered with lines of olive trees. At intervals along the way benches are

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placed, and here on Sundays and feast-days the inhabitants congregate as they come to and from the church. The latter is an interesting edifice, though its architecture is unpretending enough.

Its nave is lofty, and on the white-washed walls hang hundreds of little waxen and silver limbs and effigies, with articles of children's clothing and an endless assortment of plaited tails of hair. These are all offerings made to "Our Lady of Consolation" in fulfillment of vows or as tokens of thanksgiving for recovery from sickness; and however much we who have been taught otherwise may pity the superstition which prompts the bestowal of such gifts, there is something very touching in the idea of these women giving up their most cherished possessions (for every one knows how justly proud the Spanish are of their magnificent hair) as tributes of gratitude to her from whom they believe themselves to have received the favors. Those tiny infants' frocks too, and the baby effigies against the wall, seemed to tell many a tale of mother's love and anxiety—of mothers who are not permitted to believe that He who laid His hands on little children, and rebuked those who would have interposed themselves between Himself and them, is willing at this hour to hear the prayers and grant the desires of His suffering creatures, without the intervention of any human being, however holy or sanctified by connection with Himself.

The walls near the western door of the Church of Consolation are hung with innumerable pictures, each bearing so strong a resemblance to the other, both in style and subject, that they might have been drawn by the same hand. As works of art they are valueless, for even the rules of perspective are ignored in a most comical manner, and with slight variations they all represent the same subject. On one hand is an invalid man, woman or child, as the case may be, and on the other a kneeling figure imploring aid for them of the "Virgin of Consolation," who is also portrayed appearing to the suppliant and encircled by a golden halo. Beneath the painting is inscribed the name of the patient, the nature of his disease and the date of his recovery, which is attributed to a vow having been made to the mother of God by some member of the sufferer's family.

At the back of the church is a large garden belonging to one of the richest proprietors in the neighborhood of Utrera, and as the mid-day heat became more oppressive it was a favorite haunt of ours during the cool of the evening, when the air was laden with the perfume of orange blossoms and other sweet-smelling flowers. The inhabitants of the garden were permitted to grow wild, but that circumstance only enhanced its beauty. The orange trees were laden with golden fruit, of which we were courteously invited to gather as much as we pleased. But our visits to this charming retreat were necessarily short, for, as in most southern latitudes, there was scarcely any twilight in Utrera, and it always seemed as though the ringing of the Angelus were a signal for the nights immediately to set in. But what glorious nights they were! The dingy oil-lamps in the streets (for gas is an innovation which had not yet found its way there) were little needed, as the sky always seemed to be one bright blaze of beautiful stars.

The cemetery at Utrera is a quiet spot, surrounded by a high white wall and thickly planted with cypress trees, which give it a most solemn and melancholy appearance. They have the custom there (I am not sure it is not prevalent in other parts of Spain) of burying the dead in recesses in the walls, which are built expressly of an immense thickness: the coffins are shoved into these large pigeon-holes, and the opening is closed with a marble slab, which bears the inscription usual in such cases, somewhat after the fashion of open-air catacombs. But little respect seemed to be shown to the dead.

One day I met some children bearing a bier, upon which was stretched the corpse of a little girl clothed in white garments and with a wreath of flowers

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placed upon the placid brow. The children, apparently quite unaware of the reverence due to their sacred burden, carelessly laughed and chatted as they bore it along the highway, sometimes sitting down to rest, and then hurrying forward with unseemly haste, as though to make up for lost time. A tall man, wrapped in a huge cloak, and who evidently belonged to the little *cortége*, followed at a distance, but he too performed the duty at his leisure, and seemed to find nothing extraordinary or out of the way in the children's want of decorum.

With the exception of periodical visits to the Church of Consolation before mentioned, the people of Utrera rarely seemed to leave their houses. To walk for the sake of walking is an idea which finds little favor with a Spanish lady, and my friends and myself were looked upon as very strange beings for taking so much exercise and caring to explore the surrounding country.

But to our English taste it was pleasant to stroll up the Cadiz road until we reached a small mound situated thereon, which was belted with shady trees and amply provided with stone seats. This elevation commanded the view of a vast extent of country, with the grand frowning hills of the Sierra Nevada in the far distance, which the gorgeous sunsets always invested with a strange, unearthly beauty. The intense solitude of the scene, too, was not without its own peculiar charm. At intervals the silence would be broken by the approach of a picturesque-looking peasant bestriding a mule, the silvery jangle of whose bells had been heard in the calm atmosphere for some time before he made his personal appearance. These muleteers never failed to interrupt the monotonous chants they are so fond of singing, to wish us a friendly "Buenas tardes" ("Good-evening") while proceeding on their way, and then we would listen to the sound of the mule's bells and the low rich voice of his master until both died away in the distance, and the scene resumed its normal condition of undisturbed tranquillity.

We made an expedition once, by the new railroad, to Moron, a very old town perched on an almost perpendicular rock and visible for miles distant. The heat was intense, but we toiled manfully up the steep and execrably-paved street from the station, and, weary and footsore, were thankful to find ourselves within the cool walls of the fine old church. It possesses some valuable Murillos—one of which, representing the head of our Blessed Lord, is especially beautiful. The altar-rails, screen and reredos are all richly gilt, and the sacristan, taking us into the vestry, unlocked several massively carved chests, which disclosed some valuable plate and precious stones; referring to which, he boasted, with pardonable pride, that Utrera could not produce anything half so handsome. And indeed the inhabitants of Moron may well congratulate themselves on these treasures having escaped the grasp of the French during the war, for the sacristan related to us how everything had been hidden away and miraculously preserved from the hands of the spoiler.

But my chit-chat is drawing to a close. It was not without a certain regret that we bade farewell to Utrera, for during the whole of our stay there we had experienced nothing but kindness from all with whom we had come in contact, and the memory of our sojourn in that little, out-of-the-way Andalusian town, if not fraught with brilliant recollections, will, at all events, take its rank with that portion of the past which has been too peaceful to rise up again to trouble us. And it were well if we could say the same for every part of our storm-ridden lives.

FLORENCE MARRYAT.

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IRENE.

PART I.

CHAPTER VII.

EMMA RAIMAN was my first visitor after my return home. Mr. Pennington had returned to his allegiance, and, having made a proper acknowledgment of his fault, had been restored to favor. The wedding-day was fixed at no great interval, and she was too busy to stay long with me. She had scarcely gone when Will Maury entered.

"We have had grand times," he burst out. "The way those two doctors have quarreled! ditto Mr. and Mrs. Charlton; and I'm in for it too. Laura says if Henry will give up all claim to her, she'll marry me."

"Henry! What has he to do with her?"

"Don't know, but if he persists I'll run away with her."

"Suppose I prevent that?"

"Now, Cousin Katherine, you know you never tell tales, and you are determined, I can see, that he sha'n't marry a Charlton: she knows it, too, and says that is why she is so willing to play quits."

"You are disgusting!"

"Oh, nonsense! Come, let me tell you a thing or two."

"Talk of yourself and I'll listen."

"That's what I want to do. You know what a poor devil I am: I have been cheated out of my rights ever since I was born. Went to college, studied the flesh off my bones (almost), but some upstart or other got ahead of me, and the old man sent me adrift, because I came out second best in the classical race."

"Tenth or twelfth, if I remember right."

"Well, you don't remember right, but I don't care if it was the fiftieth. Then, every time I get ahead in my business, there's a smash-up, while I've only to go to see a girl three times for some imp to step in and pop the question, and I am overboard again. Just so soon as I started to see Laura, Henry, who until then was satisfied with Miss Fannie, had to walk in, and I was about *gone* when, luckily for me, he leaves town. 'Make hay while the sun shines,' say I, and I went to work. She's a regular trump, and I'm determined to win her."

"What did you do then, madcap?"

"Well! I remembered to have read somewhere of a fellow who got a girl into a wagon and went flying over roads and stumps like a message on the telegraph wire, and so scared her into marrying him. Acting on the idea, I got a buggy and pair and started out with Miss Laura over the roughest roads in the country. We went like mad, but it didn't scare her the least. At last we came to the top of a hill which I was positively afraid to drive down. 'Give me the ribbons,' she said, and she snatched them before I had time to remonstrate, and drove down straight as an arrow, and so fast that we were three miles from the foot of the hill before I could rein in the horses. I can tell you I felt cheap: I turned and drove home without a word. I found out that wasn't the way to win Miss Laura; so I cursed the fellow that wrote the story, and tried something else. I gave her a hint about a lady whom Henry had gone to see. If jealousy don't rouse a woman, there is no love in the case."

"Did she tell you she would marry you if Henry gave up his claim?"

"Not in so many words, but she implied as much."

"Would you, Will, marry a girl you caught fibbing?"

"About flirting and beaux? Yes, because if I were to put in a proviso on that point, I should never find a bride."

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"Look here, boy, go home: I can't stand your disrespect."

"I know what you are hinting at: you don't like Laura, but I do. I know she fibs, for she flirts (it comes to the same thing), but I'll marry her if I can get her. But what I want to know is, will you settle with Henry, or shall I?"

"Do it all yourself, but let me know the result."

Time passed rapidly, and I heard nothing further from Will Maury. I busied myself assisting Emma with her wedding preparations. Fannie Charlton became very sociable, and was often over at my house during the day, where she helped to make cakes and jellies. Laura never came. "Busy making her bridemaid's dress," said the servant when I asked for her on one occasion; and as she was not congenial to me, I didn't care how much she kept out of my sight. Her cold beauty was very captivating, but to me her selfish heart made her very unlovable. Half the men in town were charmed, and she never moved in public without being followed by a throng.

One morning I received a visit from Mr. Charlton. He was elegantly dressed, and rose with much dignity as I entered the parlor:

"Good-morning, madam. I have called—as I should have done long since—for three reasons: first, to pay you the courtesy due you as our nearest neighbor; second, to thank you for your kindness and attention to my family; and lastly, to ask if you would be so good as to relate to me how it happened that there were two physicians to attend my children?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Charlton," I replied, "if I tell you I think it very strange you should ask such an explanation from me."

"Only, madam, because an outsider is better able to give a clear account of what happens in cases of this kind than one so much interested and excited as my wife has been."

I still hesitated, but afterward, when he assured me it would not affect his conduct toward either of the doctors, I related as nearly as I could remember all that took place during the illness of his children. He listened in silence, never making any comment, and when I finished thanked me and turned the conversation.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT last the morning dawned of Emma's wedding-day. It was as bright as she could have wished it—a day of wintry splendor. It made us all light-hearted, for we put faith in the old adage, "Blessed is the bride on whom the sun shines." About ten o'clock I was called home by a message from Henry, whom I found in great anxiety on account of a despatch relating to his brother. Decatur was very ill, and Henry had been sent for by the president of the college.

"I cannot go," he said: "I have a case I cannot leave. Will you go?"

"Of course. I will start to-day."

"As it is now nearly ten, you will have to hurry: the train leaves at two. I will come back to take you to the station: I will be here at one o'clock, as I have something particular to tell you; so do get rid of all your young friends by that time."

His communication was what I had long dreaded: he was about to propose to Laura Charlton.

"But," he said, "I should like to have your approbation before taking the final step."

"Then, Henry, I cannot give what you want."

"Why do you dislike her so much?"

I evaded the question. "You certainly cannot believe," I replied, "that I have any but unselfish motives in opposing this match. You are, it is true, more to me than any one else, and I have never sought an alliance for you. At the same time, I have no wish that you should remain single: indeed, I believe you would be happier well married. But there is only one kind of a woman that can be to you a wife and companion: such a woman Laura is

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not. Besides, you know nothing of the family or their connections. Promise me at least to await my return."

"And then, if you cannot bring forward any weighty objections, will you give your consent and endeavor to like her?"

"I will not be unreasonable, but in all things sincere."

I started on my journey with a heavy heart. Home looked gloomy: there was but one ray to my fancied troubles: that was the hope of gaining Decatur's love. I feared Henry's marriage was about to separate us.

Decatur was much younger than his brother. As he had been away from home most of his life, I had never had an opportunity of winning his affections. He was a little child when I married, but had shown such an aversion to me as his step-mother that I had persuaded his father to allow him to remain with an aunt who had taken care of him after his mother's death. From her house he went to school, and thence to college, sometimes, though rarely, coming home during vacation. I had always been anxious to give him the opportunity of knowing me better, and I had looked forward to his return after graduating with mingled feelings of hope and doubt.

I reached the college in R—— the second night, to find him unconscious and in great danger. He had taken a heavy cold during the holidays, while out hunting. Boy-like, he was heedless, and a severe fever had set in. He had good medical attendance, and I was forced to be patient. I never left him except when compelled by fatigue, but it was many days before he recognized me. At length one morning he looked up brightly, and said, "I'm glad you came: I'll never forget it."

When he became convalescent we went some twenty miles into the pine country, and remained three weeks. He regained his strength rapidly, grew gentle and sociable with me, and when we parted I felt that the intercourse of the last six weeks would not be fruitless of happy results. When I said "Good-bye" he kissed me voluntarily for the first time, and remarked, "I shall look forward to going home next summer with real pleasure."

I returned home about the middle of March, on a rainy, gloomy day. Henry met me a few stations below our little city, looking pale and haggard. He said he had had a great deal of work during the last court session, which was just over.

In the afternoon I had my usual visitors, notwithstanding the rain continued. Emma looked happy and joyous, and gave me a long account of her wedding and of several parties her friends had given her. At last, about dark, they were all gone, and I had an opportunity to notice how fatigued Henry really appeared, and to ask the cause.

"Mother," he began, "the young ladies have given you descriptions of our old friend's wedding—of the dressing, gayety and show, all of which were fine and in good taste; but it has been left to me to finish the account of that night, and break to you some bad news. Your valued physician, Dr. Cartwright, is no more: he was found murdered in his bed at four o'clock the following morning."

"That is terrible news, but give me some particulars."

"Some one came for him at that hour to attend a patient: it was fortunately a gentleman, who, after ringing the night-bell and not being answered, knocked at the door until he attracted the attention of a watchman, who came up and said he could wake the servant. 'Be quick, if you please,' said the gentleman: 'my child is very ill.' The man went round the house, and very soon the servant opened the hall door on his way up stairs. Two minutes later a terrific shriek was heard, and the gentleman and watchman ran up the steps, reaching the doctor's room about the same time. There stood the servant horror-struck, holding up the bed-curtains and exposing to view the poor old man, ghastly and quite stiff.

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"The alarm was given and the house searched, but no trace could be discovered. No knife had been used, nor pistol: some one's strong fingers had clutched the throat and caused suffocation. Many believe it was the doctor's own hands."

"The position of the hands must have settled that point."

"The watchman's evidence was that the hands were doubled up on the chest: the servant, however, thinks that he himself pulled them down from about the face in the first moment of surprise, when he found his master did not answer his call. From the most careful examination no suspicions have been aroused that the parties discovering the murder were in any way implicated.

"The authorities offered a liberal reward for the guilty, and I was employed to examine the evidence against any one that should be suspected. In this work I have been assisted by a Mr. Cardman, an old friend of Dr. Cartwright's, who solicited the trust and was very efficient. I had had no previous acquaintance with him, but he proved to be both a gentleman and a man of sense.

"On returning home quite late one night, I found him waiting for me. He had had a visit from Mr. Charlton, who suggested Dr. Pennant as the probable perpetrator of the crime. I inquired on what Mr. Charlton grounded his suspicions. 'On some conversation, he says, which his daughter overheard. But unless there are other witnesses we need not trouble ourselves about Dr. Pennant. I have been personally acquainted with the Charltons for many years, and know the ladies are useless as legal witnesses.' 'Why?' He told me their secret: it was like a deathblow to me. I shuddered and sank into a chair: I saw in a moment the explanation of their before unaccountable want of feeling. I felt it was a barrier between Laura and myself stronger than iron. It is only at moments like these that we can measure the strength of our feelings, and I was surprised to find how deeply mine had been enlisted. I understood now your instinctive dislike of her, and was thankful I had given you my promise not to propose until after your return. I have withdrawn from the list of her admirers, and am supposed to have been dismissed. A common greeting is, 'What! let Will Maury cut you out? I'm surprised!'"

"Has Will really engaged himself to her?"

"Yes."

"Could you not have prevented it by telling him this?"

"No: he would listen to nothing—says nothing but her own act can induce him to give her up. But I have another piece of news to relate. Mr. Cardman stands in nearly the same relation to the Charltons as we: his only brother is engaged to Miss Fannie. He hates the thoughts of it, but can do nothing. That was the reason he was so cautious in regard to Dr. Pennant, for fear of their secret becoming known here."

"How did you convince yourselves of Dr. Pennant's innocence?"

"We called on him (of course we were obliged to be very circumspect, for fear our intentions should be discovered). He seemed at first disconcerted by our visit. When we told him that unless he could give an account of every hour of that night he might get into trouble, he complied willingly. It was as good as a farce to hear him, but as you can imagine his foolish gestures and idiotic looks while relating the particulars, I will pass them over. His loquacity is truly wonderful, and, could it be guided by common sense, would make him interesting. He gave a clear history of the night, with good references: he satisfied us both at the time, and if he is playing the knave he certainly acts his part well."

"You feel assured he is innocent?"

"I do; but why do you ask so earnestly, mother? Did anything that passed during those children's illness recur to your mind?"

"Oh no: I was not aware I had spoken very earnestly: indeed, I know nothing."

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CHAPTER IX.

"Good-morning, Miss Katherine. Do not let me interrupt you. I have come down this cold morning to enjoy a chat with you. I have been so accustomed to gossip over the affairs of our circle with you that it has seemed odd not to do so."

"I am glad to see you, Emma, but acknowledge I have made no effort to keep up our intimacy, for when a woman marries, such things generally end."

"Why?"

"Her husband is her true confidant, and he is jealous of any one who takes his place."

"My case is an exception: Mr. Pennington knows how much you have guided and advised me, and is perfectly willing you should continue to do so. But curiosity has had a share in bringing me here: do tell me if Laura is engaged to Will Maury?"

"I suppose so. Will told me so, and I called on her formally as my future cousin."

"Laura came to see me last evening, and, as Mr. Pennington was out of town, and Louise had not come, according to promise, to be with me last night, I persuaded her to remain. I led her on to speak of her approaching marriage, and finally told her how much I had been surprised when I heard of her choice. 'I surprised myself,' she answered: 'I like two others better.' 'You do?' I said: 'who?' 'Henry Stone and Edgar Rushton.' I hinted that I thought they had both been at her disposal. 'Yes,' she replied, as indifferently as possible, 'but to take Mr. Stone was to take Mrs. Stone too, and I hate her. As for Edgar, he is poor, and I have no admiration for love in a cottage.' 'As to that, Laura, Will is not rich.' 'No, but he is lucky: then mother likes him, and says she will give me immediate possession of my property, which she wouldn't do if I married Edgar.' Now, tell me, Mrs. Stone, did you ever hear of such a girl?"

"Never," I answered; "and I am afraid she will get herself into trouble, marrying with such views. Why does she hate me?"

"She wouldn't say, and I don't believe she knows herself. I can't tell you half the nonsense she told me, and I would not tell any one else, for endless mischief might come from it. She said Mr. Stone called her his 'stately camellia' and his 'enchanted rose.' Edgar calls her the 'star of destiny,' but to Will she is 'Beauty.'"

"And I suppose he is the Beast? Poor Will! I fear he is to be rudely awakened from his dream of bliss. She ought to marry a man not very sensitive, but upright and commanding, who could keep her in check and exact respect. She will wind Will around her finger, for he adores her, and if she were to say black was white, he'd say so too."

"I declare I'm sorry. Will is such a jovial, light-hearted fellow, I would like to see him do well."

"Yes, Emma, he is merry-making and fun-loving, but merry-making is not the only business of life: he never thinks seriously two minutes at a time: you could not reason with him on any subject. Such dispositions need to meet with a disaster to balance their exuberance of spirits. Such a ballast, I believe, he will find in Laura. I only hope it may not prove too much for him."

Henry and myself spent the evening alone together, forming some plans for the future. He told me he should make arrangements to go to Europe with his brother some time during the following summer.

"To stay the eighteen months he expects to be absent?" I asked.

"Yes, if I go. There is one drawback: what shall I do with Irene? She graduates a year from next June: then she must have a home."

"That is very easily settled. If you are married, she will go to your house: if you are not, she will come here to me, when I must have the pleasure of taking her into society."

"No arrangement could be more

pleasant, and I thank you for proposing it. Do you know I have an idea of making a match for her with Decatur? Then she will be one of us, and I need never marry, having always her here to pet."

"Nonsense! Let them both alone, and never mention such a thing to either."

"Yes—best to let such things take their own way."

"People are kind enough to say I influence you and keep you single."

"I am sorry you ever think twice of such idle remarks. What the wiseacres say never affects me; but, mother, don't you think I got over that last affair of mine very quickly? By the way: I meant to have told you a piece of news. Edgar Rushton was in my office to-day, and asked me if I was at Mrs. Charlton's last night. 'No,' I said: 'why?' 'I went there,' he answered, 'to see Miss Laura, but she refused to see me. Miss Fannie, I know, was in the parlor, but as I came out I am sure I saw two persons on the gallery. One was tall, so I thought it must be you.' 'More probably it was Will Maury, as she is engaged to him.' Edgar laughed: 'So she is to me, and I don't fear him, but I do you.' 'You are mistaken, sir: I have no claims on the lady.' He looked astonished, so I added, 'She is engaged, positively, to my cousin: indeed, will be married in Easter-week; so, my dear fellow, if you fancy her, you had better remove before it is too late.' 'I will not,' he exclaimed, vehemently. 'She has given me every reason to believe I was preferred, and I'll fight before she shall jilt me.' 'Who will you fight? Certainly not the lady, and who else can you blame? Will surely had the same right to contend for the prize which you acknowledge you strove for, and hinted that I did. The least said about such things the better.' 'Don't you mind being jilted?' 'I deny having been.' 'You are not going to say you are engaged to her now?' 'No, and never have been. I would not say so much to any one else, but as your sincere friend, believing you are deeply interested, I desire to save you further distress. I advise you never to see Laura Charlton again.' 'Be my friend, Mr. Stone, and let me tell you how I stand?' 'Certainly, and anything I can do I will.' 'I first proposed to her the night of our masquerade. This was her answer: "I will not trifle with you, but my hand and heart must be free a while longer, for I am determined to have that proud Henry Stone at my feet." Her great partiality for you soon made me jealous: several times I remonstrated, when her usual answer was—"You are in my confidence: be patient;" and whether I was patient or not, I got no other answer, while she avoided having interviews with me. When you were out of town, and Mr. Maury was driving her out so frequently, I went there one night. She was playing for some friends to dance: I leaned over the piano and asked her to come out on the gallery. She refused. I accused her of flirting with me, while Will was really her favorite. I can't repeat all she said, but she allayed my fears: she hinted she was tired of you, and that as for Will, he was not a person to create jealousy in any one. I left her in perfect faith that her promise to me would be kept; only there was a lingering dread of you.'"

"Why, Henry," I interrupted, "it was strange Edgar Rushton should come to you!"

"Yes, but when he began, I don't think he intended to be so confidential: he was led on by his feelings, and though his communication was not flattering to me, yet I felt sorry for his distress."

"At what conclusion did he arrive?"

"Never to go to the house again, except by invitation, but to attend the wedding by way of showing his indifference."

"She is a great young lady!"

"About the smartest I ever met: she can flirt to perfection. I used to wonder how she could keep straight with so many admirers, but at that time I didn't believe she would tell downright untruths. It seems she does. I must

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say, I never knew her to tell one, but then I never went so far as to ask her if she had a heart."

CHAPTER X.

EASTER passed away with all its glorious fulfilled promises. But soon our exalted thoughts were drawn earthward, and Laura's wedding-day dawned amidst the showers of April.

At breakfast Will came to us and asked Henry's advice and mine on some points of etiquette and dress. He was nervous, in great haste to get away, and we did not attempt to detain him.

In the afternoon I went over to Mrs. Charlton's. The confusion in every part of the house beggars description. Mrs. Charlton could not see why *she* should be put out of the way, even if there was to be a wedding. Laura was taking it more coolly, surrounded by the contents of two wardrobes (in addition to her new finery) heaped promiscuously on bed, chairs and tables, presenting a most incongruous mass.

After various delays, and with some trouble, we finally got down stairs, and the ceremony, according to the rites of the Church of England, commenced. I looked at Henry and Edgar, who were standing together very near the bride, as the minister said, "If any man can show just cause why these may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak," etc.

Edgar turned pale and bit his lips, while his eyes, like Henry's, never moved from Laura's face; but she was perfectly composed, and looked straight into the face of the clergyman. Neither the solemn charge, nor the steady gaze of the two men at her side (she had glanced up once and knew they were there), nor even Will's nervousness, which was apparent to every one in the room, had the effect of bringing even a blush to her cheek; while around me I heard whispered in admiring tones, "How beautiful!" "What wonderful self-possession!" For my own part, I turned with disgust from so heartless, so selfish a woman, and did not recover my equanimity until the ceremony was over.

Then Will was himself again, the gayest of the gay—laughing with and bantering all around him. It had come to be understood that he had achieved a victory in obtaining the hand of Miss Charlton, and for once he was a hero.

When I went up to congratulate Laura, I found her rallying Henry (who sat beside her on the sofa) for having kissed her before Will; and I thought it very impertinent of him to tell her he had taken what was his by right.

"It might have been," was her cool reply.

Edgar left the room soon after the ceremony, and was gone some time, but returned and congratulated Will and Laura very gracefully. Afterward I heard him say to Laura, "Do you know, Miss Laura, I came here with the intention of stopping the ceremony?"

"Indeed!"

"Yes: what would you have done?"

"I never expected anything else than that you would prevent the completion of the rites."

Here a roar of laughter overwhelmed him, and he turned away in confusion. I felt sure that such an interruption would not have displeased her, and I was not quite certain she would have had the ceremony continued. Henry, however, would not listen to such suspicions. He had a full conviction that Laura was now in earnest. His comment on her when we reached home that night was—"She is a noble woman, only a trifle too much of a politician."

As for myself, I gave up all idea of ever being able to comprehend my new cousin. During the two weeks she remained at home after the marriage she was devoted to Will, would neither receive nor return visits, could not bear him to be out of her sight; and it may be easily imagined how delighted he was, for her cold manners beforehand had more than once, he now acknowledged, made him doubt whether she loved him as he did her. It was

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this that had caused his agitation; for I now learned that Will could think seriously when he chose, and had not gone through with the ceremony in as careless a frame of mind as steadier people sometimes betray.

But here ends my part of this story. It is no fiction; the characters and events are real; and I have but recalled them from the storehouse of memory, leaving the conclusion to be given by another pen.

TO-DAY.

OH linger, sweet To-day,
And hasten not away:
Let kindly eyes still shine,
The same old friends be mine,
The joys which, being thine,
Shall pass with thee away:
Oh leave them, kind To-day!

Oh hasten, drear To-day!
Oh hasten fast away;
For thou sad tears hast brought,
And hours with sorrow fraught,
Fair hopes that came to naught:
Take, take them all away,
And linger not, To-day!

O infinite To-day,
That shalt not pass away!
Out of the shadowy night
Into thy heavenly light,
Under His watchful sight,
We fain would haste away,
And call earth Yesterday.

M. H. K.

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THE GEYSERS OF CALIFORNIA.

TO the Geysers, Yosemite and the "Big Trees" are the trio of trips which travelers wish to make, and which all Californians say must be made in order fully to appreciate the wonders which Nature has wrought here. Many more go to the Geysers than to either of the other resorts, because the journey thither is less wearisome and requires less than half the time and money. Three days from San Francisco and return is enough for them, while a week should be given to the Big Trees, and ten days to the Yosemite Valley. They are situated in Sonoma county, about a hundred miles north of San Francisco, and fifty from the shores of the Pacific.

About mid-afternoon of a beautiful July day, 1870, we embarked, at one of the San Francisco piers, on the steamer New World for Vallejo, distant about two hours' steaming. The course is north by east through the upper portion of the Bay of San Francisco, thence through San Pablo Bay. There is nothing special to mark the dividing line between the bays, and the stranger would naturally suppose they have the same name. We have said that the day was beautiful: so in California is every day from March to November. The only difference between one and another consists in slight variations in temperature. Even with an overcoat on, it was too chilly for comfort on the exposed portions of the boat; but the overcoat is quickly doffed when we arrive at Vallejo, where the cars are waiting to convey us to Calistoga, the terminus of one of the branches of the California Pacific Railway. The bay at this point is over a mile in width to the shore of Mare Island, where is located the United States Navy-yard. The island seems to form the farther shore, but beyond it is a narrow stretch of tide-water. The island is two miles long, and half a mile in average width, with shores sloping

gently up to a broadly curving ridge in the centre. Around the coasts of the main land are hills with gracefully sweeping slopes and mountain summits jutting sharply skyward. The village lies at the head of the bay, on a plain which inclines just enough to show to advantage the buildings and give good drainage for the streets. The government workshops are on the island opposite the town, while the magazines are farther down, in the coves and nooks of the shore.

The sun was just sinking below the mountain-ridged horizon, and throwing over the scene the most gorgeous coloring, suffusing water, sky, village, hill and peak with tints of more than Italian brilliancy. While we are wishing that we might linger till the whole fades into twilight, the ding-dong of the engine-bell gives warning of the "all aboard." Soon we are passing swiftly along the Nopa Valley. The surface is mostly as level as a prairie, dotted here and there with evergreen oaks, standing sometimes alone, more often in clumps of from five to twenty. The fields are everywhere of a pale straw-color, with no emerald in sight save the oak-leaf foliage, which is tinted of the deepest green. This is the hue of field, forest and pasture from early June, when the harvest begins, until the November rains start them into life. The novelty of the contrast is pleasing, but an Eastern eye, accustomed to the living green from April to frost-time, is dissatisfied with the change. Still, Nature has her compensations in California. While New England and the Middle States are robed in snow and ice the Pacific slope wears its most beauteous garments. Then we may call it, justly, the Emerald Shore, for all over the valleys is the greenest verdure and the finest wild flowers, decking vale and hill with the most delicate hues. Roses bloom in San Francisco the year round.

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No need of hothouses and conservatories: every garden here can easily outdo them.

The railway passes through several towns and villages. The principal one is Nopa City, now having ten or fifteen thousand people. As we near the terminus, the valley grows narrower and the hills more broken, the trees smaller and more scraggy. About nine in the evening we reach Calistoga—termed, by hyperbole, the Saratoga of the Pacific Coast. Sulphur seems to be the predominant element in the springs. There are several baths, of all temperatures, from the hot steam bath to the tepid and the cold. A large swimming tank has been constructed and roofed in. The water is tepid, and leaves the skin as soft and velvety as that of a babe, but the general effect is tonic and invigorating. The hotel is built on one side of a large square, neatly laid out, and on the other sides are ranged the cottages and bathhouses. The hotel itself is a small two-story wooden structure, and the guests are quartered in the various cottages, each family or company by itself. It is an interesting and lovely spot, and, when this western slope counts its millions of population, will undoubtedly rival in exterior appearance the hotels and accompaniments of its prototype in the Empire State.

Early in the morning we are ready for the world-renowned stage-ride to the Geysers. Punctually at seven, Foss, the proprietor of the stage line, and his assistant, Albertson, are at the hotel door. As promptly as a conductor on a leading railway, Foss shouts out his "All aboard!" and is impatient of delay. As the hand passes seven, the hour for starting, away we go, in two large open wagons, each drawn by four strong and spirited horses, who are familiar with every rod of the twenty-eight miles between us and the Geyser Hotel.

The first ten miles pass along a narrow valley dotted occasionally with farmhouses. Thus far the road is nearly level, but now the valley ceases abruptly, and the ascent of the mountains begins. The horses are changed, and after a few minutes' rest we take a fresh start. The country is wild and broken, no habitations in sight—nothing but Nature as it came from the hand of its Creator. We look ahead in the direction in which the road we are on seems to lead, and endeavor to descry its course, but it is like trying to see through the perspective of a labyrinth. So we content ourselves with snatching occasional glimpses as some ascent, descent or sharp turn brings a portion into view.

The track is just wide enough for a single carriage. In many places, where it has been blasted out of solid rock, there are not six inches of leeway. The hubs of the right-hand wheels revolve close to the perpendicular banks, and the others almost jut out over the edge of the precipices, some of which go down nearly straight from one thousand to three thousand feet. After a ten-mile drive the summit is reached. It offers one of the grandest views of mountain scenery which the globe affords. As far as the eye can see (and the vision sweeps many times farther in this clear atmosphere of the Pacific shore than anywhere east of the Mississippi) mountains succeed mountains, peaks are piled on peaks, gorges, ravines, cañons divide them, serving to throw into shadow the steeps as the fleecy clouds go scudding athwart the bluest of heavens. Gazing away for scores of miles, the earth's surface seems nothing but mountains. We wonder where the plains are, the fields waving with grain, the vineclad hills, the orchards, the villages and towns. Apparently we are in an endless region of mountain waste, and doubt if it will be possible to find our way back again to civilization, even with a compass, unless it be by the skill of this daring champion reinsman of the world, Foss. He was born amid the granite hills of New Hampshire, and there doubtless imbibed some of the spirit which led him, nine years ago, to open up this wild yet charming route to the Boiling Springs. How delicious to linger on this summit!

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The breezes, tempering to an agreeable point the fierce rays of the sun, sweep not too roughly, clear and bracing over these topmost heights. It is a mountain paradise. How we long to tarry here for days, and get new strength and fresher inspiration from this wellnigh aerial spot!

As the stages wound their way up the steeps we met a carriage coming in the opposite direction. At first the thought came that one or the other must back to some spot where the way broadened, that we might pass each other. But, by unusual good luck, we chanced to be in a portion of the road where we could see ahead several rods, and between the approaching vehicles the track widened out a little, pieces of blasted rock and earth having lodged on a portion of the bank. By all of one party alighting, and the carriage being drawn out to the very verge of the precipice and kept in place by several strong arms, skillful driving managed to get us by safely. As there is only one line of stages running over this route, and private carriages very rarely travel it, little difficulty is experienced in meeting and passing.

After lingering a while on the top of the mountain ridge, the eight-mile descent down the other side begins. The horses snuff the air and prick up their ears, preparing for the downward course. Evidently they are glad they are up, and relish the prospect of going down, as easier and more exciting. The driver cracks his long whip forward over the leaders, and, familiar with the signal, away they prance, and are soon in a ten-mile gait. In the whole eight miles there is not a single quarter which is straight. The road winds constantly, turning and meandering the entire distance. Sometimes there are short, sharp, elbow-like turns, almost in ox-bow form. Except at places widely separated, the track is of uniform width, leaving only about six inches between the line where the outer wheels roll along and the edge of the declivities, which shoot down one thousand, two thousand, even three thousand, feet to the bottom, where the boiling, tumbling brooks course along over their rocky, shrub-bordered beds. The sides are rough with projecting rocks and scrubby trees, mostly oaks and madrones. A tripping horse, a sudden lurch of the vehicles to the outer side or a broken axle would, in all human probability, throw the load into the abysses. And yet, during nine years' driving, no harm has ever come to any one. The utmost care is used in keeping wagons and harness in excellent order. If one can control his nerves, keep cool and enjoy the majestic scenery, the sure and nimble movements of the trained horses, the perilous points and the skill and daring of the driver, there is not a pleasanter ride on the continent. As the leaders pass the ox-bow turns, they seem to be plunging head-foremost against the thither bank, but as their noses almost touch it they spring quickly and with certain bound to the centre: round come the wheel-horses in fine style, and the carriage follows as smoothly and easily as on the best race-track. The driver's face occasionally wears a conquering smile, and he says, with a slight impatience at our timidity, and an assuring tone and manner, "Perfectly safe—driven here nine years, and no accident has happened. I guess *you* will get there all right."

In less than an hour the Geyser Hotel appears. About a mile off we could distinctly hear the whistle from one of the geysers. It sounded in tone very much like an engine-whistle, but softer and more melodious. So clear and mellow were the first faint sounds that they resembled long-drawn strains from a bugle. The effect was pleasing as this weird music of Nature came floating up through the deep cañons and over the steep, craggy mountain sides.

We arrived at the Geyser Hotel about mid-day, and after the appetizing drive its *cuisine* was the great object of interest as soon as a general look at the surrounding country had gratified the first longings of curiosity. Dear reader, please not forget that this is the only

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human habitation we have seen in the last twenty miles; that it is situated in a remote and lonely mountain district, where agriculture is an impossible calling; that all the provisions consumed under its roof must be brought twenty-eight miles, by expensive teams, over the highway we have just given you a glimpse of. Hence, we ought not to expect too much, nor very low prices. Yet, notwithstanding all the difficulties besetting its management, we gladly say, in justice, that its proprietor—a genial German—knows how to "keep a hotel." There are many more pretentious inns in our cities where the guests fare no better than at this resort on the oak-shaded bank of Pluton Cañon.

Usually, visitors go out to examine the springs in the early morning. This is by far the best time to stroll through the cañons and over the bluffs, as far as comfort is concerned. But mid-day, when the sun pours his rays straight into the bottom of the cañon, is the most favorable time to examine the formation of the ground, the size of the springs and their character, because then the sun's heat dissipates almost entirely the steam into thin air, so that a clear, unobstructed view is obtained of everything. In the morning, till as late as eight o'clock, the steam nearly fills the entire cañon, hanging in a dense cloud between the banks, similar to the rolling clouds that mark the course of a locomotive in cool weather.

So we concluded to investigate immediately after lunch, about one in the afternoon. In our company was one of the most eminent chemists and geologists in the country. Ere we step into the Geyser Cañon, gaze with us, kind reader, from the verandah of the inn out over the near-by country, that you may the more clearly see the configuration of the surface, and understand the general appearance and situation. Pluton Cañon runs at right angles to the Geyser Cañon, and is much longer. It sustains the same relation to it that a main stream does to a tributary—the Mississippi to the Missouri. Our standing-place is as though we were on one side of a principal street, and were looking up another that entered it at right angles, as we look from the verandah up through the ravine where a large proportion of the springs are. To the right and left stretches the cañon named after Pluto, the mythological ruler of the infernal regions. Were it possible to convey to the reader the brimstone odor which exists here, he would agree with us that the name is both pertinent and *pungent* in its application. In many cases the sides are precipitous—as straight as the wall of a building. We take the path leading to the Geyser Cañon, which winds down, in very circuitous directions, Pluton's banks to the base, then cross the brook, in whose waters are swimming numerous mountain trout, and soon are at the entrance where the springs begin.

The Geyser Cañon is half a mile long, the bottom from one to two rods in width, and the banks shoot up fourteen hundred feet at an angle of forty-five degrees. Their surface in most places is whitish, covered with the residuum of extinct geysers (composed of almost every substance known in chemistry), which has been bleached by the suns and rains of scores of summers and winters. Here and there, at wide intervals, are small jets of steam from springs which are yet bubbling and hissing. Large spots are completely honeycombed with these faintly-working relics of a once thickly-boiling section. As we walk over them the ground occasionally gives way beneath our tread, and we sink shoe-deep into the chemical deposits.

The first spring we meet going up the ravine is the "Alum and Iron Spring," which has a temperature of ninety-seven degrees. Incrustations of iron form around it in a single night. A few feet farther on is the "Medicated Geyser Bath," having a temperature a few degrees less. It contains Epsom salts, magnesia, sulphur, iron and other minerals, forming a highly medicated compound. Epsom salts crystallize in beautiful formations near it, and are found two inches in length. Next is the "Boil-

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ing Alum and Sulphur Spring," with a temperature of over a hundred and fifty degrees. Close by is the "Black Sulphur," which has about the same degree of heat. Beyond these are the "Epsom Salts Spring" and the "Boiling Black Sulphur," which boil, bubble and roar constantly. The largest of all is the "Witches' Caldron," whose diameter exceeds seven feet, and is tossing continually with ebullition. When we saw it the water was thrown up four or five inches, but we are assured that sometimes it is thrown up two feet. The temperature is one hundred and ninety-five degrees. It is large enough to boil an ox, and the bottom is of an unknown depth. Large volumes of steam rise from it, as visible as the puffings from the smokestack of a locomotive. Twelve feet away is the "Intermittent Scalding Spring," which sends forth jets of water of a temperature of one hundred and seventy-five degrees. They sometimes rise to a height of fifteen feet, but the pressure varies at different times. It is the same with nearly all the springs, and what is seen by one may be very different from what is seen by another. At no time, however, do the jets cease entirely. As the degree of pressure and the height to which the water is thrown vary, so does the sound. There are periods when it is heard at a considerable distance, and again the ear must be near by to distinguish it.

The most wonderful and interesting of all the springs is the "Steamboat Geyser," the play of which resembles exactly the "blowing off steam" in a high-pressure steamboat. A little beyond this singular spring the cañon divides or forks, smaller ones branching off to the right and left. Just at the fork a bold, lofty bluff rises up, which is surmounted by a tapering rock named "The Pulpit." From the peak a white flag was flying, indicating, I suppose, that Nature had lost her hope of making a successful defence, and was willing to treat for a surrender, though she still kept her batteries in operation. From the Pulpit a full, fine view is obtained of the entire cañon and the immediate surroundings. Besides the springs we have named, which are the largest and most valuable for medicinal purposes, there are numerous smaller ones, numbering, all counted, about a hundred. Among them is the "Devil's Inkstand," a small spring, whose product is as black as ink, and serves very well as a substitute for that article. Some accounts of the Geysers have been written with it, but my sample is so small that I prefer to keep it as a curiosity and a memento of the place. Probably several gallons a day could be obtained which now run to waste, mingling with the products of all the springs as they flow into the small stream coursing along the centre of the Geyser Cañon. It would require a close analysis to resolve all the elements composing this medicated brooklet. If the contents of an apothecary-shop were mingled in a single tub, the compound would not be unlike this composite current.

Passing up the bank which forms the upper right-hand end of the cañon, and taking position on a knoll, we get the best view of the larger springs and their operation. About two hundred feet below us is the Witches' Caldron, black as ink, tossing and steaming: farther down are the minor ones sending up into the scorching sunlight their gossamer vapors. We hear distinctly the Steamboat Geyser. It seems as if we were on the brink of Tartarus itself, while all around, on the sides and summits, excepting in the spots covered with the chemicals from extinct geysers, are wild oats growing abundantly, beautiful flowers, and widespreading oaks, under whose deep green shade grows luxuriantly a peculiar mountain grass. All this vegetation borders closely on the most barren of all wastes.

From this resting-place we pass over the "Mountain of Fire," a section filled with scores of orifices, and encrusted with alum, magnesia, tartaric acid, Epsom salts, ammonia, nitre, iron, sulphur, etc. Then comes the "Alkali Lake," followed by other springs of boiling water impregnated with numberless

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chemicals. One is a white sulphur spring, the water of which is of an amber purity. Another is the "Boiling Eye-water Spring," which has effected remarkable cures of weak and inflamed eyes. One of the guides, a very intelligent German, has put up ten different specimens of the most interesting and valuable chemicals and spring waters in small vials, for the convenience of visitors, that they may have in compact and portable form apt tokens of remembrance of one of earth's marvels. Near the hotel, in Pluton Cañon, is the "Acid Spring." Its water is used with much efficacy in the treatment of cutaneous diseases, some of the most obstinate cases having been cured very rapidly. Sweetened with sugar, it makes a palatable lemonade. About a mile and a half from the inn is the "Indian Spring," so called because the Indians for many years carried their sick there to be healed. It is a chalybeate, the water being of inky blackness. In the summer of 1869, Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, after using its waters internally very freely and bathing daily in them, was completely cured of an obstinate rheumatism. Steam or vapor baths have been constructed by building sheds over the springs, so as to imprison the steam long enough to be used for sanitary and pleasure purposes. The principal one is in the bottom of Pluton Cañon, near the fresh-water brook, so that after the warm douche and the vapor bath the bather goes a few steps and finds a plunge bath of the most sparkling mountain water, in an artificial reservoir so arranged that the contents are constantly renewed. Here he can splash in company with the trout, and when dressed can go outside, take a ten-foot pole, catch one, and, without changing his standing-place, swing his pole around in the opposite direction and cook his dangling victim.

If bathing, and minerals used both internally and externally, can bring flesh and strength to the emaciated and weakened frame, this surely seems the best place on the face of the globe to accomplish it. In this lonely and vast solitude, where man will *never* densely, or even sparsely, inhabit, save for health and recreation, are the medicinal and curative properties of Saratoga, Baden-Baden and Aix-la-Chapelle combined. Nature has made it next to impossible for man to build large towns and populous cities in this vicinity: they must be located, if at all, twenty miles away. No hot and dusty streets, no stifling alleys, will ever mar the beauties and advantages of this wild, weird, lovely and enchanting spot. This was reserved in the deed by the Creator to the human race as for evermore an easement, a *common*, for the sick and weary of the human family—those who love creation as it comes from the hand of the great Artificer. Through the limitless ages the pure, uncontaminated breezes of heaven, just as they come from the fleecy clouds that float around or from the clear ether above, will blow over these peaks.

Every one is beginning to philosophize and speculate as to the causes of these phenomena. Are these springs the external indications of slumbering volcanoes far beneath the surface, or are they the results of chemical action? The latter theory has certain plausible indications in its favor, but they will not bear examination. The mixing of certain substances will produce results resembling the appearances here, but there is not power enough in the combination to keep that Witches' Caldron boiling at a temperature sufficient to cook an egg; to throw up the jets of the Intermittent Spring fifteen feet; to keep the Steamboat Geyser blowing off steam the year round; to keep the Calliope playing its flute-like whistle without cessation. There must be a force behind, beneath, and greater than that of chemical compounds; and that force is, from the best scientific and most reasonable and consistent data, volcanic. This is the power behind the throne. The source of the intense heat must be the ever-burning fires of volcanoes beneath the Pacific Ocean, which, heating the water of internal streams and springs, produce an evapo-

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ration that acts on chemical deposits between them and the earth's surface, and causes the emission of the magnesia and alum-water, the eye-water and the ink, the sulphur fumes and the hissing music.

Besides the springs, the general configuration of the country, the sky-piercing summits, the abyss-like gorges, the gold and silver deposits, the vast beds of asphaltum, and the occasional earthquakes which at present rock every part of the Pacific Coast,—all tend to produce a conviction that the volcanic theory is correct—the only tenable one in the light of facts and of the deductions of science.

A few days before our journey a petrified forest was discovered about five miles distant from the Calistoga Springs Hotel. The trees are numerous, and cover several square miles of territory. They are all prostrate and converted into solid stone. Some portions are perfectly crystallized, so as to be nearly transparent, and sections of the bark sparkle with specks of the crystal that glisten and gleam like the diamond. Many of the trunks are on the surface, showing by this, and the perpendicular fractures of the entire body in numerous places, that they must have been changed to rock ere they fell. The most probable and consistent theory is, that the roots, when the trees attained a certain growth, penetrated a stratum largely composed of silica, the petrifying element, and then absorbed it, gradually drawing it up with the sap until it penetrated all the pores and fibres and wrought this complete transformation. J. F. MANNING.

CACOETHES SCRIBENDI;

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

MISS LUCIA LAMMERMOOR was a rather nice girl, who lived in a little village in the depths of Vermont called Topknot. There was nothing in the early part of her career leading her friends to suppose she would ever be otherwise than all that was estimable and proper to the end of her days. It is true, one thing was seriously against her at the outset. She was the oldest child, the first grandchild, and hence very remarkable as an infant. It was universally conceded—at least by all her grandfathers and grandmothers, uncles and aunts, and the more polite of the neighbors—that so precocious, so wonderful a child was never seen. Her parents endeavored to bear themselves meekly before an envious world, but it was a struggle. At the age of four months she pointed at the fire! When only ten months and two weeks old she distinctly said "Da-da" and "Goo-goo!" She stood alone when Mrs. Briggs' Tommy next door, two weeks older, was still ignominiously creeping. We spare the reader many equally wonderful testimonies to her early prowess which might be recounted, being all perfectly fresh in Mrs. Lammermoor's mind to this day.

Never did poor child have fairer prospects of being spoiled than Lucia. But the speedy arrival on this mundane sphere of Willie Lammermoor, followed in due time by that of Susan, Mary, Toppy and Poppy the twins, and James Adolphus, served to consign her to a wholesome state of partial neglect and let-aloneness.

After having exhausted the resources of the Topknot district school and academy, she was sent for the finishing, ornamental touches to a boarding-school

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in Montpelier, whence, after undergoing the regular course in manners and morals, French and music, she was launched on an admiring world, warranted to "elevate and adorn any circle to which Providence in its wisdom should call her," as per accompanying certificate tied with blue ribbon.

For a while her life was as harmless —and, to tell the truth, useless—as could have been desired. She made tatting and tidies, loaded her friends with gratitude and embroidered pin-cushions, waged the battles of her younger sisters against Will, the common enemy, corresponded vigorously with ten of her most intimate boarding-school friends —was, in brief, quite a model nineteenth-century young lady. All might have been well, but for one of those crises in the money market which now and then literally try men's souls. Money suddenly grew very tight. Banks and business-men hauled in all extra canvas and lay-to, prepared for squalls. Cashiers frowned on even the best paper. Flocks of "lame ducks," like sea-gulls in a storm, were flying madly around, offering the wildest kind of per cent. in vain. Cottons went down, down, and with them Mr. Lammermoor's funds and spirits. The strictest economy was enjoined on his family. One day this edict fell like a thunderbolt on their devoted heads: "No new bonnets this year, girls."

The girls stared at him aghast. Then, in chorus: "You can't be serious, father: you're joking now—aren't you?"

"I wish I were," grimly responded Mr. Lammermoor, usually the most easily wheedled of fathers where his three daughters were concerned. "Why, I see in to-day's *Tribune* that Overall, Sheeting and Co. have just failed for half a million, and cottons are quoted 'Unsteady, with strong downward tendency.' New bonnets, indeed! We may be thankful if we manage to keep out of the poorhouse!" and Mr. Lammermoor stalked gloomily off to put his factory running on half time.

"Oh, Lucia, what *shall* we do?" quoth Sue in accents of despair.

"Like the First Witch in Macbeth, 'I'll do, and I'll do, and I'll do;' only I'm not quite certain what, yet!" replied Lucia.

"Perhaps our old ones may be made respectable?" suggested Sue.

"Respectable!" said Lucia, with infinite scorn. "I've no taste for being merely respectable. The bonnet makes the woman, or at least her looks, which is the same thing."

Here Will entered from the post-office with the last number of the *Windboro' Family Chronicle*. The girls fell on it at once, hoping for light from its New York correspondent, whose high-toned dicta on the fashions were regarded as indisputable. Skimming rapidly down the dissertations of this authority, their eyes fell on this blasting paragraph:

"Bonnets will be worn much larger the coming winter. While the crowns are entirely different in shape from those of last season, and the capes much deeper, the distinguishing and most *recherché* feature of the latest importations from Paris is the front, which is worn very high and projecting over the forehead, imparting a truly *distingué* air to the fair wearer."

A solemn silence followed this destruction of their last hope, broken by Lucia. "Girls, mark me!" said she in tragic accents befitting the occasion. "For the present, I adopt as my aim in life the old man's advice to his son: 'Git money—honestly, if you can—but, anyhow, git money.'"

It has been suggested that the often-quoted passage from St. Paul should read, "The want of money is the root of all evil." Certain it is, an empty purse was the sole cause of our heroine's misdoing. "Be good and you will be happy," has become an axiom. "Be rich and you will be good," might almost be another.

"Gold doth lure,
Gold doth secure
All things. Alas the poor!"

Three ways of earning money are open to women who lack strength or inclination for housework—viz.: teach-

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ing, sewing, writing. The last seemed the most feasible to Lucia. Her head was slightly turned with certain marvelous stories in circulation of the immense pecuniary successes achieved in this line. She thought of Fanny Burney and her *Evelina*, of Miss Phelps and *Gates Ajar*, of Mrs. Stowe and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Why should not she also go where glory waited her? Why longer be a mute, inglorious Milton? She remembered that at school she was supposed to excel in "compos.", as the girls dubbed them. Did she not, by the pathos of her last great valedictory effort, bring out the handkerchiefs of all the girls and an audible sniff from one of the audience? The die was cast. She too would become an authoress, and earn, if not fame, at least money and a new bonnet.

To work she went, with a touching ignorance of any possible disagreeable consequences that should have disarmed all cavilers. At first, she tried the high and mighty style. She shed much ink, and some real tears, over a tale of tragedy and trap-doors, called "Beauty and Booty; or, The Brigand's Bride." As the scene was laid in Italy, and her whole life had been spent in Topknot, Vermont, where brigands are by no means so plenty as blackberries, the result was not, even to her partial mind, a success. Finally, this great effort was abandoned, and she decided to perpetrate a sketch of Yankee life and character, called "Our Donation Party."

And now McGregor's foot was on his native heath. All went on charmingly. As every one, no matter of what age, sex or position, enjoys a love-story, a thread of this essential ingredient was carefully worked in. Red-haired heroes not being so common as the other well-known varieties, her hero had red hair. Tall, of course: heroes must be tall. To make a proper contrast the heroine was endowed with black eyes. All the characters expressed themselves in that Yankee vernacular — ha-ow, wa'al, dun'no, guess so, etc.—so universally spoken throughout New England, as witness the Biglow Papers, Josh Billings, Widow Bedott, the traditional stage Yankee and popular opinion generally—outside of New England. Long before her story was finished she arrived at the conclusion that money is not to be earned, even by writing stories, without some hard work. But all things come to an end, and so finally did Lucia's story, and it was furtively dropped into the post-office, addressed to her favorite magazine, *The Tin Trumpet*.

After two days had passed she visited the post-office daily, and made her father's and Will's lives burdens to them by her persistent determination that they *must* have a letter for her concealed in some forgotten pocket. One day, after she had lapsed into utter despair, the postmaster surprised her by handing out a letter, which Lucia felt instinctively was no common letter —was, in short, *the* letter on which hung her fate and her new bonnet. She blushed guiltily beneath the postmaster's eyes: she wondered if he mistrusted. Young people always fancy the world at large feels the same vivid interest in their affairs which they themselves do. Only by hard experiences do they learn at last the insignificance of any one person in this world of ours. As for the postmaster, who handled daily letters that meant success or failure, joy or despair, sin or salvation, life or death to some one, Lucia's little hopes and fears were of the smallest moment to him.

She hurried home, regarding the fateful missive with a queer countenance, expressive of the most mingled emotions. Once safely in a side street, curiosity triumphed over apprehension, and she tore it open, thinking, "Of course it's rejected, and I may as well get over the worst before I reach home." But what was this? Could she credit the evidence of her own eyes? Certainly this was a check, for the incredible sum of twenty-five dollars!

She walked home on air, with a beaming face that seemed to diffuse several square feet of happiness around her into the "circumambient air." She

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burst wildly into the house, joyfully proclaimed the great news, and then gave vent to the exuberance of her feelings by whirling Sue with her in a waltz of triumph around the sitting-room, to the accompaniment of loud wails from James Adolphus, too young to appreciate the glory that had befallen the family. This money seemed to Lucia rather too remarkable to be expended like common greenbacks. She overcame her reluctance, however, so far as to procure for the exterior of the head whose interior had furnished the wherewithal, one of the pokiest of those poke bonnets in which the heart of woman rejoiced only a few years ago.

And here, one would suppose, the story might end. Alas! this was but the beginning. Lucia was to learn that everything has its price. Success can be achieved in any pursuit if you are willing to pay the price. The sorrows of rejected authors have long formed a favorite theme of story-writers. No one thinks of the accepted's trials, all the harder because his lot is popularly supposed to be one of unmingled felicity. Take even the mildest form of success, that of Lucia's, for instance. In the first place, there was the long waiting for the article to appear. When, finally, it did appear, she was exceedingly ashamed of it, it read so differently in print. She assured her mother confidentially: "It is the last story I ever should have read if written by any one else. How could I be guilty of such namby-pambyism? However, there's one comfort—no one knows it is mine."

Alas for the vanity of human hopes! Somehow it had leaked out in Topknot that Lucia Lammermoor had written a story for the *Trumpet*, to appear in the March number. All Topknot was at once on the *qui vive*, and an immense number of *Trumpets* for March was sold. The other short stories in this number being a seafaring tale and a thrilling episode in high life at Saratoga, "Our Donation Party" was easily identified as the fatal article.

It became at once the sensation of the day in Topknot. Lucia could not call anywhere without seeing the *Trumpet's* green cover peering out from under a newspaper. People who usually did not condescend to read stories read this, even sarcastic Dr. Paine and the Rev. Mr. Graves, Lucia's minister. Lucia writhed in spirit as she pictured to herself these venerable men sitting solemnly down, deliberately donning their spectacles and gravely bringing their great minds to bear on her poor little nonsense. Then every one was determined she should "mean some one" by her characters. All in vain were her assurances that these were mere puppets of her imagination, pieces of mechanical work made to suit the market. Topknot was not to be hoodwinked by any such easily-seen-through evasion. Had there not once been a tall, red-haired young man attentive to Lucia, and were not her eyes black? How very improper to describe her own charms so fluently! At least six persons in Topknot were convinced they were "shown up" in "Our Donation Party," and accordingly treated Lucia "civilly" for ever after. And then the grammar the Topknotians considered themselves as represented to use was deeply resented. Lucia was regarded as a highly dangerous character, who might break out any day in a new spot.

In short, as Topknot was a small country town, where not more than three events happened in a year—as, moreover, differing herein from most New England villages, it had never experienced a live authoress in its midst before—Lucia found she had, with the most harmless intentions imaginable, succeeded in raising a very respectable tempest in a teapot. There is nothing like your good intentions for raising a thorough breeze.

Anna Sweet gave a little evening-party to exhibit her "perfectly splendid" young gentleman cousin from New York, of which fascinating being the Topknot girls had often heard glowing accounts, but for a sight of whom they had hitherto pined in vain. Early in the evening, Lucia had the pleasure of catching the following fragment of a

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dialogue in one of those sudden lulls that leave the unwary talking confidentially in a shout.

Miss Sweet: "Introduce you? She writes for the *Trumpet!*"

P. S. Y. G. C.: "No, thank you. I've a horror of blues."

And the guest of the evening betook himself and his moustaches over to Celestia Smiler, whereat Lucia tasted the sweets of revenge, knowing but too well how Celestia would respond, "Yeth. No. I gueth tho," and nothing else, to his most brilliant efforts, when the deluded mortal might have been entertained, as she could not secretly help knowing he would have been, by one of her own funniest, brightest talks.

Lucia was seized with a sudden compassion for the wall-flowers, on whom, with the usual selfishness of prosperity, she had not ordinarily bestowed many thoughts. In a certain hopeless corner were five amiable girls trying to smile and act as if, in the language of the immortal Toots, it was of "no consequence." Lucia joined them. Virtue is, indeed, its own reward. They immediately selected the "Donation Party" as the topic most agreeable to Lucia, little knowing how thoroughly sick she was of the very name of the thing.

Lilly Lambkin said, "Tee, he, he! I'm really afraid of you, Lucia. Positively, I expect to see every word I say in some of your stories."

And again: "Is Sarah Sharp really yourself? Every one says so."

As the shipwrecked mariner is not usually over-particular about the barque that rescues him from his desert island just as he has eaten his last shoe, so Lucia now hailed with joy the advent of an individual not ordinarily as welcome as flowers in May. This was Mr. Webster Bolus, an exceedingly profound —not to say heavy—young man, studying medicine with Dr. Paine; a youth so weighed down with a sense of the importance of the science of medicine, and himself as a disciple of that science, that he never descended to those trivialities in which common minds delight. He never unbent—was improving to the last. Born in Boston, he trembled not even before a woman who wrote. On the contrary, he evidently regarded Lucia as a kindred spirit, and attached himself to her for the rest of the evening, entertaining her with well-worn platitudes on woman's rights, the conservation and correlation of forces, Confucius, the subjective Me, and other light topics suitable to evening-parties.

Lucia cast agonizing glances of appeal at Tom Briggs. Why didn't he come to her rescue? Did he not know how she detested Bolus?

But Tom, usually Lucia's specialty, was, for some unaccountable reason, obstinately blind to all hints—in fact, decidedly shy of her—and at the close of the evening actually went home with Celestia Smiler, leaving Lucia to the tender mercies of Bolus.

Lucia went to bed a miserable being, feeling that she should soon be able to depict a broken heart, with full particulars, from her own experience. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," even if it be only imitation laurel. Lucia said to Sue the next morning, "You didn't lose much by your cold. It was, without exception, the stupidest party I ever attended."

Odd how people's opinions differ! For instance, Miss Smiler's verdict on this same party was exactly the reverse of Lucia's—nothing short of "Thplendid!" in fact.

The very last of the winter—to be exact, the third week in March, when winter begins to show some signs of yielding, even in Vermont—the event of the season occurred in the shape of a grand sleigh-ride. All Lucia's set went. She did not, because she scorned going with Bolus, and no one else invited her. From behind the parlor blind her feelings were still further harrowed by seeing Tom Briggs dash by with Celestia Smiler, who wore a provokingly becoming new hood, and whom—such is the strength of human nature, even in authoresses—she instantly hated.

A long standing neighborhood-and-school-day flirtation had been waxing,

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of late, into something suspiciously more tender, when Lucia's story, like a bombshell, burst in on Topknot, shaking that quiet village to its centre, and rudely dissipating Love's young dream. Tom's ideas of literary women were the usual vague but damaging ones of inky fingers, untidy hair, neglected families and henpecked husbands. Besides, supposing he so far forgot himself as, for instance, to tenderly press Lucia's hand, how did he know it might not all figure in her next story? "They" said she went deliberately around experiencing things as so much raw material for stories, even the calamities of her best friends being not wholly unwelcome from this point of view.

In short, he was rather afraid of Lucia, and took refuge in Celestia Smiler's society as a sort of antidote. Celestia might be dull, but she was at least perfectly safe. One might be quite sure she would never, under any possible combination of circumstances, do anything out of the commonplace. She would never give way to impulses, because she never had any. Because her temperament was of this dull, lethargic order, leading her to talk little but smile a great deal, displaying thereby some not unpleasant dimples, Tom, with the fine discrimination of his sex, pronounced her "a womanly woman: nothing strong-minded and unfeminine about *her*." Which dictum having been uttered one evening in Mr. Briggs' store, where a group of young men were amusing themselves by discussing the girls with their cigars, Will brought it home as something likely to interest Lucia.

"That's all young men know about women," said Lucia. "We girls all know that Celestia lies in bed till noon, that her room generally looks as if there had been a small hurricane in it, and her stockings always have holes in the heels. I wish you could see some of her sewing. But of course we cannot speak of these things. It would be considered all our jealousy."

"And not far from right, I imagine: hey, Lu?" said this aggravating Will, who, being a man and a brother, could not resist teasing his sister a little now and then.

"I don't understand your allusion in the least. I'm sure Celestia Smiler is nothing to me—or Tom Briggs, either, for that matter."

With which highly veracious and logical remark, and, as the novelists say, a "haughty mien," Lucia swept out of the room in a high tragedy manner not unworthy of Mrs. Siddons' best days, injuring the effect somewhat, perhaps, by the slight bang of the door in which her wounded feelings found vent.

There was nothing remarkable about Tom Briggs. He was eminently one of those fish of whom there are plenty more, equally desirable, still swimming in the sea. But hearts are such queer, contrary, perverse pieces of property! They never feel as they ought to. Here was Lucia's blindly fastened on this undeserving Thomas. Other men might be as virtuous and agreeable, but she would have none of them. He was practically, for her, the only man the sun shone on, or, as Mrs. Browning puts it,

> "All other men were to her but as shadows."

She might have fame, wealth, everything the world could offer, and still be unsatisfied so long as this one Mordecai of a denied and wasted love sat in the gateway of her life.

Authors and authoresses are very much like the rest of the world, after all. They can no more "feed upon the empty wind" than other people. If you tickle them, they laugh; if you poison them, they die; they are fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, warmed by the same summer and cooled by the same winter, that other Christians are. Their fame, the world's applause or blame, is all something extrinsic, outside of their real life. In the privacy of their homes, in the secresy of their own souls, they must still share all human weaknesses, feel all human wants.

Things drifted along without much change until summer—Lucia still writ-

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ing for the magazines, miserable in private, defiantly gay in public; Tom flirting spasmodically with Celestia, but subject to relapses, during which he drove past Mr. Lammermoor's door altogether an unnecessary number of times in a day, and might have been detected in church gazing pensively across at the crown of a certain poke bonnet gracing the Lammermoor pew—when finally a pink lawn dress brought matters to a crisis. On such slight threads are the Fates pleased to hang mortal destinies.

Young ladies with black eyes look well in pink lawn. Lucia did—uncommonly well. Tom thought so; only, being merely an ignorant man-creature, he didn't know it was the pink lawn. He simply felt the effects, the deadly effects. It was at singing-school. At the close, when the girls began to stroll homeward in a markedly unconscious manner, as if they did not dream of any one's accompanying them, accidentally—such accidents will happen so long as "all the world and love is young"—Tom found himself in his old place by Lucia's side, with her hand—the wicked little hand that wrote the stories that made all the trouble—resting on his arm. And then, somehow, whether it was the moonlight, or the pink lawn, or the shy way in which Lucia wouldn't look at him, the question, the momentous, the dreadful question, popped itself!

As for Lucia, she blushed and fluttered, and stammered out her "Yes" just like any ordinary woman.

And so they were married, and Lucia darned Tom's stockings and sewed on his shirt-buttons, and never, never wrote for the magazines any more, and they lived happily for ever afterward. But it was a very narrow escape for her, and her example should none the less serve "to point a moral and adorn a tale."

P. THORNE.

EXPANSION OR CONTRACTION?

FIVE months have nearly elapsed since Congress last adjourned, during which time it has been a matter of frequent discussion in private circles, as well as public journals, whether its legislation upon monetary and financial affairs will, when carried into practical effect, actually expand or contract the currency. On one hand it is maintained that expansion must be the inevitable effect of the Currency Act, while on the other it is insisted that its influence will rather be in the direction of contraction.

This great discordance of opinion is certainly remarkable, when the question must, in its very nature, be one of mere fact and figures, but the difference doubtless arises mainly from the complex character of the currency enactment and the variety of points it embraces.

We propose at this time to examine the measure about which there is so much dispute, and to determine, if we can, the question whether expansion or contraction will be the natural result of its operation.

In the first place, the Act provides for "the issue of fifty-four millions" (in addition to "the three hundred millions before authorized") to new banks in those States not having their proper share of the previous issue. Here, then, beyond question, is a direct expansion of fifty-four millions. But it is argued in reply to this that the Act requires at the same time the withdrawal of the three per cent. certificates which the banks hold as a reserve, so that, as they will

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be obliged to keep on hand an equal amount of greenbacks, there will be no actual increase in the circulation. But, in the first place, the banks, as appears from the Comptroller's report of last June, hold only twenty-five millions of three per cent. certificates, so that if these were all withdrawn it would still leave an increase of twenty-nine millions. As a matter of fact, however, the banks have hitherto held an excess of reserve over what the law required, because the certificates were drawing interest, and now, when these are taken away, they will still have a sufficient reserve, and will feel no occasion to retain greenbacks in their place; in which case the fifty-four millions of the new issue will expand the currency to that amount. This, however, is not all. The banks, as is well known, not only issue their notes, but give credits in the shape of what are called deposits to an extent equal, usually, to one hundred and sixty-seven per cent. on their issues. The increased circulation, then, of fifty-four millions will give ninety millions of these additional bank credits, which expand the currency as truly and effectually as the notes themselves; and therefore the actual expansion will be fifty-four plus ninety, equal to one hundred and forty-four millions. As the present circulation of the National banks is two hundred and ninety-two millions plus five hundred and sixteen millions of deposits—equal in all to eight hundred and eight millions—the expansion will be equivalent to 17.7 per cent., or something over one-sixth.

This will certainly be sufficient to produce a perceptible effect upon the monetary affairs of the country, and increase the difficulty of restoring specie payment.

But this is not all the Currency Act accomplishes. The sixth section provides that twenty-five millions shall be redistributed; that is, existing banks in those States which already have more than their share of the circulation shall surrender a portion of it, and the amount shall be "issued to banking associations in States and Territories having less than their proper share." This provision, when carried into effect, will temporarily expand the currency, because the notes in the new banks are to be issued at once, while those to be taken from the old banks are to be withdrawn only during the year. This may create a temporary expansion of twenty-five millions, but not a permanent increase of the circulation.

There is still another idea in regard to banking incorporated in the new bill, viz.: that banks may be removed from States having an excess of circulation to those States and Territories having less than their share. This novel measure is perhaps of no great importance, yet so far as it has any influence it must temporarily cause disturbance, both in those States from which these banks remove and in those to which they are taken. It seems to be a sort of "carpet-bag" arrangement growing out of the abnormal condition of the country, and the desire of Congress, like the man in the fable, to please everybody. The scheme may never be carried into effect, but should it be it will probably be managed as a speculation by selling the franchise in one place to be used in another.

COIN BANKS.

WE have designedly passed over the third and fourth sections of the Currency Act, because they establish a new variety of banking institutions, that needs to be separately considered.

These sections authorize the Comptroller of the Currency to issue to any association making a deposit of bonds, as security, "notes of different denominations, not less than five dollars," to an extent not exceeding eighty per cent. of the par value of the bonds deposited; with the condition that these "associations shall keep on hand not less than twenty-five per centum of their outstanding circulation in gold coin of the United States."

The sections which create this new description of currency seem to have attracted but little attention in Con-

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gress; yet they form by far the most important part of the Act, and establish institutions of a kind of banking hitherto unknown in this or any other country.

CHARACTER OF THE COIN CURRENCY.

1. THE coin banks are founded upon the *free-banking* principle. There is no restriction whatever as to the formation of these "associations." Any persons in any place may form them, and upon the deposit of United States bonds the Comptroller is authorized to issue notes for circulation. This, so far as we are informed, is a new experiment. No national government has ever before authorized a system of free banking, and guaranteed the payment of its notes.

2. The issues of these coin banks are unlimited by any provision of law. They may be enlarged to any amount, and that they will be extended as far as practicable is certain, because the profits of this kind of banking will greatly depend upon the quantity of notes that can be kept in circulation.

3. These so-called coin notes will in fact form a *mixed currency*, because the banks that issue them are required to hold but twenty-five per cent. of specie upon the amount of their notes. If, then, for every four dollars put out, only one dollar of coin is held for their redemption, they will constitute a mixed currency, in that respect precisely like the currency which existed prior to the war. For every dollar of such a currency presented for payment in coin, four dollars must be withdrawn from circulation. This introduces that element of fluctuation, of constant expansion and contraction, which has always been found so deleterious to the interests of the business classes.

But these coin bank notes will not only form a mixed currency, but a mixed currency acting in connection with four other currencies already in use—viz.: the specie of the country, the gold notes of the Treasury, the legal-tender notes of the government and the National bank notes. Differing widely in character from either of these, the coin bank notes will disturb the natural action of all of them. The gold and gold notes will form a currency of inflexible value, incapable of contraction or expansion. The greenbacks and National bank notes do not fluctuate in quantity to any appreciable extent, since both are limited in amount by law, and are practically irredeemable. But the coin notes, being legally redeemable in specie, will form a currency more fluctuating and unreliable even than our former mixed currency, because, gold being at a premium and constantly varying in value, these notes are certain to be withdrawn from circulation whenever there is any special demand for coin. The fluctuations which will be thus occasioned are likely to be sudden and violent, disturbing the whole monetary system of the country.

4. An additional feature peculiar to these banks is, that they are only required to keep a certain amount of specie proportionate to their *circulation*, while all other banks are obliged to keep an amount proportionate to their circulation *and deposits*. This is an important exemption in favor of the coin banks. They may extend their liabilities as far as they please in the way of deposits, without the least obligation to keep any specie for their redemption; yet are they not liable to be called upon for the specie for their deposits as certainly as for their notes?

Suppose, for example, a coin bank has

A circulation of . . .	$100,000
Deposits of	150,000
Total, ...	$250,000

yet it is required to keep only twenty-five thousand dollars in specie. What must be the condition of such a bank if suddenly called upon for specie for its deposits as well as its notes?

5. Another thing to be noticed in regard to this currency is, that the government of the United States, while it only guarantees that the notes of the National banks shall be paid in lawful money — that is, greenbacks — comes under obligation to redeem the notes

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of these banks in gold, while at the same time, as we have seen, it neglects to make any provision for their redemption, except that the banks must keep twenty-five per cent. upon their circulation. Once out of the banks with such an endorsement, what prevents these notes from having a wide circulation, especially when we take into consideration the important fact that no provision is made by law for a place of general redemption? Therefore, like the notes of the National banks, they will be practically irredeemable, except when there shall be an actual "run" for gold; and then, in each case, the holder must demand payment of the particular bank that issued the note, whether it be in New York, St. Louis or San Francisco.

We cannot give a full view of this subject without referring to that section of the Funding Bill which authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to receive deposits of coin and give certificates bearing two and a half per cent. interest therefor, payable after thirty days, with ten days' previous notice. Of the amount so received the Secretary of the Treasury must retain twenty-five per cent., and with the balance he may pay off the government bonds.

This, we believe, completes the statement in regard to the legislation of the last session in relation to the currency, and now we are prepared to inquire as to the wisdom and utility of the measures enacted.

1. In the first place, was it desirable that the limit of three hundred millions of National bank circulation should be extended and the currency further expanded? Does any sensible man suppose that with a circulation of two hundred and seven millions previous to the war, and a present circulation of seven hundred millions, it would be for the best interests of the nation that a fresh amount of irredeemable currency should be issued, still further to disturb the standard of value and postpone to a more distant future the resumption of specie payments? And if it were desirable to permit further expansion, ought not greenbacks to be issued, upon which the people gain the interest, rather than notes upon which they pay the banks the usual rates?

These are pertinent questions, that ought to receive a candid answer. If this expansion in the form proposed, or in any other form, is for the public good, it ought to be shown, so that the people may see the propriety of the measure.

2. The redistribution of twenty-five millions of the circulation is another feature of the Currency Bill that deserves attention. Why was any redistribution demanded? Evidently from the fact that the National Bank Law was enacted in 1863, when certain States were in rebellion against the General Government, and did not want any part of the amount proposed; while in still other States the pecuniary disturbances occasioned by the great conflict made it impracticable for them to take their proportion, and of necessity the amount was mostly divided amongst the Middle and Northern States. Peace being restored, both South and West ask for their share of banking privileges. The obvious course would have been to make a new division, giving to each State its proportion. By this arrangement the equilibrium would have been restored, while the currency would have been neither expanded nor contracted. Instead of this, twenty-five millions only are redistributed, and fifty-four millions of additional issue authorized.

3. As we have before intimated, the creation of the coin banks must be regarded as by far the most important feature of the Currency Bill. It is of course impossible to foresee to what extent these banks will be formed or how far they will extend their operations. They are unlimited as to number, capital or issues—may be established anywhere by anybody who can furnish the requisite bonds.

The manner, too, in which these banks will conduct their operations is yet to be shown, and the effects that may be expected to result from the use of this new currency can only be conjectured, since no experiment of the

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kind has ever been made before. The most we can do is to anticipate their future course and influence from the possibilities and probabilities which the power conferred upon them by Congress will enable them to accomplish.

Suppose that one of these "associations" be formed with a capital of one million dollars in United States Five-twenty bonds. These are deposited with Mr. Boutwell, who, as in duty bound, will furnish eight hundred thousand dollars in notes at the public expense. With two hundred thousand dollars of these notes an equal amount of coin is purchased, and the bank has six hundred thousand dollars left with which to operate. These notes it may loan on ten, twenty, thirty or sixty days, according to circumstances, and draw interest upon the amount, while at the same time it will be receiving interest upon its bonds deposited in the Treasury, and also upon such loans made upon deposits as the bank managers may deem it prudent to grant.

And here we may well inquire as to the demand for such a currency. The gold notes furnished by the National Treasury to all who deposit specie form a circulation perfectly adapted to all the wants of legitimate commerce, combining the convenience of paper with the security of coin, and may be issued to any extent required. They constitute an inflexible standard of value and a reliable instrument of exchange, without which justice between man and man in pecuniary transactions is impossible. They form, in fact, a model currency; and with such a currency already provided, what occasion was there for the institution of coin banks? What great industrial or commercial interest asked for them? What boards of trade or other mercantile bodies ever made any move in favor of such banks? What petitions were ever sent to Congress, or what delegations ever appeared before the Currency Committee, to show the necessity for creating coin banks? We have yet to learn that any efforts were made by the representatives of any trading or manufacturing interest in behalf of this new experiment in banking. Why, then, was it made? Was it the brilliant conception of some distinguished financier at Washington?

This magnificent scheme—for in its proportions it is magnificent — never originated, we may be certain, with the business-men of the nation. The *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle*—than which there is no more reliable or impartial authority—says, September 10: "The issue of these gold notes must at present be regarded as an experiment. The people did not demand it. The present wants of business did not enforce it." That the Currency Committee was requested to introduce the measure we do not doubt, but it could have originated only amongst that class of men who are to be especially benefited by its operation.

To the same source should we attribute the fifth section of the Funding Bill, already referred to, which provides that the Secretary of the Treasury may pay two and a half per cent. on all gold deposited with him. Who asked for this provision? Business-men? Of what use can it be to them? Evidently it can be of no advantage to any one except those who wish to hold gold for a rise. To such persons it will be very convenient and profitable. To receive two and a half per cent. interest while holding for an advance will greatly encourage the gold operator, and it is certainly very kind in the government to give him such facilities; but the fact does not seem to have been noticed that the people must lose what the speculator gains. It is true that the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized, as we have seen, to purchase United States bonds with these funds, but how can he safely do it when liable to be called on at ten days' notice for the amount? Nothing could be more perilous than such a course on the part of the National Treasury, or give greater power to those who would influence the gold market. Besides all this, these certificates will form still another description of currency, and, so far as they are

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issued, will produce inflation as truly as greenbacks or bank notes.

If the facts we have presented in our brief review of the action of Congress at its last session upon the subject of the currency are correct, and the conclusions we have drawn from them just, we are prepared to answer, without hesitation or reserve, the question whether expansion or contraction will be the natural and necessary result. We have seen that, whether deliberately intended or not, every measure adopted gives license to additional issues of currency in one form or another—that the expansion thus permitted is limited only by the amount of bonds that may be deposited with the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of procuring notes, and thus, so far as the law is concerned, may be carried to any extent—that in fact two new kinds of currency have been authorized, coin bank notes and Treasury gold certificates bearing interest, thus furnishing the country in all with *six* varieties of circulation, and creating the most complicated and incongruous monetary system ever known.

There is one other important consideration in regard to the legislation of the last session—viz.: that it seems to settle the national policy in regard to the resumption of specie payments. Up to last December it was confidently expected that measures would be taken by Congress to secure the gradual but certain restoration of the currency to par with gold, and as that is only possible by a contraction of the existing volume of circulation, it was hoped that such enactments would be made as would secure that object. But the action of Congress was in the opposite direction, and resumption by the government and banks must now be considered as *indefinitely postponed*, because it is obvious that there was no existing obstacle whatever to a gradual withdrawal of the greenbacks, since the government had a surplus revenue sufficient to redeem the whole of them within three years, or might issue five per cent. bonds, which would be readily taken at par in exchange for its notes. There could be, therefore, no excuse whatever for neglecting to secure a restoration of the standard of value; and the only reason why it was not done was, that Congress did not see fit to do it. In saying this we do not accuse the members of our National Legislature of any lack of fidelity to what they regarded as the general welfare; but by such a course of procedure will not the public at home and abroad understand the government to say that it has no wish for the resumption of specie payments, and is content that the United States should take her place, financially, by the side of Austria and Russia, the chronic bankruptcy of whose currency has been their disgrace for half a century? That there was any deliberate intention on the part of Congress to say or do this we do not believe, yet will not such be the practical result?

While saying this, however, we do not admit for a moment that the people of this country acquiesce in such a decision of the great question. Special interests have hitherto interposed their influence, and prevented all measures tending to a restoration of the currency; but the voice of the American people will eventually, and at no distant day, be heard, the general welfare will be secured and the honor of the nation vindicated by such legislation as will assure a gradual but certain resumption of specie payments by the National Treasury and the National banks.

AMASA WALKER.

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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXII.

GEORGE HOTSPUR YIELDS.

ON the morning of Cousin George's fourth day at Humblethwaite there came a letter for Sir Harry. The post reached the Hall about an hour before the time at which the family met for prayers, and the letters were taken into Sir Harry's room. The special letter of which mention is here made shall be given to the reader entire:

"——, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, 24th Nov., 186–.

"MY DEAR SIR HARRY HOTSPUR:

"I have received your letter in reference to Captain Hotspur's debts, and have also received a letter from him, and a list of what he says he owes. Of course there can be no difficulty in paying all debts which he acknowledges, if you think proper to do so. So far as I am able to judge at present, the amount would be between twenty-five and thirty thousand pounds. I should say nearer the former than the latter sum, did I not know that the amount in such matters always goes on increasing. You must also understand that I cannot guarantee the correctness of this statement.

"But I feel myself bound in my duty to go farther than this, even though it may be at the risk of your displeasure. I presume from what you tell me that you are contemplating a marriage between George Hotspur and your daughter; and I now repeat to you, in the most solemn words that I can use, my assurance that the marriage is one which you should not countenance. Captain Hotspur is not fit to marry your daughter."

When Sir Harry had read so far he had become very angry, but his anger was now directed against his lawyer. Had he not told Mr. Boltby that he had changed his mind? and what business had the lawyer to interfere with him farther? But he read the letter on to its bitter end:

"Since you were in London the following facts have become known to me: On the second of last month Mr. George Hotspur met two men, named Walker and Bullbean, in the lodgings of the former at about nine in the evening, and remained there during the greater part of the night playing cards. Bullbean is a man well known to the police as a card-sharper. He once moved in the world as a gentleman. His trade is now to tout and find prey for gamblers. Walker is a young man in a low rank of life, who had some money. George Hotspur on that night won between three and four hundred pounds of Walker's money, and Bullbean, over and above this, got for himself some considerable amount of plunder. Walker is now prepared and very urgent to bring the circumstances of this case before a magistrate, having found out or been informed that some practice of cheating was used against him; and Bullbean is ready to give evidence as to George Hotspur's foul play. They have hitherto been restrained by Hart, the Jew whom you met. Hart fears that were the whole thing made public his bills would not be taken up by you.

"I think that I know all this to be true. If you conceive that I am acting in a manner inimical to your family, you had better come up to London and put yourself into the hands of some other lawyer. If you feel that you can still trust me, I will do the best I can for you. I should recommend you to bring Captain Hotspur with you—if he will come.

"I grieve to write as I have done, but it seems to me that no sacrifice is too great to make with the object of averting the fate to which, as I fear, Miss

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Hotspur is bringing herself. My dear Sir Harry Hotspur, I am very faithfully yours, JOHN BOLTBY."

It was a terrible letter! Gradually, as he read it and re-read it, there came upon Sir Harry the feeling that he might owe, that he did owe, that he certainly would owe, to Mr. Boltby a very heavy debt of gratitude. Gradually the thin glazing of hope with which he had managed to daub over and partly to hide his own settled convictions as to his cousin's character fell away, and he saw the man as he had seen him during his interview with Captain Stubber and Mr. Hart. It must be so. Let the consequences be what they might, his daughter must be told. Were she to be killed by the telling, it would be better than that she should be handed over to such a man as this. The misfortune which had come upon them might be the death of him and of her, but better that than the other. He sat in his chair till the gong sounded through the house for prayers: then he rang his bell and sent in word to Lady Elizabeth that she should read them in his absence. When they were over, word was brought that he would breakfast alone in his own room. On receiving that message both his wife and daughter went to him, but as yet he could tell them nothing. Tidings had come which would make it necessary that he should go at once to London. As soon as breakfast should be over he would see George Hotspur. They both knew from the tone in which the name was pronounced that the "tidings" were of their nature bad, and that they had reference to the sins of their guest.

"You had better read that letter," he said as soon as George was in the room. As he spoke his face was toward the fire, and in that position he remained. The letter had been in his hand, and he only half turned round to give it. George read the letter slowly, and when he had got through it, only half understanding the words, but still knowing well the charge which it contained, stood silent, utterly conquered. "I suppose it is true?" said Sir Harry in a low voice, facing his enemy.

"I did win some money," said Cousin George.

"And you cheated?"

"Oh dear! no—nothing of the sort." But his confession was written in his face, and was heard in his voice, and peeped out through every motion of his limbs. He was a cur, and denied the accusation in a currish manner, hardly intended to create belief.

"He must be paid back his money," said Sir Harry.

"I had promised that," said Cousin George.

"Has it been your practice, sir, when gambling, to pay back money that you have won? You are a scoundrel—a heartless scoundrel—to try and make your way into my house when I had made such liberal offers to buy your absence." To this Cousin George made no sort of answer. The game was up. And had he not already told himself that it was a game that he should never have attempted to play? "We will leave this house if you please, both of us, at eleven. We will go to town together. The carriage will be ready at eleven. You had better see to the packing of your things, with the servant."

"Shall I not say a word of adieu to Lady Elizabeth?"

"No, sir! You shall never speak to a female in my house again."

The two were driven over to Penrith together, and went up to London in the same carriage, Sir Harry paying for all expenses without a word. Sir Harry before he left his house saw his wife for a moment, but he did not see his daughter. "Tell her," said he, "that it must be—must be all over." The decision was told to Emily, but she simply refused to accept it. "It shall not be so," said she, flashing out. Lady Elizabeth endeavored to show her that her father had done all he could to further her views—had been ready to sacrifice to her all his own wishes and convictions.

"Why is he so changed? He has heard of some new debt. Of course

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there are debts. We did not suppose that it could be done all at once and so easily." She refused to be comforted, and refused to believe. She sat alone, weeping in her own room, and swore, when her mother came to her, that no consideration, no tidings as to George's past misconduct, should induce her to break her faith to the man to whom her word had been given—"My word, and papa's, and yours," said Emily, pleading her cause with majesty through her tears.

On the day but one following there came a letter from Sir Harry to Lady Elizabeth, very short, but telling her the whole truth: "He has cheated, like a common, low swindler as he is, with studied tricks at cards, robbing a poor man, altogether beneath him in station, of hundreds of pounds. There is no doubt about it. It is uncertain even yet whether he will not be tried before a jury. He hardly even denies it. A creature viler, more cowardly, worse, the mind of man cannot conceive. My broken-hearted, dearest, best darling must be told all this. Tell her that I know what she will suffer. Tell her that I shall be as crushed by it as she. But anything is better than degradation such as this. Tell her specially that I have not decided without absolute knowledge." Emily was told. The letter was read to her and by her till she knew it almost by heart. There came upon her a wan look of abject agony that seemed to rob her at once of her youth and beauty, but even now she would not yield. She did no longer affect to disbelieve the tidings, but said that no man, let him do what he might, could be too far gone for repentance and forgiveness. She would wait. She had talked of waiting two years. She would be content to wait ten. What though he had cheated at cards? Had she not once told her mother that should it turn out that he had been a murderer, then she would become a murderer's wife? She did not know that cheating at cards was worse than betting at horse-races. It was all bad, very bad. It was the kind of life into which men were led by the fault of those who should have taught them better. No, she would not marry him without her father's leave, but she would never own that her engagement was broken, let them affix what most opprobrious name to him they might choose. To her, card-sharpers seemed to be no worse than gamblers. She was quite sure that Christ had come to save men who cheat at cards as well as others.

As Sir Harry and his cousin entered the London station late at night—it was past midnight—Sir Harry bade his companion meet him the next morning at Mr. Boltby's chambers at eleven. Cousin George had had ample time for meditation, and had considered that it might be best for him to "cut up a little rough."

"Mr. Boltby is my enemy," he said, "and I don't know what I am to get by going there."

"If you don't, sir, I'll not pay one shilling for you."

"I have your promise, Sir Harry."

"If you are not there at the time I fix I will pay nothing, and the name may go to the dogs."

Then they both went to the station hotel—not together, but the younger following the elder's feet—and slept, for the last time in their lives, under one roof.

Cousin George did not show himself at Mr. Boltby's, being still in his bed at the station hotel at the time named, but at three o'clock he was with Mrs. Morton.

For the present we will go back to Sir Harry. He was at the lawyer's chambers at the time named, and Mr. Boltby smiled when told of the summons which had been given to Cousin George. By this time Sir Harry had acknowledged his gratitude to Mr. Boltby over and over again, and Mr. Boltby perhaps, having no daughter, thought that the evil had been cured. He was almost inclined to be jocular, and did laugh at Sir Harry in a mild way when told of the threat.

"We must pay his debts, Sir Harry, I think."

"I don't see it at all. I would rather

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face everything. And I told him that I would pay nothing."

"Ah, but you had told him that you would! And then those cormorants have been told so also. We had better build a bridge of gold for a fallen enemy. Stick to your former proposition, without any reference to a legacy, and make him write the letter. My clerk shall find him to-morrow."

Sir Harry at last gave way: the lucky Walker received back his full money, Bullbean's wages of iniquity and all, and Sir Harry returned to Humblethwaite.

Cousin George was sitting in Mrs. Morton's room with a very bad headache five days after his arrival in London, and she was reading over a manuscript which she had just written. "That will do, I think," she said.

"Just the thing," said he, without raising his head.

"Will you copy it now, George?" she asked.

"Not just now, I am so seedy. I'll take it and do it at the club."

"No, I will not have that. The draft would certainly be left out on the club table, and you would go to billiards, and the letter never would be written."

"I'll come back and do it after dinner."

"I shall be at the theatre then, and I won't have you here in my absence. Rouse yourself and do it now. Don't be such a poor thing."

"That's all very well, Lucy, but if you had a sick headache you wouldn't like to have to write a d——d letter like that."

Then she rose up to scold him, being determined that the letter should be written then and there: "Why, what a coward you are! — what a feckless, useless creature! Do you think that I have never to go for hours on the stage, with the gas in a blaze around me, and my head ready to split? And what is this? A paper to write that will take you ten minutes. The truth is, you don't like to give up the girl!" Could she believe it of him after knowing him so well? could she think that there was so much of good in him?

"You say that to annoy me. You know I never cared for her."

"You would marry her now if they would let you."

"No, by George! I've had enough of that. You're wide awake enough to understand, Lucy, that a fellow situated as I am, over head and ears in debt and heir to an old title, should struggle to keep the things together. Families and names don't matter much, I suppose, but, after all, one does care for them. But I've had enough of that. As for Cousin Emily—you know, Lucy, I never loved any woman but you in my life."

He was a brute, unredeemed by any one manly gift — idle, self-indulgent, false and without a principle. She was a woman greatly gifted, with many virtues, capable of self-sacrifice, industrious, affectionate, and loving truth if not always true herself. And yet such a word as that from this brute sufficed to please her for the moment. She got up and kissed his forehead, and dropped for him some strong spirit in a glass, which she mixed with water, and cooled his brow with eau de cologne. "Try to write it, dearest. It should be written at once if it is to be written." Then he turned himself wearily to her writing-desk, and copied the words which she had prepared for him.

The letter was addressed to Mr. Boltby, and purported to be a renunciation of all claim to Miss Hotspur's hand, on the understanding that his debts were paid for him to the extent of twenty-five thousand pounds, and that an allowance were made to him of five hundred a year, settled on him as an annuity for life so long as he should live out of England. Mr. Boltby had given him to understand that this clause would not be exacted unless circumstances should arise which should make Sir Harry think it imperative upon him to demand its execution. The discretion must be left absolute with Sir Harry, but, as Mr. Boltby said, Captain Hotspur could trust Sir Harry's word and his honor.

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"If I'm to be made to go abroad, what the devil are you to do?" he had said to Mrs. Morton.

"There need be no circumstances," said Mrs. Morton, "to make it necessary."

Of course Captain Hotspur accepted the terms on her advice. He had obeyed Lady Allingham, and had tried to obey Emily, and would now obey Mrs. Morton, because Mrs. Morton was the nearest to him.

The letter which he copied was a well-written letter, put together with much taste, so that the ignoble compact to which it gave assent should seem to be as little ignoble as might be possible. "I entered into the arrangement," the letter said in its last paragraph, "because I thought it right to endeavor to keep the property and the title together; but I am aware now that my position in regard to my debts was of a nature that should have deterred me from the attempt. As I have failed, I sincerely hope that my cousin may be made happy by some such splendid alliance as she is fully entitled to expect." He did not understand all that the words conveyed; but yet he questioned them. He did not perceive that they were intended to imply that the writer had never for a moment loved the girl whom he had proposed to marry. Nevertheless they did convey to him dimly some idea that they might give, not pain—for as to that he would have been indifferent—but offence. "Will there be any good in all that?" he asked.

"Certainly," said she. "You don't mean to whine and talk of your broken heart?"

"Oh dear! no—nothing of that sort."

"This is the manly way to it, regarding the matter simply as an affair of business."

"I believe it is," said he; and then, having picked himself up somewhat by the aid of a glass of sherry, he continued to copy the letter and to direct it.

"I will keep the rough draft," said Mrs. Morton.

"And I must go now, I suppose?" he said.

"You can stay here and see me eat my dinner, if you like. I shall not ask you to share it, because it consists of two small mutton chops, and one wouldn't keep me up through Lady Teazle."

"I've a good mind to come and see you," said he.

"Then you'd better go and eat your own dinner at once."

"I don't care about my dinner. I should have a bit of supper afterward."

Then she preached to him a sermon; not quite such a one as Emily Hotspur had preached, but much more practical and with less reticence. If he went on living as he was living now, he would "come to grief." He was drinking every day, and would some day find that he could not do so with impunity. Did he know what delirium tremens was? Did he want to go to the devil altogether? Had he any hope as to his future life?

"Yes," said he, "I hope to make you my wife." She tossed her head, and told him that with all the will in the world to sacrifice herself, such sacrifice could do him no good if he persisted in making himself a drunkard. "But I have been so tried these last two months! If you only knew what Mr. Boltby, and Captain Stubber, and Sir Harry, and Mr. Hart were altogether. Oh, my G—!" But he did not say a word about Messrs. Walker and Bullbean. The poor woman who was helping him knew nothing of Walker and Bullbean. Let us hope that she may remain in that ignorance.

Cousin George, before he left her, swore that he would amend his mode of life, but he did not go to see Lady Teazle that night. There were plenty of men now back in town ready to play pool at the club.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I SHALL NEVER BE MARRIED.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR returned to Humblethwaite before Cousin George's letter was written, though when he did return all the terms had been arranged and a portion of the money paid. Per-

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haps it would have been better that he should have waited and taken the letter with him in his pocket, but in truth he was so wretched that he could not wait. The thing was fixed and done, and he could but hurry home to hide his face among his own people. He felt that the glory of his house was gone from him. He would sit by the hour together thinking of the boy who had died. He had almost, on occasions, allowed himself to forget his boy while hoping that his name and wide domains might be kept together by the girl that was left to him. He was beginning to understand now that she was already but little better than a wreck. Indeed, was not everything shipwreck around him? Was he not going to pieces on the rocks? Did not the lesson of every hour seem to tell him that throughout his long life he had thought too much of his house and his name?

It would have been better that he should have waited till the letter was in his pocket before he returned home, because, when he reached Humblethwaite, the last argument was wanting to him to prove to Emily that her hope was vain. Even after his arrival, when the full story was told to her, she held out in her resolve. She accepted the truth of that scene at Walker's rooms. She acknowledged that her lover had cheated the wretched man at cards. After that all other iniquities were of course as nothing. There was a completeness in that of which she did not fail to accept and to use the benefit. When she had once taken it as true that her lover had robbed his inferior by foul play at cards, there could be no good in alluding to this or that lie, in counting up this or that disreputable debt, in alluding to habits of brandy-drinking, or even in soiling her pure mind with any word as to Mrs. Morton. It was granted that he was as vile as sin could make him. Had not her Saviour come exactly for such as this one, because of His great love for those who were vile? and should not her human love for one enable her to do that which His great heavenly love did always for all men? Every reader will know how easily answerable was the argument. Most readers will also know how hard it is to win by attacking the reason when the heart is the fortress that is in question. She had accepted his guilt, and why tell her of it any further? Did she not pine over his guilt, and weep for it day and night, and pray that he might yet be made white as snow? But guilty as he was, a poor piece of broken, vilest clay, without the properties even which are useful to the potter, he was as dear to her as when she had leaned against him believing him to be a pillar of gold set about with onyx stones, jaspers and rubies. There was but one sin on his part which could divide them. If, indeed, he should cease to love her, then there would be an end of it! It would have been better that Sir Harry should have remained in London till he could have returned with George's autograph letter in his pocket.

"You must have the letter in his own handwriting," Mr. Boltby had said, cunningly; "only you must return it to me."

Sir Harry had understood, and had promised that the letter should be returned when it had been used for the cruel purpose for which it was to be sent to Humblethwaite. For all Sir Harry's own purposes Mr. Boltby's statements would have quite sufficed.

She was told that her lover would renounce her, but she would not believe what she was told. Of course he would accept the payment of his debts. Of course he would take an income when offered to him. What else was he to do? How was he to live decently without an income? All these evils had happened to him because he had been expected to live as a gentleman without proper means. In fact, he was the person who had been most injured. Her father, in his complete, in his almost abject tenderness toward her, could not say rough words in answer to all these arguments. He could only repeat his assertion over and over again that the man was utterly unworthy of her, and must be discarded. It was all as nothing. The man must discard himself.

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"He is false as hell!" said Sir Harry.

"And am I to be as false as hell also? Will you love me better when I have consented to be untrue? And even that would be a lie. I do love him—I must love him. I may be more wicked than he is because I do so, but I do."

Poor Lady Elizabeth in these days was worse than useless. Her daughter was so strong that her weakness was as the weakness of water. She was driven hither and thither in a way that she herself felt to be disgraceful. When her husband told her that the cousin, as a matter of course, could never be seen again, she assented. When Emily implored her to act as mediator with her father on behalf of the wicked cousin, she again assented. And then, when she was alone with Sir Harry, the poor mother did not dare to do as she had promised.

"I do think it will kill her," she said to Sir Harry.

"We must all die, but we need not die disgraced," he said.

It was a most solemn answer, and told the thoughts which had been dwelling in his mind. His son had gone from him, and now it might be that his daughter must go too, because she could not survive the disappointment of her young love. He had learned to think that it might be so as he looked at her great grave eyes, and her pale cheeks, and her sorrow-laden mouth. It might be so, but better that for them all than that she should be contaminated by the touch of a thing so vile as this cousin. She was pure as snow, clear as a star, lovely as the opening rosebud. As she was let her go to her grave, if it need be so. For himself, he could die too, or even live if it were required of him. Other fathers, since Jephthah and Agamemnon, have recognized it as true that Heaven has demanded from them their daughters.

The letter came, and was read and re-read by Sir Harry before he showed it to his child. He took it also to his wife, and explained it to her in all its points. "It has more craft," said he, "than I gave him credit for."

"I don't suppose he ever cared for her," said Lady Elizabeth.

"Nor for any human being that ever lived—save himself. I wonder whether he got Boltby to write it for him?"

"Surely Mr. Boltby wouldn't have done that."

"I don't know. I think he would do anything to rid us from what he believed to have been our danger. I don't think it was in George Hotspur to write such a letter out of his own head."

"But does it signify?"

"Not in the least. It is his own handwriting and his signature. Whoever formed the words, it is the same thing. It was needed only to prove to her that he had not even the merit of being true to her."

For a while Sir Harry thought that he would entrust to his wife the duty of showing the letter to Emily. He would so willingly have escaped the task himself! But, as he considered the matter, he feared that Lady Elizabeth might lack the firmness to explain the matter fully to the poor girl. The daughter would be so much stronger than the mother, and thus the thing that must be done would not be effected. At last, on the evening of the day on which the letter had reached him, he sent for her and read it to her. She heard it without a word. Then he put it into her hands, and she read the sentences herself, slowly, one after another, endeavoring as she did so to find arguments by which she might stave off the conclusion to which she knew that her father would attempt to bring her.

"It must be all over now," said he at last.

She did not answer him, but gazed into his face with such a look of woe that his heart was melted. She had found no argument. There had not been in the whole letter one word of love for her.

"My darling, will it not be better that we should meet the blow?"

"I have met it all along. Some day, perhaps, he might be different."

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"In what way, dearest? He does not even profess to hope so himself."

"That gentleman in London, papa, would have paid nothing for him unless he wrote like this. He had to do it. Papa, you had better just leave me to myself. I will not trouble you by mentioning his name."

"But, Emily—"

"Well, papa?"

"Mamma and I cannot bear that you should suffer alone."

"I must suffer, and silence is the easiest. I will go now and think about it. Dear papa, I know that you have always done everything for the best."

He did not see her again that evening. Her mother was with her in her own room, and of course they were talking about Cousin George for hours together. It could not be avoided, in spite of what Emily had herself said of the expediency of silence. But she did not once allude to the possibility of a future marriage. As the man was so dear to her, and as he bore their name, and as he must inherit her father's title, could not some almost superhuman exertion be made for his salvation? Surely so much as that might be done if they all made it the work of their lives.

"It must be the work of my life, mamma," she said.

Lady Elizabeth forbore from telling her that there was no side on which she could approach him. The poor girl herself, however, must have felt that it was so. As she thought of it all, she reminded herself that, though they were separated miles asunder, still she could pray for him. We need not doubt this at least—that to him who utters them prayers of intercession are of avail.

On the following morning she was at breakfast, and both her father and mother remarked that something had been changed in her dress. The father only knew that it was so, but the mother could have told of every ribbon that had been dropped and every ornament that had been laid aside. Emily Hotspur had lived a while if not among the gayest of the gay, at least among the brightest of the bright in outside garniture, and, having been asked to consult no questions of expense, had taught herself to dress as do the gay and bright and rich. Even when George had come on his last wretched visit to Humblethwaite, when she had known that he had been brought there as a blackamoor perhaps just capable of being washed white, she had not thought it necessary to lessen the gauds of her attire. Though she was saddened in her joy by the knowledge of the man's faults, she was still the rich daughter of a very wealthy man, and engaged to marry the future inheritor of all that wealth and riches. There was then no reason why she should lower her flag one inch before the world. But now all was changed with her. During the night she had thought of her apparel, and of what use it might be during her future life. She would never more go bright again, unless some miracle might prevail and he still might be to her that which she had painted him. Neither father nor mother, as she kissed them both, said a word as to her appearance. They must take her away from Humblethwaite, change the scene, try to interest her in new pursuits: that was what they had determined to attempt. For the present, they would let her put on what clothes she pleased, and make no remark.

Early in the day she went out by herself. It was now December, but the weather was fine and dry, and she was for two hours alone, rambling through the park. She had made her attempt in life, and had failed. She owned her failure to herself absolutely. The image had no gold in it—none as yet. But it was not as other images, which, as they are made, so they must remain to the end. The Divine Spirit, which might from the first have breathed into this clay some particle of its own worth, was still efficacious to bestow the gift. Prayer should not be wanting, but the thing as it now was she saw in all its impurity. He had never loved her. Had he loved her he would not have written words such as those she had read. He had pretended to love her in order that he

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might have money, that his debts might be paid, that he might not be ruined. "He hoped," he said in his letter—"he hoped that his cousin might be made happy by a splendid alliance." She remembered well the abominable, heartless words. And this was the man who had pledged her to truth and firmness, and whose own truth and firmness she had never doubted for a moment, even when acknowledging to herself the necessity of her pledge to him! He had never loved her; and though she did not say so, did not think so, she felt that of all his sins that sin was the one which could not be forgiven.

What should she now do with herself—how bear herself at this present moment of her life? She did not tell herself now that she would die, though as she looked forward into life all was so dreary to her that she would fain have known that death would give an escape. But there were duties for her still to do. During that winter ramble she owned to herself for the first time that her father had been right in his judgment respecting their cousin, and that she, by her pertinacity, had driven her father on till on her account he had been forced into conduct which was distasteful to him. She must own to her father that he had been right—that the man, though she dearly loved him still, was of such nature that it would be quite unfit that she should marry him. There might still be the miracle: her prayers were still her own to give—of them she would say nothing to her father. She would simply confess to him that he had been right, and then beg of him to pardon her the trouble she had caused him.

"Papa," she said to him the following morning, "may I come to you?" She came in, and on this occasion sat down at his right hand. "Of course you have been right, papa," she said.

"We have both been right, dearest, I hope."

"No, papa: I have been wrong. I thought I knew him, and I did not. I thought when you told me that he was so bad that you were believing false people; and, papa, I know now that I should not have loved him as I did—so quickly, like that."

"Nobody has blamed you for a moment. Nobody has thought of blaming you."

"I blame myself enough: I can tell you that. I feel as though I had in a way destroyed myself."

"Do not say that, my darling."

"You will let me speak now, will you not, papa? I wish to tell you everything, that you may understand all that I feel. I shall never get over it."

"You will, dearest—you will, indeed!"

"Never! Perhaps I shall live on, but I feel that it has killed me for this world. I don't know how a girl is to get over it when she has said that she has loved any one. If they are married, then she does not want to get over it, but if they are not—if he deserts her or is unworthy, or both—what can she do then but just go on thinking of it till she dies?"

Sir Harry used with her all the old, accustomed arguments to drive such thoughts out of her head. He told her how good was God to His creatures, and, specially, how good in curing by the soft hand of Time such wounds as those from which she was suffering. She should "retrick her beams" and once more "flame in the forehead of the morning sky," if only she would help the work of Time by her own endeavors. "Fight against the feeling, Emily, and try to conquer it, and it will be conquered."

"But, papa, I do not wish to conquer it. I should not tell you of all this, only for one thing."

"What thing, dearest?"

"I am not like other girls, who can just leave themselves alone and be of no trouble. You told me that if I out lived you—"

"The property will be yours, certainly. Of course, it was my hope, and is, that all that shall be settled by your marriage before my death. The trouble and labor are more than a woman should be called on to support alone."

"Just so. And it is because you are

thinking of all this that I feel it right to tell you. Papa, I shall never be married."

"We will leave that for the present, Emily."

"Very well; only if it would make a change in your will, you should make it. You will have to be here, papa, after I am gone, probably."

"No, no, no!"

"But if it were not so I should not know what to do. That is all, papa; only this, that I beg your pardon for all the trouble I have caused you." Then she knelt before him, and he kissed her forehead and blessed her and wept over her.

There was nothing more heard from Cousin George at Humblethwaite, and nothing more heard of him for a long time. Mr. Boltby did pay his debts, having some terribly hard struggles with Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber before the liquidations were satisfactorily effected. It was very hard to make Mr. Hart and Captain Stubber understand that the baronet was paying these debts simply because he had said that he would pay them, once before, under other circumstances, and that no other cause for their actual payment now existed. But the debts were paid, down to the last farthing of which Mr. Boltby could have credible tidings. "Pay everything," Sir Harry had said: "I have promised it." Whereby he was alluding to the promise which he had made to his daughter. Everything was paid, and Cousin George was able to walk in and out of his club a free man, and at times almost happy, with an annuity of five hundred pounds. Nothing more was said to him as to the necessity of expatriation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END.

AMONG playgoing folk, in the following April, there was a great deal of talk about the marriage of that very favorite actress, Mrs. Morton. She appeared in the playbills as Mrs. George Hotspur, late Mrs. Morton. Very many spoke of her familiarly who knew her only on the stage—as is the custom of men in speaking of actresses — and perhaps some few of those who spoke of her did know her personally. "Poor Lucy!" said one middle-aged gentleman over fifty, who spent four nights of every week at one theatre or another. "When she was little more than a child they married her to that reprobate Morton. Since that she has managed to keep her head above water by hard work; and now she has gone and married another worse than the first!"

"She is older now, and will be able to manage George," said another.

"Manage him! If anybody can manage to keep him out of debt, or from drink either, I'll eat him."

"But he must be Sir George when old Sir Harry dies," said he who was defending the prudence of the marriage.

"Yes, and won't have a penny. Will it help her to be able to put 'Lady Hotspur' on the bills? Not in the least. And the women can't forgive her and visit her. She has not been good enough for that. A grand old family has been disgraced and a good actress destroyed. That's my idea of this marriage."

"I thought George was going to marry his cousin, that awfully proud minx?" said one young fellow.

"When it came to the scratch she would not have him," said another. "But there had been promises, and so, to make it all square, Sir Harry paid his debts."

"I don't believe a bit about his debts being paid," said the middle-aged gentleman who was fond of going to the theatre.

Yes, George Hotspur was married, and, as far as any love went with him, had married the women he liked best. Though the actress was worlds too good for him, there was not about her that air of cleanliness and almost severe purity which had so distressed him while he had been forced to move in the atmosphere of his cousin. After the copying of the letter and the settlement of the bills, Mrs. Morton had

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found no difficulty in arranging matters as she pleased. She had known the man better perhaps than any one else had known him, and yet she thought it best to marry him. We must not inquire into her motives, though we may pity her fate.

She did not intend, however, to yield herself as an easy prey to his selfishness. She had also her ideas of reforming him —ideas which, as they were much less grand, might possibly be more serviceable, than those which for a while had filled the mind and heart of Emily Hotspur. "George," she said one day to him, "what do you mean to do?" This was before the marriage was fixed— when nothing more was fixed than that idea of marriage which had long existed between them.

"Of course we shall be spliced now," said he.

"And if so, what then? I shall keep to the stage, of course."

"We couldn't do with the five hundred a year, I suppose, anyhow?"

"Not very well, I'm afraid, seeing that as a habit you eat and drink more than that yourself. But, with all that I can do, there must be a change. I tell you, for your own sake as well as for mine, unless you can drop drinking we had better give it up even yet." After that, for a month or two, under her auspices, he did "drop it," or at least so far dropped it as to induce her to run the risk. In April they were married, and she must be added to the list of women who have sacrificed themselves on behalf of men whom they have known to be worthless. We need not pursue his career farther, but we may be sure that though she watched him very closely, and used a power over him of which he was afraid, still he went gradually from bad to worse, and was found at last to be utterly past redemption. He was one who in early life had never known what it was to take delight in postponing himself to another, and now there was no spark in him of love or gratitude by which fire could be kindled or warmth created. It had come to that with him that to eat and to drink was all that was left to him; and it was coming to that, too, that the latter of these two pleasant recreations would soon be all that he had within his power of enjoyment. There are such men, and of all human beings they are the most to be pitied. They have intellects; they do think; the hours with them are terribly long; and they have no hope!

The Hotspurs of Humblethwaite remained at home till Christmas was passed, and then at once started for Rome. Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth both felt that it must be infinitely better for their girl to be away; and then there came the doctor's slow advice. There was nothing radically amiss with Miss Hotspur, the doctor said, but it would be better for her to be taken elsewhere. She, knowing how her father loved his home and the people around him, begged that she might be allowed to stay. Nothing ailed her, she said, save only that ache at the heart which no journey to Rome could cure. "What's the use of it, papa?" she said. "You are unhappy because I'm altered. Would you wish me not to be altered after what has passed? Of course I am altered. Let us take it as it is, and not think about it."

Emily had adopted certain practices in life, however, which Sir Harry was determined to check, at any rate for the time. She spent her days among the poor, and when not with them she was at church. And there was always some dreary book in her hands when they were together in the drawing-room after dinner. Of church-going, and visiting the poor, and of good books Sir Harry approved thoroughly, but even of good things such as these there may be too much. So Sir Harry and Lady Elizabeth got a courier who spoke all languages, and a footman who spoke German, and two maids, of whom one pretended to speak French, and had trunks packed without number, and started for Rome. All that wealth could do was done; but let the horseman be ever so rich, or the horseman's daughter, and the stud be ever so good,

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it is seldom they can ride fast enough to shake off their cares.

In Rome they remained till April, and while they were there the name of Cousin George was never once mentioned in the hearing of Sir Harry. Between the mother and daughter no doubt there was speech concerning him. But to Emily's mind he was always present. He was to her as a thing abominable, and yet necessarily tied to her by bonds which she could never burst asunder. She felt like some poor princess in a tale, married to an ogre from whom there was no escape. She had given herself up to one utterly worthless, and she knew it. But yet she had given herself, and could not revoke the gift. There was, indeed, still left to her that possibility of a miracle, but of that she whispered nothing even to her mother. If there were to be a miracle, it must be of God; and at God's throne she made her whispers. In these days she was taken about from sight to sight with apparent willingness. She saw churches, pictures, statues and ruins, and seemed to take an interest in them. She was introduced to the Pope, and allowed herself to be appareled in her very best for that august occasion. But nevertheless the tenor of her way and the fashions of her life, as was her daily dress, were gray and sad and solemn. She lived as one who knew that the backbone of her life was broken. Early in April they left Rome and went north to the Italian lakes, and settled themselves for a while at Lugano. And here the news reached them of the marriage of George Hotspur.

Lady Elizabeth read the marriage among the advertisements in the *Times*, and at once took it to Sir Harry, withdrawing the paper from the room in a manner which made Emily sure that there was something in it which she was not intended to see. But Sir Harry thought that the news should be told to her, and he himself told it.

"Already married!" she said. "And who is the lady?"

"You had better not ask, my dear," he answered.

"Why not ask? I may, at any rate, know her name."

"Mrs. Morton. She was a widow—and an actress."

"Oh yes, I know," said Emily, blushing; for in those days in which it had been sought to wean her from George Hotspur, a word or two about this lady had been said to her by Lady Elizabeth under the instructions of Sir Harry. And there was no more said on that occasion. On that day and on the following her father observed no change in her, and the mother spoke nothing of her fears. But on the next morning Lady Elizabeth said that she was not as she had been. "She is thinking of him still—always," she whispered to her husband. He made no reply, but sat alone out in the garden, with his newspaper before him, reading nothing, but cursing that cousin of his in his heart.

There could be no miracle now for her! Even the thought of that was gone. The man who had made her believe that he loved her, only in the last autumn—though indeed it seemed to her that years had rolled over since, and made her old, worn-out and weary—who had asked for and obtained the one gift she had to give, the bestowal of her very self—who had made her in her baby folly believe that he was almost divine, whereas he was hardly human in his lowness,—this man, whom she still loved in a way which she could not herself understand, loving and despising him utterly at the same time, was now the husband of another woman! Even he, she had felt, would have thought something of her. But she had been nothing to him but the means of escape from disreputable difficulties. She could not sustain her contempt for herself as she remembered this, and yet she showed but little of it in her outward manner.

"I'll go when you like, papa," she said when the days of May had come, "but I'd sooner stay here a little longer if you wouldn't mind." There was no talk of going home. It was only a question whether they should go farther north, to Lucerne, before the warm weather came.

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"Of course we will remain: why not?" said Sir Harry. "Mamma and I like Lugano amazingly." Poor Sir Harry! As though he could have liked any place except Humblethwaite!

Our story is over now. They did remain till the scorching July sun had passed over their heads, and August was upon them; and then—they had buried her in the small Protestant cemetery at Lugano, and Sir Harry Hotspur was without a child and without an heir.

He returned home in the early autumn, a gray, worn-out, tottering old man, with large eyes full of sorrow, and a thin mouth that was seldom opened to utter a word. In these days, I think, he recurred to his early sorrow, and thought almost more of his son than of his daughter. But he had instant, pressing energy left to him for one deed. Were he to die now without a further will, Humblethwaite and Scarrowby would go to the wretch who had destroyed him. What was the title to him now, or even the name? His wife's nephew was an earl with an enormous rent-roll, something so large that Humblethwaite and Scarrowby to him would be but little more than additional labor. But to this young man Humblethwaite and Scarrowby were left, and the glories of the House of Hotspur were at an end.

And so the story of the House of Humblethwaite has been told.

A VISION OF THE HOUR.

UPON a lofty steep, against whose shores
 The billows of Eternity were hurled,
Two mighty shapes of Empire I beheld,
 Who claimed to rule the world.

One was a splendid, half-barbaric queen,
 Whose glance majestic sought the Eastern skies:
The other, beauteous sovereign, made earth bright
 With her benignant eyes.

And she, the goddess—grand and seraph-fair—
 Spake thus in tones that rang o'er land and sea:
"I shape, afar beneath the Western stars,
 The Empire of the Free.

"For love of me, who am so beautiful,
 The nations of the world forsake their lands,
And come to claim God's noblest gift since Christ—
 Liberty—from my hands.

"I break the captive's galling chain: I give
 The tyrant-trodden and the weary rest:
Mine is the realm where guards the Evening Star
 The sunset-purpled West."

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Then spake the other proud, imperial shape:
"The Crescent yet shall wane beneath my tread:
My gaze is fixed where in far Orient skies
Flameth the morning's red.

"Upon my banner burns the blazoned Cross:
The Pagan plagues that curse the Land of Day
Beneath the sweep of my imperial robe
Shall pass like mists away.

"We are the great co-heiresses of Time
To that grand heritage, the world to be:
Tried friends, fond sisters—what shall part us twain?
Columbia—Muscovy!

"We look not backward to a shadowy Past,
Where pallid spectres wander and make moan:
O sister! sovereign of the Sunset Land!
The Future is our own!"

Unto these twain a third queen sudden came,
With flashing eyes and wild locks flowing free,
Who cried aloud, in clarion-sounding tones,
"Room!—room for Germany!

"Place for me, sisters, on the world's wide throne:
The stains of War are red upon my hands,
Won, like the dust that dims my garment's hem,
In my assailer's lands.

"The Spoiler's steel flashed bright before my breast,
Earth held her breath to hear my dying groans:
I hurled him back to gasp his life away
'Mid wreck of shattered thrones.

"Give place and greeting, sister of the Dawn!
For mine are empire now, and victory:
Smile on me, sister of the Sunset Land!
I too shall yet be free!"

LUCY H. HOOPER.

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OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

PROSTRATE, helpless France has been an object less of lively sympathy than of almost stupid wonderment with the world at large. The spectacle of a great nation—one pre-eminent in martial fame and patriotic ardor — so suddenly overthrown and disorganized is something unique in history. France no longer inspired faith or hope, for she gave no sure indications of being animated by such feelings. Her resources were still great, but her vital energies seemed to be paralyzed. Machinery of action she had none, and the ideas, the emblems and the shibboleths which served her so well at former periods had lost their potency and their charm.

Herein, indeed, lay the secret of her weakness. She had fallen behind the age. She had lived upon the recollections of a spirit and a period which belong almost as completely to the past as do feudalism and the Crusades. Revolution is not the watchword of our epoch: nations already have their destinies in their own hands, and governments, whatever their form, subsist only by the will of the governed. What we are now striving for is organization, economical improvement, the application to politics of principles and methods such as have proved fruitful of great results in physical science. Of these ideas Prussia — as a military power at least—appears to be the incarnation. Nothing has been wanting to her combinations, and she has dealt her blows with the regularity, the rapidity and the certainty of mechanism.

Whether the recapture of Orleans, like its successful defence at a period of equal peril, is to be the turning-point in the tide of invasion, remains to be seen. Should it prove so, the coincidence will afford a fruitful theme for theory and speculation. Looked at in a merely military point of view, the situation does not seem to offer grounds for expecting such a result. But remembering the past history of France, with all its marvelous vicissitudes, we cannot help clinging to the belief expressed in the following remarks, which were written in reference to the great crisis of the fifteenth century: "The vitality of France is indestructible. . . . Its convulsive struggles are the throes not of death, but of regeneration. When torpor seems already to have crept to the vital parts, it rouses from its lethargy. At the moment of its greatest weakness it is suddenly endued with fresh strength, and, rising like a Titan from the earth, it starts forward on a new career."

PARISIANA.

IN Philadelphia, in days of yore, an eminent physician, sire of a son characteristically *dignus patre*, was called to a patient whose name was Pat, and whose disease was whisky. Water was the immediate prescription — unmitigated water. "Impossible, doctor! it don't agree with me." "Then try milk;" and on that wholesome fluid a compromise was arranged. At the next visit the sick man was in bed. On a table near him was a capacious jug which looked white and innocent to the medical eye, but smelt strongly and wickedly to the medical nose. "What have you got here, Patrick?" was the stern inquiry. "Milk, doctor—just what you told me." "You rascal! there's whisky in the milk." "Well, doctor," was the unblushing response, "there may be whisky in it, but the milk's my object."

A good many people are, like this son of Erin, trying to persuade others, and perhaps themselves, that they are aiming at right whilst indulging in wrong, and that with the milk of human kindness they may mix any amount of selfish spirit, so as to combine the appearance of the former with the taste of the latter. His Excellency Count von Bismarck may be enrolled in that category. He

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has the kindest feelings, he tells us, toward the French as well as the Germans: he wants to do them both good—wants to make them fast friends for the future till the crack of doom; and for that holy object alone is he allowing them to murder one another in most affectionate style. But in that salubrious beverage there is no difficulty in perceiving a flavor of the strongest Prussian whisky. King William—or rather Emperor Wilhelm—and his successors are to be the guardians of brotherhood between the two peoples. Their little hands will scratch each other's eyes, poor childish, ignorant creatures that they are! unless the paternal control of their "Sire" by the grace of God shall always be potent to keep the peace. In other words, there is to be but one Providence for Germany, and Bismarck shall be his prophet. There may be whisky in the milk, but the milk is his object. The world, however, to vary the metaphor by appropriating that of an eloquent Kentuckian, begins to smell a rat with an eagle's eye, and it is to be hoped will soon convince the arch-intriguer that he "cannot come it."

To that result the peregrinations of M. Thiers will probably contribute not a little. By no means so successful a manager of men as Bismarck, he is gifted with a tongue which "tells" most marvelously upon those who may be brought within its influence. The conversations he has had with the present masters of Europe must have done much to open their eyes to the probability of their finding a master themselves if they allow France to be crushed; and he may well cry *nunc dimittis* if his curious and complicated career should be crowned by the salvation of the country which he has so long and so brilliantly served. What a retrospect must be his! Over what chances and changes of both private and public life must his vision wander as it looks back to his humble start in Marseilles on the 16th of April, 1797! His father was a blacksmith, but his mother's relatives got him a scholarship in the Imperial Lyceum of his birthplace, where he went through his studies with splendid success. When eighteen years old he went to Aix to attend the lectures of the faculty of law in that town. There he began to play the rôle of a party-leader among his comrades, haranguing vehemently against the restoration of the Bourbons and in favor of the Bonapartism which his veteran eloquence has since so earnestly denounced. One of his tricks at that period is evidence of how decidedly the child is father of the man; for very tricky indeed has been the *Mirabeau-mouche*, as he was once branded by a distinguished woman. A prize had been offered for the best eulogium on Vauvenargues by the Academy of Aix, a good and peaceful academy, which, to make use of Voltaire's witticism, had always succeeded, like an honest woman, in keeping itself from being talked about. Thiers determined to win the prize, and sent in his manuscript. It was deemed pre-eminent, but, unluckily, the name of the author was either divined or betrayed, and as there was no other candidate who deserved the palm, the worthy members of the Areopagus, rather than award it to the little Jacobin, put off their decision to the following year. At the appointed time the manuscript of Thiers made its reappearance, but in the interim a production had come from Paris which eclipsed all its competitors, and the judges hastened to crown it, according, however, to the paper presented by Thiers the humble favor of an accessit. The name of the Parisian victor was then unsealed, and great was the consternation of the academicians when it was found to be that of Thiers himself. He had indulged in the malicious pleasure of mystifying the learned gentlemen by treating the subject from a new point of view, causing the composition to be copied in a strange hand, sending it on a journey from Aix to Paris and from Paris to Aix, and thus obtaining both the prize and the accessit. Well if all his tricks had been as innocent and justifiable as this one; but his exclama-

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tion when he was nabbed in his bed by Louis Napoleon, *Ma foi! c'est bien joué*, shows how nice an appreciation he possesses of political gambling—an appreciation which could only have been gained by practical experience. Much cheek must he have needed when he paid his recent visit to the king of that Italy the establishment of which he had so warmly opposed, to beg him to help in saving France from the condition in which he would have kept the classic peninsula for the sake of mistaken French interests. The bluff and not very bright monarch, however, must soon have been nicely lubricated by the oily little gentleman whom De Cormenin has immortalized as a demon of cleverness. He doubtless even hinted approval of the dethronement of the Pope, against which he had hurled so much national thunder.

It is reported that Alexandre Dumas (*the* Dumas) is dying. One can hardly reconcile the idea of death with such exuberant vitality as his. He seemed to have life enough in him for Methuselah. A man who could write a novel in the morning full of delicious impossibilities, then cook his own dinner with a plenitude of skill that might have shamed the *chef* of Lucullus, then eat the same with an appetite and a digestion worthy of a wood-sawyer, and then "make a night of it," no matter how, must have been endowed with capabilities of existence sufficient to frighten off old Death, or at least to give him protracted pause. His was a fortress with too many defences to allow hope of easy success to an assault. Nevertheless, his time seems to have come before the period when he would have fallen as autumn fruit that mellows long, as his compatriot Guizot will do, the man of all others who represents the opposite development of Gallic intellect. The truth is that Alexander has lived too much if not too long. He has abused Nature's permission by recklessness, and she always pays the abuser back with unpleasant interest. The negro blood in his veins produced the negro carelessness and vigor, just as the preponderance of white blood connected with it engendered the amazing energy of his intellect. He was the very consummation of mulattoism, and many a greater man will be duplicated before he will be so. When this writer saw him first, some thirty years since, he was by no means fat, but his waist, like that of Falstaff, waxed greater as his means became slenderer. Begging his pardon humbly for the comparison, he may be called the Fisk Jr. of literature, with as many irons always in the fire, as much indifference to the injury they might do to others, and the same desperate determination to risk the burning of his fingers for the benefit of his pocket—*quocumque modo, rem*. He is (or was) only one-third black, but his father, a full mulatto, was sufficiently distinguished to prove the vitalizing effects of a white moiety in the veins. If the Southern States had passed a law that all children with one white parent should, *ipso facto*, be free, the odium of slavery would have been vastly diminished. Its only valid excuse, that the negro is mentally unable to take care of himself, was altogether untenable in regard to the mulatto. Civilization was shocked at the chains of men who could run their course unshackled as well almost as their jailers, whilst it might long have shut its eyes to the bondage of those for whom it seemed rather a protection than a hindrance. Besides, the moral results would have been greatly improved, for the owners of slaves would never have encouraged or permitted a multitudinous propagation of colored freedmen. If the infant mulatto had been redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of Caucasian blood, his procreation would have been hindered by enactments that might have rejoiced the very soul of Malthus himself. As for Uncle Tom, he is a black swan, a Sto(we)ic philosopher, begotten by Puritanism on Poetry, who, if he had ever really lived, would have proved that slavery is the condition in which a negro can attain the most delectable development, and thereby furnished the strong-

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est of arguments against the philanthropy of abolition. The scavenger of Byronism and the canonizer of niggerism is a curious instance of the way in which even a Beecher may be indebted to imagination for facts as well as to memory for jokes.

It must be owing to the illness of Dumas that he has not fulmined o'er the fierce democracy of France like his compeers Victor Hugo and George Sand. Had he been in normal condition, we should doubtless have had whole acres of Dumasian type in dreadful harmony with the outpourings of other illustrious denouncers of Napoleon the Little and William the Ruthless, whose flashes of silence are by no means as numerous and brilliant as those of Prussian thunder. What an immense amount of phrasing the French can tolerate, and even rejoice in! Their heartstrings will never be cut by the silent griefs which are said to be the most perilous. So long as their spokesmen can weep for the press and wipe their eyes with the public, as Lord Byron was wont to do, they will always find solace for their woes. So long as they have any breath they will animate themselves with brag; and fortunately, in spite of their peculiar sense of the ridiculous, said brag does animate them even to the fiercest efforts to be as good as their word. It is impossible not to sympathize with such heroic determination as they evince to abate no jot of heart or hope. It is difficult also to believe that millions of men with such resolve as theirs cannot succeed in saving their native land. "Non, jamais le Prusse ne regnera en France!" is a battle-cry that may be as potent in the present as was the shout in times past that the Englishman should never there hold sway. It would seem as if Bismarck were doing for the French what Napoleon is thought to have done for the Germans—uniting them by external pressure. Had he gone back to Berlin after capturing the emperor, and allowed the different factions in Paris to tear one another to pieces, he might have had things all his own way. Napoleon might have become an absolute necessity again, and with him he could have treated on a vantage-ground which he probably will now be unable to secure. Or had he even made peace at once, in verification of his programme that he warred on the sovereign and not on the people, he might have linked the latter to his country with hooks of steel. Such glorious magnanimity would have been a far better defence of the German frontier than all the fortresses and provinces of the Rhine. For very shame, if not from gratitude, the French would scarcely again have dared to initiate a war of aggrandizement, whilst now, if they should be compelled to yield any part of their sacred soil, they will always be on the watch for recovery and revenge, and both nations will remain armed to the teeth, instead of making ploughshares of their swords.

The proclamation of Madame Sand is decidedly the finest piece of frenzy which has yet fired the French heart. What curious felicities of phrase are hers! Chateaubriand once told an American resident in Paris that he considered her the greatest master (or mistress) of style alive. By the way, it is much to be wished that she would unhermaphrodite herself and her works, and call herself by her real female name. The confusion between her masculine epithet and feminine gender is a perfect nuisance. It is a pity that she cannot hide her sex altogether, for the comfort at least of those who have to talk about her. Every one cannot make so nice a distinction as that of the soldier on duty at the Chamber of Deputies, who, when she attempted in male integuments to go into the gallery of the men, planted his musket before her with the exclamation, "*Monsieur*, les *dames* ne passent pas par ici!" Our great English lady novelist is afflicted with the same perversity, calling herself George Elliot, as if her smooth skin could not be easily spied beneath her pasted beard. Of the two Georges, or Georgesses, it may be hoped that the Anglo-Saxon lady will be the longest lived, for she has written nothing which dying she

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should wish to blot, whilst the books of the other had better perhaps be blotted out altogether, grand as is her genius.

The death of Prince Demidoff not long ago was followed by a deluge of anecdotes to show that the millionaire was a mere miscreant, a most replenished villain, a biped not only "no better than one of the wicked," but a great deal worse. A friend remembers seeing him many years ago in Florence in a very dilapidated state of body, the result, it was said, of very unscrupulous doings. Paralysis and imbecility were his predominant inconveniences. The fêtes he was wont to give at his unrivaled villa near the city were of the most brilliant description. At one of them, a *bal costumé*, in 1855, the wife of the present protector of Gotham quadrupeds, the benevolent Bergh, made a sensation as an Indian princess, her appearance and toilette combining to render her a *belle sauvage* of the first water. Terrible stories were told in Florence of the prince, but they didn't keep folks from his festivities. So well plated were his sins in gold that all arrows fell harmless from their armor. No one wanted to believe that such an entertaining personage could be guilty of criminal conduct. *Poderoso cabellero es Don Dinero* —"A potent knight is Sir Money"—says the Spanish proverb; so he extorted plenary pardon for all his imputed deviltries. There is one sentiment in Shakespeare from which all the world dissents:

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

R. M. W.

THE LATE L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

THE personage whose name heads this sketch was so extraordinary a genius in one line, and so clever a man in several other lines, that it has seemed but a just tribute to his worth to lay certain facts regarding his life and intellect before a class of readers who do not generally over-estimate the art of Music or its representatives.

Louis Moreau Gottschalk was—First, a pianist; secondly, a composer; thirdly, a linguist; and fourthly, a litératteur. As a pianist he is best known to the public, and it may be interesting to follow a few of the gradations through which he attained to the extraordinary skill which rendered him famous.

He was born in New Orleans in 1829, and was of Israelitish extraction, his father being a business-man. Several years of young Louis' life were spent at Pass Christian, in those days a favorite summer resort of New Orleans people. Being a dreamy and highly poetical child, he used to wander off in the outskirts of the village for hours in pleasant weather, during which excursions he frequently had no companions but the plantation negroes, always musical in their rude way. It was thus that the sensitive boy became thoroughly imbued with the spirit and grotesqueness of negro melodies in their naturalness and purity, for it must be admitted that the nationality of all music must be maintained or its distinctiveness is lost. This distinctiveness sometimes depends upon the mode, sometimes upon rhythm, sometimes upon melody and progression, but oftenest upon emphasis and accent. Gottschalk's first successes were owing to the presentation of the best of the negro melodies in a setting at once new, fascinating, and marked by a degree of artistic executive finish which dazzled as well as entranced artists themselves.

At twelve years of age he was sent to Paris, and studied under Camille Stamaty, who is still one of the most excellent instructors in that city. When nineteen he gave a soirée at the Salle Pleyel, and it was a favorable *critique* on that concert, written by the famous Hector Berlioz in the *Journal des Débats*, which decided the young artist in his chosen career. About this time his father had the misfortune to fail in business in New Orleans, and Louis Moreau was left mostly to his own resources. At twenty-two he visited Madrid, and was well patronized by the court as well as by the public; but not receiving the appointment of pianist to the Empress Eugénie, an honor he had been led to expect, he came back to America.

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Soon after his return he went upon his first concert tour. It is noticeable that he lost thirteen thousand dollars during the first year from the apathy of the public. This was his all, and such hard luck plunged him into the deepest despair. To the firm of William Hall & Son, music publishers of New York, belongs the credit of advancing him money and setting him before the public in a proper light at a time when no managers would touch him. The series of piano concerts given by him subsequently at Dodworth Hall, entirely unassisted by vocalists, will long be remembered.

The names of the most famous pieces based upon negro melodies set by Gottschalk are *La Bamboula*, *Le Bonnanier*, *La Savane* and *The Banjo*. The technical peculiarities of these compositions consist in their *outré* accent, iterative accompaniment and skipping octaves, simple enough in analysis, but inexpressibly attractive in effect. The ordinary embellishments of *arpeggio* and chromatic runs, be it remembered, are but little used in these pieces, and yet these effects are never missed or inquired after by the listener.

The second species of composition in which Gottschalk excelled was the setting of the Creole and Spanish melodies. These are a step or two beyond the negro *motivos*, and admitted of a freer exercise of his peculiar powers. The degree of virtuosity brought to bear upon these transcriptions was tremendous. *La Jota Aragonessa*, *La Gallina* and *Ojos Creollos* are examples, and they are masterpieces in point of design, finish and effect.

The third class of Gottschalk's compositions, very few of which have been published, are his transcriptions of operatic melodies, which are not considered quite equal to the others; partly, as I suppose, from the fact that this field has been overwrought by others, such as Thalberg, Liszt and Prudent.

Gottschalk's fourth style of writing is the highly romantic and delicately poetical, and in this vein were produced some of his most charming gems. *Ricordati*, *Marche de Nuit*, *The Last Hope*, *Marche Solennelle*, *Murmures Éoliennes*, *Chant de Soldat* and the ever-exquisite *Pastorella e Cavaliere* are examples; and the bare mention of these delightful inspirations must renew in memory the delicious transports of thousands whose first hearing of them from the witching fingers of the composer himself can never be entirely forgotten.

It would not do to omit mention of Gottschalk's songs, some of which (namely, the *Knight and Shepherdess*, founded upon one of his piano pieces, *The Mountaineer's Song*, and the ever-charming *Lullaby*) are worthy of Abt, Gumbert or Neidermayer; but Gottschalk has, at least publicly, done but little for the lyric school.

Something must now be said of Gottschalk's acquirements as a linguist. He spoke, read and wrote freely English, French, Spanish and Italian, besides having some knowledge of Portuguese, Latin and German. This acquaintance with different tongues was of great assistance to him in his travels, and to it in a large degree was owing the profound knowledge of national characteristics which was turned to such subtle but puissant account in the arrangement of national airs for the piano.

As a *litératteur* it is to be regretted that his opportunities for public appreciation were so limited. He often wrote anonymously, yet in a vigorous and clean-cut style, which compelled the admiration of all readers. The greater part of his contributions to the press were published in Paris, in Escudier's *Gazette Musicale*. They could not fail if collected or published to interest all *dilettantes*, being worthy of a place beside Berlioz's famous *Souvenirs de l'Orchestre* or Chorley's *Thirty Years' Recollections*.

This brief notice of an exceptional man and artist might be much lengthened by recording many personal reminiscences, but I refrain. It would not be just, however, to neglect to mention a few of his most prominent traits.

Of an exceedingly amiable disposi-

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tion, with manners polished by contact with persons of the highest social distinction, and with a handsome countenance set off by eyes full of soul and expressive of the slightest change of emotion, Gottschalk was one of the most agreeable of guests, and his company was sought to a degree which would have turned the heads of most artists far inferior to him in talent.

If ever the so-called divine art is to be equally honored here with her sister arts of Poetry, Fiction, Painting and Sculpture, it must be by means of such representatives as the late Chevalier Gottschalk—the friend of art and artists, the cultivated gentleman, the dazzling and entrancing virtuoso and the earnest devotee of the Good, the Beautiful and the True. J. H.

THE DARIEN CANAL.

COMMODORE SELFRIDGE'S recent expedition in quest of such a depression in the Isthmus Cordillera as would render the construction of an interoceanic ship canal practicable, has met with the fate which seems reserved for all those who seek to penetrate the secret of this great geographical problem. The last expedition has encountered the same physical obstacles before which all European and American adventurers, from Vasco Nuñez de Balboa down to Provost and Strain, have thus far succumbed, and from facing which even the most hardy and enterprising may well shrink. These are chiefly the humid heat of the climate, the dense primeval forests, and the inaccessible mountain-ranges which Nature has there erected as a barrier to man. Another serious obstacle has in more modern times been superadded to the others, in the utter want of native labor. When Balboa, three and a half centuries ago, discovered the Isthmus, the province of Darien was still well peopled. Now it is a desert. From the mulattoes and Bambas on the Gulf of San Miguel can be expected as little effective aid as from the few surviving mountain Indians. The section of country explored by Selfridge's command was found covered so thickly with wood and undergrowth that the sky was, for the most part, lost from sight, and the survey resulted in showing that a mountain area of ten miles would require to be tunneled. The excavation of such a mass as the dolomitic chain presents could hardly be accomplished in a shorter period of time than thirty years, or at a cost of less than two hundred millions of dollars.

But though this new failure may disappoint the friends of the Darien ship canal scheme, there is no reason to despair of its ultimate success. Some high authorities, it is true, maintain that the whole configuration of the Cordillera west of the Cherera to the boundary of Costa Rica—the Alpine height of whose crest-line can be distinctly traced through the telescope from both oceans—does not much encourage the idea of the existence of a depression of the desired depth; yet in the province of Darien the prospects are rather favorable than otherwise. There the Cordillera, which stretches from east to west, forms a moderate average range, the height of whose crest-line rarely exceeds twenty-six hundred feet, and seems at some points to fall even considerably below this. In fact, there is the concurrent testimony of Indian tradition that a complete break in the dividing ridge exists somewhere in the nearly unknown region of the Sierra de Estat, which lies behind the Gulf of Urraba and the lower Cordillera of Chepo, opposite the Gulf of San Blas. In addition to this, many old residents of Panama, who are perfectly familiar with that part of Darien which is accessible from the Pacific side, and who have spent much money in sending out exploring parties for the re-discovery of the ancient gold-mines of Caña, assert that there is a deep depression in latitude 8° 40′, though they have never had the enterprise to test the truth of the story. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the experiences of Messrs. Cullen and Gisborne, which led the late Lord Palmerston to pooh-pooh the Panama Canal, as he had repeatedly ridiculed

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the idea of the Suez Canal, tend to a directly opposite conclusion. It should, however, be borne in mind that those gentlemen never crossed the forests which clothe the dividing ridge. Their opinion, like that of Cardozzi, was founded not on barometric measurements of the range, but partly on triangulations of the coast and partly on ocular estimates, which are proverbially deceptive in all regions destitute of elevated points of observation. The accidental discovery of the depression in the Obispo Valley on the Isthmus of Panama, which had eluded the observations of Colonel Lloyd, of M. Morel, and even of Napoleon Garella, the French engineer, whose retinue of mestizoes and negroes had for months roamed about in that district, should be a warning to those who jump so rashly at conclusions. This example is particularly calculated to show how extremely likely it is that a similar, perhaps still more favorable, spot may be met with between the central course of the Rio Chucumaque and Caledonia Bay. The fatal termination of Provost and Strain's attempts in 1853 and 1854, and the sufferings and the difficulties they encountered, have naturally exerted a depressing effect, but the question can by no means be regarded as settled. These parties crossed the dividing ridge in a transversal direction only once, and even then they could nowhere find a point whence a view of the lateral profile was to be obtained.

Commodore Selfridge's official report leads us to infer that it is the intention of the government to have the southern part of the Isthmus, up the valley of the Tuyra, across the divide to the Cacarica Lake, not far from the mouth of the Atrato, thoroughly explored. Whether an accurate and complete hygrometrical survey of the lateral profile from the Atrato valley to the Isthmus of Panama would result in a complete destruction of our hopes, at least in the narrowest part of Central America, is therefore still an open question. Perhaps we shall discover, after all, that the speediest solution of the problem will be to adopt the advice of the late Alexander von Humboldt. Some thirty-odd years ago the Geographical Society of North America applied to him for his views on the practicability of an interoceanic ship canal, and especially as to which part of Central America he considered most favorable for its construction. The great physicist, though he had never visited the Isthmus of Panama or the province of Darien, showed his usual wisdom by returning perhaps the best answer it was possible to give under any circumstances. We do not remember the exact words, but the substance of his advice was as follows: Do not waste time and means in running experimental lines across the Isthmus. All transversal crossings of the ridge which separates the Atlantic from the Pacific are mere chances, and it would be a rare piece of good luck if those experiments led to a discovery of the deepest depression in a mountain range nine-tenths of whose area still remains *terra incognita*. Undertake the survey at wholesale from the outset. Send out a party thoroughly equipped, which, keeping along the dividing ridge from the Atrato valley down the whole length of the Isthmus as far as the Cordillera of Veragua, will give you a complete knowledge of the hygrometrical and geological conditions of the dam that obstructs the travel and the commerce of the world.

Michael Chevalier said, twenty years ago, that Panama was the politico-economical rhyme to Suez. The generation which has laid the Atlantic Cable, built the Pacific Railroad, opened the Suez Canal and nearly tunneled Mont Cenis, will surely not rest until it discovers "the keys of the earth," as poor Patterson called that singularly favored region between Caledonia Bay and the Gulf of San Miguel where he founded his ill-fated Scotch colony.

A LETTER FROM OUIDA.

"MY friend, the author of *The Scapegoat*, is dead. 'Leo' — otherwise Christopher Pemberton, late lieutenant-colonel of the Scots Fusileer Guards — was shot during

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the days of Sedan, on the 2d September, 1870.

"To the world of London 'Kit Pemberton' has long been a familiar name. The Brigade held no harder rider, no wittier talker, no cheerier companion. Amongst its brilliant amateurs the Household knew no more graceful and vivacious comedian. In the hunting-field and at the dinner-table, on a yacht deck and by the cover-side he was as universally popular as in ladies' drawing-rooms. When, with a light and facile pen, he sketched the society which he knew so well, his arrows were so sharply barbed and deftly aimed that many of his enemies winced, and his friends saw in this first imperfect fruit fair promise of good aftergrowth from his bright and satirical intelligence. He was young; he was talented; he was a favorite everywhere; his gay temper gave him a singular enjoyment of all forms of life; a goodly inheritance awaited him; to all circles he was ever the most welcome of guests. Yet in the superb madness of an English gentleman he chose to go 'where most the danger was;' and the end of all this is—a death-shot in a foreign land, a grave God alone knows where.

"It is not yet two months ago that in the pleasant gardens of Henlingham, on the day of the champion match betwixt Lords and Commons, the telegram of 'War declared' fell like a thunderbolt into the midst of our careless gathering. People were only pleasantly excited, and a little anxious lest they should lose their autumn gambling: betting ran high that sunny summer afternoon, and France was backed to win by scores who would have laughed in the beard of any prophet who should have whispered a word of possible defeat for her. Amongst others, Pemberton declared that he would see this war, cost what it might: he has kept his word, and the cost has only been this—his life at two and thirty years of age.

"Riding up, in company with the Crown Prince of Saxony and his staff, to accept the surrender of a regiment which had held out a white handkerchief for parley, he was fired upon: the bullet passed through his head, and he fell from his horse dead.

"Those who knew and loved him—and few men won friends more widely or more deservedly—know how much they have lost in losing for evermore that glad laugh, that quick wit, that keen yet genial temper, that cool yet rash courage, that bright and mirthful companionship, that kindly, sincere and fearless spirit. Those, on the contrary, to whom his name is as a breath without meaning, will feel no interest in his fate, and possibly little also in his book. That the public of America especially should care anything for the story is scarcely to be for a moment hoped. It treats of a society so unlike their own, of a world so little known by them, and its interest is so entirely centred in a certain limited sphere peculiar to English life, that it can barely be imagined that *The Scapegoat* can ever awake in the States one hundredth part of the lively attention it excited in London. But the last promise that I made my dead friend was to have the tale published across the Atlantic, and I am glad to have fulfilled that promise. In the estimation of a brave and generous nation it may acquire perhaps an interest not intrinsically its own, when it is known that he who wrote it is beyond the reach of either praise or censure, and has died a soldier's death.

"OUIDA.

"TORQUAY, September 17, 1870."

IMPROMPTUS BY NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

THE late Nicholas Biddle, amongst his many brilliant gifts, had the happy faculty of expressing his thoughts in verse at a moment's notice. As an evidence we give the following impromptu:

To Countess Charlotte Survilliers (daughter of Joseph Bonaparte), on her embarking for Europe, written in her Album on board the Steamboat "Philadelphia," July 11, 1824.

Go—and if fondest prayers avail,
Go with calm seas and prospering gale—
From father's love, from kindred's zeal,
From friends thy charms have taught to feel:
The sadness of this parting hour
Reveals thy worth's endearing power.
Young exile! of the mourning band
Who sought the shelter of our land,
The brave, the desolate, the free
Have wak'd our tenderest sympathy;
But thou, so young, so pure, so fair,
Our blended love and sorrow share—
Thou born to greatness, thou whose name
Alone was power and wealth and fame.
When the wild tempest o'er thee broke,
Crushing in one resistless stroke
Thy sire, thy house, thy fortunes, all
The gifts that common minds enthrall,
It left thee empire's noblest part,
Th' unchanged dominion of the heart.
'Tis past; yet on thy placid brow
No shade of sorrow lingers now.

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Taught in misfortune's early school,
Gentle but wise, thy heart to rule,
Thou seem'st, the dazzling past forgot,
Born for thy meek and peaceful lot:
With genius, taste and power to feel
Nor fate can change, nor time can steal,
And formed by virtues all thine own
To bless a cot or grace a throne.
Farewell now: many an eye shall strain
As thy barque lessens on the main,
And many a heart shall long to hear
In distant lands thy bright career.

Next comes a lively interchange of verses between Mr. B. and a lady tenant, who complains of the condition of her staircase, and thus addresses him:

O dear Mr. Biddle!
Oh pray, Mr. Biddle,
Your carpenter speedily send:
Our lives are at stake,
Our necks we shall break,
If these horrible stairs you don't mend.
Each day will I call;
And that is not all:
Your house we will live in *rent free:*
So a mechanic pray send
Our ways to amend,
And regain the the good-will of
M. T.

A reply was improvised, instanter:

Why, dearest Miss Telfair,
My zeal for your welfare
Is shocked at the state of your stair,
Which I'll hasten to mend,
For fear it should end
In a false step you ne'er could repair.
But I'll send, and not go,
For the danger I know
In which all who approach you must be;
And I'd much rather cease
To have rent than have peace,
So my heart, like my house, is *rent* free.

One evening in the family circle the name of a distinguished beauty and charming musician, Mildred Carter, was mentioned, to which he was requested to furnish some poetical allusion. Though engaged at the moment with matters of graver import, he at once laid them aside, took up his pen, and ere we were prepared for a beginning, handed across the table this

CHARADE.

The *first*, ever turning and false as a jilt;
The *second*, awakening no thoughts but of terror;
The *third*, the companion of death and of guilt;
And the *last*, but too easily led into error.
How strange that the *whole*, from such horrible parts,
Should delight all our ears and charm all our hearts!

Possessing a keen and ready wit, though never a punster, he sometimes indulged in an epigrammatic remark. He was called upon one November morning by a Western merchant anxious to acknowledge his obligations to Mr. B. for an accommodation given him, which had saved his property. Of athletic build, all sinew and muscle—in fact, a regular "six-footer"—he was so demonstrative that in the warmth of his feelings the "grip" given his benefactor at parting fairly made the latter wince. As the door closed upon him, Mr. Biddle turned to a friend who had witnessed the interview, and observed, "There, now, is a man in whose hands gratitude becomes a *vice*."

The following, if less glowing and pictorial than many such descriptions, may be accepted, we think, as a faithful account, from personal experience, of the

EFFECTS OF HASHEESH.

"I had been ill, and during my convalescence the doctor ordered a few grains of *cannabis indicus* to stimulate my nervous system, which was greatly prostrated. It had the effect desired. Nay, more, it started the desire in me, knowing what it was, to indulge in a hasheesh dream. One afternoon I purchased an ounce of the drug, and took at least half of it. As about two hours are required for it to act, I had taken it so that it should affect me as I went home late in the afternoon from business. I was not disappointed. Scarcely had I got in the car when I began to feel conscious of its influence. First, my head seemed to grow much lighter: then commenced a feeling of receding from the people around me. Sounds grew fainter, distances greater. The car was many yards long, my next passenger separated from me many feet. All the while I retained consciousness of where I was: I was not lost.

"On arriving at my destination and getting out, I was almost afraid to step off, so deep seemed the street. I had a square to walk to get home. I have walked miles that were shorter. Arriving home, the quiet of the room (for the greater the quiet the greater the effect) brought out the full force of the drug. Seated in a chair, all objects around me seemed invested with a misty

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light that revolved rapidly As my wife approached me, I sank into a deeper distance, and she appeared like a photograph painted in brilliant colors. Then commenced a sound of intense sighing that seemed to enter my head, and I felt it revolving faster and faster until I feared it would break from my shoulders. How dim and far away all noises sounded now! The voices in the room were but faintest whispers. Now and then the seeming motion of my head would stop, and a feeling of delicious languor possess me. Then again would commence the sighing, rising occasionally into a roar that was not terrifying, but solemn.

"Suddenly, I felt myself changing into *figures*. Multitudes of the nine digits began to subtract, add, divide and multiply themselves, and it was irresistibly amusing to me to *feel* a 4 go into an 8, and become a 4 again, and a 2 added to a 2 become a 4: all this with wonderful rapidity and countless changes. At last I had become a column of figures, and as they worked out their problems, from my finger ends would drop the result, to begin anew, building another body beside mine so vast that my *figured* eyes could not reach the top of it. All at once it fell, and the millions of figures changed to water, and the roaring now became terrific, and I was the ocean. A great ship was on my surface ploughing the waves. Up and down my billows she rode, her engines puffing, her wheels lashing me.

"Oh the feeling of *immensity* that I had! Time and space seemed swallowed up, and all the while the mighty ship grew larger and battled with my billows, whilst the roar was terrible. Up and down, up and down, rose and fell the great waves, faster and faster seemed my head to turn round, until I managed to say to my wife, 'Send for the doctor: I am getting out of my head.' Taking my arm, she walked with me up and down the floor, and gradually the effect subsided, but left me very weak and nervous; and my conclusion, when I recovered, was that hasheesh dreams were too exhausting to indulge in more than once in a lifetime.

"LOUDON ENGLE."

ODDS AND ENDS.

IN the time of Louis XIV. there was an individual named Barbier, who enjoyed, as they say in Ireland, a very bad reputation. Anxious, however, to stand better with posterity than with his contemporaries, he bequeathed a hundred crowns to the author of the best epitaph for his tomb. The competition was of course lively, and the reward was won by La Monnoye for the following tribute:

Ci gît un très grand personnage,
Qui fut d'un illustre lignage;
Qui posséda mille vertus;
Qui ne trompa jammais; qui fut toujours fort sage;
Je ne'en dirai pas davantage;
C'est trop mentir pour cent écus.

Which may be thus done into English:

Here lies a mighty personage,
Who was of lofty lineage;
Who shone with various virtues bright,
Deceiving none, e'er acting right.
No more about him I will say:
Such lies a hundred crowns don't pay.

. . . Sir Boyle Roche once related the following dream in the following way: "My head was cut off somehow or other, and placed on a table. *Quis separabit?* says the head; *Naboclish*, says I, in the same language."

. . . Tom Moore tells us in his diary that he was dining once at the same table with a conceited fellow named D'Oyley, who said he wished to be called De Oyley; on which a guest cried out, "Mr. De Oyley, will you have some de-umpling?" This is like the answer of the servant of a Mr. Cholmondely (pronounced Chumley), who was asked if his master was at home by an individual who called him Chol-*mon*-dely. "Don't know, sir: I'll ask some of his pe-*o*-ple." Why don't the spellers "accordin' to natur," who write *theater* and *plow*, insist upon *peeple*, too? Its present shape is intolerable—as bad, almost, as *laughter* for *lafter*. Do not those same spellers strain at (g)nats and swallow camels; and ought they not to make a thorough change in our "cackleology," if any at all? If a thing is to be done, 'twere well if 'twere well done.

. . . It has been discovered that the Princess Louise of England is "the maiden all *for-Lorn*." No one insinuates that her betrothed is "the man all tattered and torn;" but we suppose there can be no doubt that John Bull is the Jack who will have to build the house for the happy couple to live in.

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LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations. By G. W. Cox, M. A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

About twenty-five years ago, Dr. Max Müller took in hand the task of editing and printing that venerable monument of the early religion of the Indo-European family, the main source of religious belief among a large portion of mankind—the Rig-veda-Sanhitá. It was through the influence of Baron Bunsen, then occupying the post of Prussian ambassador to the court of St. James, that the Honorable East India Company was induced to bear the expense of publishing a work which brings to light the primeval thoughts and belief, the language, the arts and domestic life of the Aryan race while yet it constituted but a small tribe dwelling at the foot of the Hindoo-Koosh mountains. The English translation of the Veda by H. H. Wilson, of which the first volume was published in 1850, likewise at the expense of the East India Company, opened up the sacred hymns of the Brahmins to the ordinary English reader; and the more recent version of Dr. Max Müller, with his learned explanations, leaves nothing to be desired, so far as the text is concerned. As to the inferences to be drawn from its examination, the public were not long left in doubt. In 1856, Dr. Max Müller published in the *Oxford Essays* his paper on Comparative Mythology, since reprinted in *Chips from a German Workshop*, in which some of the results of German investigation into the origin of Greek, Latin, Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology and folk-lore were set forth. In this essay the learned professor pointed out that the mythology of the Veda is to comparative mythology what Sanskrit has been to comparative grammar. He showed that in the Rig-Veda we have the foundation not only of the glowing legends of classic Greece, but of the dark and sombre mythology of Scandinavia and Germany. Both alike have grown up chiefly from names which have been grouped around the sun, the former being mainly grounded on those expressions which describe the recurrence of day and night, and the latter on the great drama of Nature in the alternation of summer and winter. The mine of literary wealth thus pointed out to English scholars has since been worked to some extent by Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse;* Kelly, *Curiosities of Indo-European Traditions and Folk-lore;* Campbell, *Popular Tales of the West Highlands;* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;* and now most thoroughly by the Rev. G. W. Cox, in his *Mythology of the Aryan Nations.*

In this last-named work the outline which had been brilliantly sketched by Dr. Müller in his "Comparative Mythology" is filled up, and for the first time the English reader is put in full possession of the results wrought out by the patient labors of Grimm, Welcker, Preller and other German students of comparative mythology, the author himself adding some suggestions and modifications of decided value. He clearly makes out his case; for example, when he endeavors to prove—in opposition to Müller, who makes him the god of twilight—that Hermes is the god of the moving air, that son of Jupiter who was born early in the morning in a cave, who at noon played softly and sweetly on his harp, and who at eventide stole the cattle of Apollo—in other words, the clouds.

The most original portion, however, of Mr. Cox's work is that in which he shows that not only the Greek epic poems, the Iliad and the Odyssey, but also the Teutonic epics, the Volsung Tales and the Nibelungenlied, together with the Arthurian romances and the Saga literature of Scandinavia, are simply different versions of one and the same story, and that this story also has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year. A comparison of the children's tales gathered during the last half century had established the general affinity of the folk-lore of Greece, Italy, Germany and Scandinavia, and the likeness, not less astonishing, which runs through the popular tales of those countries and of India. Moreover, it had been made plain that these household stories are based on the observation of the sky, light, fire, winds, waters, the underworld and darkness. What Mr. Cox

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claims is, that he is the first to point out that it is on this widespread folk-lore that the epic poets of Greece and Rome, of Persia and England, of ancient and modern Hindostan, of Germany and Norway, Ireland, Denmark, France and Spain, have raised their magnificent fabrics or their cumbrous structures. The arguments by which this striking conclusion is supported can hardly fail to carry conviction to the reader's mind, and he rises from their consideration impressed anew with the fact of the original unity of the Indo-Germanic family, and with wonder at the remarkable differences in national character which exist to-day between races thus united by common traditions and a common ancestry. Upon reflection, however, these divergences cannot fail to be recognized as being strictly in accordance with the general law of development from the simple to the complex which modern science has shown to pervade the universe.

Of this general law of development an interesting example is the growth among the early Aryans of the idea of a great First Cause. "The history of words," says Mr. Cox, "carries us back to an age in which not a single abstract term existed—in which human speech expressed mere bodily wants and mere sensual notions, while it conveyed no idea either of morality or religion. If every name which throughout the whole world is or has been employed as a name of the One Eternal God, the Maker and Sustainer of all things, was originally a name only for some sensible object or phenomenon, it follows that there was an age, the duration of which we cannot measure, but during which man had not yet risen to any consciousness of his relation to the great Cause of all that he saw and felt around him. If all the words w' ich now denote the most sacred relations of kindred and affinity were at the first names conveying no such special meaning—if the words father, brother, sister, daughter were words denoting merely the power or occupation of the persons spoken of—then there was a time during which the ideas now attached to the words had not yet been developed. But the sensuousness which, in one of its results, produced mythology, could not fail to influence, in whatever degree, the religious growth of mankind. This sensuousness, inevitable in the infancy of the human race, consisted in ascribing to all physical objects the same life of which men were conscious themselves. They had everything to learn, and no experience to fall back upon, while the very impressions made upon them by the sights and sounds of the outward world were to be made the means of leading them gradually to correct these impressions, and to rise beyond them to facts which they seemed to contradict. Thus, side by side, were growing up a vast mass of names which attributed a conscious life to the hosts of heaven, to the clouds, streams, trees and flowers, and a multitude of crude and undefined feelings, hopes and longings which were surely leading them gradually to the conscious acknowledgment of one Life as the source of all the life which they saw around them."

This theory, however paradoxical in the eyes of some, harmonizes so well with modern science, especially with the deductions flowing from the discovery of fossil man, that it grows in favor with the learned; but, whether this and the other speculations favored by the author be correct or not, it is difficult, in a philosophical point of view, to exaggerate their importance. Unfortunately, the book is more remarkable for erudition than for a popular method of conveying the writer's meaning. It is indeed rather difficult reading, and it cannot be denied that Mr. Cox lacks the felicity of style and splendor of illustration by which Max Müller has rendered attractive subjects which under ordinary treatment are dry and repulsive. Nevertheless, it would be difficult to overrate the importance and utility of this able work to the student. There is no other book in the English language from which the information embraced in it can be obtained. L. P. S.

The Life and Times of David Zeisberger. By Edmund de Schweinitz, Bishop of the Moravian Church. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

To the question, Who was Zeisberger, and what has he done that the annals of his life should be thus handed down to posterity? we can find no better answer than the words of his biographer, who has given us this memorial of "The Western Pioneer and Apostle of the Indians":

"Among the philanthropists who dedicated themselves to the work of reclaiming the aborigines of our country and speeding civilization throughout the West, is a man who

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has remained comparatively unknown, although he deserves a prominent place in history. His name is David Zeisberger. As a missionary and an Indian linguist he is the peer of John Eliot, while he far outranks him as a herald of the Gospel and a forerunner of the race that has since possessed the land in which he labored."

David Zeisberger was born in the eastern part of Moravia, in the village of Zanchtenthal, on Good Friday, the 11th of April, 1721. His parents and ancestors belonged to the Church for which John Huss laid down his life.

At the age of seventeen, Zeisberger came to America, whither his parents had already fled to escape the persecution which had been instituted against their Church in the land of their birth. From an early age, Zeisberger was distinguished for that intrepidity and endurance which never forsook him through his long life of exposure and peril. These qualities, combined with a singular earnestness of purpose and deep trust in the guidance and protection of God, formed a character which even the wild children of the forest paused to contemplate with wonder and admiration.

In the early portions of his work the author gives us an interesting and succinct account of the settlement of New York and Pennsylvania, with many facts respecting the founding of the two great cities that now flourish within their borders. His skillful portrayal of the state of the Colonies about the year 1742, when Count Zinzendorf made a missionary tour through the unexplored country, brings before us with the strong tints of a painting the time when the forests primeval slept a slumber only broken by the foot of the savage, and the habitations and towns of the settlers stood at long intervals, the outposts of a civilization which has since driven the red man to his far Western haunts and filled the world with wonder.

This history grasps within its limits the principal events of nearly a century, and one fraught with deep interest to every American. The author weaves into his narrative an account of the national affairs of the day, the state of the country, politically and geographically considered, with full information regarding the state of the Church. For sixty-two years, Zeisberger labored among the Mohicans, Wampanoags, Nanticokes, Delawares, Shawanese and eight other tribes: during this period stirring events occurred in America—viz.: the French and Indian war, the Pontiac conspiracy, the Paxton insurrection, Dunmore's war, the war of the Revolution and the wars with the Indians which followed or grew out of it. Zeisberger's life is intimately connected with the history of our country, and especially with our struggle for independence, although the principles of his religion prevented him, or any of his flock, from bearing arms. So great, however, was this good man's influence over many of the Indian tribes that again and again he restrained them from reveling in the carnival of blood in which their savage instincts would have led them to delight, first attacking one side and then the other, moved by the impulse of the moment. How poorly these pacific endeavors were rewarded is proved by the fact that the missionaries and Christian Indians were persecuted in turn by the native tribes, the British forces and the American militia. The recital of the cold-blooded massacre of these Indians by the latter at Gnadenhütten, Ohio, fills us with horror, while the heroic manner in which they met their fate bears witness to the reality of the work wrought by the missionaries among them.

Zeisberger attained an uncommon insight into the life and character of the Indians, and gives us in his journals and writings many new ideas with regard to their dispositions, manners and customs. Their feasts, fasts, burials and strange religious rites are all minutely described. The Indian character is here presented to us divested of the romance and imagery with which Cooper and our native bards have loved to disguise its rudeness and brutality. That the Indian in his original state was barbarous, cruel, vindictive, treacherous, suspicious and immoral, Zeisberger's experience leaves not a shadow of doubt.

To those among the Friends who are interested in the work of civilizing and Christianizing the Indians this book will be particularly welcome, showing as it does, through the whole course of the narrative, the gradual influence gained by the missionaries over the wildest and most cruel of the savages, as the Monseys and Shawanese, through the simple exercise of kindness and the power of the Gospel.

In the compilation of his history the author has enjoyed great advantages from the

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possession and use of original manuscripts. The journals of Zeisberger, Mortimer, Mueller and other missionaries have been placed at his disposal, and from them he has gleaned many new and interesting facts with regard to Indian character and life. A. W.

Three Years in the Sixth Corps. By George T. Stevens, Surgeon of the Seventy-seventh New York Volunteers. Second edition. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

The writer of this handsomely-printed volume entered the United States service on the 26th of November, 1861, and having begun his career in the army of McClellan, finished it in the army of Grant. He was a *Potomackite*, therefore, from beginning to end, seeing much hard service and doing much useful work. The monument he has here raised to his comrades, especially to those of the Sixth Corps, to which he belonged, is one for which they have cause to be grateful, as he has emblazoned their exploits in vivid, and doubtless, on the whole, truthful, colors, nothing forgetting and setting down everything in affection. A little fault, perhaps, might be found with the intensity of the roseate hues in which he has dipped his pen, but if any historian be excusable for exaggerating the merits of those whose deeds he narrates, it is certainly one who has shared their danger and participated in their triumph. When, therefore, Dr. Stevens calls the Sixth Corps "that unparalleled body of men," he will not awaken discordant feelings even in the breasts of members of other corps, who may think, with perhaps good reason, that they were not surpassed by the best. It is so natural to all who do big things, *aicn aristeuein, upereikon emmenai allōn* (is that Greek to you, gentle reader, or phonography?), that they must be permitted to consider their big things the biggest of all.

But not so pardonable is our author's studied depreciation of General McClellan. One might infer from these pages that our "Young Napoleon" was almost a coward and quite a donkey—always out of the way when there was fighting, and *in* the way when there was counsel—a perfect incarnation, as it were, of How Not to Do It. Even for tne Antietam campaign the author gives him as little praise as possible, and takes much more pleasure in decrying him for not improving the victory than in extolling him for winning it. Indeed, he hardly admits it was a victory for McClellan, although he is very positive it was a defeat for Lee. Now, it seems hardly possible that a commander should win so much love from his troops as McClellan certainly did, should have been called upon by a frightened government to save it from impending ruin, should have succeeded in saving it by working what may be almost termed a miracle of reorganization and driving back a triumphant chief of eminent genius, if he were such a combination of humbug and poltroonery as Dr. Stevens would seem to consider him. To be sure, the Roman Capitol was saved by a biped not remarkable for valor or intellect, but the *modus operandi* was so different in the two cases that all the hissing must be for those who would place the two heroes of them in the same category.

To our author's praise of Grant there must be a "ditto" from every one who has studied the campaigns of that general. It is useless to attempt, as is often done, to deprive him of his glory by saying that he only gathered the harvest which had been sown by others—that his triumph was owing to the fact that the resources of the North, which he controlled, had been as much augmented as those of the South had been lessened. Such may be the truth, but he knew how to make good use of those resources. Had Grant not been a consummate commander, his very numbers would have been an obstacle to success. A cool, clear head and indomitable heart must be indispensable for the management of such a multitude. Its very vastness would have confused and appalled an inferior general, especially when opposed to such an enemy as Lee—"the prince and chief of many throned powers, who led the embattled seraphim (?) to war." May neither embattled seraphim nor demons ever be led to the same again upon our soil! But, alas! man is an animal voracious, mendacious, pugnacious everywhere. Since the day he was unparadised his career has been a continuous set-to. Take from history the pages written in blood, and the big book will shrink to a petty pamphlet; so that we might almost believe, in spite of good Dr. Watts, that our little hands *were* made to scratch each other's eyes, as well as to pick pockets and pluck forbidden fruit. R. M. W.

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Introduction to Anglo-Saxon: An Anglo-Saxon Reader, with Philological Notes, a Brief Grammar and a Vocabulary. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, etc. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. viii., 166.

Notes, Historical and Statistical, upon the Projected Routes for an Interoceanic Ship Canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. By S. T. Abert, C. E. Illustrated with Maps. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 87.

Speeches, Letters and Sayings of Charles Dickens. To which is added a Sketch of the Author by George Augustus Sala, and Dean Stanley's Sermon. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 147.

Sermons Preached at Brighton by the late Rev. Frederick W. Robertson, the Incumbent of Trinity Chapel. New Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 838.

Charles Dickens: The Story of His Life. By the author of the "Life of Thackeray." Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 110.

The Princes of Art: Painters, Sculptors and Engravers. Translated from the French by Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo. pp. 337.

Gleanings from the Harvest Fields of Literature. Collected by C. C. Bombaugh, A. M., M. D. Baltimore: T. Newton Kurtz. 12mo. pp. 548.

The United States Internal Revenue and Tariff Law. Composed by Horace E. Dresser. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 99.

The Vicar of Bullhampton: A Novel. By Anthony Trollope. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 300.

Veronica: A Novel. By the author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 175.

Recollections of Eton. By an Etonian. Illustrated by Sydney P. Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 126.

Woman: Her Dignity and Sphere. By a Lady. New York: American Tract Society. 16mo. pp. 303.

Michael Rudolph. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 481.

Peterson's Preserving, Pickling and Canning Fruit Manual. By Mrs. M. E. P. Philadelphia: G. Peterson & Co. 16mo. pp. 72.

Gwendoline's Harvest: A Novel. By the author of "Carlyon's Year." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 85.

Driven to Sea: or, The Adventures of Norrie Seton. By Mrs. George Couples. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 16mo. pp. 332.

Camors: A Love Story. From the French of Octave Feuillet. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 388.

A Memoir of J. D. Paxton, D. D., late of Princeton, Indiana. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 358.

True to Herself: A Romance. By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 173.

The Hard-scrabble of Elm Island. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 320.

Indiana: A Love Story. By George Sand. With a Life of the Author. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Married in Haste. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 383.

Stern Necessity: A Novel. By F. W. Robinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 154.

The Genial Showman. By Edward P. Hingston. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 155.

John: A Love Story. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 110.

Consuelo: A Novel. By George Sand. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 527.

Both Sides of the Street. By Mary Spring Walker. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 319.

Sermons. By Rev. Octavius Perincheif. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 327.

The Young Lady's Guide. New York: American Tract Society. 12mo. pp. 468.

The Springdale Stories. Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 12mo.

Orient Boys. By S. F. Keen. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 408.

Bear and Forbear. By Oliver Optic. Illustrated. 16mo. pp. 311.

Moth and Rust: A Tale. Boston: Henry Hoyt. 16mo. pp. 394.

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